

GENERALIC: WEIHNACHTSZEIT

The mountains move like beggars under capes
and above them, thin ghosts of themselves hang

in the air as moonlit hillocks. The trees wave
giddy branches at these clouds: turquoise

blending into black and black-edged snow.
Below, red-faced Yugoslavs are busy in the yard.

A man with a bag for a head walks toward the mill.
His wife comes, dragging her sled, and their idiot

son follows, hands in the pockets of his lavender coat.
Their tracks join shed to shed like the only road

between cities on an island. In the foreground
orange birds yammer in a bush. The snowman

is very traditional. A round-nosed child, son
of the round-shouldered woman and the round-eyed man,

has just finished building him. He stands, watching
the man coming toward him: Your father, Josip,

with a deer on his back? Hans Hilfer bringing
your dead dog home? or the devil wearing

his heavy boots, carrying a jackal by its stiff, red legs?