**At the Red Light**

Foot off the gas, rests on the brake

The outside slows so that everything inside starts

Buildings that blurred by come into focus

Cool wind quiets to become stale warm air

The whistle through the windows becomes the hum of the engine

Eyes that watched the road now find the next bite from a sandwich

Fingers that held the wheel type a text

She taps her fingers on the wheel

He checks his hair in the rearview

A hand comes to rest on a thigh

In this fish tank with tinted windows

A bubble of tranquility

popped when green says go

A moment of rest forced upon them

stopped when they start

Kiss cut short

Hamburger rewrapped

Music turned back up

A polite honk and

It all rushed back

**Venison**

A twig snaps-

Leaves rustle

brown and orange, paper thin

Stomach rumbles

empty, ready to be fed

The wind blows

whistles through the trees

Toes are cold

numb in my big brown boots

The sky is gray

clouds tumble slowly overhead

Frozen to the bone

my joints ache to move

-Soon, soon

It will all be over

when me and that

Deer Meet

**Just a pinch**

Her door opens, just as it always does.

She walks around me to the fridge,

selects an egg and cracks it into a bowl.

She spins them with a fork and adds some milk.

The yellow concoction meets the butter that was sliding around the pan.

Tap, tap, tap

her knife cubes a bright white onion.

She slides them off the knife and into the eggs.

Spinach ripped with her hands flutters in.

Salt, pepper,

sprinkled in and ground on top.

After the omelette is done and steaming on the plate,

but before she eats.

She opens up the little jar,

takes a pinch and sprinkles it in the water.

“Breakfast for you too, Bert.”