

SHARP SHINNED HAWK

POETRY

By
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SHARP SHINNED HAWK

Today,
a sharp shinned hawk,
silver gray,
perched on a blue, ceramic bird bath,
waiting for prey.
Smug in his patience.
Owning his perchant for slaughter.
The small birds and the squirrels,
wise enough to hide among the shrubs and beneath the bushes
while the hawk hunted.
But when he spied my movement from house to porch,
he lifted like a cloud,
rose to a pine branch to perch in hungry, angry wait.
Staring at me.
Insulted by my interference in his sanguine schemes.
Then, a suicidal Thrasher,
bold enough to risk a furtive search for seed,
landed in the pine straw.
I know he knew the hawk
was there.
I know the hawk saw him.
But weighed against my presence, then,
watching him, daring,
he left the Thrasher be!
He flew off in an angry screech and let the Thrasher see!
He will return some day in some circular feeding flight.
And if that Thrasher's fool enough again
to dare his luck,
I hope the Hawk is slow that day
or Thrasher's quick enough to duck.

But I doubt it.