

HUNTING SEASON
Or
A DIFFERENT VIEW
By Richard Tornello © 2011

Hidden, in blind anticipation, the morning mist.
Decoys floating, the best that money can buy,
cold, unseeing and silent as the water.
And from the sky, the site, those painted lies,
they will glide, wings spread wide, soon, too late to recognize.

Flying escort leading
not quite the lion with the lamb.
One eagle, with the geese, a head
guiding, led speeding.
Sighting down, vision greater than those assisted
greater than those mist shrouded,
thus encounter passed by.
Nano runoff forced, rewired, brains aware/
communicate,
as a species together in unison stare.
Slowly they pull back, banking
wings whispering their wind
each as each is able.
No steel shot expended.
Hours of silent waiting...up-ended.

FOXP2/genetic, communication between the species?
A detective could find the clue
of how they found their voices,
but he is silent too.