

## **Lost Orphan**

A once-wheaten horizon  
harbors a haggard sun;  
this day's occupation is done.

Two orphan brothers,  
slaves to a gainful keeper's books,  
retire to their cabin  
in a stolen cloak of woods.  
Tired and replete with the languish  
of a day absorbed in work,  
they will not trap tonight,  
eating grubs and watered soup.

One, resolved to delineate  
the approach of tomorrow's game,  
is met by the cold, tarnished metal barrel  
of the gun with which they played.

This was only supposed to be a game.

—*Michael Pracht*