

WITH DAD

IVAN HOBSON

In the high-country on horseback
we saw that rattlesnake
get taken into the sky.

What was wrong with the hawk
that it did not finish the job?

The snake striking until it was freed,
falling until it crashed
on the rocks below,

and the hawk drunk with venom
fluttered to the ground
where you told me it wouldn't survive
the afternoon.

There I was, an unsure boy
when I cleared my throat and asked you
if you still loved mom.