

BILL TIBBEN

THE SUN STRIKES

the sun strikes
a disturbed carcass maggots seethe then shrivel
a skeleton appears disappears under grass

far below the sun's reach the eyes and lips of fish
still almost stones are alight gliding
swallowed swallowing

inside mother turtle eggs safe for now
she loved gently slowly dragging stranded almost
she will return commit her babies to that sand

an eagle blinkthinks at its chick suddenly flies
returns holding a tiny carcass out to it
settles wings folded neatly blinkthinks

monkeys stretchbeseech with each other performing
rudimentary sought favours
they are quickslow behind their eyes

head broodful of grey a man in a chair
folded neatly blinkthinks
of loving gently slowly – of stones falling through blackwater
disturbed he swallows quickslow eyes return
the sun strikes