

'The Scene' by Max Lowrie, King Edward VI

A mirage of green and brown visible at the forest's edge,
Skywards, a few bright, beaming rays of sun escape the
Barrier of a beautiful mountain.

Underfoot, a meadow brimming with life; flowers sway
Gently with the early morning breeze,
Like great swirling clouds on brittle stems.

The soft buzz of bee, and flap of feather sound, echoing eternally,
As hoverflies drift dreamily in the air.
Butterflies dancing between flower and field, amid the morning dew.
Also sounds the lapping of a gentle stream,
Winding its way through weeds and reeds,
The water, cool as mountain tops, fresh and serene,
This, I thought, was my perfect scene

The Morality of Fawns

Deer
too close to the road
silver blade that cleaves the fields
 tail bobbing
 dead dusk
 yellowing eyes in headlights

Refraction-
transfixed.
 legs shaking,
 legs trembling

Burst from brush
offer yourself up for dead.

Your mother barks for you
she knows every joint in your frozen legs
 if this petrol beast
 if this death you look in the eye
 is to claim you –
Then, she will know nothing.

Deer
too close to the road
 heart flutters
 glowing like glass
 this light eats you whole

A sound from a rolled window
unfamiliar cries of joy
and most terrible awe
 are you this precious?
 as the reapers think so?
 as your mother thinks so?

skittish, now.
 fleeting.

They cannot take you
as much as you need them to.
 home is where the heart is
 and your heart belongs to the wild
 i am sorry
my dear,
my deer.