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The Hunt

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The Hunt

The dying heart throbs to connect
air to lips as the limping deer,
gutshot, makes her way from glen
To drift...as my aching mind.

Snow red as a blackbird's wing,
The doe goes down a swift release
of air from lungs as a bullet brings
quick closure in the wood.

Winter and a tiny death, though calamitous
to fawn—remember, now, that
Man and Beast must share
the Earth and Sun.

The riotous spin of axis and blood,
Hellish gathering of wood and food,
Despite the cacophonous din of man
This life is sometimes still and good.

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