

Two poems by Martha Haskins Hume\*

## *The Awakening*

Somewhere between sleep and waking  
a white hawk flies.

Through threshing wings of light  
which blind and shake,  
man knows he never dies.

Somewhere between sleep and waking  
loves lies,  
lies with a bruised beak raking  
man as he rises into light,  
the awesome quaking.

## **Solstice**

Our love turns now upon its solstice,  
halved by the blood's cacophony.  
Where mind strips off the wry flesh poultice  
we cling, encircled by love's strategy.  
Smouldering in our mustard flower  
we watch the leaves unfurl their banns.  
Now must I run to stone-coiled precipice  
of self, dim face which never scans—  
before we are, I am.

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