

Deer Pantoum

When all is frog peeping and cricket quiet, deer will forage up close to the house
Thus making the watchful dog bark and wildly growl
just as the rooster crows
Silence throughout the countryside is noisy

Thus making the watchful dog bark and wildly growl,
Alarmed and alerted all browsers move stealthily away
Silence throughout the countryside is noisy
Swaying white tails bob and flash before disappearing into a blooming thicket of
briar rose and seedling trees

Alarmed and alerted all browsers move stealthily away
Even as they quickly leave, we know that they will lightly creep back in the night
Swaying white tails bob and flash before disappearing into a blooming thicket of briar
rose and seedling trees
Hearts pound as they leap away from the barked open air

Even as they quickly leave, we know that they will lightly creep back in the night
I think of better fences to keep them away and bigger harvest sure to follow
As they leap away from the barked open air,
Into a dense veil of misty fog, drifting ghost-like across the meadow

I think of better fences to keep them away and bigger harvest sure to follow
Beneath the thin grayness of clouds only the brightest stars will shine
Into the veil of misty fog, drifting ghost-like across the meadow
Where phantom clothes hang mist limp, dancing with their dark shadow

Beneath the thin grayness of clouds, only the brightest stars will shine,
where sweet smells waft up from Nicotiana and Wild Primrose whose scents are snared
by the thin cloud
Where phantom clothes hang mist limp, dancing with their dark shadows
and wishes upon falling stars are delayed

Where sweet smells waft up from Nicotiana and Wild Primrose whose scents are snared
by thin clouds
Floral scents hang heavy like musk upon the gauzy air
and wishes upon falling stars are delayed
Tomorrow will bring new questions

Floral scents hang heavy like musk upon the gauzy air
When all is frog peeping and cricket quiet, deer will forage up close to the house
Tomorrow will bring new questions,
just as the rooster crows

Patricia C. Coleman

Re-printed with permission. Original publication in *Linen Weave of Bloomington Poets*.