

eagles nesting in oaks above the bluff

& in that moment one measure ends & another
begins/ unapologetically as consciousness transformed

in grief & vestige entwined/ paired sea eagles wheel
in crux of fingers' reach fist's bale/ flip sides of the same motion

in facile submission to dominion/ play it old or new/ categorized
– by wingspan eye & skin & feathers' weightlessness – fetishized as symbol
or nationhood or ideology or excuse headed directly for the briny

whilst in a moment long past tektites blanket the hemisphere
& enter the atmosphere – tiny orbs of white-hot glass –
& likewise stream outward as far away as Mars & Earth

insensibly plundered – as perception unequal to cognizance –
lain to waste the day sixty-six million years the great cataclysm
& no such inkling as generation nor epoch nor aeon

under the law of desire brain be damned *be damned*
blood flow *be damned* tampon-like vaginal plethysmograph
illuminating the capillary bed signaling female genital arousal
damned the salt liquidity of my veins & arteries

thereupon – on a stellar scale – living microbes sown throughout
the solar system by that six-mile-wide asteroid yet meaningfully
unknown in brood of old growth converge in blast & firestorm

& incinerate 70% of forests' breadth/ variety meanwhile leviathan
tsunamis roil coasts & drag boulders & rubble
out in towering waves & then post-conflagration deep
freeze annihilates appreciably all life & ready access

to abundant food & still/ eventually kites emerge scavenging
& hunting fish & small mammals again appear thirty-six million

& the day begins once more in transpiration/ exhalation
of water vapor through stomata in dubious note – we can't be sure –
of the appearance of flat-bottomed boats trawling or reeling back

to first descent/ Crustaceous ends & Paleogene & bald
eagle in the offing – *bald* admits to Old English usage meaning *white*
rather than *hairless* in reference to alabaster heads & tail feathers
in contrast to gravamen's darkness – & just as the horse thief

divines all our secrets/ as sure as spring turns to summer – in our own
calamitous accountings – sleep good *sleep good*

there was a time I believed *I did* that it's up to me/ the loving
& the mating & the subsequent duration the moral of the story

perched alongside eagles nesting in oaks on the bluff
or careering the James in premonitory soar on thermal convection
each oceanic raptor couple mated for life/ when one
partner dies or disappears its survivor finds

could I be the Cailleach in a new world & not know it
could I be the far too powerful necromancer at best outcast
at worst burnt to oily

& in elaborate & spectacular courtship rituals – males call
& display – (as still is done to this day across species) in daring

finesse swoop & chase & cartwheel talons locked
in high flying free-fall separate just before slamming into the sea