

**In 1565, Hunters in the Snow**  
**Grace Tower**

Warmed their toes on the deerskin rug  
sleek and thin as a playing card on the floor  
beneath the table. Beer spilled in their laps  
when they laughed. It was cold like the blue  
eyes of the deer before the blow. She burst  
like the Rowan berries under foot,  
and red ran down the trunks of Ash trees.  
Her fawns lifted their crossbow mouths to the sky,  
chinned with snow, aiming dead expressions  
at the men returning over the hill.  
Only the dogs looked behind at the tufts  
of brown fur with spots on the discarded meat  
shifting in the wind. Look at how these rich,  
white patterns continue down the spine, the epochs.

- *After 'The Hunters In The Snow' by Pieter Bruegel the Elder*