

OWL

By FLORENCE WESTACOTT.

I woke at the sudden hoot of an owl,
And the shriek of a bird seized in steel talons—
Woke, my heart racing, terror-driven,
The stillness of night shattered
By a death-cry.

Sleepless now,
I lay gazing out into the shadows
Where timorous creatures cowered in the grass
Or hid among the leaves.
The full moon, low down the sky,
Stared in my window
With the round eye of an owl.