



“The Lone Owl Calls”
by Sarah Rahmatullah
2nd Place, Poetry 13-15

The Lone Owl Calls

The lone owl is calling, from its perch in the twisted tree.

The soft *who-woo* sounds again, a mournful, yet beguiling plea.

Who is the owl calling to, in his sorrowful tones?

To whom is this haunting strain directed to, from just outside his home?

The moon is full and radiant, its face knowing, soft, and plain.

She streams her shining, silvery rays to pool and drip below like shimmering rain.

A frosted river of sparkling stars adorn the sky's silky, inky tresses.

Soft, dark shadows drape themselves at the bases of trees, rocks, shrubs,

And the mouths of dark recesses.

What is the owl yearning for, on this stillest, most serene of nights?

Is that sorrow gleaming in his round yellow eyes, or are they just reflecting

Moonlight?

The river rushes through the shaded woods, a flow of liquid shadows.

The moonshine is reflected on it in writhing ribbons, gleaming flashes,

And floating specks.

Still the owl sits and broods on his stout tree branch.

His feathered chest rises and falls slightly with each wheezing breath.

What the owl longs for, we may never know.

All I can say is that he is fortunate, to have made these enchanted woods his home.