

*A Small Hawk*

A small hawk  
    circles the lake,  
  
    rimming the edge  
of the void,  
  
    the lip  
    of dusk: something

to fall into.

    Or at least  
    these are my  
  
prayers (these  
    words that I type)  
  
    looking out  
through my window, over  
  
    the water  
    and into the black  
  
spaces between—  
    knowing  
  
    that one day  
I will be asked  
  
the only answer  
    I already gave.