

THE HUNTERS IN THE SNOW

[1]

Returning

from a midnight flit – stooping figures of
hunters, hounds come into the field of vision.
On their shoulders lies the endless
hammock of the light. A meagre

take, a fox – only visible to one who is
observant. Only one who truly has eyes
understands. For only with averted face
do they reveal the mask of regret. Where

they have been remains a secret, what's seen
is inexpressible. But that they know is
plain as a pikestaff. And also, that this
is a retreat, their unforeseen

arrival in a house of
penned-in open sky.

(from: *The hunters in the snow*)

Logica

Your form of resistance
is that you refuse to speak
where you have to keep silent.

So bring the world close to
that never comes true.

This is not advice
but a command.

(from: *Quirks*)

In the right side of the cub
gapes the wide-open wound the size
of a palm and make-up pink
redder than peonies or coral
or crimson

with in shallow clefts the black
of night and darkness
and in that fleshy
chrysanthemum calyx

carnation-coloured
turning with their
mute, festering-white
heads, a thousand
tiny slender feet

a teeming
quivering nest
of finger-thick
pale worms

blossoming life that
knows no dying.

(from: *Wicked wolves*)

Look
this here is a glorious
chosen master race
and this here clearly ain't

this is wild
and hip great cool far out

and this so utterly impure
and lawless to be sure

and look
this sky-blue *whatsit* here
is so out of this world

and this then
fluttering in the wind
it is our black and yellow
sorry
is our black and yellow – and our red

and look
that's no way of doing things
that's really how you do things

Look
how people
turn your head
always and everywhere

this head
that otherwise has
never found its feet.

(from: *I and other poems*)