

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

George Held
April 23rd

Reflecting that it's Shakespeare's and Nabokov's birthday
I sit by the window watching a gray squirrel
scratch for food buried in my yard.
Digging up a hickory nut, he scurries over to my rail fence,
scrambles up a post and sits on top,
flattens his tail along his spine.
Grasping the nut with both hands, he rotates it
to find the easiest entry point, then gnaws
the shell to bits and eats the meat.
My view framed by the window, I can see the sky no more
than he so focused on his nut and share
in his surprise the second
a red-tailed hawk grasps his spine and lifts
him above my sightline, bits of nut
left on the fence post.

chapbook, Grounded
Finishing Line press 2005