

Everything has Ears for Greybear

Everything has ears for Greybear
hunching through the grass wet wind.
He cannot see himself or smell
himself but sound is something else
again. He knows that nothing listens
close as himself, he bears what hears
him and what borne by an owl
in the dark hears noting but itself.
And nothing fishes the lake as loud
as Greybear listening to the listening.