



Bob Dornberg © 2007 All Rights Reserved

## Owl

smudge of silence  
and mahogany, alert  
in onyx, vizier  
in a skein of boughs,  
screaming the weft of the universe,  
observant like Orion,  
stalking warm umber—

winged prophet  
of secretive night-pines,  
obsidian thief,  
flying like a riddle  
that doesn't even whisper,  
swooping in a merge  
of bat and falcon,  
neck a whirlpool of fates—

you Hanged Man

in a noose of flutters,  
unable to breathe unless you moan.  
darkness and forests ordained you,  
long ago, when moonlight  
fled the trees like rain.

Chris Crittenden

Chris Crittenden has been published widely in journals and anthologies. Some of his most recent acceptances are from *Offcourse*, *Nexus*, *Ward 6 Review* and *Istanbul Literary Review*. He lives in a small town on the edge of Maine where there are no traffic lights or streetlamps and only a single restaurant, which serves greasy food.