

Offering

"I shy away from transcendence."
Bill Borden

We all do,
are all deer
in the ditch,
white tails arcing
graceful as we flee
the passing numen,
leaping away
from bright lights
and broad wheels.

Or maybe we stay quiet,
heads down,
grazing,
ignoring that flash
that has passed us by
before.

Some will stand frozen,
make a wrong step,
then, nicked and limping,
bleed into the woods.

But sometimes there is one
who runs headlong
to the road,
sacrificing everything
to get behind
that glass.

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