

Ice Core

Who am I, holding my breath, so long
Silent, a prisoner, trapped
In a lattice of ice? I am old
As charcoal and ochre in a dark cave. Deeper:

That no name floated upon, no song
But a shimmer of birds
And all the web-footed, lizard-hipped ones
Whose eulogies, whose secrets,

Fizz on my lips. Whose newflash, fresh snapshots,
Travel towards you now, down the floating world,
Quick as electricity to a drill-bit, to pop
And sizzle on your tongue, and become words?