

But its salty essence has slapped me to attention-- beyond  
parasitic pall, beyond bottom-dwelling feeders on night  
without end. Liquid silver plates the jagged ice wreckage  
wallowing to the surface, blue-fluxed, light-brazed.

Far below in the galley, bakers still make bread. I feel  
kneaded on their boards, then set aside to rise. I ease  
back, careful not to slip. Slide the safety on. Older  
by decades, I experiment with breath, pick up my coat,  
hunker in its warmth.

A bald eagle crosses the moon-flood, sounding  
like wet sheets on a windy clothesline, circling  
to look again at what is passing under his jurisdiction.  
Like him, I make a slow ascent. Silvered and possible.