

Deer Crossing

by John Cantey Knight

Looking for snakes was enough.
She'd killed plenty with a hoe's edge,
or with the action of a limber stick.
Walking the weedy trail at dusk,
the dog trailed out to startle a doe.
Seventy-nine, she stood her ground.
She couldn't get out of the way,
anyhow. The animal's frantic flight
found her, bounded by, the fury
of speed to spin her down. Crawling
to the dirt road she hollered, her leg
broke, the pain. "It hurts real bad.
Watch how you lift me." A medic
wheeled her to the emergency room
and laughed as he wrote the report.
Another rolled her to get an X ray.
If she hadn't been half deaf, she'd
have heard three of the dufusses sing:
Grandma got run over by a reindeer.
Shit, it ain't rained for a month.
The county needs to put a damn sign up.