

# Peter wept

by [Terry Minchow-Proffitt](#) in the [March 11, 2008](#) issue

He stalks the dark before dawn,  
hackles up, a surly chanticleer  
with a raised blade, black  
tail feathers flicking back and forth.

A fit clenches him whole,  
strains his red-combed head  
into one shrill remonstrance  
that scythes clean through  
night's manifold silence.  
An ear bleeds in the courtyard.

Morning now rent,  
the sun hangs low by a wire,  
a naked bulb bearing down on this day  
the full weight of tendered debt:  
I never knew him.

The rooster glints green;  
his round eyes dart;  
he scratches and stabs the dust  
for seed at the foot of a tree.