

Whitetails

by Eugene J. Fisher

The deer appeared in the lower paddock.
Fourteen in all, a herd, white tails held high
against the melting snow.
Even the crows are silent,
5 for a moment.
My daughter and I inch forward,
unbreathing.
But still they start
And bound smartly over our fence
10 and our neighbors',
effortlessly flying through the air,
one after the other.
The smallest seemed lost for a moment, unsure of herself,
wandering back and forth along the fence
15 as her world leapt away.
She disappeared behind a tree
and flew to join the others.
Our horses whinnied
and returned to their hay.

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