ODE to a Hawk
John Meli ’54

A hawk is a bird, I’m sure you heard
But a talking bird – absurd!
Unless, my word, it’s a special bird
Only found on old Hawk Hill

This Hawk is unique, from tail to beak
For the many ways he is able to speak
He travels the world, spreading his wings
In the course of his travels, does wonderful things

Serving his brethren throughout the land
Wherever the Lord needs a steady hand
In classroom, court room, board room or chapel
Healing bodies and minds with his pen or his scalpel

His voice has been heard above and beyond
His service has left an indelible bond
Yes, he talks the talk and he walks the walk
And takes what fate brings him with nary a squawk

So raise your glass and offer a toast
To the elegant bird we love the most
Savor the wine or maybe a beer
To all the Hawks, we offer good cheer!
And for the Hawks of ’54, it was a very good year.

And if the Lord would grant just one more wish
Just one more time, let’s “throw them a fish”