

Eamon Grennan  
Hawk Entering Hemlock

Sudden, a plummet, the marsh hawk enters a hemlock  
and stands, steadying himself, stopped not far  
from my head, on a branch too thick to shake or sway much

so I can see the hook of its beak and the lethal black  
and yellow target circles of the eye he turns on me,  
a laser graiping my grounded bulk into the meltdown

his brain is. Stays there, out of the crows' way  
that heckle, harass. Alert to every twig snap, footstep  
and the strung silence into which a squirrel's just crept,

heart heaving, to shiver there, sheltering. So I learn  
how heart pounds, how flexed muscle keeps  
leashing and unleashing in a book of feathers, how tongue

must wonder at *hawkstand, squirrelshiver, crowclamour, now.*