

## The Loon

Dan Rattelle

Your song, like the soul of the North,  
is cold loneliness.

In the deep cuts of the lake,  
glacier-made and filled

with snowmelt, you wail and howl  
against the sky's vacancy—

that stars are best observed  
while lying in the grass

is of no concern to you—  
it's all dead fish and gizzard,

depths, the bank's roots.  
Hatched among the cracked shells

of less lucky birds,  
you hobbled, fledgling, around

the rubbish and made a home.  
You drank lake water.

Here, your solitude  
is chorus, an echo's echo.

Loon, I have no stone  
in the throat, no lyric to grind

the plucked bones of song.  
Cover me, then, red-eyed

in midnight's pitch and feathers.

Haunt me again.