

LYNNE CAROL ROSE

Shooting for Groundhogs

for Ann and Jack Adams

Deer drink from pools of shade:
their young graze
on the last of the grass.

Shanties lean against this Appalachian quiet.
Others have been here before us:
a rabbit smears the dirt road.

Near the game warden's farm
a groundhog drowns.
Sweat blurs our vision.
A lone bullet slams through bone.

We take the carcass to Bessie Ann,
who presses a warm dollar bill in my hand.
"These critters make tasty stew," she says.
"The blood's for my sick old man."
She praises the Lord as she whets her knife.