

PELAGIC

". . . a few birds screamed
on motionless wings over the
swaying mastheads. But soon
the land disappeared, the
birds went away . . ."

--Joseph Conrad

Moving--not like the gulls
in the busy wake of a ship,
more like the gannets

crossing the farthest intent of prows,
over the wake of a wave they skim
to their goal of air,

over the foam of no prow,
white pour of the wind;

moving--not like the winds--
to the goal of breath,

a wider wild than the grove of the leaf
that flies home to the hands of a ship,
in the beak of a dove.