

Michael Hettich

Home

Here is the body of a bear, stretched out
in the snow. Here is the disemboweled body of a deer—
it looks like a person half-buried in the leaves.
Here is the body of the hawk you admired
yesterday as it sat in the hemlock
leaning to leap at the squirrels stealing
seed from the feeder at the window you watch
the winter birds from. Here is the squirrel
rising into the sky. Here
is the hawk losing its grip, the squirrel
falling, still alive, as the hawk swoops down,
catches it again, squeezes tighter.
Here is a house filling slowly with snow,
the furniture buried, the sofas and knick-knacks,
the books disappearing. Here are the wounds
just starting to scab: *Let me go now*, she says;
just let me vanish. Here are the trees
leaning over the house, seeming
to listen to the voices as though they were a song.
Here is the silence that follows.