

Owls: A poem

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [November 28, 2006](#) issue

Before the solstice in December when
trees stand stripped on granite ground,
I hear them in the woods at dusk,
their hollow hooting back and forth,
the courtship of the Great Horned Owls,
in this, the darkest time of year, light
draining from an empty sky, but still
they sing, response and call, their slow
duet, notes rise and fall, and something
deep within me stirs, a new beginning,
even now.