

The Chase

Men are like cougars in the wild:
They love the thrill of the chase.
Setting their sights on a nice piece of "meat,"
The beast readies to make his move.

Unfortunately, the prey does not know
That she is just a prize
At the end of a bloody game.
She leisurely grazes in the meadow.

Man, with legs pumping faster
And heart beating louder,
Pants with a heavy breath.
Grab her before she can think.

Yet, she hears the rumbling of the ground.
Vainly trying to find a hiding place,
She will give him chase,
Forcing him to work for his meal.

Man catches up to her.
She is nameless, faceless,
Just another fawn in the field,
Not a rose amidst daisies.

Pouncing on his victim,
He sinks his sharp claws
Into her meaty flesh,
Drawing blood on first contact.

Innocence belongs to her no more
While he devours his prey—
Flesh to flesh, bone to bone,
She screams the cry of a hungry infant.

For, the purity of her white skin
Is stained by her own blood.
Her heart throbs ever so softly now
Until the blood flows no more.

Both "The Depths of the Sea" and "The Chase" are by Leah Patton: A first semester senior, I will be receiving dual degrees—one in sociology and the other in English with an emphasis in literary studies. Hopefully, I will graduate next spring. Then, I will embark on the wonderful journey of finding a career, probably going to law school and practicing law.

After my poetic capabilities have lain dormant since I was ten years old, I am now experiencing a burst of creative energy. Back then, my mom would peer over my shoulder, trying to read what I was writing. I burnt almost everything I wrote. Never did I write a word down again in the form of poetry—until now. The hardest part about writing is sharing with others. I now share because much of what I write about is personal and real, and others tell me that they can relate to what I express in my poems.