

It does not  
matter that the hawk, stropped shadow,  
circles omens in the blue crown of sky.  
The constellations spin and sing once more  
and the limp world comes firm again.



## Elizabeth McKim

### DAWN

The ground is wet with mist, and first lakes  
are here. Shaggy trees still dream of their roots,  
and huge blocks of salt sweat in their dumb dumb  
blood silence. Low-flying hawks touch down into  
immense cedar trees, a dog lazily chews on a cat,  
women in a circle discover the meaning of water,  
the water washes over the near and far shores  
of our exploring selves, words long for their mothers,  
and the mothers themselves wander helplessly searching  
their bodies for what they have lost; left and right-  
handed children all tumble in a circle of light,  
the light is pierced and penetrated by pure  
darkness, the darkness protects the deep kiss,  
the firm deep kiss which rises, which continues  
to rise from out of the earth, and the earth  
itself sighs and finds its way up, up and into  
air