

Homecoming

by Fran Duffield

Spreading a white cloth on dark wood,
the impression of a wingbeat
made me look out,
through dense glass into still air
tense with frost,
thronged with invisible needles of cold,
and in the dark spaces of the forest
I saw it clearly, hunting, scratching
with claws sharpened with searching
I stood transfixed
my own knew me and lifted its head,
its gaze piercing me with its longing
the lost beast, grief had come home