

## Goodbye, Deer

When you meet him, he is wild;  
there's a fire in his eyes, a strength  
in his body, near rabid in temperament;  
once bitten, twice shy. And when you  
learn him, you find his character a wolf,  
teeth flashing in his smile, growl in his  
laugh. And when you know him, you  
find in him a deer, ready to run; leap  
away, far away when he finds someone  
came close, he's been hunted before.  
He knows to escape. It's been learned.

But you've always known yourself.  
There is a storm in your blood, a  
whipping wind, gale force. Time has  
softened your temperament, and you  
learned to be a soft breeze, a murmured  
brush against a cheek. The bellows of  
Notos and whispers of Zephyrus live  
on your tongue, your fingers allowed to  
touch his hare, and he doesn't jump  
away, doesn't know the hurricane, the  
maelstrom you hide behind your teeth.

It's in what you see; his hands, fluttering  
nervous like butterflies, never quite settling  
in place. It's what you learn; the way he fights  
tooth and claw, and the way he runs, cold eyes  
and shoulder. The way that even if the wind  
gets close, it doesn't linger, can't hold him  
the way he needs, there and gone with a  
lingering touch, there and gone, the rubble  
you made of him lost in the wake of your  
screams. It's in what you know. This is how  
friendships die. Without a word.

And it's only after that you realize that  
however apt they may be, you've let  
your metaphors go too far, that regardless  
of your storm, you aren't wind, and he isn't  
a wolf, or a deer, You are you, and he is he,  
and more importantly, you are his friend. And  
while the wind might not have been able to  
save the wildlife, you could have saved him.  
And you didn't even try.