

Salmon Speaks

Spear-silent, a man waits by the pool
Time the salmon swims there, jaw-tailed in the waters.

The salmon speaks:
'I have wintered in the cold green salt
There I sensed the tug of April moon
From the wave a path I wove – to the wood
Where, brittle and sea-less, a hunter is afoot.

Your shadow is simple, brother,
As a prayer it moves on the pool
The shadow speaks to me:
'I have a son
My son needs meat'.

I saw the tree grow whose whittled branch you finger
Cast it gleaming through the gloom!
In times past I fed on its fruit.

I saw berries redden on the leafless shaft you clutch:
Cast it hungry through the dusk
My flesh was formed from its root.'

Spear-silent, a man breathes by the pool
Time the salmon swims there
Shadow, a prayer, moves across the waters.