

Buck Deer

By Hap Hansen

Waiting in shadows,
deer embrace the fading sun.
Feeding time is near.

Morning comes quickly.
Deer retreat the soft, new light,
with apprehension.

The buck shows no fear
as he charges a rival,
courting timid does.

Clattering antlers,
against a white birch tree,
makes the doe respond.

She coyly waits,
as he snorts and paws the ground,
for nature's event.

New life will be born
in a darkened, silent glade,
hidden from gray wolves.

The doe is alert
waiting patiently at dusk
for her fawn's sweet face.

She will teach the fawn
to avoid the hunter's gun,
which shatters all life.

Fawns hiding in shadows,
seeing the faces of hunters
with rifles held high.

The fawn lies, trembling,
hearing the footsteps of boots,
and laughter of men.

The fawn will survive,
in regal magnificence,
searching for a mate.

Only in nature
do the finest continue

in life's fulfillment.