Traveling on North Park Road in early May
I found a road kill–A doe.
I dragged her up the slight incline
and tied her on the car.

At home my son helped me hang her
from a tree to gut her.
As the knife cut through her belly
and her guts spilled out,
two unborn fawns also came forth.

They were perfectly formed
and still wet from
the newly cut birth canal.
Only the very tips of their hooves
showed that it was not yet their time.

We froze them in this newly
stillborn state until
the taxidermist could work his
science on them and bring the
lifelike form back to their frames.

Now in this life one sits
while the other stands,
their dark eyes ever watchful and bodies tensed
ready to flee if they could
to the safety of their mother.

And a Tear Ran Down My Face
Rick Stygstra

I remember when Wilma Ma girl. We all went over to the house of Berta and I. How Berta cried, those downslopin' eyes of hers, eyes of hers, with those tears, two dishrags a' drippin'. I alwa crier, her face all pourin' out of her eyes.

And then Billy, my younger child. My mother stayed by his side through. My, that was sad! We parlor, didn't have any funeral. My mother cried such a lot that we were there next to the body. Her tears down, like a seep out in the spring on the floor that when summer We never could get that moss out.

Mother died just a year after us start to cryin' then--Father eyes; Wallace, he bein' about rimmed up like fire and the tears face and dripped upon his shirt sobs usin' up those handkerchiefs of his tears. Then all us younger ones didn't know what was goin' on rivulets of hers tricklin' like a g kind of saturatin' round the bot my face; little Tommy with his tears welled up; and Berta with runnin' in a stream off the corn of her face, soakin' down arou not comin' straight down like a

Years later when Jean died me, Tom, and Berta was the brain aneurysm, poor girl.

Here we were, in the funeral