Predators

Night is almost day. Trees are red and gold, the deer are uneasy. Her silk cat feet move silently. She has searched a long time, the mice and squirrels are quick. She is tired and small.

He drains the last of the beer. Can is crushed and tossed aside. Leaves are crisp with frost; they break easily beneath his boots. He turns up his collar against morning, and cradles the gun like a child.

A death scent startles her. Their eyes meet in confusion. The sound shatters daylight, frightening martens and jays. Silk feet moving silently, the bobcat falls.

Kathleen Malley