



LATE SUMMER RABBIT HUNTING

Oh be oh say. Oh be oh say

My dear this is how old ones fed the tablemouth.

Trigger is the mother of the fire.

Shoulder back, back, back.

There.

Hold it so, so, so, so.

Aim below the long ears, aim into the long grass,

amid long sundowns, autumn hopping wheat.

Aim there and wait.

Oh, trigger more—the ore of the heart is on display.

Eager finger, eager finger. *Oh be oh. Oh be say*

Woe echoes.

There is nothing more precious than the life of your quarry.

Trigger is the mother of the fire.

It is like this between men as well.

Oh be oh say, oh be oh say

my dear, dear, dear child.