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Jacklighting

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JACKLIGHTING

Some nights, after too much
wine or whiskey, we'd take
our .22s and cruise the dark
for something moving.

We held to dirt roads, maybe
gravel: places where we'd meet
few cars and houses crouched
behind the tangled trees.

Headlights off, we pored
along the dustgrey swath
that split the darker
clumps of branches.

The first to spot a smudge of fur, something
more than drunk distortion, moonlight
gathered on a blowing scrap,
would call it, flick

his safety off and lean against the braking, hand on door to tumble
free, take rapid aim and
fire when the headlights opened wide

the night and caught the rabbit, scrabbling
in the sudden light, panicked
that two suns ripped
the dark, searing closer

than the one had ever
come before, exploding
brilliant orange, then
we drove on.