

An Untitled Hunt

ALICE PAIGE

the deer's head snaps up
to listen to the tension
of a bow, the hunter's
back taut, creaking,
the arrow is loosed,
splits the air heavy –
catches the flank & bites,
sinks in up to bits of white
feather, the wood is red – fall
the hunter is moving
clambering over old
logs eaten away with beds
of lichen, he slips under a pile
of crackling leaves, catches a glance
at the deer, wavering,
as each forest color –
wild yellows, untamed crimsons,
swim across his vision.
he jerks up out of the weight
of detritus, bow drawn
once more like fine ligament
straining open in anticipation
but the animal is gone,
no trail, no track
the doe runs like an open wound

