

The Hunter's Star

Shearwater

The hunter's star
Burns brighter than all
Of the suns of 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
That close, that close

On a world that will
Never return again
No sound escapes
From the night to come