

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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