

Dear Albatross,

I think I love you.

I desire your strong profile
your southern, hemispherical ways,
your counter clockwise intuition,
your windborne days.

If I send my Cupid's arrow
through your steady beating heart
will you drape your wings around my neck,
become my talisman, and I your Mollymawk.

We shall run at the wind
to the edge of the land,
I'll dig my fingers deep into the down
on your long long wings
and sit astride you,
you'll become my own
and we'll fly over the sea and play
on the windward slopes of the rising wave,

We'll rest together on some isolated shore,
and learn each other's lives.

I'll splay my feet
to match yours so neatly
that you'll dance with only me,
and we'll refine our choreography
to form a lifetime's line
of fifty sea-filled summers.

I'll lay my naked flesh
against our rudimentary nest
of twigs and heather,
ignore the other Goonies that
complain I don't sport feathers,
and I will conjure you an egg
that we will fledge
on squid and krill.

So if you say you love me
I'll give up my single life;
eat fish,
bill clack,
sky point,
become your wife.