

WEASEL

HOWARD WINN

Animal flowed over rocks,
fluid as water
along which it moved,
disappearing under dried leaves
and emerging to follow
the edge of stream.
Fur, brown and dense,
undulated over bones and muscle.
Suddenly a female mallard
burst into air,
water rising in wet fingers
below her flight.
Fright propels her,
abandoning eggs to the appetite
of weasel
who does not consider
maternal instinct or
ducklings-to-be,
in that moment of smashed
yolk, white and protein embryo
for gut of summer ermine.