

Hunting Season

By Richard Tornello

Hidden, blind anticipation, the morning mist.
Decoys floating the best that money can buy.
From the sky, the site, the painted lie.
They will glide, 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
Thus encounter with mist shrouded,
Passed by.
No steel shot expended.
Hours of waiting...up-ended.

Nano forced, rewired, brains aware/
Communicate,
As a species together in unison stare.
Slowly they pull back, banking
Each as each is able.
No goose on those tables.

FOXP2 communication between the species?
A detective could find the clue
Of how they found their voices.

The End