

Editors' Choice

Triumph of Hades

Perched silently, black talons gripping
the rough bark of an unsteady branch. A slight ruffle,
rearranges silk feathers, soaked with darkness.
Eyes dart, surveying the territory
watching over
freshly tilled fields covered with
moonlight shadows.
Breezes weave through branches
muted wisps of songs
murmuring secrets and promises
sliding through the night.
Darkness begins to seep and melt
the sliver of moon,
stealing the pale light away
forcing it to seek refuge underground.

Black beak opening, this
progeny of Pluto,
breaks the night's solemnity
sending reverberating sounds into the thick dark.
Grasses bend, pressed by the night,
paying homage to the earthly god.
Branches quiver as a taloned foot
moves to the edge while silent wings unfold,
lifting the ominous messenger into the night.

Jennifer Huber