

POEM BY ELIZABETH METZGER

BOY WITH BARN OWL

Each night the barn owl folds over the hill,
turns back the wind,

wet with weather and quiet
to kill, if heaven.

The boy stops, a bruise in winter,
keeping his eyes on the northern limb

which every moon silvers
and silvers differently.

You mottled, you heart-face,
pilgrim and parliament.

There are no years for you,
only millennia

and the instant of a tail in the grass.