

The Hawk People

It screamed in the wilderness way we do,
chilling the first time you hear it, then addicting,
something you seek.

To perch above old age, the withering loss
of disease, or whatever might
come into the field, though not yet visible.

Until you are struck by an emptiness
that is full of the past—all those who have left,
whom your friend calls *the majority*.

The hawk screamed until you didn't go away.
Though it is always more dangerous when silent.
Restive cipher, conveyor of the dead.

When it lunged at the glass, stopping just short
of crashing into it,
glass was metaphor for not feeling, for distance.

Though fear flew through you, its chemical flash.
Sharp stars
in the inexorably dark tunnel of the body.

The hawk appears above the meadow, the forest,
along the industrial shore, scouting
the opening pockets of the psychic continuum.

To take the hawk and see your whole life through it
would be means to accept its power.

As vision, as the transparence between animals.