

# The Hunter's Star

## Shearwater

The hunter's star  
Burns brighter than all  
Of the suns of the firmament  
As through the sky he raged  
With his hook and blade  
And the world unmade  
As forests bow  
And blacken the air  
As the canopies burn away  
And the arc-lights fade  
And no gull remains  
To repeat its call  
Only now would you long  
For the ancient boughs  
The moon overlapping  
The long white clouds  
And the home life of a love  
Who will never return again?  
No child at all would wake to the light  
Of a sun that is reddening  
Like a robin's breast  
And no lioness boards a last  
Great hull on the waves  
That close, that close

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