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## Snowscapes derk wynand

## Here

Here wolves hunt in packs, men in pairs.

Crippled deer scent the air, a bitter perfume.

The deer strip bark from saplings, the wolves strip flesh from the deer, and the men . . .

no,

I will not draw your conclusions.

Whatever happens here happens when it is snowing. Whatever happens now, you will find no trace by the time your arrive.

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## Skating down a Dutch Canal

skating down a dutch canal what do you think of snow on ice over water or brimstone and fire do you hunger

for edam cheese gouda and bittersweet chocolate or the red cheeks of that young woman behind you much sweeter

can you hear a rhythmic breathing the hiss of her skate and does it remind you of calvin does that distrub you

would it if you were not skating down a dutch canal can you concentrate on red lips and blondness or merely on

snow-covered windmills on whitewashed houses now do you imagine her inside and you the would-be lover her pious

father staying up late reading hebrew never a man to put up with bundling do you picture him at work cutting

diamonds for african merchants does it trouble you to think about jewels cut for swiss watches would it be

easier to recall his love for all germans his daughter skating behind you singing of claus and of marsman their

worship of cheese as you skate in a straight line to rotterdam sister city of zurich where you loved her