



Deer

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LAFAYETTE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL | 5TH GRADE

In new woods, deer come as new life, growth, but blood looming.
For you, deer, may have swift eyes, but what of your hooves?
Because you must run, swift as the wind, but can't hide.

DEER is of the cold night,
but hope of golden morning.
The clang of a mishappen bullet,
the cry of a fallen bird,
feel your fear.

"Where?" They say as they fall in pursuit.
For you have grace in your leaps,
but your galloping heart shows truth.

In your eyes is terror, but bravery and sacrifice linger.
Wild fear, frozen in your eyes forever.
May you leap on elegantly in your golden morning.
Sorrow, another night, another deer, will join you soon-
For your night is darker than a raven's wing.



This broadside was created in celebration of Seattle Arts & Lectures' Writers in the Schools (WITS) program's Year End Reading. It was written at Lafayette Elementary School during the 2022-23 school year with WITS Writer-in-Residence, Jay Thompson.