

DAWN BAKER BRIMLEY

THE DEER

There is little sound, only the gulls'
Sailing song, way off, and the gush
On the grass more muted now and slow.

Sodden grass below spiked shafts
Absorbs him, and giddy, yellow day
Watches brightly as he hangs draining there.

Moments ago he fled, elegant in the trees,
Then veered down the lawn fast and free
To the gleam of the fence, the catapult;

The flawless fall, full of the long, knowing
Body twisting and driving toward steel,
Then golden and burst like a fruit in the sun.

Now hunters push into the slain silence,
Stopping in slow wonder at the rattle,
The bone-on-bone of his breaking breath.

Throbbing still, he shudders once as if
The captive coat could throw off pain;
Then stretched on the fence he comes to his

Determined dying, while high in the trees
The sound of the wind begins and balsam boughs
Blow in the face of the sun.

DAWN BAKER BRIMLEY teaches children's literature at BYU and is writing a book of poetry.