Deer, Deer, Deer!

Yard signs line every other house,

tilting back and forth down the horizon—

tombstones through a misshapen cemetery.

They all read: SAVE OUR DEER!

The culling, the city calls a *harvest*,

rings logically—the city unwavering

in its appeal to necessity. But,

the protesters: What stirs their motivations?

In the summer, I walked the trails

alone—my path tunneling through

greenery—chirps and squawks, above.

And through it all, what flashed?

A deer, dressed in white, dipping

its head. I stopped, quieted, followed.

Then a runner on the trail. Then another.

All captivated until it disappeared deeper.

As children, a crane flew overhead,

just fast enough to spur imagination—

we knew our park was magic, contained magic:

a vessel of small delights and distractions.