

#52weeksofnaturepoetry – a project by Kathryn Rossati

Encounter Along Connie's Way

Scamper.

What was that?

Grey flash in the brambles – ghost
of a swift-pawed scavenger
foraging by the river.

Hold a beat.

Hush now.

Gently. *Gently.*

Torch level, breath misting.

Then: bright eyes, whiskers all a twitch,
pink toes resting on the base of a tree
while nose lifts upwards, hopeful for tangy whiffs.
No luck here.

Faces us; *What you looking at?*

Gone.

Rope-tail the last thing we see
disappear.