

# *The Last Hawk*

by Jared Yelton

*It was sometime in the summer. The Last Hawk perched on a power-pole, placed there by man. It was in Oregon. The landscape was barren of trees. Only fields, buildings, and roads remained. One tree remained. It was a tall, almost dead poplar. A sacred tree to the Last Hawk -- for he had lived there all of his life. Now, after ten years' use, the men had found it. Because it stood on a land marked for development, it was coming down. 2014 marked the tree's destruction.*

*The Last Hawk watched. The loud chain-saws did not bother him. He was now used to the noise of human civilization; human chaos.*

*He felt pain as the first blade ripped into the massive trunk. The old nest, 90 feet up, still remained. It was a symbol of his life -- which now involved only himself, as his mate and offspring had long since perished.*

*The tree was weakened. The man withdrew the blade to watch it fall in triumph. The Last Hawk did not watch. He looked away, but could hear the cracking sound of tearing wood as the tree began to lean and fall. He could feel the nest fall apart as the tree's limbs were crushed under the weight of the main trunk. Now there remained a flat field. There were no more trees for him -- not out here where he belonged. Soon houses would appear on this land, and there would be no place to turn. He took flight, with a heavy heart. He knew it was all over.*

*The humans had won. The land was all theirs. One of his young had been on a power-pole and died. There was no chance for him now. He circled once and landed on the power-pole again.*

*No Hawk had ever killed itself, but this time...*

*He touched the wire with a foot.*

*No trees; no nests; no Hawks.*

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