Great Horned Owl: Exhibit B

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There is a ring of feathers barely visible
Around the moon tonight, a hunter’s moon
Washing fields—the senescent year,
The long year, has laid himself down for a rest
Over all the fields this night, not to perish
But to slacken a spell, to empty the witching hour
Of time in the wake of death’s bird, lore’s bird—
The year is late for worms, for aspen buds,
And the woodbird is taken away, picked clean,
A hatching of bones under pines—I’ll kick loam
Over them and carry still my skull, searching
To question sweeping, winged death.