

tapetum lucidum

i.
more likely
it is the fog's slickness
overtaking my feet
aspinging around my calves
buckling my knees
that brings my chest
to earth
has me wearing god
instead of the glow itself

their eyes pull a song from me

the emerald orbs electric
in the beam
of my headlamp
all twelve of them
fixed on me
while they sprint
across alexander road
before antlers evaporate
into maple trunks to my left
their hooves made soft
in the wood's tangle of fern
and decomposing leaf

at the copse's portal
i see a patch
of broken pokeweed
the purpling berries
arch towards earth

their poison blush
brush bloodied fur a fawn
its spots constellating
its half open eye
a cooling viridescent sun

i still my shaking self
to make sure
the movement
i detect
is my own
body's animation
not the deer baby's
breathing

ii.
at the science museum
four years ago
my son and i
searching for
the history of atoms
arrived instead
at a dissection
the lab-coated man
joking with the audience
while pulling apart a globe
burrowing
stripping layers
extracting
a woven opal
behind a bovine's retina
a glowing galaxy
light-years gone

he could have shown us a picture
he could have used a model
he could have stopped the wolf
that barreled out of my son's throat