**Winter Hunt**

 Ed Stevens

Thin cloud-shards scroll

 the bright heartland cold,

 dragging memory along like the flaccid tail

 of some shabby kite.

He turns his face to a cold small sun

 and wonders at the shadow source.

 Tiny hopping birds and emerald crystal grass

 await the parching night.

Frozen wind, gun-metal chill

 in his leather hand,

 Brittle barbs, fence and trees, the woodlands

 mark his passage.

No shot is sent, no jet of blood,

 but a vision of old years waits -

 a sharp-shinned hawk with shining eyes -

 to drop, wings tucked, like an angry blade.