

Hunting Season

i've felt your sharp glance cut my way
throwing leaves of gold
dry promises
when the sun's gone south of the river
the hunter comes
you glide by my door northwestering
stalking the season's edge

listen
i can't outrace you
can't outpace you
not without grace

you frost the morning's breath
with your warning
my home is yours to own
when you will

do you see me shiver?
is that why you whisper
purple leaves of willow grace
my sidewalks with your cape of lace
cast down so i may walk in song
the while the leaves are chanting
can't outrace you, can't outpace you
hunter
you whisper that the time has come
to lay the fire and set the feast
the drink is warm, your home is mine
i have been warned
to lead my dance
while you enchant me with a fox trail
draped down mill creek's shoulder
all ablaze with pembina
you vow to write me a love song
chickadees upon my open hand

your need like rowans lit by wilder rhythms
beads of blood against a darker sky