



A
LITTLE
HISTORY
OF
HIGH &
HOPE

BY DOUGAL M HAGGART

AND BY THE LETTER H

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One cold and breezy day,
as High the Hawk hurried by,
he saw far below him a hare,
warm in her nest.

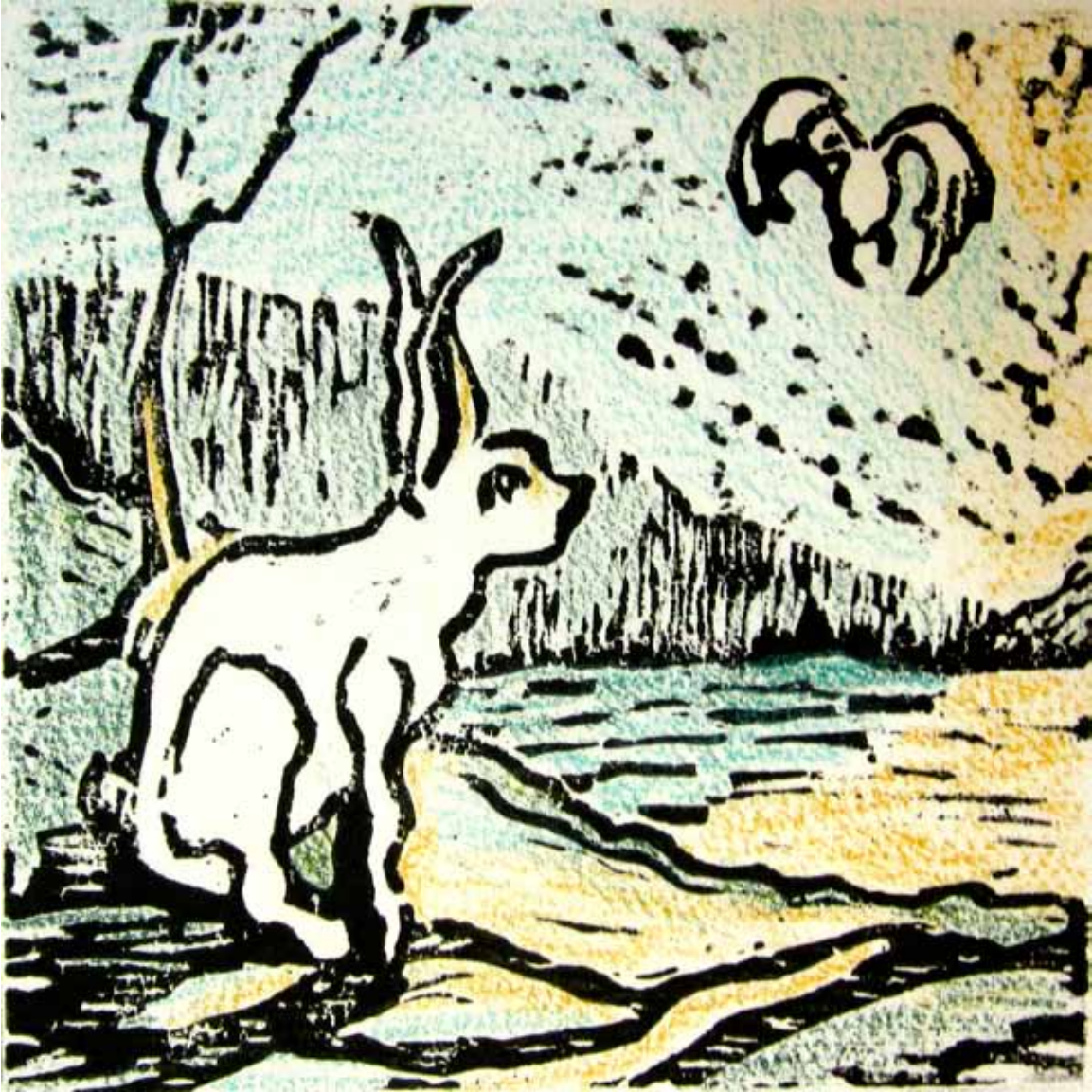
“I wish I had a home,”
thought High.



The next day it happened
that Hope the Hare looked up
just as High hurtled by, hunting.

“So high!” she sighed.

“I wish I could go up there.”



And on the third day they met.
High had brought his halibut to
shore, so Hope offered to share her
herbs.

“Kind of you,” said High politely,
“but no.”

“Just as well,” thought Hope.

And so they munched,
each on what suited them,
thinking.



“What is it like ...” hazarded Hope,
“what is it like to fly?”

“Easy!” he said. “I’ll show you!”

And he carried her high,
up to the heavens.

“Help!” she cried.



When they got back,
Hope lay in a heap, hugging the
hillside.

“Perhaps,” she huffed, “hares are
best, after all, at hopping.”

“And at making nests, too,”
High hinted. “What is it like ...
to have a home like yours?”



“Here! I’ll show you!”

And straightaway Hope leapt up,
and found him a hump of herbs,
right next to hers.

But High huddled, unhappy, on the
hillside.

“It’s just not me” he decided.



So now,
Hope hops to the hill top
to be as high as
the trees.



And High,
on a hemlock, makes his home
in the breezes.

It's the Hareness of hares
and the Hawkness of hawks
that truly, deeply, endlessly
pleases.



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Dougal