

UNDERTAKING AN ANTIPODAL MIGRATION BETWEEN ISLAND & LAKE

<p>05:00          Standing by an Irish lake, Loch Dhá Ghé          I think of a tree, the world's most remote tree          is it a thousand years old          is it alone on another side in its own safe          evening are its viral roots somehow reaching          this my northern dawn          are they touching my cold my hard soles</p>	<p>17:00  <i>and waiting by a single tree at dusk          on Moto Ihupuku Island above the submerged          continent of Zealandia we think of a lake          placed on a mountain, and we turn then          to a far dawn sky, is this lake reaching          our southern evening, we think of it as lonely          we think of it as a hollow abandoned by ice</i></p>
<p>07:19          a silent early morn on the mountain          at lake's edge, I shake off my contagious          layers, my feet are bare, I look into still water          do I see the distant tree, will I let it fall          upside-down on the back of my eye          let its evening-greens dim, my weak          northern sun rise, I take a breath</p>	<p>19:19  <i>our eyes are open on this furthest island          its southern sun is setting, the lone tree          is it a spruce upright against our back          we head for shore, our hard feet scourging          arrow-prints in the sand, we pause          at the edge, walk in, swim out of our depth          Zealandia lies hidden in wait below</i></p>
<p>09:38          and I plummet into this tawny lake water          draw my wings close to my body, align          myself to a north-south trajectory how many          millions distant, I will not gaze back          at the morning, the lake alive around me          drawing a line between silver storm above          and below light chases</p>	<p>21:38  <i>diving into the night waves, using our wings          to get purchase before folding them selvedged          to our sides, we lock into a south-north          trajectory, we commit, we do not think          of the lone tree we are leaving behind          we track blue to black through          a drowned continent, the sea is watching</i></p>

<p>11:57  advancing into the thickening cold, I look back, trailing figments of soft noon air falling upward and returning to the golden lake's skin, and I blink ahead, is it a grey warming the inner stone, hot to possible timeless white could be waiting for me beyond is it waiting</p>	<p>23:57  <i>we move towards midnight darkness the chill hardening, we see tiny spits of air lose hopeful grip, sliding back, waterfalling to the southern ocean's surface we turn down to heat, water thickening there will be impossible white stone zeal ahead do we remember</i></p>
<p>14:16  at last, the day half-spent, I stream past the earth's furious core, and when I feel the glide of another self, I do not let our feather-fingers touch in passing but I open my eyes, I see wing as fin, scapular vanes, hollow ribs a shin, a claw, an ankle not unlike my own could be my own, is it my own</p>	<p>02:16  <i>yes, and at last, the night half-spent we stream past the earth's core, we feel the glide of an other but we do not let our feather-fingers touch, yet when we open our eyes we see wing as fin, scapular vanes, hollow ribs, shin, claw, ankle not unlike our own, could be our own, is it our own</i></p>
<p>16:25  proceeding straight through the red earth head upturned, past crumbling rock a new early-evening-blue malady beckons past a sunken continent, heart forward past the jagged edges, will fury subside past a disordered surface, will I rise as hopeful through sea waves</p>	<p>04:25  <i>through plague rock, bullet-straight upturned towards a softening to feel a collapse begin, remember glittering grey beckons overhead a safe sun will consider dawning, will our hearts surge will rage be forgotten far behind a still silent surface bides, rise slow</i></p>
<p>8:44  and secret Zealandia lying mute below me I see an ocean, an island, I swim there, wings batting the water, my feet yearning to stand I see the lone tree, set against an evening sun is it waiting one thousand sterile years I swim to this shore, is it safe</p>	<p>06:44  <i>breathe some dark profanity, see a lake a cocoon a cold cauldron, spread our tired wings to skim morning water, drift to lake edge, climb onto rocks, beat wet feather-fins in the spinning air, stamp blued feet on stone leave fleeting prints like astrological cursors</i></p>

<p>21:04 alighting on a dark-gold isle, I watch night sea drip from these my long-cursed fingers returning sly to a drowsy southern strand I walk to the tree, a spruce, I coil its trunk my spine bending like water to the curve to certain contagion, my fallow claws sand-gilded</p>	<p><i>09:04 looking into this northern lake, a morning's calamity is reflected, hang our arms over the surface and watch little shiver-diamonds fall into Loch Dhá Ghé, circling disarray reaching the furthest furthest being the whitest bank and these soles pressed into hibernian rock</i></p>
<p>23:23 close to midnight on Motu Ihupuku Island I think of what is left behind, a pestilent dawn a hollow on the mountain of storms an idea of birds, two wild geese a cauldron of tawny flux, remembering my own Loch Dhá Ghé, soles still wet tannin lining zodiac whorls and ridges</p>	<p><i>11:23 near noon at the lake think of our spruce on the other side, the island evening the world's most remote tree its thousand-year-old roots following us through dead Zealandia, through Earth reaching up these clean noon banks to wrap around our claws our ankles</i></p>