

Hope interrupted
South Cumbria, June 6, 2018

this is hope
 challenged
this is hope
 fading

lying in my hand
perfect body
eyes tight shut
wings the tiniest of things
not ready to fly
limp blue legs
dinosaur ancestry

this is the heavy weight of hope
 discarded

here in the meadow
among sorrel and buttercups
and the heat of a cloudless sky
hope, feathered and filched
flung to the ground
and left
alone

hope less

I do not know
if it was a crow
that took this curlew chick
or a fox

I do not know if the calls of the parent birds
that have been circling and calling
 circling and calling
 circling and calling
are calls of anger
or of sorrow
or warning

but in those haunting high-pitched cews
I hear no hope

hope lies here
at my feet
while the adults cry

Harriet Fraser