

The Owl

Fortune turned up an owl this morn
outside antique panes of sleepy June,
forlorn in the strange wet and winds
and light of stars drowning in fresh blue
uncertainty at daybreak.

Listen for the still night's favor

perched on a limb
far back from the road
where cars still asleep
don't yet go to the city
where cages await
the animal spirits
none dare to show
except in a mockery
of strengths unknown,
like billboard photos:
the flashed white owl
frozen in pixels;
the deadliest tiger
a child won't fear;
earth-bound eagles,
dolphins, seals,
Noah's dove—
bring your children
to the water zoo;
let them bring
their clubs...

Borne upon gathering winds of madness,
images of life surround us:
our love of living creatures dying.

Before breeze and sun, across the leaves,
turn the grounds to shadow seas,
owl will find his hiding place.

Dear to our soul, owl,
dear to our soul..
Love returns like a child ghost
who won't leave his parents
alone.