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## “To Gun Me Down”

Half-hidden behind  
pine and manzanita,  
she spots me, her walk  
cautions.

Close by,  
she cocks an eye—  
"You live up the trail,  
don't you?"

"That's right."  
"Didn't rec'nize you.  
Must be the hat." I grin,

then see,  
a pearl-handled pistol  
snuggled under her arm.

Deer sigh, squirrels shake  
their small gray heads,  
that in these woods,  
my home, my own kind  
think to gun me down.