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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 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?