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The Invisible

Their howls and yips travel the half-mile
over the black field and into the house.
The invisible is calling. Those wild lives

so seldom considered are carrying on
without us, who like to believe that our eyes
have grasped it all. But what about

the matted fur, the bared teeth?
What about the chase that has already begun?
The deer slipping between trees

in the moonless woods. That darkness.
Who among us has seen even a common thing,
an owl, with our own eyes?

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Karina Borowicz's forthcoming book, *The Bees Are Waiting*, was selected by Franz Wright for the 2011 Marick Press Poetry Prize. Her work has also appeared in *AGNI*, *Poetry Northwest*, and *The Southern Review*.