

Wing and Fin

Steeping stone
into another world now
along the blackened bridges
with water risen beneath
spectre trees submerged,
close to the lily leaves.

Grasses mix with fern
dancing to leaf-song
rustlings
beneath the under-growth.

Meeting the shallows now,
that patchwork of sand,
wolf-kin standing
stock-still in the lake,
tails high and wagging
eyes alert and searching;
across the sky,
down the rapids.
Wing and fin
hunt here.