Back in Bodega

Edwin Honig
Toward the child came starlight, the light of his world and mine, the light of the world he'd yet to perceive and divine.

Birds, fishes, and men drew breath with the child, as if born again, the dead moving toward starlight.

"Man is king of this life," sang the starlight. "The hunger for death must die. Man is divine."

Now birds, fishes, and I hear our blood sing reply in the newborn child, opening the eyes of the child.

In the downrushing sun winds endlessly fluent gigantically crinkle a spun blond field, crack leathery strips off a high eucalyptus, ride lichen-green barns over failure of fences creaking and fallen, then shrink to a whirlwind past carcass of rabbit, dismembered sheep, in a darkening grove, while above and beyond rides totally clear of clot the triumphing sky's appendage of hawks, drifting controlled through the ultimate bl