
POETRY

I AM DEER

my eyes are large
to see the archer's shadow fly
fingers to brain twanging
with hollow ears
might even hear the clink
of laughing beer and digestive
sloshing
on the run, the run, the run

your scientific steel
has sliced my eyeball
peeled back the lid
as if it were a coffin

carefully
sorting through the files
of trees, of streams, of moons
i have touched

darkness closing
round and round
i bed so slowly on the asters
crumpling
legs spread wide
for skinning.

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Mule Deer

Wayne Lynch