

Out from Englee

scoured sky. wind
and open miles.
all morning we climb the bright
hills cresting across our course,
pitching us up, sledding us sideways
down, wallowing, walled in water.
 quick. near us
and gone,
 slim birds flit low, banking,
twisting, skimming the closing troughs,
and I feel it,
 know it a laughing
fact: the harder your hungry eyes bite
into the world (the island cliffs penciled
in blue haze, and there, Nels pointing:
whale spray!
 huge flukes kicking at the sun), the more
you spread your arms to hug it in,
the less you mind the thought of diving under,

eyes flooded. gulping dark.