

The Hunter

by Ruthie

Swiss polka-dotted plumage under a cloak
of russet and gold embroidered wings
Dazzling moonlit obsidian eyes ever watchful
for the sustenance nature brings

With a speed as silent as the shooting stars
and comets in the heavens above
The Hunter quickly takes action and
becomes airborne with a mighty shove

Fearless and majestic, with the most exceptional
hearing and sight, into the air she ascends
Gliding over open fields, above grassy terrain,
perhaps to where the mighty river bends

Soaring soundlessly over twilight kingdoms in
the still of an autumnal eventide
The lone Hunter, aloft while the night slumbers is
in quest of the place where small creatures hide

A single rodent, oblivious to the approaching threat,
peacefully makes his way through the brush
It does not see nor hear the danger, is caught,
struck dumb, and so is seized in a rush

With the precision of its species, talons
so absolute, and muscular legs extended
Employing great speed the Hunter ensnares the prey;
the unfortunate small mammal's life is ended

Prey clenched firmly in her beak, she unfurls her mantel
of resplendent tones, and again takes flight
A mission accomplished, nourishment held securely,
she rises again into the dewy, moonlit night

Her hungry young family waits impatiently and
calls for her return

The Hunter's night has just begun