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Talk of the Bear
Springtime in Woodbury

Springtime comes
And talk returns
Of the bear,
Renewed to life,
Awake and hungry,
All appetite and teeth,
Walking among us,
One of us.

At the same time,
Silence takes flight
In the shadows of deer
Born a year ago,
Sailing at dawn from the meadow
Under a low-sitting silver moon
Into the woods.

Once, their mother
Protected them
From new neighbors
Who would mistake her
Protective bleat for the snarl of a bear
And cry "Bear!"
As if she were a Redcoat.

Sometimes people get things wrong.

Others would find the deer
Walking in the soft quiet
Of the woods at first light,
When there is no threat or fear,
No hunger that cannot be satisfied
With small things,
Gifts of the earth,
Sunshine and time,
In a primordial silence
Free of talk, free of fear.