

Laura Foley

Blood in the Snow

A glimpse of grey-brown fur—
large doe bounding into the woods—her mate's
blood steaming against ice. Boot tracks,
signs of dragging a heavy carcass through snow.

Not legal to shoot so near the road,
but no one to see the hunter step around the children's sled,
propped against a pine, so near the house.

We mourn the buck's passing, and the widowing,
the doe who stayed, as a human might,
at the place her mate was taken, before leaving,
to live alone, beneath snow-heavy limbs.

Laura Foley's books are *Why I Never Finished My Dissertation*, *WTF*, *Night Ringing*, *Joy Street*, *The Glass Tree*, *Mapping the Fourth Dimension* and *Syringa*. Her work has won the Common Good Books poetry contest, the Joe Gouveia Outermost Poetry Contest, The Atlanta Review Grand Prize, Foreword Review Poetry Prize and others. Her poems have appeared widely in journals and magazines including *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *DMQ*, *Room Magazine*, *McClellan Poetry*, *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, and many others.