

Cooper's Hawk

There he was perched
on my deck as I stepped
into the kitchen
early that morning.

I froze
not wanting my movement
to scare him away.

He flew away.

Would he return?

Early the next morning
I jumped up to see—*no*.

But when I lay back down
to doze a bit more,
I heard wings beating
behind me.

Not his,
my own.

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