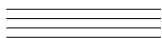


L I K E T H E P E L I C A N



N O A H W A R R E N

The shape of the pelican
swings back and forth
across the mouth
of the Cove of Now and Then.

So winter blooms, hot, stark –
three black notes,
you, me, *this*, float
together from the ark

revolving: wary we touch
fingertips and as our tongues
meet strung nerves thrum and the sea's lungs
boom our chord – a clutch

of heart in teeth – now hollower notes –
listen –

shark rots on sand,
a breeze drains the land,
and two stars wink out

in rhythm – break open to theme and so prove eternity
is choice and death, choice –
love, its voice –
spread your gaze through my gaze, all pity

for the dying union, drown: this dark water
swallows planets,
dissolves the granite
cape, the reefs of bone – dark water

trickle through my cells, my eyes, persist in me
like the pelican
that I may learn
to see and not to see