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Jeannette Svoboda

a blackness
shoots past my small kitchen window

a shot from a gun
it smashes into the ground, exploding

into bird sounds
shoots back up, into the air, toward the front yard

...
I run to the front door
the falcon on the driveway, crouching

it jumps down hard on its talons, small bird
squeezed between

I like to watch this pursuit of food.
keen eyes do not rest

his and mine, we both watch, intent
he peers up and down

ready for an enemy
I peer straight ahead at that need

that I want