

Saturday, May 5, 2007

A Dove Hunters Encounter

Through the tall Cedars, the forests on high. I saw a white dove look down from the sky. I raised my weapon high in the air. The dove cooooo'd softly as though I were not there. The dove spread his wings, and then a halo of light. My rifle then fired, and the day became as night. For three short moments, it lay on the ground. Then it rose again, its life new and found. Then I knew that I had been blessed to see. The ancient one of eternity. The dove took flight, and as it flew away. A small still voice declared, I'll be back someday. Author: Stephanie Heck

Posted by Huntington West Virginia in Poetry of Stephanie Heck at 18:10