

I Once Shot a Bird

A Life-snippet

old army pal Ron
asked me to go bird hunting
(I hate sport-killing)

we walked through the woods
our four-ten shotguns loaded
scanning trees for birds

Ron spied a sparrow
“take a shot,” he pointed
reluctant, I did

she fell to the ground
we hurried to see my kill
pellet in her eye

“awwww, poor little bird”
“you’ll never make a hunter”
so true, Ron, so true

Setting: Near Jefferson City MO, 1969(?). I fact-checked this poem today with Ron. He does not recall the event and questions whether he is the friend I’ve depicted. Stay tuned.



Personal photo: With Ron (right) and buddies overlooking Miraflores Locks near Fort Clayton, Panama Canal Zone, 1967

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