

Ode to the Owl

Alighted on a branch, you stare unblinking
at the world around you, curious
and aware, reminiscing of times past
in long forgotten worlds.

A statue in the crisp winter air,
you hold power over the land you watch over.
Keeper of forests, you're like the w h i s p e r
of a secret against the white birch tree you rest in;

beautiful wraith of the night sky – blot out
the stars with your snowy complexion,
speckled with plumes of black silk. A night owl
of truest nature, reborn while the world sleeps

its life away. Your eyes burn through the night,
glowing like lanterns encompassed by moonlight,
painted so starkly behind your inky black pupils,
like the split yolk of a violently cracked egg.

Guardian of the supple mind,
does your intellect never waver? You hold
the secrets of your ancestors upon your feathery
shoulders, your head held high above the world.

Mighty Atlas has nothing on you –
emboldened with honor, you are a sacred symbol
to be revered, a token of the gods. Keeper of
worlds, may your divine wisdom set fire to the soul.

May the feathers of your wings be stronger
than the cracked marble statues of your patron
gods as they lay discarded at your feet. Gaze
upon the goddess of Wisdom as she bows

before you, a new god in a world of mortals.
Athene noctua, lift your moonlit eyes
to the stars and cast out the glory of the sun
as you clutch their hearts between your talons.