

## Two Hawks

*Ken Meter*

The winds always blow dense like blood  
When you stand at the border of the land,  
Hawk called down from above.

Hawk said, this is how I found spirit:  
Delicate motions of the tiniest feathers  
Until I balance like the sun.

Spreading his wings, hawk  
Rivets himself to some point in the sky.

Only his shadow moved,  
Gliding along the mountain.

As sun collected his strength  
For the torrid months to come.

*Montara, California*