

QUATRAINS FOR L'ALETHE (COUPLETS IN IAMBIC PENTAMETER)

BY JIM NELSON

Less medium size, but—again—not so small
Slender in build, but head-to-tail tall
This wing'd little lion, so named Aplomado
Centuries before, much hailed for bravado

The Spanish lauded this orange Aleto
French hawkers paid dear for this hawk of high mettle
Portuguese ships sailed them in from Brazil
But they vanished in time, a mystery until...

...centuries passed by and a fellow named Harry
To Peru he did travel, there for hawking did tarry
Then, writing back home, the mystery unveils
McElroy words echoed D'Arcussia tales

So now you return. Welcome home, Miss l'Alethe'
Sweetly disposed, but a feathered machete
Don't let her small stature or persona pleasant
Fool you to thinking she can't kill a pheasant

Back from the brink of total obscurity
Hawking for sport or abatement security
In "longwinging clothes," she hunts like a hawk
Off from the glove, "on target she locks"

Swift as a merlin, persists like a gyr
Harris'-esque, a sociable bird
With face like a hobby and tail like a gos
Orange and dapper and cheeky, with sauce

Whether chasing a cricket or binding to hun
A "shortwinger's longwing" and all around fun
Springing lightly from fist, she's off and away
Welcome back, you Alethe...welcome back to the fray