

After Grief

You're certain you've been hit but keep on running.
The pine trees' shadows stretch like iron bars.
You feel dizzy and know you'll need your cunning
To find fresh water and navigate by stars.

Before night knits its blanket, you decide
To check the wound. You crouch behind a rock.
The opening is small; the blood has dried.
You pry the bullet out. It starts to talk.