

## ANGELIKA FREMD

### HUNGER

chicken soup has eyes  
floating in liquid, yellow.  
my eyes are in the pot  
swirling with parsley.

but mother's dry bread  
is better, without shame.  
chickens of shame  
pick at me in bed.

father says i am growing  
to be a lion and must learn  
to be a mouse. when he leaves us  
his eyes are red and swollen.

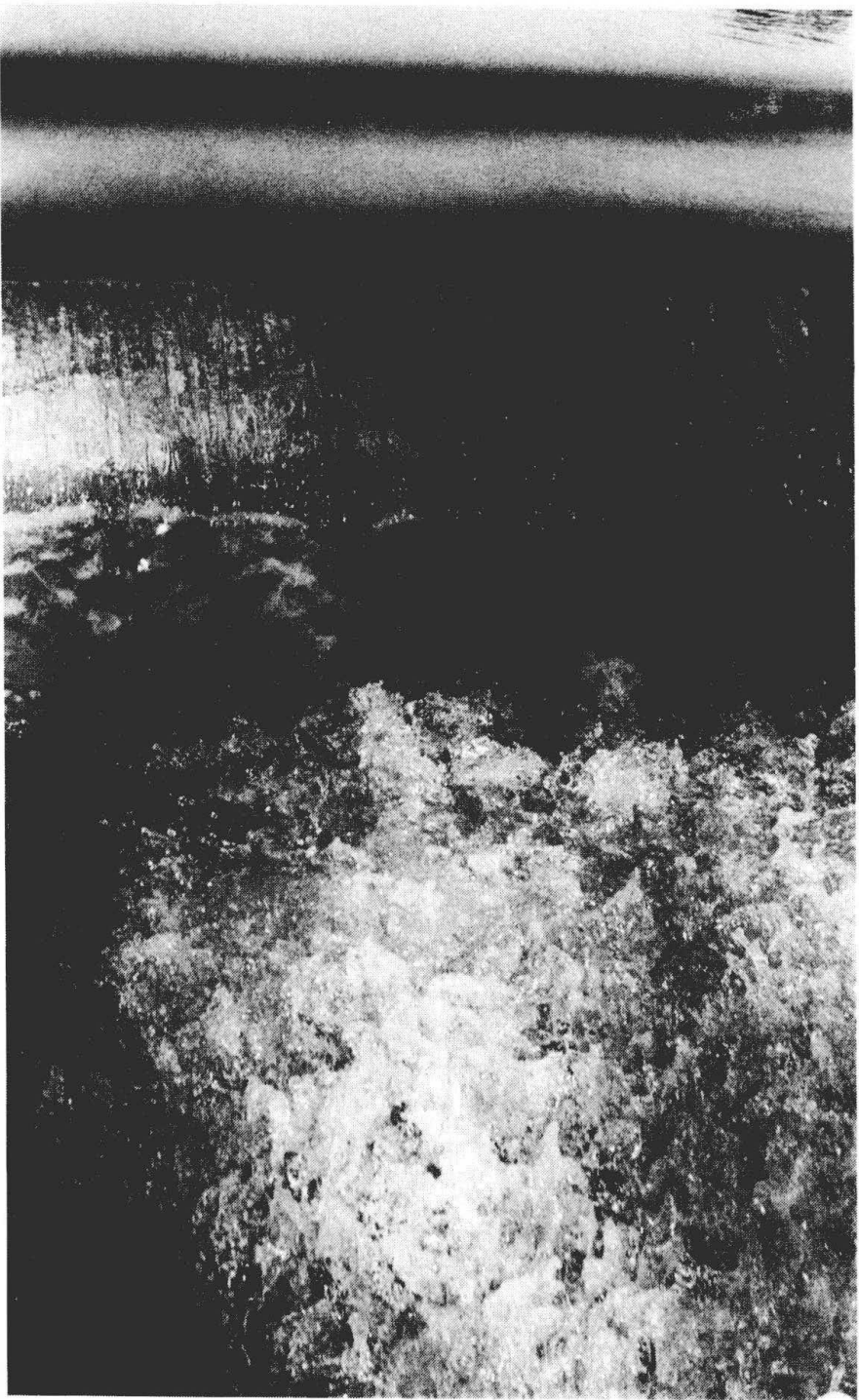
I know when he comes back  
carrying a heavy aromatic sack,  
he too will have chicken eyes  
and i'll give him a carrot top;

together we'll float  
in a heavy metal pot.

## JOHN MILLETT

### THE FOXES

Near Gloucester  
on a range 1200 metres  
above the sea  
hunters capsized a winter morning  
flayed a live dog fox



I took a club to end the last of his pain  
heard a car rev to the west  
rifle shots on stony slopes  
that chew a tyre's meat —  
looked at shelled eyes  
the color of apricots  
tail scraped clean as a parsnip  
shape knuckled against a riverbank  
the ripe oranges of the skin gone

just as the club broke the skull  
the ruined body arched itself  
legs drawn up  
to protect nakedness

I smelt the delicate scent  
of male sex glands  
saw the blur of a vixen  
reddden the frost

## JOHN MILLETT

### RIVER

It was the day of ice creams and picture windows  
viewing panoramas, coastlines —  
a lollipop sky full of factories  
suburbs, roads dancing  
bees and the traffic of a river

It was a day to sit with water —  
stones water makes love to —  
fondle the smooth pes planus of rocks  
The river's hair flowing over