

## Morning Walk

May air is song-alive  
My shadow stretches long  
before me on the gravel  
A rabbit springs from the ditch  
bounds over newly seeded fields

My shadow is yanked to a stop  
like a sprung trap  
by a porcupine, a patch of blood  
It lies where it was smashed last night  
caught in the headlight's glare  
of the one night-prowler that knows  
no caution, knows no fear  
that pursues death through the dark

The grasses and poplars  
breathe with animals  
under a silent sun  
I am drawn away by life sounds  
I hear crow's hoarse cry behind me

Glen Sorestad