

The Hunter's Prey

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This is a poem about about the hunter's prey. It is about what a person will do, no matter how much sadness should be involved.



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The gun fires

Powder in the air.

The night is black

The light is sun

Water is the sound.

The boat rocks

As I feel the push

A gleam of teeth,

A body big,

But child as it floats.

A sigh of irritation

Escapes the air,

A fog of breath,

their eyes then stare.

Not the sigh of sorrow

Or a tear,

That now falls from my face

As I touch the corpse

To say my last goodbye.

Life is precious ,

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When taken out of greed
Not only will the body bleed
The soul will be misled.
And the killer will receive a deed.

Let your life unravel,
And live like the prey you kill,

For every death
That you inflict .
Will bring the day
Your eyes will close,
A year for life
Closer to the day of eternal sleep.

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