

The falcon cannot hear the falconer

Every morning he whistled for her
but she's airborne, turning like a swift
never to return to the obsidian cage.

She shudders at the jesses she wore
commanding her eyes, her talons,
oiled and filed, her kill.

Muscl'd under soft feathers
she felt his possession
like grains of sand in a simoom.

The riddle is unriddled now.
No slouching, no indignance in her wings.

No need for Bethlehem at all.

Wendy Woodward