

Owl

JOE SURVANT

The owl glides in
on secret wings,
silent as leaf flush.
He knows the quick
motives of chipmunks,
the intimacy of mice.
A cloud of clacking crows follows
full of anger and fear.
They blow around him
like ashes from a fire.
Why do they hate his loneliness?

I have come too far today.
The paths of deer
have deceived me
with thicket and briar.
I strain to hear
the whine and tear
of their intricate message.
Stormy crows
rise up
to wheel and jeer
at my quietly brooding owl.