

CJ Scruton
A MOSASAUR HUMS SOFTLY IN HER SLEEP

now, the train that chants
through the valley beyond the hills —

like whales make distant love songs,
a call, some everquestion,
world of remembrances without end.

We listen to plains that were
ocean a few million years ago,
sounding deep —
a gulp of air at the surface, a dream,
awaiting live young.

Down in the creek we pressed our hands
and dug the hard part out
of the watery clay walls,
to see the lines the waves made
around all the shells, and little bones,

stray teeth buried age by age, for each layer
of earth, a wanting mouth —