Circus

I am my watcher
Perched at the sky's cusp
In a nick of rock;
The glacier above
Shucks clouds that shadow
The plain then vanish.

I sense war. But no –
Over my shoulder
Two White-necked Ravens
Wing-roar the knife ridge,
Committed to each
Other and the void.

One spins to invert,
Mirrors the other –
Inches close they soar –
Sweep apart, return,
Surge and clasp talons:
Rampant, blue celeste.

Dizzy inversion,
Torsion, tunnel, fall…
Two hearts rise and ring,
Sounding scimitar,
Scoring the valley
Together apart.

Calm arrives like snow.
Voices of mortals
Catch in the thin air;
I wait on the pair
Whose perfect return
Says leap

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