SQUIRREL HUNTER

By: Lyndsie Conklin

Heavy, red with a square

singular eye, brass tongue

and golden lips smack

themselves behind me. I splash

into father’s lenient rocks

drawing her attention. Her limbs

fall over the sky. Tickled

by the squirrel hunter

not belonging in her lap.

The hunter shoots her growl

and sharpens her knives

with excitement drooling

from her twisted smile.

But her prey knows his strength--

Trickery. I see her wary paws

and beckon her through Godly red.

Until next time my hunter rests,

my dog, dreaming of catching her prize.