

SEARCHING

Cornstalks are dried; bleached palest yellow
Those that remain.
This plot has yielded its fullest crop.
Broken stalks with discarded cobs
Litter dark, wet, rutted soil.

Morning air breathes misty gray.
Bright sun, clear blue sky
Field and woodlands warm steadily
Crimson and yellow just past
Thanksgiving yet to come

We search for their sign.
Slowly walking the woodland margins
That frame the resting land.
Are their tracks and trails nearby?
Where, when, how

Small caches of dried kernels
Unintended bait.
Tempting the chosen
To abandon a forested sanctuary.
Their imperatives:
 Feed for the winter to come
 Breed to perpetuate their numbers
Betrays them to the seekers.

Elusive beasts exchange safety for
Satisfaction.
Then the quest has ended.
Now they are the harvest.