**Hawk Roosting – an immersed text.**

***For ways to use immersed texts see ‘Techniques’***

It’s good being a hawk. I like to sit in the top of the wood with my eyes closed, imagining my prey. Do not think of this as inaction. There’s no falsifying dream that comes between my hooked head and my hooked feet. I wait, or if I sleep, in that sleep I rehearse perfect kills and recall the satisfaction of eating.

I love the convenience of the high trees! I ride on the air's buoyancy and the thermal updraught. The sharp sun's rays are of advantage to me too. I love to see the earth's face turned upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark. I like to think that it took the whole of Creation to produce my foot, my talons, and each of my feathers. Now I, Hawk, hold Creation in my foot! I survey the ground inhabited by lesser creatures or I fly up and see the world revolve. I take it all in slowly because I can kill where I please because it is mine, all mine!

There is no sophistry in my body, no dishonesty. My manners are perfect: a straightforward tearing off of heads. I am the grim reaper; the allotment of death is in my power. For all creatures know that the one true path of my flight is directly through the bones of the living.

I need no arguments to assert my rights. The sun is behind me and nothing has changed since I began. My eye is steady. My power has permitted no change and I am going to keep things like this.

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