

# Hunting the Chimera

*Helen Cerne*

I set a trap,  
have the right bait,  
the lure which worked last time.  
In the dark I wait until dawn.

Ready.

I smell it,  
hear its stealthy slither,  
edging closer,  
see its shadow,  
feel its breath on my neck,  
taste its possibilities.

I position myself, almost there—  
in the 'zone'.  
Bang!  
The trap's off.  
I jump . . .  
nothing's there.  
Am I dreaming?  
Hallucinating?

Elusive, illusive, allusive—  
the capricious beast has gone.