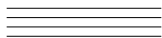


E A R L Y W I N T E R W I L D E R N E S S



C H A S E T W I C H E L L

Woof woof growl – a chainsaw,
followed by the smell of two-cycle oil,
one of the dark scents: woodsmoke,

Packers' Pine Tar soap,
black with white suds

in the icy brook. His body.
White suds in the icy black brook.

Smoke and pine tar
are what come back to me now.

Gunfire and hammering.
It's hunting season.

Everyone's trying
to get things framed in
before snow.