

THE MEASURE

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It is child's play, creatures too perfectly
Disguised for the hawk's notice, even
As the hawk screams. Retreating shadows,
Mother and child play at immortality.

Age it forward. The hawk consents. Although
He may well starve, he consents, dropping
One feather in praise of the resistless
Intelligence of the moment and its realism.

Our shadows are eternity's accurate
Measurement of time; they retreat, and so
Eternity takes shelter among
The creatures, *as* a creature: Christmas

On a given Wednesday, housed by feathers.
What hope is the hawk? We live forever
In the cool shade of his pain and noise.
We are disguised by what he cannot eat.

Beautiful measures denude his tree,
And even he, perhaps he most of all,
Screams delight into catastrophe.
Destitution is a small price to pay

For life everlasting in the sketch of light
Outlining shadows. And by that I mean nothing
More than the whisper of evidence: death.
I mean the disguise of your mother and of mine.

We were small, and we were taken to safety.
A barbed arrow of sound pierced the air
Overhead, making a pause in creation.
That was the beginning of beauty.