

Category 1, Edgar Allen Poe Memorial: 1st Prize

Poet's note:

This presents the eagle's view of the catch; should we also show the rabbit's?

THE RAPTOR

It is our joy to snatch the bodies warm.
Teeming seed-nibblers that coyotes and wolves
Contend for, are our meals; raw need absolves
Us of their stricken hearts, late to alarm.
We swoop, we claim a quivering bump to take
Into pure air, to meet the mystery
It has long known. Beyond delivery
From tediousness, it's privileged to make
Passage into our glorious, murmuring heights,
On the same drafts we rise on. There shall be
White bones to mark its passing, in high sun.
How else could creepers know such raptured flights?
We carry them to higher destiny
In gracious talons, one by one by one.

Evelyn Ritchie Tower