

The Look

by Beate Sigriddaughter

He stands at the water's edge and looks at eagles circling overhead. Two at first, then three, then four. He looks in silence and he looks with longing. Somewhere up there in those circles he is looking for his soul. The sun magnificently pierces dense white clouds.

I blow on my gloved knuckles to warm them through the wool. He used to look at me like that.

