



Untitled

We followed the blood on the snow.
My father nearly on his knees eyeing the
promise of death.
I went along as a camera, feeling nothing,
only able to
observe — yet swallowing back vomit and
tears.

And there.
There.
Amidst the gore
the buck
his breath visible in the frigid air.

He was gasping ...
My father was yelling —
I screamed to the sky
and ran to grab the bloody snow.

— Gail M. Crippen
Sacramento, California

