

## TO THE HAWK ON THE WINDOW LEDGE

You came.  
And like a white flower  
belief opened.  
You were close enough to touch  
and stayed long seconds (I hardly dared  
breathe).

I may stumble through wrong decisions,  
make my way down the lesser road—  
I will still be blessed.  
(Your feathers ragged from northern winters,  
your presence austere.)

You left, tearing  
longing from me.  
Carrying it with you.