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## The Echoed Elk

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## **The Echoed Elk**

by Elsie Humes

That region of the woods is still frosted.  
Some old, dirty with a crusty outer  
some new, downy, indefinitely at two inches.  
The elder bull releases a three pitched call-

The hierarchy is chiseled, rugged and deep in the mountains veins.  
At dusk there is stillness in the air. If the bull's blood freezes in darkness  
it is from the old order and with ease he rests, but as the snow melts,  
a cover scent catches on shrubs and pines-

The race is rigged. With a head start of 600 mph  
the rifle sound is masked by the bawl. He is loud and definitive  
because for that second the order is gone and his sound must  
be echoed. His last attempt, a human shriek.