

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, Stealt#?

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.

- - - Janice Daugharty