

Christening

by [Scott Ward](#) in the [July 26, 2005](#) issue

for Garland

Rose-light hues us on the porch, you nestled
in my arms, as I consider the osprey
circling his customary roost, atop
a power pole across the street. His stare,

not bold or arrogant, but natural,
makes me strangely warm as does his spearing
cry, calling down a reverence for the dusk.
I have witnessed his plummet, through air

rushing too fast to breathe in, falling toward
a point in the water where nothing is.
What does the mullet see at that convergence?
A bullet-shadow covering grainy light,

Leaving the house at dawn, I have witnessed
the osprey on the cross beam of his pole
humming with power, as he tugs out the packed
guts gnashing them down, and I have felt redeemed

in the light that marks us all for sacrifice.
Son, may you find your own pursuing voice,
its argot of praise, Christ-fierce and Christ-wild.
When I hear the osprey's cry, I know your name.