

From an Amtrak Train Along the Hudson

By James Crews

I saw a bald eagle perched on a log,
the beacon of his white head alerting me
to his presence in the estuary
where he stood with the writhing
silver body of a fish gripped tight
in talons that would not release
until his catch had exhausted itself.
He watched from a distance, undisturbed
as a much larger silver body slid by
on the tracks, and he seemed
to meet my gaze for an instant—
both of us hunting in our own ways
for something bright to bring home.



ADOBE/GREGORY JOHNSTON

James Crews wrote this poem in 2018 while riding on Amtrak from Albany to New York City. "I've been seeing more of the Hudson River now that I'm a visiting prof at SUNY-Albany," he said. His work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Poet Lore*, *The New Republic* and *The (London) Times Literary Supplement*. His first collection of poetry, *The Book of What Stays*, won the 2010 Prairie Schooner Book Prize and a Foreword Magazine Book of the Year Award. His second collection, *Telling My Father*, won the Cowles Prize. He takes Amtrak to travel to readings and for other occasions.