

AIR "HOAR FROST"  
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The wind has been blowing now for many days but this early morning is perfectly still except for me. As I move through the meadow, every blade of grass crinkles. When I pause, all sound stops.

It is already very cold and November is not even over. All around me everything is crystal covered, frozen in frost. But there 'are' other sounds. It is opening day of Michigan deer season.

In the distance are almost constant gunshots as the hunters press their wishes. It sounds like the Civil War must have a long time ago.

Lucky for the deer there's no snow and it is harder to track them. My thoughts are with these poor bewildered animals. It must be frightening to be hunted. Who would choose that?