

Ryan Biracree

"A Year In The Blast Of A Shotgun"

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And while you stand and
Watch May's flowers
I have seen April's showers
Come and wash all
Of June's blood away

Your eyes cloud
Your finger trembles
On the trigger of your shotgun
Like a firebrand in August
You find that you have shot one

Turning back you see
At last
January's torrid past
And October's sun sets
At noon

December's thaw
Thaws something in you
Did you think you'd
See it in you?
Power to control November's reign

Though your soul's
Become shallow you have seen
July's shadow
And gun in hand
You March off to the wilderness

And through September's
Early leaves we can
See you through the trees
You lock and load
Through February's dawning

And in that lonely shotgun blast
We can see
Seasons past
But this time
The blood won't wash away

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