

TRIGGER

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The moment comes as a hunter when you see your target going about its daily business. He is aware of his surroundings, but not of the predator lurking in the undergrowth. All he will hear is the sharp crack and before he knows what has happened the chunk of hot lead and copper will hit him as it flies through the air at 1500 feet per second.. The creature can not feel any regret for doing what he is naturally wired to do... But can you, the hunter, live with no regrets for doing what you have wired yourself to do?

When you pull the trigger on an animal, you can't undo that bullet.

Life will leave, but the body will remain. Still, seemingly alive; not moving or blinking. Nothing.

It's still as warm and lifelike as the moments before but that leaves.

It is quick and clean but an animal is so resilient it cling to the roots of life with every ounce of life it has inside, until it can no longer hold and its grip loosens and...It falls. Drifting off into an unknown space.

When that moment happens and that animal's life leaves you feel a connection to that animal. Different than anything before. Not a love connection, no far far deeper than that. You feel an insight of that animal's life as if it is a part of you. You know its life story, you have written a part of that living thing's story. The end of its story.

You realize it could be the same for you. That you could be taken from life that fast. You would hold on to the roots; but for how long? How strong are you? How long could you hold before you slip and fall into nothing? Gone.