

Against metaphor

by [Jen Stewart Fueston](#) in the [April 8, 2020](#) issue

The hawk grips electric wire and waits,  
his brown-feathered head as smooth as if  
he'd slicked it back this morning with a comb,  
the way his keen eyes part the bent weeds  
in the run-off ditch beside the road.

He perches on the line, against the stretched spring  
blue, like a metaphor ineffable and wide.  
Is he the talon lurking from above that finally  
rends us? Or the power that lives beside us, laboring  
to lift us with unfolding wings?

Today, I want to see him as the hawk who waits on wires  
that undulate along the roads that plow this prairie. See him  
waiting, diving, circling in this nearly-violet blue. A day  
where beauty's irreducible, where nothing stands  
for anything but this.