

SNOWSCAPE

This white patch
spoiled already by
my letters,
in other eyes must be
a snow-covered field
dotted with crows
or the tracks of deer.

Because the deer
walk precisely,
it becomes a poem:
already
their feet sign it
“Snowscape”
and leave it to you.

Should you ever find it,
quick, note
the exact location
and write me, Wynand,
before the tracks melt
and the deer move on
to higher ground.

— *Derk Wynand*