

Falcon

COLLEEN ABEL

The falconer makes a show of the release:
pretending to heave the bird to open air,
but really merely moving with the force
of the willed escape.

You and I know that game.

Your arm's extended, your palm open
and in it a town cupped perfectly, so
tiny from this height. Why
can't I stop circling? *Daughter*,
you're calling, *daughter*. There is nothing
I can do. The claws extend for landing.