

Bird Of Prey

Careful not to let his shadow show,
Keeping a watchful eye upon the world below,
Listening, searching, waiting,
Until a small movement is seen,
Small, grey, unaware,
Waiting no longer, the beast strikes,
Plummeting down to earth like a comet,
Silently, carefully, with precision like no other,
Outstretched talons meet their target,
The hunter retreats, prize in hand,
Letting out a loud screech of success,
The falcon has won.

By: Cindy Baker