

DEERSTALKER

Leland Jamieson

Deerstalker hats, with “visors” front and back,
with ear flaps down, and tied beneath your chin,
protect you from the snap-back branch’s thwack.

But not, of course, the deer tick—which crawls in
your clothing, finds a moist warm spot to bite,
and dines all night at bloody Bulls’ Eye Inn.

That’s if you’re lucky, and you find the site,
the swollen, angry, sweaty ring on ring,
all red, and blue, and white—it’s quite a sight.

So, while you thought you’d stalk the deer this spring,
you’re in ER, and sputtering in terror,
caught up by Mother Nature in a sting.

That handsome rack, the heart of its wild wearer,
you understand in ways quite new to you.
You wonder which of you stalks Earth the barer.

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