

FAWN AT THE CEMETERY

We'd gone to the little cemetery amid pines
in search of names linked to familiar haunts
known since childhood, the lichened lettering
on the old graves still mostly legible.
But that summer afternoon lives
in my mind because of the fawn.

Hidden, it was lying perfectly still
behind one of the larger, upright stones.
As I stepped nearer, it burst up
from behind the slab, hastening in flight
on wobbly legs, the white spots on its tawny body
the last trace to disappear into the cloaking forest.
For one blink of a moment, that sleeping graveyard
awakened in a flash of wiry life.