

searching

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

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

Our quarry honor two imperatives:
 Feed for the winter to come
 Breed to perpetuate their numbers
These instincts betray them to the seekers.

Small caches of dried kernels
Unintended bait.
Tempting the chosen
To abandon a forested sanctuary.

Elusive beasts exchange safety for
Satisfaction.
Then the quest has ended.
Now they shall be our harvest.