

Before I Mention the Soul Again

Before I mention the soul again,
I must tell you about the albatross;
but you must be patient
upon the bow in the Antarctic,
and then above you, sailing
(is there another word at how
the wings taper soft and slow
into the periphery?)—sailing
the high mountains of water—
surpassing your length, tip
to tip; here, following your
slight move—an exhale
you thought was lost.