

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.

