

## **Rwanda**

Like a falcon,  
I took the proffered meat  
held aloft....

Then discovered  
it was a trap.

From the freedom of the sky  
to a cage.  
Then later  
to a leather wrist-gauntlet,  
eyes blinkered by a hood.

Learning to eagerly bear  
my master's loving caresses,  
to kill for his pleasure,  
to swoop and glide,  
to attack—my talons  
gripping a mouse's back....

For him.  
For country.  
In the end,  
for pure blood sport.

This, then, was what  
was offered:  
a bit of meat  
held aloft,  
that I swooped upon.

After training,  
humans were  
nothing more  
than a morsel of mouse.

**Published in *Geronimo*, Volume 2, Number 8, Taos, NM,  
August 1999**