

Perturbation by Andrew Jeffrey

Lost in the cull zone
big moon light

in which we perceive
lost track

smoothed with outward
eroded to ditch

calm boulder strewn evening

moved the goal
Retrospective legislation

posts to Facebook
were modest

inversions
unsayable

of order in a language
Anglo Saxon Feudal

affordable to all

a net
anti-social work routine

as a countryman
very thick skull

kill most of them fairly quickly
very thick skin

a very thick layer
barriers and buffers

subcutaneous fat
licences to cull

chronic
disposing of carcasses

latent infectious
unlawful

failure
fragmented system

wear a high viz jacket
of controls

very bright torches

stop yourself
getting shot

two thirds of the public either support or have no opinion

persecution

I follow myself

white tipped on the fence post
missed when looked for

scratched bark

trundle the same path

coinciding by chance

the context

medium of encounter

wipe it clean

that they

are there

there they are

a loaded gun

can only be named

into the wildwood

rustle

crashing through

the dark

eyes adjusting

drips on leaves

a

turned and stared

on the pathway

eye to eye

what did I smell like

maintains its hold

digger or badged

secretes a musky scent

a track a trace

sharp nose

it was there

it is not

a hollow in the brambles

there

crashing through

they are under

minding

well dug

their not there

can they suffer

the animal cannot be

stupid

protected

from freedom

the ground

grunting

turning towards