

SARAH B. PUSCHMANN

The Hunt, Ten Ways

There's the hunt with machetes for baboon,
the one for Nessie, Godzilla, Elvis, Mork,
the hunt for the crispiest corn dog, for the man
who stepped out to smoke and never came back,
now either on a hot streak in Vegas or dead.

Either way, what's gone is gone but don't say it
like that to his wife. Don't question the flute that lured
you here, hunt down the face you remember
in the mirror, find nothing of the sort, break said mirror.
Out in the desert, a trailer of horses has been left to rot.

An abrupt end to the hunt would be good.
Call your local warlord! Tell him where to stick his spear.
There's the hunt for bacteria in Mars rock,
a deer is in the crosshairs of a gun now, a BB gun,
a toy gun, it looks like a toy, when I was your age,

my uncle sent me a human head he'd bought at a market
in Papua New Guinea, his way of saying hi.
Would you like your hunt sunny side up or flambéed
with a fat torch? Would you like to gnaw on its skin?
Or have I mistaken you, are you one of the hunters,

who, if given the chance, would do terrible things
with a melon baller? I never meant to dream up
this world in all its violence or if I did, I'm sorry.
The baboons have seized the machetes and they are mad.
Please, now, a moment for the horses.