

# Owls: A poem

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [November 28, 2006](#) issue

Before the solstice in December when  
trees stand stripped on granite ground,  
I hear them in the woods at dusk,  
their hollow hooting back and forth,  
the courtship of the Great Horned Owls,  
in this, the darkest time of year, light  
draining from an empty sky, but still  
they sing, response and call, their slow  
duet, notes rise and fall, and something  
deep within me stirs, a new beginning,  
even now.