

Hunting with dogs

a thousand years or more ago
we ran with dogs,
our bodies poised at full tilt

we ran for hours
at a steady pace
using yet conserving energy
for the climax of the kill

the dogs ran with us
scenting the air
ran ahead, fanned out,
circled, returned,
scenting the ground

we scanned the horizon
and the space in between
watching for movements
watching for colours
the land moving past us fast
as we ran

we were fit as dogs
and lived on our wits

we ate with the dogs
around a fire
sang songs of thanks
for our quarry's life
and our own survival
sang songs of thanks
to the spirit of fire
to the spirit of the land
to the spirit of the sky
to the spirit of the rocks
to the spirit of the trees
to the spirit of the wind
to the spirit of the rain
to the spirit of the river
and the spirit of the sea

and we sang a song
of thanks to our dogs