

Hawksong

if I manage to cease stirring,

and suddenly combust

scatter my manifold flesh

and exhausted blood

upon the Flint Hills as they

burn the fields clean

perhaps in the ghostly Kansas

black, I can take flight—

a red-tailed hawk to roost

on fence-posts, still

and quiet before leaping

into the infernal

night air, amid the flitting

embers and glassy stares

of pastured cows awaiting slaughter;

they low so deeply that it

stops my heart to hear their
baritone song of sadness—

though beneath the tangerine
moon, wings beating full-blown,

wreathed in wind as clouds
encircle her broken face,

even this heart may burst
upon the ashen taste of loss