

SUSAN HUTTON

Another Note

I am now the owner of my grandfather's hunting jacket.
Dark red wool, corduroy at the elbow and collar,
it went with him into the stubbled fields
and carried home brown blood and Scotch.
His world, to which I had no access, now vanished.
Like dachshunds before they were bred into extremity.
Like the cormorant who swipes at the clear water
then runs along the surface and disappears into the sky.
Oh, it is such a life, no matter how it looks through any pinhole!
The supernal privacies where Li Ho took his horse,
the notes he made there and threw to the ground
until he could return to them in a common state of mind.