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## "Here are the Fire and Wood"

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## **“Here are the fire and wood”**

Robert J. De Smith

Pushes proud horns  
Into the thicket,  
Shoulders used to straining  
Just a bit farther  
For a tuft of hidden grass.

And then he's caught,  
Brambles tangling  
The curve of horn  
Like a well-designed trap;  
Shaking, tugging only tightens.

First, there's wild-eyed struggle:  
Hooves scatter stones, even sparks,  
As they dig in.  
Loud bleats. Anger.  
Strain. Rage. Blood.

But then, a heavy-breathing calm,  
Or is it a hushing,  
Airy touch,  
Just as over the lip of the peak  
Struggle  
Father and son.

And at the right time,  
The old man looks up,  
Meeting the ram's unblinking eyes.