

Tom Crawford

Companion to a Loon

So you died, caught, I'll bet
in that gillnet out there
held u by those big, orange balls,
stretched halfway across Tulapis Bay.
The Indian fisherman had to haul you up
then disentangle you
like so much stringy, green kelp.
It's unnatural that you should drown
that way, a perfect invection to water,
your webbed feet so far aft
you're helpless on land.
I'm sure I watched you the day before
yesterday, working the quiet shallows
around the boat dock
straight out from my little cabin.
Listen bird, I'm past making death sad.
The tide has no time for wakes
or tragedies. We're either coming in
or going out. It's like that.
The soul for a while boxed up
in feathers or in this frail,
human body of mine.
I'm just taking a little time out
from my walk because, well,
your drowned body is here
at my feet, even in death,
moving, unruffled.