

DISTRESS

At the edge of the frozen pasture,
moonless, near Marne,
we put on the old record of infernal despair,
a fox under torture.
I think of the taped child killings of the moors
and the Hamburg sound pornographers:
if I were the fox I would not come;
this squeakiness could not be taken for real.
Abruptly my brother tenses for
the shot.
I try; I can't see
anything; I can't hear anything—
a black splotch on black,
the fox closes on us and holds:
this blindness and deafness is absolute.
My brother is the best shot
and hunter I know,
but he has fired into the wrong place.
Never mind, turn it
over. We will come back,
he will too. Nothing can resist
distress
or its imitations.