

Hidden Lakes

Shearwater

Gone from the house
to the snows
like a wandering light
you send a last balloon
to the solemn light
of the moon's eye

Over the fields
and the arcs of the radial lines
that bind the waking world
to the hidden life
of the empire
that sleeps in the frozen lakes
and moors in the darkened bays
and glows in the golden rays
and dreams of us

That moves
without sound
through the air
through the ground
and that streams through each break
carved in the line
and dreams of us