

John Kooistra

Loon

for Jo Haines

This morning a loon
called down,

pure warble
of craziness or ecstasy

who can tell which?

Now, as cancer
spreads like autumn

through the still
woods of your body,

you have taken flight too
and I recall your

loon imitation over coffee
forty years ago,

how the sudden cry
startled us

and we both
laughed like children.