



THE — SAURUS

by Mark Granier

I am the one whose bones they haven't dug,
part of an unseen clock
keeping the Earth's deep time, in silence, snug,
folded into blankets of rock.

I am the one whose booming roar was loud
as a forest thick with rooks
when the trees rouse them into a storm cloud
shutting the sun's book.

I am the one whose crushed-gold eyes were bright
as an eagle clutching a fish,
Blake's tiger burning, burning through the night
like a birthday wish.

I am the one so perfectly preserved
I'm real as dreams, the dinosaur
whose footprints, the prints of a gigantic bird,
halt, outside your door.

