

Green Bead

Looking out for *number one*
he centers the green bead and squeezes
The four-year-old mulie
quakes, buckles
and the man we are
runs up fast
looks down; knows he won't have
to waste another buck on a shell
The stag lies breathing his last
with a fine rack
our man will cut off
and polish the horns
call a bigger deer rattling them later

He loves this so much
he is reminded, once again
of "environmentalists" and other snowflakes
who eat meat yet disdain the hunt
better football than death to lions
he thinks
life in the womb or even dementia
better than no life at all
he's sure
Life is number one

He'll drag the carcass
to his basement with a dirt floor
bleed him out, splay the entrails
to the turkey hawks and skunks
then skin the beast
age him for a week, butcher
the seasoned meat into steaks
to share with wife and son
after a marinade, hot off the barbie

He stoops down to confirm death
has the grace to
thank God for a blessed hunt
and he's smart, enough to know
he's only done civilization's
number one;
Survive, then *flourish*
which will cost us all

way more time and sacrifice
than a lifetime chasing prey

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