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by Kenneth Baron

Here come those men again.
As little guile as hair. They play
at the hunt like drowsy cats,
full and unhurried, stumbling
upon game hoping for the quick
end that men are so good at.

Quick. Painless. That is their way.
Yet, how I would like to see them
stalk with a need as real as breath.
The sun gone for months. The rock
their wife. The brush a slap and sting.
No name their own.

Loud as a river in spring, their language
is the language of those who have words
to spare. Their need for care, if there be need,
is minimal. A broken bone for them is a trophy,
a pause. For me it is the death prescribed
by bird and moss.

Yes, here come the men. I’ve smelled them
for miles. I’ve run for years. The one in front
will do. The hand seems steady. The eye keen.
I’ll think him a leader and content myself with that.
There are worse gods than him. I am tired.
I am already gone.