

# THE GORILLA HUNTER

*Nicholas Messenger*

The great white stalker boasts gorilla  
underneath the throbbing palms of the bar-room with the shrill  
orthoptera and the insistent tree frogs drilling the evening  
full of moths. With only a revolver, there he stands  
in the blind pea-soup of leaves, and hears the heaving  
anthropoids near-by; sometimes the beating of their large  
thoracic drums. And when he suddenly finds  
himself confronting one across a buzzing sun-  
beam, he needs nerves of lead. He waits until its charge  
has come within a pace of him, then empties his steady gun  
into its chest. But he never holds on long enough  
to learn that, to the animal, it was all a game of bluff.

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