

IRIS CORRY

THE ALLEGHENY SHARPSHOOTER

sallies forth
garbed for the hunt
in shirt of linsey-woolsey
and moosehide moccasins
eats berries and game
jerky and rockahominy gruel.

Through the woods he slips
on panther feet, toes
feeling twigs, rocks
never a rustle afoot
only flutters and caws
a crashing deer.

With his American rifle
(slow to load, quick to kill)
he stalks red coats
heavy skirted
tightly breeched and booted
picks them off like squirrels.

He fights at Cambridge and Freeman's Farm
walks in buckskin leggings
and naked thighs
to defeat in Quebec,
traded for two British prisoners.
Said of him, he starves well.