

1968

The Hawk

Bill Dodd

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Dodd, Bill. "The Hawk." *New Mexico Quarterly* 38, 4 (1968). <http://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol38/iss4/19>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact amywinter@unm.edu.

sent it to you with a note
which you did not answer,
for whatever reason.

BILL DODD

THE HAWK

The hawk howls
now, and takes me back
there, where I spent a
long, very long time,
a flat, one-time prairie,
the panhandle, where
the wind enured us
to the selfsame silence
of each ultimately,
and I do not mean death,
for when the wind
prowls in the eaves
and burglars every corner's warmth,
even with rags poked into
the crevices of door jambs
and window sills,
the dead lie in a warmer
climate, and the blowing
limbs and grass tell nothing
in their roots to sleeping
bones of their all too familiar past.
Relatives that lie there, live
there still, the stillness,
whether dead or living,
that wind there brings
like the sun in Algiers.
Certainly, I told him,
I feel an affinity to Camus.
What other visions in the wind
when it pours upon the fields like this?