Stag

tonight i danced with deer non-distinctly,
under the rolling clouds brushing the un-
known full-moon of silver.
once-brave, once-timid,
uneased, yet unaware

it is not a dance many know;
not of fear
or conquest
a dance that is still.
a dance of tranquility.

once subsided,
a snorted fog of strength and fear
began their leap into another
night,

one, in which i could not follow.

—Zachary Wheeler