

Goodbye, Deer

When you meet him, he is wild;
there's a fire in his eyes, a strength
in his body, near rabid in temperament;
once bitten, twice shy. And when you
learn him, you find his character a wolf,
teeth flashing in his smile, growl in his
laugh. And when you know him, you
find in him a deer, ready to run; leap
away, far away when he finds someone
came close, he's been hunted before.
He knows to escape. It's been learned.

But you've always known yourself.
There is a storm in your blood, a
whipping wind, gale force. Time has
softened your temperament, and you
learned to be a soft breeze, a murmured
brush against a cheek. The bellows of
Notos and whispers of Zephyrus live
on your tongue, your fingers allowed to
touch his hare, and he doesn't jump
away, doesn't know the hurricane, the
maelstrom you hide behind your teeth.

It's in what you see; his hands, fluttering
nervous like butterflies, never quite settling
in place. It's what you learn; the way he fights
tooth and claw, and the way he runs, cold eyes
and shoulder. The way that even if the wind
gets close, it doesn't linger, can't hold him
the way he needs, there and gone with a
lingering touch, there and gone, the rubble
you made of him lost in the wake of your
screams. It's in what you know. This is how
friendships die. Without a word.

And it's only after that you realize that
however apt they may be, you've let
your metaphors go too far, that regardless
of your storm, you aren't wind, and he isn't
a wolf, or a deer, You are you, and he is he,
and more importantly, you are his friend. And
while the wind might not have been able to
save the wildlife, you could have saved him.
And you didn't even try.