

## THE HUNT

Off in the distance, a doe with her fawn grazed.

He drew back his bow,  
Only instinct  
Informing his aim ...  
Higher, to the left  
His skin alone sensed a needed change  
In the softly-blowing breeze ...  
He corrected his aim.

He saw her head rise ...  
She knew he was stalking her  
Not by sight or scent  
Her instinct, too,  
Sensed a threatening doom.

“Why do I do this”, he thought to himself,  
As the doe returned to her noonday meal  
Slow food  
Organic  
A local harvest  
Return to a nature she never left.  
“There are steaks in the fridge,  
Frozen – everything – in the basement freezer.”

Yet, he was intent,  
She, content  
And away the arrow flew.

Off in the distance, a doe with her fawn grazed ...  
She, soon to be, no more.