

## Soul Food

Waiting.  
Watching.  
The cold, still air  
Biting  
At my soul. I listen  
For the ruffle of feathers—  
The far off sound of wings  
Cutting  
The cold, still air. I think. . .  
Of pulling the iron trigger.  
Waiting.  
Watching.  
The cold, still air still  
Gnawing  
At my soul.