

Deer Corpse (a revision)

by Matthew Haughton

To return to the settled earth
where a deer once laid its head.
The grass was cool on his skull,
sending a shiver through his spine.
Did he know his unclosed eye
would never shut to the world?
Or that the bullet burrowed deep
in his thigh was a tiny, immaculate
creation, one that a man meant
to bury there without hesitation.