

Eight-Point Buck Runs a Touchdown

by James B. Goode

He smells the air
 In longs and shorts,
 His ancient eyes reflect
 The mirror of his fear;
 His nostrils flared
 Breathing wide
 In the smoke plumes,
 He runs toward me
 Angling in a random math
 His ears
 Bring me through his brain
 Some threatening sound;
 I am so far away
 yet so near—
 He keeps gray cortex
 For us—
 He has so much of us,
 too much of us,
 has us too much—
 He runs a panic path
 Between my car
 And the oncoming truck,
 Cutting through the opening
 Like a running back
 Down on one knee and sliding,
 Sliding and skidding,,
 Across the glassy road—
 I rise from my seat
 Fists gripping the steering wheel,
 Forming the cheer in my throat
 And waiting
 Waiting
 For him to cross
 The white scoring line
 Along the edge
 Of road and woods.