

Hawk

For days,
a hawk haunts our clearing.

We watch it take down

a fat brown squirrel,

my boys in a hush
on the porch.

The hawk
rips another strip.

My baby cries
for milk:
accipiter, startled
takes flight.

Carcass abandoned,
black spill of blood on grass:
the kids rush to look.

I sit
on the porch step,
breast bared.
Contented baby sighs.

Hawk circles
and screams.