

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

And, here you are, two does in twilight, as the snow drifts from some great cloud.

Mother, on alert, wary daughter who learned from you to be ready for flight.

Your daughter, who like you, has dark brown streaks the length of her neck and halfway down her slender, strong legs. Cream color make-up rims your glorious, soft, eyes, throat, belly, resplendent in your thick winter dressage. Your black nose lined like a map of the world as your pink tongue slips out and slides delicately to savor the juice of apple on this cold winter's night.

I watch you in envy, your profile in deliberate gaze, lifting that magnificent nose to scent the night air.