

Silver Bodies

Shearwater

Cull the silver bodies from the waves
their shimmering lives in your fingers
call the coral islands from the bay
and a mountain will rise
lay the little bones among the reeds
and hide in the light of the ages
curl the bloody moon around the clouds
and pull in the tide
and all will be carried away
in the surge and the wash of the waves
to arrive on the shores of the islands
where the body will rise