

DISTRACTIONS

THE HUNT

Like a doe in the wild I stare at you,
Frightened motionless, yet curious.
My eyes wide, my senses alert, I wait
For your next move. Who are you,
A sweet angel from heaven or a deadly hunter?
Approach slowly, for my heart races fast,
Be gentle with me, for my limbs are small and weak,
Speak softly, for my ears hear only whispers,
Be patient, for I have learned to distrust those of your race.

April Snow

The Vultures' Circle

They stalk him,
talk to him
Solicit a response,
Only to find food for their
tear-apart, hungry jokes
Their open-mouthed, malicious gossip
needs meat.

The vultures circle over their prey
He smiles, open-eyed, at their attention
His is like the smile of a corpse
For he has long since died, inside.

And once he has passed
They peck at his back
There are cooing carnivorous sounds
As he is torn apart
By the many who swarm
Picking relentlessly at the shell
that he once lived inside

Hardly satiated
They plan their next attack
"Look, there's weak one," . . .
If only Darwin were here, breathless, to scrawl down notes.

Sherry A. Morin

