[While I---breathless...]

Rebecca Aronson
[While I—breathless...]

While I—breathless
with aching calves—
slogged among dunes
   two swift deer fell
and rose stagger-
less over sand
and lupine sown
back to life seed
by seed what
were they doing
at bay bared fear
on their quick flanks
   if only eyes
wouldn't touch them
so and woods would
leap from gazes
and they into
that shaded sight
    you said a whale
surfaced and then
another a
sleek phalanx
the deer too slick
salt spray and sweat
the shimmer light
keeps revealing—
    as the feather-
balls curled loosely
in divots heads
tucked or missing—
egg-born? wind-made?
my heavy feet
earthbound as shells
pulling as if
movement were such
simple wishing
dodging feathers
and all the shore's
beautiful dead
  strewn currency
for the taking
or the leaving
  and all to say
we can bury
or burrow but
we will not be
not seen for long.