

Mixed Grace

Oh, the sight of you three deer this morning!
In summer you nibble casually away
at our young peas and beans.
After weeks of hopeful indoor tending,
we've set them out
when fears of winter chill are gone.

But all too soon our dreams
of tender green veggies on the vine
wither under your bold assaults,
and we find ourselves buying at the farmers' market—
They know to put up fences.

Now this clear, cool morning—sun promising spring soon—
you leap across our yard as though headed not for peas
but for stars.
Your free high bound—white rumps flashing,
legs outstretched like wings,
heads held high—

For this flight I forgive all trespassing
and long to join you, breaking free of earth.

Olivann Hobbie