

# Prayer for My Father

By Robert Bly

Your head is still  
restless, rolling  
east and west.  
That body in you  
insisting on living  
is the old hawk  
for whom the world  
darkens.  
If I am not  
with you when you die,  
that is just.

It is all right.  
That part of you cleaned  
my bones more  
than once. But I  
will meet you  
in the young hawk  
whom I see  
inside both  
you and me; he  
will guide  
you to the Lord of Night,  
who will give you  
the tenderness  
you wanted here.

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Source: The Poetry Anthology 1912-2002 (2002)