

## David Mead

### "Hunting season"

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you're little friend is gone again  
left without a rhyme or reason  
welcome back to hunting season

he had enough of being loved  
crooked rain and rolling thunder  
says it's nice in Spain this Summer

it's probably not my place to notice the way you pass  
your winter's solstice  
but I wonder if your finger's itching to point your gun  
and shoot  
above the sound of something breaking I hear a better  
chance worth taking  
the crooked rain and rolling thunder  
well what else could you do?

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