

The Stag

I can smell her
I'm sure of it.
Like earth that's been turned over
or wet leaves
before they rot.

She's not running
and nor am I.
We have all night to find each other.
I'll love her tonight and
stay with her hereafter.
Well maybe till spring,
let's be realistic.

What will she look like?
I wonder.
It doesn't matter,
she smells
so good
and close.

I'll find her tonight
before it gets light,
light

lights.

“Shit, I've hit something.”
I can't see
run away from the noise.
I can't run
they won't work,

my legs.

“Fucking bumper is in the ditch. Get your phone, I can’t see.”

I can’t smell her now

just salt and dirt

smells like burning.

Smells like dying

“I told you to slow down, dickhead.”

It doesn’t hurt anymore

and I can feel the dripping

softly onto the hard ground.

The creatures come towards me

four legs between them.

“Nothing we can do now. It’s a goner.”

But they are the ones to go.

I stay here and wait

I’m sorry my love,

I was not quick enough to

get to you. To claim you

and I’ll never know what you look like

or how you taste,

or how quick you can run.

I’m sure you would have

been beautiful.

I should have liked to have been a father.

More noise,

no screech.

One more metal predator

on the prowl

I hear its growl.

Goodnight