

STORM OVER RESURRECTION BAY

That black bird in the mist
bends again and again
to bite the squirming flesh
between its claws.

You'd like that to be a lesson
but you forget the principles
or erosion; not pain inflicted
with sharp words, but that slow, dull
ache that deepens into a
V-shaped valley.

There is avalanche danger
in these parts,
a whisper and you are buried.
You who scoffs at need,
I wish you old,
all bones and skin,
sharp with lack of love.