Arnica

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Sweet blossoms of Arnica
Infused to their fullest strength
Sheath the tip of the arrow.

He stalks his elusive prey
Waiting, watching, planning to strike.
He draws the shaft, holds it straight.

Slicing through the sky it makes the mark.
Plunging deep it tears the flesh,
Burning pain engulfs her mind.

Reeling—thoughts become distorted
Her heart slows to a heavily syncopated beat.
Nectar of the flower is taking effect.

The archer’s task is complete,
Impaled is the tawny she-leopard.
Deadly Arnica succeeds again.

Sweet blossoms of Arnica
Infused to their fullest strength,
The point is clear
But for a single drop of blood.

Kathy Murphy