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YinYang C-print
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Thousands of bright wings spread
to warm them with the breath of birds.
Each hollow core a ridge to catch
their drift in an eyebrow of opportunity.
She wants to believe in an island of stone.
He, that the air will hold.

Horizon arc folds them into nest.
Down quilt swells to luminous proportions.
Dark falls away.
Each button a spotlight spilling around the two-who
migrate south, masquerade in alulas,
toss beads from floats in a mardi gras of coming.

She feeds him with her tongue,
swift ribbons of nourishment.
He strokes her ribs and sparrow waist,
settles in a twist of birch,
a covert crowned in curling ferns
where lambent feathers quiver.

A sudden bend of time, diminished sun and then
the melted wings, the scaling down
of all romantic falls, like nesting dolls
a smaller one inside, again
as expectation and delight contract
into the empty, air-brushed end.

She once had said, "an angel pressed
the secrets of your life
into the little curve above your lip."
Perhaps he touched that struck down place
to conjure help from what he knew—
that shadows stretch to snatch the larks
from unrelenting blue.