

## Skeet Shoot

Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!

Bits and pieces of shattered clay drop to the earth;  
The proud shooter smiles at the mess with mirth!  
“Great job!” yells the man on the right;  
The one on the left echoes, “What vision and sight!”

Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!

Small, insignificant, lives thrown into the air;  
Ready, silent arms await the magnificent fanfare;  
Targets are loaded and prepared for flight;  
A drum cadence breaches the night!

Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pull! Fire! . . . Boom! Boom! Boom!

Another life shattered by the deafening sound;  
Fallen, tattered remnants litter the ground;  
“Great job!” yells the man on the right;  
The one on the left echoes, “What vision and sight!”

Marie Lowe  
October 2, 1998