

Lament

Ingrid de Kok

The great grey eagle owl
Throws her weightless shawl
Over evening

Fashioning earth's second ceiling
Under which small sounds
Scuttle and die

While above the owl's feathers
In open neutral sky
An unnameable smaller bird

Keens, grieves for its children
Or even for us, calls to itself
There being no heaven to call to.

