

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Caught

By Gary Whited

To the one who tasted something bitter  
I hear creek's slow-paced curves still carry

Your swift feet west, quiet as a deer,  
Far enough to fill the day out of sight.

Then back to the barn, to humble oats,  
To the work horses, Goldie and Red, wanting

What's not named, but craved like cool water  
Down a dry gullet, your return timed to the late

Afternoon's yellowed light, to soften your worn  
Edges, tuck your worries into the round corral,

Hear your father's red tractor hum come home  
In time for evening chores and supper,

Game of cards and fresh cut watermelon—  
And then the long night, unleashed torment

With no end, older brother in the shared bed—  
Crowd your narrow body near the far edge,

Pretend you have two wings or four fast legs,  
Try making a fist you won't dare swing,

But each blue-lit morning forget  
Everything that happened, until

It hurts less to remember than not.