

A Tale of Predators

Instinct powers the animal who moves.
First by inviting an insatiable hunger,
Then by deepening their attention to it.
The hunt begins as if in a mindless trance.

Grey fur whips past in a conjoined rhythm,
Muscles shifting, scent of deer unearthed.
The undisturbed snow now littered with
Imprints of paws by the wolf's speed.

The prey lies, as if in wait, as if it knows
It has nothing to challenge the wolf with.
The thrill of adrenaline and the quick death
Of a grazing deer is only natural for a predator.

Sweat wicks from a man's leather glove, seeping
Into the cool metal grip as the rifle's sight flicks
Across a field, finding the deer in triumphant silence.
His mind, full of more than instinct, unlike the wolf.

A few blue spruces drop their weight, shaking
Down snow as if in warning to the predator
That another looms near, but instinct wins,
Teeth of a wolf's maw shine in the moonlight.

The finality of the wolf's leap is realized as the
Breaths of two predators hitch simultaneously,
Both in anticipation of claiming the deer's life.
One for infinite hunger, the other for satisfaction.

The wolf jumps as if friction against brakes in the last few moments
Before a fatal car crash. The crack of a shot echoes from the hunter's
Gun as it splits the quiet air in pieces. It carries with it the power of a
lightning bolt ripping through a raining sky, the sudden flash of purple
Cleaving a lone tree with a crackle of heated energy from high up above.

The deer collapses under a locked jaw as the wolf
falls, a missed shot going through its mindless skull.

The hunter begins to stand as blood flows from both wounds at once, stark against the once white snow.

Instinct lies dying in the cold of yet another night.

Shrouded Dreams

As I traversed obscurity of REM,
I saw your mind, outside the body.
It felt like an open pane of light, a
Window to the ingenuous soul.

A midnight backyard cropped up
Around me, lifting me to your thoughts.
The theoretical window materialized,
This time attached to a dream house.
Its ugly stucco walls fading away
as I inched toward it, like a
Moth to blue luminescence.

Only that window mattered. Your
Thoughts the one reason keeping me
Here, searching for a hidden memory,
Now only feet above me. Reality or
Dream, I regret knowing what I saw.

The memory came from the bedroom,
Where shirts were flung from you to,
A lover? His tie grounded itself.

I could only watch, now frozen in this
Dreamscape, as your black lace panties
Took a curveball past the window.

Late August katydids began to pulse,
Growing so loud that I let go of the
Window, falling into nothingness.
They pulsed in unison with fading
Echoes of pleasure escaping the window.

Light of morning invaded the darkness,
And anger came like a wave of sharpness.

After "The Dance Class" by Edgar Degas - Liam C. (New Poem 2)

What draws the artist's eye to the imaginary scene?
The dancers cascading from the background as though
They were a waterfall of dresses and sashes passing
Over the rehearsal room in the old Paris Opéra.

A student's ballet shoes touch in forms of movement
rarely achieved, her dance all fluid and pink and precise.
The bones angled, her toes cradled by wood gracing the floor-
Waiting for a chance to be seen amidst hushed pandemonium
On examination day.

Bated breath echoes across the cramped space,
Parents and daughters with fated questioning.
Who will soar and who will fall, whose notes
Shall the silent cello play an overture for?

Resting on his cane of decision, the ballet master's
Clouded expression passes over the dancers,
A calculating stare devoid of emotion.
One by one,
With a downturn of his eyes or a flick of the wrist,
The master seals their fate in the simplest of gestures.