The Hawk

Bill Dodd

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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 selvesame 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  
lims 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?