

Out on the Land

To be out on the land in all weathers, the bow in the sun or shelved with snow or beaded with rain, the light wan or blazing, the wind rattling leaves down the hollow that yesterday brimmed with fog; to be out among stones and trees and streams, among the animals who reside here day in and day out: grouse and pheasants, deer and bear, rabbits and squirrels- and the ones who steal in mysteriously, the ducks and the woodcock, arriving by night from unknown origins and bound for unknown destinations; to be out on the land with a silent instinctive energy that cannot be explained; to listen as fall segues into winter, to walk upon one short segment of the ever-repeating cycle; to come home fully spent, empty-handed or bearing food for the table; to sit by the fire and feel the day dying down: This is what it is to hunt. This is what it is to live.

PLEASE PASS S.B. 83

Todd Noti, Lyme, Ct