THE BERING BRIDGE

The old men say

the sky was once so close

that if you shot an arrow up

it would bounce back at you. The sky

swallowed birds. Sometimes it lay

like the luxuriating fog

just above our tents

and a man could climb

to the opening at the top, where the smoke went out

and talk to the gods.

Then the redwoods came, sacrificing

all to the main trunk, and

they jacked up the sky,

and then men with balloons and telescopes

pushed it back further,

so it became difficult to talk straight to the gods,

one had to yell, or use the intercession of shamans.

Now I have flown myself across the Pacific,

seen the deep sky blue at 30,000 ft.

They say a man has walked on the moon. They

say the earth is getting warmer.

I see smog, the sky coming back down over California.