

Ecliptic

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In a battle of screeching terror,
A Hawk being roused by four,
Crows, who in black deliver,
The sentence of evolution more,
Than nature had done before.
A beast so mighty in strength,
A beloved so mighty in truth.
A beauty so mighty in wonder,
A bird so mighty, I ponder-
How hath nature become less fonder
Of a creature winged by the Creator?
Why hath this Hawk walked to the undertaker?
Perched low, the Hawk bewildered by the blows,
Beseeched- Who are the souls in these crows?
As it stares into the sky from which it came,
An eclipse of the Moon pours just the same,
The noise of morn to silence renders it lame.
A brief measure of the poet to exclaim it fame-
'Tis the time for rebalancing by nature,
Stress in settlement gives path to fracture.