

Bearings

In days when poems
were daily conversation
a little towhee used to sit

On a particular tree
on the very tip
of the very top

In a previous incarnation
a weathervane
but in this life

An expert
in surveying
and survival.

One blazing day,
a young hawk plummeted,
and missed,

Dropping onto a branch a wingspan away—
neither moved
why should they?

Even an inexperienced raptor
knows not to waste energy
on pointless attempts

Finally, the hawk tensed
for lift off
but even at the point of intending

The towhee whisked into the brush
gone
on a hidden freeway of air

The bewildered hawk
was given a lesson
in survival and direction.

In another life
the towhee would become
enlightened

(cont'd)

The hawk lived long
became a great huntress
and at the end wished for something else.

Now in the cafe
they are sitting at the table
next to mine

Exchanging hilarious jokes
which have sharp
inner meanings.