

## The Hunter and the Hunted

A ghostly wind streaks around the sun  
While you hunt in the high northern hills.  
In that instant, not knowing why,  
You sense you are being hunted.

A fleeting movement, noiseless,  
Passes through the dense brush;  
A stalking presence, out of sight,  
Broods in the shadows of the junipers;  
A wind-like breathing, murmurs in the tall grass.

A small bullet speeds through space  
From a place unknown, creasing the air  
With unseen waves, knocking you to the ground  
Where the world goes dark.

Half blind, you awake to a cosmos swirling.  
Unable to walk, you crawl, seeing closely now  
The hidden underside of common sage  
And dry grass, ready to ignite.  
Already the distant hills are ablaze.

Out here, there are no guides,  
No wandering monks  
Ready to point a way.  
Only this old found book

That smells of earth, juniper, and sky,  
That you now must learn to read,  
As you crawl toward a home  
You do not know,  
But know is yours.