[Fall Hunt](https://allpoetry.com/poem/11018703-Fall-Hunt-by-Nate-Howard)

Pants wet to the knees,   
fresh fallen vibrant leaves.  
  
Rubs scrapes,   
and contemplates.   
  
Be still, listen.  
Was that? But the wind.   
Snort, huff, and nosed again.   
  
Be still, listen.  
Coyote, fox?  
Snap brush white tines glisten. 

Here he comes.  
Upright, strong, king of his domain.  
Hooting owl, screeching hawk.  
To hear a robins song in the rain.   
  
Be still, listen.   
The wind again.   
The flash of a white tail  
bounds along a vanishing trail.

Week 2

4/17/2017

Write your own poem about a favorite outdoor activity. It needs to be at least seven lines.