

# Kingfisher

## RSD

Whose is the hand that I will hold?  
Whose is the face I will see?  
Whose is the name that I will call,  
when I am called to meet thee?In this life, who did you love,  
beneath the drifting ashes,  
beneath the sheeting banks of air  
that barrenly bore our rations?When I could speak, it was too late.  
Didn't you hear me calling?  
Didn't you see my heart leap,  
like a pup in the constant barley?In this life, where did you crouch,  
when the sky had set to boiling?  
Burning within, seen from without,  
and your gut was a serpent, coiling.And, for the sake of that pit of snakes,  
for whom did you allay your shyness,  
and spend all your mercy,  
and madness, and grace,  
in a day, beneath the bending cypress?It was not on principal.  
Show, Pro-heart, that you have got gall.  
A miracle:  
I can bear a lot, but not that pall.I can bear a lot, but not that pall!  
Kingfisher, sound the alarm.  
Say, "Sweet little darlin, now,  
come to my arms;  
tell me all about the love  
you left on the farm."He was a kind, unhurried man  
with a heavy lip and a steady hand,  
but he loved me just like a little child;  
like a little child loves a little lamb.Thrown to the ground,  
by something down there;  
bitten by the bad air,  
while the clouds tick;  
trying to read all the signs,  
preparing for when the bombs hit;  
hung from the underbelly of the earth,  
while the stars skid away, below,  
gormless and brakeless, gravel-loose,  
falling silent as gavels in the snowI lay back and spit my chaw,  
wrapped in the long arm of the Law,  
who has seen it all:

I can bear a lot, but not that pall.I can bear a lot, but not that pall!

Kingfisher, cast your fly:

oh, Lord,

it happens without even trying,

when I sling a low look

from my shuttering eye.Blow rain upon the one you loved,

and, though you were only sparring,

there's blood on the eye.

Unlace the glove.

Say, Honey I am not sorry.Stand here and name

the one you loved,

beneath the drifting ashes,

and, in naming, rise above time,

as it, flashing, passes.We came by the boatload,

and were immobilized:

worshipping volcanoes,

charting the loping skies.

The tides of the earth

left us bound, and calcified,

and made as obstinate as obsidian,

unmoving, save our eyes:

just mooning and blinking

from faces marked with coal.

(Ash cooling and shrinking  
cracks loud as thunder rolling.)

I swear I know you. You know me.

Where have we met before?

Tell me true:

to whose authority

do you consign your soul?I had a dream you came to me,

said

You shall not do me harm anymore,

and with your knife,

you evicted my life

from its little lighthouse

on the seashore.And I saw that my blood

had no bounds,

spreading in a circle like an atom bomb,

soaking and felling

everything in its path,

and welling in my heart like a birdbath.It is too short--

the day we are born,

we commence with our dying.

Trying to serve,

with the heart of a child;

kingfisher, lie with the lion.

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