

# 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?