

Turning Heads

by Catherine Arnold

Yesterday at Seward Park,
brown, wide wings swept
across the trail ahead,
moving with mythic
lift, and
disappeared
into firs beside
the lake.
Crows cawed, kvetched.
They circled.
On a branch
by
the water,
the owl
was identifiably
wild,
so different from anything
owned or touched by man.
Its
large eyes blinked, it rotated and
turned its head,
grace unhurried by the jittery
crows.

