

## The Hunter

So the child became a man  
he pulled the trigger and then marked his face with the hot blood  
an initiation of the soul  
into the womb of earth and sky  
the dying buck lay at his feet  
still in the attitude of speed...

and as the days began to pass  
he became ever sentient of the world he loved at last  
the wilderness had nursed this orphan child  
as though he was its own  
having drawn the worthy blood  
noble spirit of the trees...

Then he saw it through the cane  
the biggest buck he'd ever seen  
and then he lowered his aim  
unmoving eyes stared back at him so wild and dark and unafraid  
he dropped the gun stretched out his hand... "Father"

In this consecration freed from self reproach  
strength centers on how much you show  
love and sorrow for all that lived and ran  
and returned to the earth