Indian Paradise Flycatcher

your tail two comets

of ice crystals

your face a night-

blue sheen

as if dipped

in starlight

your wings snowdrifts

from a past climate

you descend

in a heat haze

and when you dip

into a pool

you’re a pen

 sky-writing

 on a mirror

a flick of flakes

melting

a jet’s contrails

telling us

 about a sun fuelled

by frost

Too fast for my eye

your tail streamers

weave an alphabet

to cool the earth

you dinosaur-relic

little white flag

from the Holocene