

## **The Fathers of the West**

Say there must be no dead or dying  
But the always coming on of being born  
Water flashing up through the pine  
Clear light in our eyes

Say these figures skate on film forever  
Skim within the moonlight presence  
Gull-like wind the dogstar-maned bonyskin night  
To faded silken stitches on broadclothly backing

Say the fathers of the west are gone  
Pelicans rare as sphinxes come  
Out of the headland thigh in winter  
To run in it, laugh, out of water  
Into air, offspring of the seamare  
Where cypress wives gnaw the wind  
Up this barbary California coast