

The Day before Yesterday

Day before yesterday the shortest day of the year
about noon, tracing easy loops high in the blue
then gliding in long arcs across the mares-tails
announcing another cold front in from the east, a hawk

so high I couldn't tell what kind it was until
coasting up and down what must have been turbulent waves
of winds at that elevation it turned just right
to flash its telltale colors in the afternoon sun

some distance above the stark black delegation
of seven ravens flapping across the blue horizon
on their way west with no apparent interest
in haranguing the hawk as they might another time.

Yesterday about noon as I stepped outside, a redtail,
maybe the same one, so close overhead I could see
the downward cast of its eye, circled four times
four times screeching out its concern.

Today same time same station a pair of them
circling overhead about windmill height
the circle growing larger with each revolution
then each sailed off in an opposite direction.

Solstitial 2017