

The buzzards are coming back early from Mexico,

bringing that leisurely way they wait,
wheeling evenly over the dead and the dead-to-be.

So unlike hawks' precision spying fast mice,
their incessant tension between;

buzzards can afford to be gross and slow,
their prey in no hurry.

And what made me restive last summer
is the same as what, since, I've missed:

long, slow slide of that shadow
over the soil I've been wrestling with

all afternoon, to give in, to receive
my seed. The way it comes sometimes

in silence, sometimes making
that little tearing sound as it passes.