Virus Vigil

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
Art by Isabelle Scurry Chapman

THEM COMES THINGS DISAPPEAR AND SHE LETS

HER OWN PIC

WHY?

DIE PAIN
Cooper’s Hawk

Running around Rice
In early January
In a blustery north wind.

Kyree – Kyree – Kyree.
The sound comes
From behind the live oaks.

I pause,
Trying to see the raptor,
And then the Cooper’s Hawk
Streaks over my head,
Kyree – Kyree – Kyree
Watch me fly.
Kyree – Kyree – Kyree
Look at me.

Its flight reminds me
Of a time in my life
When all seemed hopeless,
Of how I was a bird
With a broken wing,
Unable to fly high and strong
Above the oaks.

And seeing the hawk
With the narrow tail today,
I am reminded
To be grateful –
To be humble -
To be a man of principle -
For today I can fly,
Wing healed, mind square,
Sailing above the oaks
On the north wind.
Kyree – Kyree – Kyree.