

Cormorant

"A Dance Of Elk Entwined"

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The Northern Wind over Glacier Park
carries the musk of the elken rut:
An ammonia stench, thick with lust,
the scent of battle, death and conquest.

A lone pair of antlers crests above the harem,
thirty cows drinking at a Logan Pass creek.
The bull elk spots shifting light between the trees,
another young challenger to his throne.

From the wood, a bugled shriek
The females freeze, lift their heads and stare.
A rival bursts from the brush
and charges for the leader of the pack.

Skulls collide
Punctured hide
Beaten pride
Nature's guide is war.

Fight to the death.

Panting and stumbling
Resolve is crumbling
Bloodlines: their wager
Their lives in danger

One
final
charge
to end it all!

Elk clash, the young buck
Swifter, his horn stuck
through his elder's eye.

Antlers like lances
entwined, he dances
with the cadaver of his enemy.

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