

# *Jeanie Thompson*

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## **December Hawk Flight** *North Alabama*

In this moment  
hard with rapture  
the pair of hawks  
wheels from the winter tree,  
parting above us, crying  
to one another  
as they circle,  
their reconnaissance of power  
dwarfing the northern field  
where a mouse  
throbs in the stubble—  
its fear freezing  
to a brushstroke.

From treetop to treetop  
across the fields  
they signal one another—

You want to taste  
that tongue of air  
lifting her as she  
wheels free of him.  
I want to descend as he falls  
to earth, rising again  
with him, the heartblood  
cooling in his talons.

I want the clarity  
of her wingpull  
as she inverts air,  
willing it to take her  
into the red wash  
of feather and prey.