

***Dan Champion***

**De Labore Venandi cum Avibus**

The falconers wear feathers in their minds.  
They brandish beaks and talons in their dreams.  
The hazard's occupational. One finds  
the jesses limiting when sunlight streams  
above and you must loose your hunter to  
the sky and stand below and feel your weight,  
imagining you were the one that flew.  
I know. To hood those dreams, I stay up late.  
My interest was in flying, not the kill.  
Too old to go afield, I've come to this,  
an old man in a shawl against the chill,  
afflicted by a whim to reminisce.  
Five decades lodged between us like a wedge,  
you're seeing just the shawl. I feel it fledge.