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The Sleek Silver Man

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The Sleek Silver Man

I am the sleek silver man
who runs alone in the moonlight.
Katydid sing of decay,
but the earth is my drum,
my feet beat the pum-a-la,
pum-a-la, pulses of life.

I am the quicksilver man
who moves on a meadow at midnight.
Pocketmice jump for their burrows,
a fox barks over its back,
my feet harvest dry grasses.
Passing becomes planting.

I am element running,
far beyond man in the moonfall.
The sweat storming off me
gives drink to seas.
The sigh of my passing
breathes spirit to wind.
Cinders of soulfire within me
shimmer red in the dawn.

John David Wolverton

