

Great Horned

by Charles Daughaday

A summer's evening, across a field fence, sun's rays warm
Filtering through the trees on the back, almost dusk now,
And bent slightly to dodge under a low hanging branch,
When suddenly, without sound, an eerie up rush of warm air,
And in a blink ahead only inches above, wingspan spread to full,
Seamlessly glides the Great Horned Owl, as a knife through water.
The breath rushes out in a swooshing, almost pant, a gasp of surprise
As the plane of the great bird reaches the open field,
And rises, rising and risen as a great god toward the blue heavens.