

The Fear of Man

I stand by the edge, of a wooded glen.
Gaze back to a home, it is but a den.
Forget my teachings, of caution to heed.
The human behind me, takes so careful a bead.
I move to my right, at the squeeze of the trigger.
The sound of the shot brings on such a quiver.
The impact of lead, in the tree beside.
Sends slivers of wood, to embed in my hide
I turn to view, that sight I so fear.
To question myself, shall I see those so dear?
I bolt like lightening, to escape horse and man.
So fearsome a sight, the space quickly spanned.
The thunder of hooves, as the horse grew near.
To feel this inside, brought on awesome fear.
I quicken my stride, my legs but a blur.
I sense distance between, yet on edge is my fur.
I make my way through, the woods to the thick.
To feel safe again, in relief not so sick