

The Weir

Water flows around the dogleg
bend, whispering as it falls
over rocks.

In the pine branches, an eagle
watches over. Patiently,
waiting for us to leave in
order to continue its hunt.

In the rocks below,
a sunbathing snake
retreats into its rocky home,
escaping from the potential
invaders.

Tangled in the cold metal of
the weir itself hangs a young deer.
Hanging like a rotting apple spinning
on its sinew like stem.
Its body a shadow of what it once was,
what it could have been.

Only a single cloven hoof
caught in the steel teeth of the
dam was enough.