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While Hunting

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WHILE HUNTING...

While hunting deep in autumn's heart,
I felt the breeze in mystic art.

A rabbit split the pews of pine,
As light crept through the cackle vines.

And slowly rays of heat peeked in
To soothe the frost of morning's wind.

A twig woke up and raced the stream,
His friends joined in. I heard them scream.

Belwo the ferns the rodents played.
Above them oaks and elms were laid.

So secretly a doe steps by,
Disturbing not a city eye.

The leaves of darkened amber cried,
Those aged members of the tribe.

(Cont'd)

My bones were still, to understand
This chilly breeze, this slice of land.

My ears were stung as quiet rings,
Like lack of sounds that made them sing.

/Brian Vanderlaan/

D From now on I will
O Board up my ears and eyes,
U Shut off my lights
B And retreat,
L
E Myself and I,
S Leaving only a candle lit.
O And we will say that
L No one is at home.
I
T
A
I
R
E

/Martha D. Burkett/