

## Hunter Not the Hunted

### And Also The Trees

Hunter not the hunted  
The cast wind blows through me cold Breathing deep deep down pi  
ke fishing Grabbing  
out his hands full Eels writhing One day spoonbills did stoop d  
own their beaks To the  
black sweet star swaying water Fine dreams Seeing him there wit  
h his coat hung on the  
nail By the door swinging open And there they stand still boy g  
irl In the morning  
firelight Washing their hands in the snow.

Here the lapwings go

Owls hoot their bone flutes Inland smoke rise Heron slouched in  
the slit Where lies  
the femmen and their wives With pot shards and scythes dissolvi  
ng My hands in the  
silky mud feeling God holds me above the water Hears my garbled  
words.

But I know where all the birds hide Their eggs speckled and war  
m Glowing in the dawn  
Hearts whirring against my palm Sharp innocent eyes.

And on the wind my boat rises

Sturgeon crease the water's skin Around beside in front of him  
Rowing out, drifting  
out Watch my figure burn