

## *The Owl*

**by Alexa La Plante**

A juvenile owl sat upon a lofty perch of the Uinta canyon wall  
His position was enviable and stoic  
and resembled that of a throne, stained red with thick pillars  
With satiny gray plumage as his vestment  
and a heart-shaped face as his crown  
His head moved back and forth on its 270° axis  
His keen dilated eyes were watchful  
He heard the trees rustle and the water move under our raft  
I fixated on him  
His eyes penetrated mine  
and offered me a glimpse of his world