Hunting 1965

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Hunting 1965

My father 
brought me here 
his last December 
to tell me 
of his cancer 
as we walked fields 
caught by winter— 
to learn the kick 
of shotgun 
and hear its echo 
ping dawn's sky— 
to feel my fingers 
grow stiff with cold 
and watch a pheasant 
dropped by one good shot.

-Roger Scott