

# ABOUT US

## Kestrel

Like a trembling, fluttering leaf,  
its floating, flapping, flitting wings  
hovering above me,  
I pace solid under these leaden skies,  
on root-deep peatcarved paths.

Drop down kestrel,  
feathers drop down too  
then rise with squirming, wriggling prey,  
hold tight within gripping beak,  
ale-brown blur, ancient hunter

dance in heavy clouds,  
hover, hovering,  
held by an invisible hand  
held high, held in an airy stillness,  
whilst I am caught, mesmerised,

my eyes held within the talons of  
this sky-soarer,  
dawn-breaker,  
cloud-tearer,  
wind-rider.

Martha Blue, Top Ten Winner in the About Us poetry competition