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# Flemish Giants

## **Abstract**

One winter it was so cold. I was wearing mittens. Or gloves?

## **Keywords**

winter, cold, clothing, warmth, blood



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June 8, 2012

## Flemish Giants

Susan Yount

One winter it was so cold. I was wearing mittens. Or gloves?  
It didn't matter. All the latches were rusted. I was 7? Or 8?  
That didn't matter either. I had to stand on a bucket  
to reach the latches. It was so cold. The babies were  
already the size of giant snowballs. Ricocheting off the walls,  
the door, the box, the floor. With the doe, the hutch  
was too small. Huddled together, they could keep warm.

The next morning. When I opened the door. Red snow. On my way  
to the school bus. Red snow. On the sidewalk. Across the lawn. Down the hill.  
Red snow. On my shoes.

The mouths of dogs.

Susan Yount is editor and publisher of the *Arsenic Lobster Poetry Journal* and madam of the *Chicago Poetry Bordello*. Her chapbook, *Catastrophe Theory*, is forthcoming from Hyacinth Girl Press. She works fulltime at the Associated Press and teaches online poetry classes at *The Rooster Moans*. She recently completed her MFA in poetry at Columbia College Chicago.