

What I Know About Owls

They can break the night like glass.
They can hear a tick turn over
In the fur of a mouse thirty acres away.
Their eyes contain a tincture of magic
So potent they see cells dividing in
The hearts of their terrified victims.
You cannot hear their dismaying who,
You cannot speak their fearsome name
Without ice clattering in your arteries.

But in daytime owls rest in blindness,
Their liquids no longer boiling.
There is a legend that if you are careful
And foolishly ambitious, you can approach
Them and gently stroke for luck and life
The delicate feathers on their foreheads,
Risking always that later on some
Quiet night when you least expect it
The owl, remembering your transgression,
Will slice into your lamplight like a razor,
Bring you down splayed from your easy chair,
Your ribcage pierced, organs raked
From their nests, and your head slowly
Rolling down its bloody pipe into
The fierce acids of its stomach.