

## 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*)