

## *Fox Hunt*

1

*Gray-black twilight still rests over forest  
and land, when out of the hunting lodge  
a late fall morning I step. Soft and white lays  
the new snow and a few solitary flakes still drift  
down from the slowly dawning heavens.*

2

*Down towards the small marsh I then wander and  
search with the help of a flashlight after the foxes circling  
night-tracks. Soon to my delight I find a track  
that crosses the half-trodden path, and down by  
the shore another.*

3

*Now I become eager to hurry back to the  
hunting lodge, so I can tell my waiting hunting partners  
of the find; sitting there by the crackling  
morning fire, drinking the hunters so highly  
prized coffee.*

4

*Then when we make our way, anxiously-armed to the teeth,  
has the darkness been chased away and escaped from the morning blush in  
the east, like a burning wood-fire, flaming and  
shimmering in the deepest red, between snow-filled pines and birch.*

5

*So we take on the night-made alluring tracks,  
there between tufts and new-grown trees,  
it meanders and continues out on the treeless  
march, like a strand of white pearls, a wonderful sight for  
a hunter's eyes.*

6

*The dogs jerk and pull in excitement on their collars,  
when with their sniffing noses, they follow the  
scented track. Quietly, breathlessly, forward through snowy tracks  
the hunters slip, with sweat-drops dampening their  
blushing cheeks and red-pulsing necks.*

7

*Now then, Dix, the full-grown dog, which by collar I  
lead, suddenly throws his head up and smells with his  
nose up in the air, steers a course right towards  
a thicket at the corner of the march, pulls me after him,  
dragging me like a frisky horse before a plow.*

8

*Look, under the pines sloping snow-heavy branches  
on the march, Mickel lays, having chosen his hiding place,  
but now he has taken flight in wild escape  
with mighty jumps, between rime-frosted bushes.*

9

*Dogs hurry, wild and excited with eagerness of the hunt.  
Fast they now are loosed from both leash and collar.  
Now goes the wild hunt forward through the forest,  
hunters listen and enjoy, and their hearts beat with joy.*

10

*It goes on with speed, all around echoes barking.  
Now it is imperative to find a sure pass.  
To different directions in the snowy forest we hurriedly spread,  
hoping individually to have luck to fall the red.*

11

*Now the sound of the drive is storming on the way to the march,  
by the bog, right towards the well-known pass by the  
shore. There I would rather now chilled stand, than  
sit comfortably in a chair by the fires warming logs.*

12

*But undisturbed can the fox pass that dangerous place.  
soon the dog's notes diminish in the distance.  
Then it is time to find the drive circle and move ones legs,  
and after a mans' talent, deliver one forth to the game.*

13

*Now it is quiet, the drive has already disappeared  
far away to the south behind snow-heavy drooping aspen.  
But still for a while I want to linger and listen,  
and enjoy the wilderness aura of calm-filling quiet.*

14

*Wait, what now? Hear the barking getting  
closer! Maybe the fox has turned. With  
excitement I bide my time. Soon the dogs'  
barking are clear and full toned, wonderful  
music for a hunter's ear and sense.*

15

*Look! – There comes Mickel in gliding soft leaps,  
for the hunter, an unforgettable and wonderful sight.  
Pulse is beating with excitement, cheeks flushed. Now!-  
rifle to the chin flies, the shot thunders. It is over*

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