

1999

Hunting in Arcadia with my Grandson

Christopher Robley

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Robley, Christopher (1999) "Hunting in Arcadia with my Grandson," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1999: Iss. 1, Article 30.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1999/iss1/30>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

*My hip hurts.
These old cold bones in autumn
and the pinching straps of thick rubber waders.*

Flannel shirts part the silent reeds.

*A mallard squawk above,
an oscillating V retreating
into the animated spread of evening.*

*One of my pained knees slides into the bottom muck.
Aiming position--hard fingers.
The bullet labors from the rusty barrel,
a sinking vessel
in a quick channel.*

*The splash of a mud bass in Sammy's hand.
No feathered splash in the reeds.
"Look Gramps! I got the fish!"
"Good eyes! Good boy! Though I missed."*

*Fat cheeks filling,
he blushes,
touches my hand, and tightens
himself to the rifle
to fire four times effortlessly.*

*Three birds drop against the enflamed sky
like flacked bombers
descending slowly to the burnt black
of stopped youth.*

