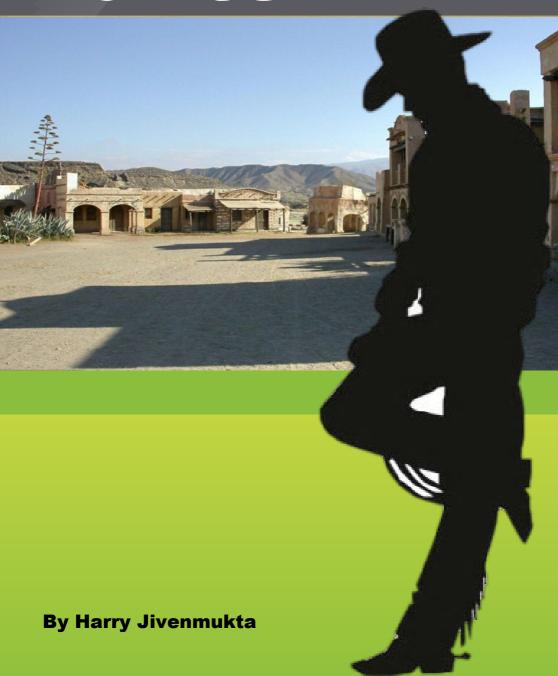
Hunter



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The echo of boots

The echo of boots

On floorboards in

An empty bar.

Chink of glasses with

Bottles of whisky.

Screech of chair legs

Violently pushed back.

The click of something.

A gun?

The click of something

The shadow of a hat

Over the eyes

Fixed on the boots

Of someone dangerous.

Empty minds

Empty minds of haunted

Men

Drinking glasses dry and

Watching through the bottom of

Raised drinks.

Snatched glances

And nervous movements

Moments of strained silence.

A lost love

A lost love
Lost because she can't
Cope any more with violence.
Rather, hide love and emotion
Behind skirts and hairstyles,
Lying to the world,
Teaching children to write.
Yearning and dreaming
In secret,
Vying for attention with
A gun that has not fired
For a long time.

Silence in a bar

Silence in a bar

Is not like silence outside.

Outside there are still sounds

Of birds and the clicking

Of nature and bubbling

Of water.

The silence inside

Makes him want to reach

To his side

For weapons,

In case.

Slit eyes.

Eyes slit

In expectation.

The clock ticks

The clock ticks

On and on

Oblivious of the time.

Time to go

To leave

To rest in the desert

Over an open fire and

Warmth, and food.

Inside the clock ticks

And the fingers

Reach for a gun.

A gun

Of assurance and fear.

nnocent

She wants to see him

But fears the day.

She waits and yearns

But mind takes over.

Young life to protect.

And he is the father

Risking everything to see

A son.

And she, a mother

Risking everything to keep

Him innocent.

Cold eyes finger the trigger.

She is pulling it

For him.

The dust is rising

In the street
As people mill about
To see the gunfighter.
Too frightened to be
Gunfighters themselves
They reach in their minds
For the gun
That doesn't hang at their
Belt.

Wide shouldered

Swaggering
They make their way home
To a warm bed.

Night

Dusk is red like the

Blood

Of a dying man.

Warm going to cold

Like the evening setting in.

The food on the table,

Delicious like a feast

For the forlorn.

Night creeps upon them

Like a hunter

Creeps in the weeds,

Nearer and nearer,

Bracken cracking under

The weight.

Sleep

Sleep is fraught

When the danger is near.

The night creatures

Go silent.

The hunter is near,

Creeping.

Freezing, moving

Freezing.

The night is strange.

The night is strange.

The babies sleep.

The mothers lie awake

With big round eyes.

Embers

The fire is dying
But the horizon
Shows nothing of the
Coming dawn.
These hours of silence

Embers are red.

And dry throats,

Of bated breath

And growing cold,

Of beautiful babies

Sleeping in ignorance.

The hearts of mothers

Beating faster

Begging for the dawn.

Frozen

The frozen form

Of the hunter

Covered in early morning frost

Eyes piercing

Body prone

Frozen by God.

The breath of the fighter

Betrays his life

Living in the desert

Dead many times by the

Night after night

And the day after day.

The wolf

No milk for the babies

Mothers are nervous

And only trickle life into their mouths.

Not enough.

The babies reach for more.

The chickens are

Not laying.

The wolf stalks around

The camp.

The silence of the birds.

The wash of the breeze over

The camp.

The giggle of nervous

Towns people.

Shimmering of heat

Shimmering of heat to

The horizon.

The sun promises more

Than anyone can hope for.

Easy breathing.

Mothers put their babies

To their breast,

The trickle of life.

The cry of the desert.

The click of a hammer.

The eyes of a killer.

The silence of a day.

The heat of a silence.

The eyes of a killer

The eyes of a killer
The ears of the hunter

Strain to differentiate

Between a click of a

Cricket

And the click of a hammer.

Innocent lives wash clothes

And fetch water

And cook lunch.

The eyes of a killer.

Perfume of a flower

Smells of a normal life
Spread like the perfume
Of a flower.
The eyes of a loved one
Watching the sucking
Of a baby on her
Mothers breast.
A satisfied gulp of
Coffee
After a meal that

A belly that will Soon be spread out In the sand.

Fills the belly.

Neat

Neat.

Clothes should be put out

Neat and without

Creases.

Like the corpse.

No creases.

The hammer clicks

The trigger pulls.

The hammer falls.

The neatness crumples

Into disarray.

Never in a laundry

Would it be allowed,

But in the desert....

Graveyard

Neat clothes

And gravestones.

Clean clergy

And rhyming hymns.

Good words and

A clean gravestone.

Clean babies

And well behaved

Manners.

Starched collars.

Clean glasses.

Chaste women.

And the hunter is

Gone, blowing dust

To the horizon.