LIKE THE PELICAN

NOAH WARREN

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