The River Blind
Ken Brewer

Before sunrise,
he gathers thin
dead branches,
pokes them upright
in the mud
among the reeds.

He strings brown
camouflage netting
along the stick points,
then drapes his pack,
guncase, thermos.

He kneels at the edge
of the river and waits.
He calls across the water,
listens for the heavy wings
of the dark angel he would kill.

And the angel flies
from the eye of the sun
to where the hunter kneels,
and pellets, like prayer beads,
fill the sky, strung
from eye to eye.