

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*

Published in "Hunt and Fish" 1940, Gamlakarleby, Finland