

poesy



A hunting sequence

1.
I live for this;
awaking early for bitter coffee,
eggs and hot-cakes.

The cafe will open soon
and I wait, here, in my truck.
This is a time to think,
watching my windshield fog with
my breath.

This day has promise
with guns and shells beside me in
the truck.

2.
I step out on bricks
glazed with ice
glaring in the morning sunlight.

My wife had her dream again;
searching and finding me dead in
the fields
corn sprouting through my rib cage
my bones as brittle as dry bread.

There is no death;
not while bacon, eggs and hot-cakes
cook in Sarah's kitchen.

3.
I am not old;
despite my halting movements
I am walking
down rows of cut corn.

I can still kill
and no one is old while waiting
for the flurry of brown wings
against a turquoise sky.

There!
The cackle and flash of emerald
neck.
Aim ahead;
let the bird fly into its death;
and it falls, limp,
denting the bright snow.

Pheasants rarely bleed.
Only red mottled feathers where
pellets pushed through
and a dribble of blood from the
tongue.

It is a good death
to be suddenly dropped from flight.
I can think of worse

4.
The grease sputters in the pan.
Soon, holding the sweet meat of
the breast,
I will raise my elbows to the ceiling
like wings.
I live for this.

Christopher Picard