

Hunting Hawks

One summer in our wanderings
we paused on a high ridge
looking over a long river valley.
The breeze below us was hung
with slow circling hawks.
Look closely, you said;
all the hawks are hunting in pairs.
Truly. For every hawk that soared
and circled, another carefully
searched closer to the ground.
Amazing. As we watched them
you held my hand tight.
Thereafter, whenever we saw a hawk
carve circles in the sky, you'd say,
look for its mate. And almost always
you'd find another one nearby.

This morning beside the water I saw
three hawks over the open hillside
wheeling and hovering, searching for prey.
I remembered your words and found
a fourth perched on a fence post.
Something still felt awkward.
My reaching hand remained empty and I felt
the loneliness of one hawk hunting.