Roc

For Sandra Kasturi

The Roc was dreamed into existence a foolish man could not imagine the world without it.

He dreamed of a white bird so large it blotted out the moon, its eggs the size of sarsen stones.

Marco Polo said he saw one lifting an elephant, its talons dripping grey and red, elephant skin falling like ribbons.

No one has seen a Roc since, these thunderclouds of anxiety, these ashy birds of feather and scrape.

It spends its waking hours searching for another like itself, distant memories of its parents pecking: *you are beautiful.*

Its eyes scan the unnamed wilderness, its beak breaking peaks into crags,

snapping trees into brushwood to build a nest in that rock-strewn hill of our imaginings.