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## [While I--breathless...]

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## [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.