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Hunting & Foraging

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Hunting & Foraging

Jade Hurter

Vassar Miller Poetry Award Winner

We were children eating violets for lunch:
petals wilting in a wash of sink water.
Sun-in-throat child, asleep in the dirt.

Dead bumblebee beneath my palm:
soft as cotton, pollen puffing from out
the body.

Imagine your consciousness swells into
the ant body; aim to crush it with basketball
on the rain-wet driveway.

We were children learning how to kill.
Bring home violets & spider-bites for mother.

At dinner, I pulled the veins from my chicken:
pink, purple, one by one.
Don't just pick at it. Eat.