

# Christening

by [Scott Ward](#) in the [July 26, 2005](#) issue

*for Garland*

Rose-light hues us on the porch, you nestled  
in my arms, as I consider the osprey  
circling his customary roost, atop  
a power pole across the street. His stare,

not bold or arrogant, but natural,  
makes me strangely warm as does his spearing  
cry, calling down a reverence for the dusk.  
I have witnessed his plummet, through air

rushing too fast to breathe in, falling toward  
a point in the water where nothing is.  
What does the mullet see at that convergence?  
A bullet-shadow covering grainy light,

Leaving the house at dawn, I have witnessed  
the osprey on the cross beam of his pole  
humming with power, as he tugs out the packed  
guts gnashing them down, and I have felt redeemed

in the light that marks us all for sacrifice.  
Son, may you find your own pursuing voice,  
its argot of praise, Christ-fierce and Christ-wild.  
When I hear the osprey's cry, I know your name.