

## KNUTE SKINNER

### MY PHOTOGRAPH ON A BOOK COVER

Here is that picture you took of me last summer.  
My hands thrust deep in my pockets while my head,  
hovering at a just palpable angle,  
shadows under an Irish country hat.  
Behind and above are the rocks of Hags Head.  
They will stand when this book has been forgotten.

There's a smile on my mouth, though I don't remember why.  
I think it was only the sunshine making me gay.  
I think it was something I thought of, looking at you.  
You, obviously, cannot be seen in the picture,  
but if you have looked past the shadow on my eyes,  
you have seen that, a year ago, I was looking at you.

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### THE PAST

Pig out of a poke, it tears  
into the garden,  
snout rooting and snorting,  
lop ears coarse.  
Its eyes squeeze with mean intelligence,  
and its trotters chop and chop  
into the topsoil.