

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.