

THE DOE

By Violeta Orozco

I wonder

 why she is
so still

the deer thought

 while she looked at the woman
dropping her mouthful

of tasty greens

 as she watched her
gaze back

her stillness

 paralleled hers
as they danced the slow dance of silence

their eyes fixed upon each other.

 Suddenly
a man came out of the forest

a shiny black sharpness

 inside his hand
the deer

sprinted back into the woods

a bang was heard

the deer darted out of the way

the man was gone

the woman

stared back at him

in that strange well of silence

the deer could not drink from.