

DUEL

Lee Slonimsky

Crimson droplets fading in the snow
suggest some raptor's rendezvous with prey;
circling perhaps, then spying fur below,
a dive-vector toward quick demise, a day
or two before. Trajectory comes easy
to redtails raised on wind's geometry:
downward plummet, taloned stab, aloft
to feast then at a lofty perch.

Hawk-craft
of sight and sever is implacable,
a judgment rendered suddenly, final
as any nature has to offer. Yet, somehow,
this frail scatter of droplets seems cruel,
unfair on its face, a winged lopsided duel
of arrow, flower. No-one, though's, to blame:

a creature scurried, then a raptor came.

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