

Hill Country Picnic

Mosquito-bitten boys
swinging buckthorn switches
hunkered down in the grass
over a dead rat snake.

While the grown-ups talked small
and the little ones tagged,
they poked at the strange swell
in its glossy black scales.

It burst. Out slid a lone
long limp jackrabbit foot
bridging wound to earth, its
claws gouging the topsoil.

*Listen, children, whispered the snake.
The difference between want and greed
is what you take beyond your need.*

