

My little go-betweens

(which is what I call the cormorants, who are the most like the angels)

Gods are born every day and no one is listening.

The winged ant climbing the mountain knows many things
we will never understand.

The cowrie has the smoothest lips imaginable.

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When you're tapped twice on the shoulder by the same tree
the tree is telling you to look up.

If a leaf falls into the middle of a poem the only thing to do
is to say Yes.

Talking to yourself is OK
with the ant as a witness and the sea getting closer every minute.

Someone says, *Saddle the horses!*

Someone else keeps shouting,

ARE WE THERE YET?

The shadow of the ant is stretched out so long it's ecstatic.

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There is a moment when each cormorant disappears.
When it rises and runs as it takes off.
When every one of its footsteps come towards you

in puffs of light.
A perfect sentence you spend
all morning trying to transcribe.

The leaves of the coral tree float on the ocean
like soft brown boats on the blue eye of heaven.

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Today the river is showing me
how the moon has unhinged the branches.

Even a body can be borne shorewards.

Whatever is floating towards me,
make it worthy of Christmas.

The earth is tired of turning
the other cheek.

I thank heaven for oysters with their shut throats.
I thank heaven many times over for rocks.

If Jesus were here he'd have to repeat everything
he's already told us.

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Out on the boat the cormorant stretches its wings
as if it could hold them forever.

It's not the first time I've compared the pied cormorant
to the figure of Christ.

When the cormorant vanishes and reappears
somewhere else

entirely,
nothing is the same.

The flowers keep giving and giving.

How else to explain
so many butterflies returning

so many times to the same flower?

When the trees beneath which we are sitting
finally succumb

there will be no more singing.