

The Hunter

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Such useless things, the sliding doors in my bedroom,
always drafty, opening to nothing except the overhang,
and then my neighbor's backyard and so,

when they felled the big pines and maples, I bought
heavy red velvet drapes to draw closed on an iron rod
with antler finials made of amber glass. Really:

I'd been saying to my husband for years and years
we should drywall these windows, make them smooth,
cover them with photos and macramé hangings

woven with little mirrors, feathers, eyes. One dusk
during a hot wet summer, around vespers, I heard
wings outside, thicker than feathers or the birds

I'd hear daily. They sounded heavy,
leathery. They hovered. They left. I threw
melon rinds, hoped to see what made this glove-

slap sound. But these sliders are so foolish—
I couldn't see the bat, the moon, couldn't even trace
the constellations with my finger. Not the bear, the swan,
not the dog, not the hunter, not the cross, the keel.

