**When Hunting Season Ends**

Christian Knoeller

A fourth-generation farmer

who grew up hunting

small game for the table

on his family’s land

confides trophies never interested

him much. He’d as soon

watch a fawn graze a stone’s

throw away, oblivious

to the danger he does not pose.

To delight in this

as the season pivots on a single

sunset, as guns

are silenced by the pendulum

of night, and a moon

like no other rises

through the empty crowns of trees.