

The John Carroll Review

Volume 71 | Issue 2

Article 15


February 2018

The Catch

Grace DeLauro

John Carroll University, gdelauro20@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

DeLauro, Grace (2018) "The Catch," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 2 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss2/15>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.

The Catch

By: Grace DeLauro

The hunter is in my woods
when he shoots me.
It is getting dark, almost dinnertime
when I hear the bang.
And I turn my head, letting my red
snow hat catch the sunset light.
And he sees me.
And I see him.
And I am not a deer.

The shock on his face reads like a book.
His mouth opens like an O.
His mustache stretches wide.
His hand that holds.
the gun has a wedding ring.
I imagine his wife at home
waiting for the deer
and getting a
dead child instead.

I remember the bullet coming to me.
It is small and black and agile.
And in the slowness of time
I think I can reach out and grab it.
I extend my arm and duck my body.
I open my hand, waiting for my catch.
When it hits me, my hand
explodes in response.
Pain stabs and rings in my ears.

I scream,
my voice echoes until it reaches the treetops.
The hunter runs toward me,
he cradles me like I am his child.
We both look down at my hand like it is
the Messiah,
the hand that I sacrificed so that both of us
could live.