

The Owl Flew  
By Debbie Milner

Darkening skies formed above,  
when a wondrous sight did appear,  
on this silent crisp cold evening.  
Gliding slowly through the sky  
way up high, I could see,  
these huge tubular eyes looking  
down at me.

Like the white owl Harry's  
'Hedwig', it was emerging like a ghost,  
his head was large and round,  
descending and soaring in the sky,  
circling without a sound...  
Majestic, reflective, inspiring,  
he lit the sky and my heart.