

Weapon at Coronation Gulf

A thousand sun-tipped joists
Clack and fissure, bolting skyward
In their knotted crowns of quicklime bars,
Ribbed with iron, shale, birch and flint.
The hulking white beams lance and arch,
Recursive
In their heaving, locking branches until at last the
Pinnacle divides.

The tallest a clear scimitar that cuts and
Blurs the sun, pointing to Baffin Island
And dropping spurs of granite to the
Froth below;
The shortest an upright rapier,
Woven from sandstone lattice and
Florid in its balance of polish and weathering;
The middle is petrified wood,
Its brickwork jagged and pulsing near a single
cloud,
Low and gilded with snow blind arcs.

The triad fumes and rotates,
Sputtering blackness against the air,
Flailing its jagged arms of rock and
Declaiming to the minimal blockhouse ahead,
Preening over the cliffside church,
Peacocking with the clangour of its hypersonic fuze:
A fourth spire snaps into being,
Uncoiled and rent,
Swallowing light with its surging plumes,
Each rasping and pallid under canopies of
Warhead gold.