

## Merlin · *Henry Carlile*

And once out walking at night  
I stumbled across the speckled body  
of a small hawk,  
the harp of its wings closed.

One note, one note.

It sings in the rills between words,  
between hopes.  
It sleeps between leaves in a book,  
gathers like dust on the piano.

I heard it one time on a green hill  
in Aberdeen in short puffs of wind  
stirring the new grass among stones.  
Prayer could not alter it

nor clods breaking upon bronze.