Ferruginous Hawk

Near a tall Cottonwood tree
Next to the San Bernard River
At the National Wildlife Refuge.

I am looking at a ferruginous hawk,
A hawk I don’t see often,
But a magnificent big hawk,
And he and I are in deep contemplation
About who and what I am,
About why I am still alive
Given many chances to not be,
A survivor and glad of it,
A survivor because of help
From friends like this fine hawk,
Who I ask where I should focus next?
And there is silence -
My white bodied friend pensive,
Viewing me quizzically –
Evaluating – considering – pondering.

Suddenly the landscape erupts
With thousands of geese taking wing –
Blues and snows and specklebellies
Gaining altitude and breaking into Vs
That have fascinated me since childhood,
A cacophony of honks and grunts
That reverberate deep into my soul,
Connecting me to some long ago
Time and place – primeval -
Originating before this life –
Basic. Fundamental.
The hawk turns its golden eye back to me  
And we exchange the look of two survivors, 
Partners in the Earth,  
Friends forever linked,  
And my next steps come into focus.  

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Just ask for help  
And it will come to you.