The Hunters And The Elk

The shining elk sits in all its glory

But beautiful antlers can make things gory

For the hunters heed and start the chase

But as they run past a mighty cliff face

The elk rears round and knocks

Them off, toward the grimy hands of death.

~Michael Cobain~

Wow Michael- this is an excellent poem. You have painted a very clear picture with good use of vocabulary. I am very much looking forward to reading more from the Michael Cobain Book of Poetry

