

Shearwater, The Snow Leopard

"the way is to climb
the way is to lie still
and let the moon do its work on your body

and then to rise
through forests and oceans of lives
and through the way of the black rocks, splitting, wide,
and flow
ten thousand miles."

well, i've had enough,
wasting my body, my life
i'll come away, come away from the shallows

but can this sullen child,
as bound as the ox that i ride,
climb to the heart of the white wind, singing, high,
and blow
through my frozen eyes?