

Deer

From the out of control
swollen necked buck
To the wise old doe
keeping twin fawns safe
To the sleek young buck
wanting but unsure
To the young doe and fawn
both of them learning
To the spotted ones
hidden and still.

Dusk

The shimmering breeze through the tall grass
sings its song soft and clear to those who listen
Night time approaching, birds changing their calls
Another dark being born, creatures of the night stirring
Owls call to each other, their time drawing near
Alert and ready for the safety of night stands the doe
Daytime beings find their safe place
Others, anxious for the dark, stand ready

Terrence Michael Wall