

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

George Held
Trophy

Pow! Pow! Pow!—
hunters' shots rip
the serene fall morning.

A stag courses
through dappled foliage,
fear shining
above froth-flecked lips.

Will he dodge
the searing death
this time, or does
a bullet now bear

his name? What point
to grow those twelve points
just to adorn some den?

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To a Tick

You wait upon a slender stalk of grass
for a carefree hiker to brush you off
upon her ankle, thigh, or calf,
from which you'll crawl up to her ass,
like a lover looking for an ingress,
some private niche that's warm, soft, and moist,
where you'll anesthetize your host,
worming your head in to break your fast.

She won't know you're there till it's too late
to stop the spirochete in your sputum:
your subtle parasitic stratagem
makes you blood-bloated to regenerate,
while her blood will require a regime
of penicillin to combat her Lyme.