

“more poets. fewer lawyers...” Ed Abbey

---Amy Brunvand



Mule Deer Protection Act

Of course, the Utah legislature had to blame
 Someone for steeply declining numbers
 Of mule deer and other hunted game
 Animals -- it couldn't be the hunters
 Themselves, or the fossil fuel industry
 Building drill pads on the winter range,
 Or suburban sprawl in river valleys
 Where deer went to drink. Political campaigns
 Depend on those people. Wolves, exiled
 From the state, had left a vacancy
 For a large predator, coyotes filled it
 And found themselves hunted for bounty:
 Fifty dollars paid for each dead skin.
 Run fast, be safe, my wily little ones.



How to Tell a Raven from a Crow

They are all black but not the same blackness.
 In sunlight Crow shines iridescent green;
 The subtext of Raven is oilslick blue.

Ravens gather in unkindness
 Though they are of the same kind.
 Raven solitaire runs with the wolves
 Chasing carrion, the crack of gunshots,
 Drifting along the edge of the highway
 Hoping for something dead.
 When you hear a voice in the woods
 You have never heard before, it is Raven
 Singing barking dog, running water,
 Engines and explosions, nevermore,
 Gronk-gronk. Ravens' wings slice the air
 With far more flourish than necessary
 Surfing updrafts, turning somersaults,
 Extending their long thin feather fingers
 In that familiar gesture of disdain.

On the other hand, there is no such thing
 As just one Crow, perched lowbrow
 In the stark lattice of winter branches.
 Raucously playing Exquisite Corpse,
 Charades, Murder in the Dark, laughing stupidly
 At mimes, scarecrows and clowns.
 Crows get up too early, Sing too loudly
 And off-key, though technically
 Songbirds they have a tin ear;
 Crows hate Owls and feud with Ravens
 Over which feathers to ruffle,
 They invented crowbars, hold grudges,
 Mourn their dead, never forget a face.

To eat Crow means
 You know that you were wrong.

To eat Raven means
 You should have been paying more attention
 Before you pulled that trigger.



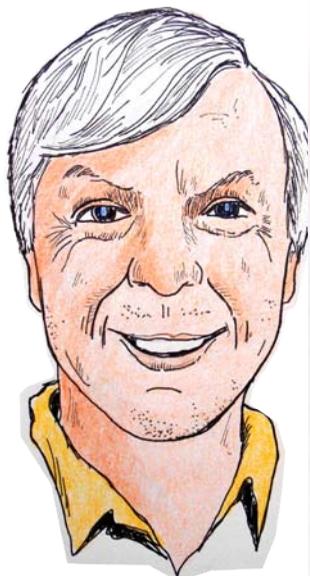
Amy Brunvand is a librarian, writer, and part-time nature mystic from Salt Lake City, Utah. She agrees with Edward Abbey that the environmental movement needs more poets and fewer lawyers (even though some of her best friends are lawyers).



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MITT??? SERIOUSLY?
 YOU'RE REALLY
 SERIOUS?
 HELLO?
 MITT?

THIRD TIME,
 JIMBO...
 IT'S CHARM
 TIME...



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I THINK I NEED A DRINK...
 MANY....



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