

Cave Bull

DAN STRYK

My wife's quick
drawing thrills the children
at our youngster's

school. Later, parent's
duty done – their promised
lesson on Lascaux –

its brown massy shag's
been hung: a "vision"
on our bathroom

wall – the delicate swirl
of hoof & horn, scratched
fur, the nostril's

terrible curl. A small deer
lifts his soft-red snout
to whistle from

the distance. I start.

Grown cool, the bathwater's
a waterhole from where

I now return (boy out
to play, wife tame
about our evening

meal). Sly, certain
that there's no one
close, I wade back

out, bent ripple-low,
to trail him with
my flaming torch...