

# New Poetry by Deborah J. Hunter: "March 2003"



ARMS A CANOPY / image by Amalie  
Flynn

## **March 2003**

*(the US bombing of Iraq)*

while I was riding to San Antonio  
I watched a hawk  
that looked like a hieroglyph  
against a fingerpainted sky

at the same time  
on the other side of the world  
pyrotechnic flashes  
ripped a hole in the heavens

while I was riding to San Antonio  
trees fanned out across fields  
on the edge of the road  
like embroidered bird bones

at the same time  
in a place we think of as faraway  
explosions rattled walls  
shook the bones of children

while I was riding to San Antonio  
I saw trees gathered in a huddle  
their legs a corral,  
their leafy arms a canopy  
for cattle and their young

at the same time  
in a city built on sand  
mothers huddled in corners  
wondering  
who was the real terrorist

when I sleep tonight  
I will not dream of  
hawks on the wing  
grassy prairies and  
pastoral tranquility