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WORDS OF A HAWK

by *Sheila Cohlmia*



"Listen to me talk,"
said the red-tailed hawk
as he perched on the windmill ladder.
"You are lonelier now than yesterday.
Why do you say it doesn't matter?"

"Don't turn away"
called the bird of prey
as he circled in the cloudless sky.
"Search your heart for long lost dreams
and learn to dance well—before you die."

"Did you hear what I said?"
asked the hawk of red
as he preened at the end of day.
"You must let little joys revive your soul
to appreciate what is yours this day." ■

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