

excerpt from

Mother Earth: Her Whales

The robots argue how to parcel out our Mother Earth
To last a little longer
 like vultures flapping
Belching, gurgling,
 near a dying Doe.

“In yonder field a slain knight lies—
We’ll fly to him and eat his eyes
 with a down
derry derry derry down down.”

An Owl winks in the shadow
A lizard lifts on tiptoe
 breathing hard
The whales turn and glisten
 plunge and
Sound, and rise again
Flowing like breathing planets

In the sparkling whorls

Of living light.

40072, Stockholm: Summer Solstice

-- Gary Snyder, Turtle Island

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