

A Blind Hawk Visited By Schoolchildren

He flies all day in the dark.
He turns his head and listens to them pass like clouds.
Against his breast he feels, five-fingered, the tops of trees.

He is wingless, small —
But in the blue space of his heart
He could carry the sky on his back:
There, he rises in slow circles, climbing ladders of wind.

I found him trying to fly.
After two weeks, the thrust of his wings held my hand aloft.
I tossed him up.
He fell, slapping the air around my head,
The sky the color of feathers.

When I was ten,
I went into a green field and lay down in a furrow.
I covered myself with grass and dirt
And left only a white hole for the sun.
It rained stars on my forehead, coming through the leaves
in splashes.

When the hawk fell, dark as a planet,
I lifted my face to catch him.