

THE PLUNGE

Small black-and-white-checked ship,
the loon sails Muscongus Sound,
 through smooth pewter water
 laced with ribbons of aquamarine and gold.
His snowy prow
 slices the bay,
 trailing multi-colored shards
 in a V-shaped wake
that washes pebbles
on some distant shore.

From coal-black visage his eyes glow—
 rubies squeezed from silver herring's
 slender throats. Fresh from a dive to
 the icy deep, his wild ululation
rends my garments, drags my soul from
 wherever it was sleeping. With upward thrust
 below my tenth rib, iron dagger
 bill pierces my heart,
plunges with me
to the depths.

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