

# Venison

by Steven Pirani

It is hunting season  
in Jersey today.  
They say  
“There are too many deer  
in Jersey today.”

I wake up at eleven,  
to the sound of nothing,  
and then to a crack  
in my backyard.

Outside, I see  
at the edge of the wood  
a weak fawn wearing holes  
and a man in orange, in the ferns.

He stares at me,  
but we both know:  
“There are too many deer in Jersey today.”

By the afternoon, there is  
a stormcloud in the distance,  
— The heat could never have lasted —  
and twenty pounds of venison  
portioned for the month  
sitting on my doorstep.

