

Prey

by Hannah Edge

Tawny hawk sails over a sea
of lights. Hooked claws
clutch the back
of my shirt. I swing
freely, as the hawk's wings

beat. Feathered tips
bristle, span out,
swallow the wind
in the crook of their sternum,
span out again.

Clouds surround us, condensation
clings, feels like sweat.
Moonlight pierces
through cracks in the clouds,
stars guide my captain.

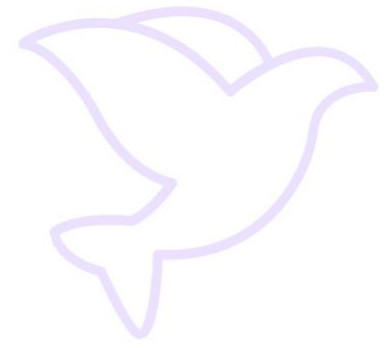
Sudden drop, through moist
air. Stomach tries to defy
gravity, tries to deny
the ever-nearing ground.

Naked toes tickled by tips
of trees, evergreen needles
scratch at my calves
as the hawk caws
to the dragon below.

Thundering, trampling,
barging, squeezing
through dense forest flora
as we circle, circle
lower, lower.

Thrum, whoosh, flap
of wings, as the hawk unhooks,
leaves me
in free-fall.

Thrash, thresh, tremble
of wings, as the dragon hears
my silent gasp, soars
towards me, catches



my breath.

