

DEER

It's said you stalk my yard
in broad moonlight;

I've seen your tracks,
clear cleft-hoof prints:
two, to-two, to-two in the sand
beneath the winter oak.

If you do, indeed - and I believe you must,
for I've heard you crunching acorns
in the strand of creeping shadows -
I can't see you.

Curtains splayed on a drafty sill,
I waited all night,
peering into a mist of moon.

I thought I felt you crack the night,
almost whiffed your elusive stirring,
your wildness pressed on the wind,
glimpsed you fleeing to the toasted fields.

Where were you, Stealth?

Were you there, in feral shadow, like Truth
I can't touch for close proximity,
distant, within armspread,
drifting moonhaze in my winter cove.

I must make of you something,
give you form,
though vague and rustling,
lost to me.

I must mold meaning
from my lost night,
in your image,
as from a hunk of the void.

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