

Six Point

The snow is falling gently to the ground
Mother Earth resting with a pure white crown
The deer move through pawing at the snow
Bucks necks all swollen with eyes aglow
Young buck close staring at me
Acting strangely when he should flee
Deers piercing whistle vibrates through the trees
Young buck staring but not at me
Quick as a flash he turns and runs
Not from me as I check my gun
The woods silent as I pass deer beds
Bucks piercing whistle winters meat just ahead
I work to a tree so I have a rest
Neck all swollen stands my quest
Crosshairs steady as I start to squeeze
Six point buck as time seems to freeze
As the gun goes off he checks his doe with a twist
From forty yards away the big buck is missed
He's off with a leap racing through the trees
Such a beautiful sight still wild and free
Checking his tracks one drop of blood on the ground (snow)
Where he cleared the fence with a graceful bound
I'm happy for him it's alright by me
The dance we did was true destiny

Terrence Michael Wall

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In the milliseconds between comit to shoot and gun going off This buck checked his doe with a twist of his neck. He then ran 75 yards before clearing the fence and dropping one drop of blood when he landed on the other side.