

# Shearwater, The Hunter's Star

the hunter's star  
burned brighter than all of the suns in the firmament  
as through the sky he raged  
with his hook and blade  
and the world, unmade

as forests bow  
and blacken the air  
as the canopies burn away,  
and the arc-lights fade  
and no gull remains  
to repeat its call

only now would you long  
for the ancient boughs,  
the moon, overlapping the long white clouds  
and the home life of a love  
who will never return again

no child at all  
would wake to the light  
of a sun that is reddening  
like a robin's breast,  
and no lioness  
boards a last, great hull  
on the waves  
the close  
on a world  
that will never return again  
and no sound escapes  
from the night to come.