

Her/My Seabird Sinnatkuq Dream

for SB

She/I awake/s breathing and whispering,

twice born, twice born

on the brim of an ice casket,

in the hindmost of the devil's mob,

at the forefront of the angel's winged flight.

She/I enchant/s a song from the bottom of the seas,

her/my smile bare like a hair comb

with rows of bone teeth.

Her/my eyes blink in wisplike feathers,

she/I sing/s, *Drift along, drift along,*

plenty of time to know the song.

She/I keep/s humming to lift herself/myself up,

her/my whispering stops. She/I raise/s up

from her/my knees.

Stunned at first, stunned with a fist up,

her/my eyes affixed on the clock,

as it goes around and around.

The moonlight on a curved path

reflects on the wall, she/I shine/s like a ring

moving from place to place, a moon dance,

here and there, circling the mirrored globe.

Startled by a whistle I run to the window,

she/I look/s out the bubble,

she/I see/s his enlarged outline

come to vision through the fog haze.

His white face with a black streak,

orange-yellow nose and mouth,

his eyelids lined in flame,

he shakes my head, a powder white

mist glows slowly by. As it lifts
see him take flight with tufted horns,
and darted wings, he glides an inch
above the ocean grass. He sings to her/me
with cousins and they whistle back,
a stealth sea cormorant, brants,
horned puffins, murre, and great
auklets. The sea spray stings her/my cheeks
in realization, her/my head sunk, shriveled
below her/my sternum, neck and thorax
beating freeborn. They sing her/me to the ledge,
a nesting ground, alcoves of feathers
preening—the image pulsating—
in her/my temples, wrists, hips,
and ankles. She/I drift/s along the sea
walking the cliffs thinking,
*birds are the vessels—they fly but there
is prevalence in death and a means
to reseed*—on earth. She/I hear/s the dry trills
I commit her/my soul, the sea birds bind
her/me to the grave.

On the steppes they tell her/me only
when the wind breath blows.
She/I call/s *Sila* to bring glacial drifts,
he's the driving force of the sea
weather which salts her/my spirit,
opens her/my gilded doors, widens
her/my dreamscape down to the bottom.
Serpent Samna points and shoots
her/my non-zero numbers, she/I respell/s
and modifies the far side of the poles.
Create a passage in transmitted
light then a red flash following,
a red flash. The seabirds dive in
angles into the sea—she/I follow/s as if
knowing the course down into the ocean.
Focused and let her/my body emit light,
we follow the schools of hooligan
to *Samna's* catacomb. She/I purge/s my breath

soul she/I spew/s forth to *Aselu* all her/my energy,
to the sun. They give her/me a painted
and feathered mask, a wooden gorget,
on my hands they put rattle shell mittens.
She/I start/s to sing from my throat from a deep
place inside me. The songs know
change and movements of the earth,
underworld sea, and blue heavens.
The song comes from the keepers
of coffins and breathe-life, runs on sunlight,
using only what it needs, fits form
and function, recycles everything,
rewards cooperation, rests on diversity,
curbs excess from within, and taps
the powers of the universe, she/I said: *dust born,*
dust death—he said: *it's ash, ash all of it.*