

3.
But, darling, we have not lost our hunger
for all things toxic
below, the quarry has grown darker
can you see the glistening of stone?
before the hood, the maw ties
before the curse of every evil thought
before the scout, the hunt, the protagonist
before the hawk came to stay
taking dull blue memories
it knew the ways to carry you

4.
he shook and shook the trees for apricots
yellow orange, a single seeded stone
fell from its native life
lukewarm to the touch
like fever finding a body
through care and training

5.
fevered fire with unholy wings
before there was sleep there was
dust, cage, and prayers
there were roads
and barbed wire fences
below power lines

6.
maybe there was water or
open expanses of land
some sycamore trees
and an area of shade where
I learned about forgiveness

Please recycle to a friend.

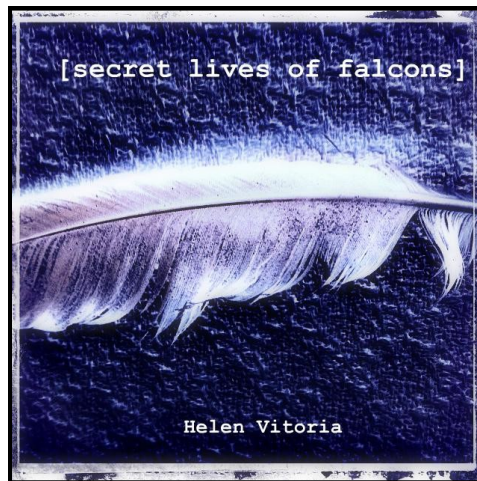
WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover Art by
Helen Vitoria

Origami Poetry Project™

[secret lives of falcons]

by Helen Vitoria © 2012



1.
in order to be captured
you must
pass the lineage test of
bastard hawk
to be handled
you must
confess a certain degree of damage,
tender back binding, crease in spine
white wing tips darkened slate-grey

2.
Who's to say it's wrong,
when all night the body is a natural slate?
the old bird dreams pale memories
of high trees and they are singing
what finesse and skill it must take to
stand alone, invisible inside a storm