

# THAT 'SPLAINS A LOT

Rita Suminski

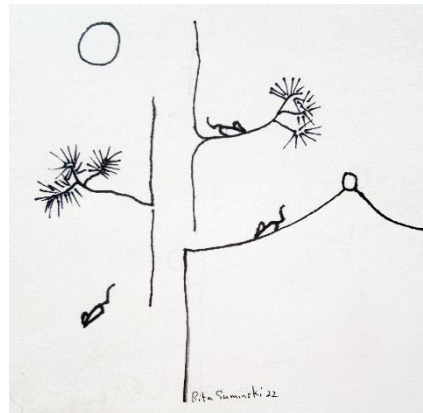
To the elk hunters,  
(Special ones with no success  
Why? No longer guess)

Nevada elk tag!  
Grabbed the gear. Horses, mules led.  
Tents up, dinner, bed.

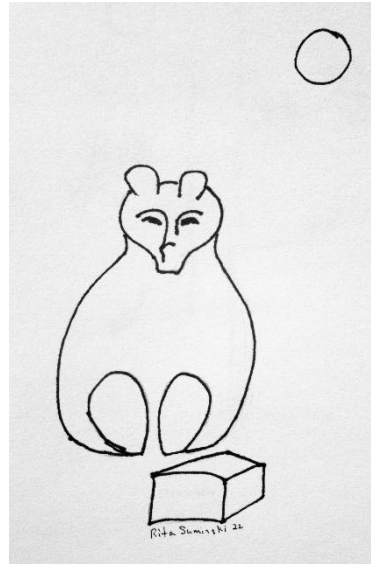
Elk mountain myths speak.  
Rumors say rare things recur  
Tales of magic stir.

Moonrise in the cold.  
Night forest dwellers awake  
All earth bonds forsake

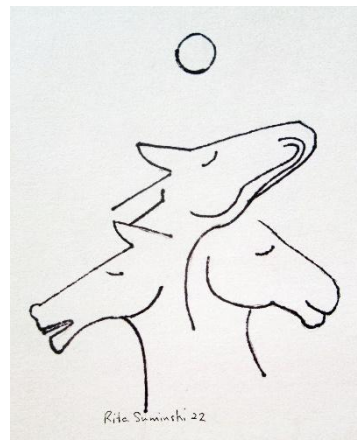
Slide down the tent roof.  
Airborne, plop. Back up the tree  
Mouse circus – all free.



Mules panic, ropes pull tight.  
Lumbering form in camp, "Ah"  
Dinners grasped in paws.



Snow, wet, hunt all day.  
No luck, yet, hooved tracks abound  
Elk sign on the ground

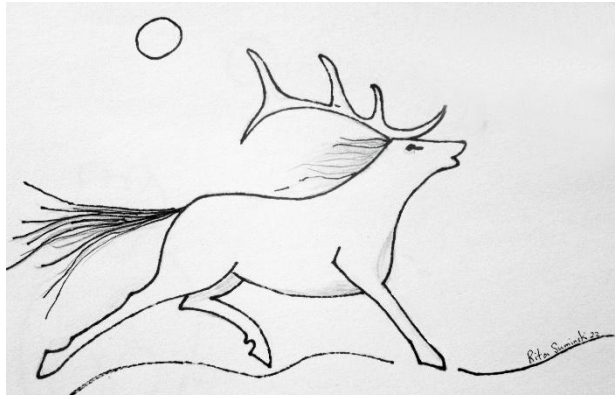


Tired ponies (s)nicker.  
Camoed heads hang low again  
Cold, beat. Shrewd elk win.

Dark, trudge back to camp.  
No dinner, it's long gone  
Five more days – too long.

Moonrise in the cold.  
Starlit magic comes alive  
Night's disguise revived.

Ponies' eyes betray.  
He'll roam the hills transformed  
Moonlit, wild – and horned.



Don't believe, well, ok.  
I swear this happened to me  
Yours truly, Rita Ski

Artwork by Rita Suminski