

# Tamer and Hawk

By Thom Gunn

I thought I was so tough,  
But gentled at your hands,  
Cannot be quick enough  
To fly for you and show  
That when I go I go  
At your commands.

Even in flight above  
I am no longer free:  
You seeled me with your love,  
I am blind to other birds—  
The habit of your words  
Has hooded me.

As formerly, I wheel  
I hover and I twist,  
But only want the feel,  
In my possessive thought,  
Of catcher and of caught  
Upon your wrist.

You but half civilize,  
Taming me in this way.  
Through having only eyes  
For you I fear to lose,  
I lose to keep, and choose  
Tamer as prey.

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