

Axolotl

First sun walks in it.
Then flies. It multiplies.
Part-born and dying
feed on dead and unborn,
it greens around the edges.
Then weed to belly,
something red in his beak,
the sun flaps seawise,
underwings full of dark
pinion and leech. Then
the bedstone trembles,
the mud bulges, boils
and bears old skin-and-toes,
salamander, newt,
ears of webbed fire.
Long as water lives
he loves to breathe it
dry again, scorch
grass with his tongue,
rock with his one eye
hen wind up in his tail,
lie deep in the bowels
of hilarious earth.