

**The Falcon**  
**by Leslie Contreras Schwartz**

**Peregrine falcon,  
the students stare at you  
fixed by a rope on a broken log.**

**Wing tips cut  
by a propeller or bridge  
as you hunted in morning light.**

**Now you are bound,  
the glare of the school's auditorium  
more blinding than the sun.**

**Your eye, like a blackberry,  
one of your talons severed in half,  
you stand reduced, impassive,**

**despite the tough bands of steel gray,  
the sturdy earth-colored coat.**

**What use is flight, my friend,  
when all around is no sky, no stream, no shore.**

Source: "The Falcon" from *Fuego* (St. Julian Press, 2016) is reprinted with permission of the author.