

Hawk

by Gary V. Powell

There's a red-tail hawk hunts these grounds,
From the lake to the pond
And the path that winds behind the houses
Along the creek in between.

Squirrels and mice fear her shadow,
Black snakes and baby turtles, too.
She nests in a young white oak that bends and creaks
When the wind blows down from the hills.

I see her when I walk the dogs,
Wings spread wide against blue sky,
Beak open, eyes to the ground, talons extended,
Lovingly heartless in her drive to provide.

