

W.J. Herbert

White-Tail

Yes, they will let me pet you,
 dear Deer. Sheared at the shoulders
 and placed on the table,

you look up to the Heavens
 with the same lace of black lashes
 and wide-open eyes

as mine. Though you
 have no arms to entreat with,
 no palms to open

and upturn, still your ears
 outstretch, and those ears!
 Such big dishes,

they must hear whatever
 excuse God is giving you.
 If you were mounted

on a wall, you would look
 straight out at me, asking:
 Why are we here?