



Booth

Volume 4 | Issue 6

Article 2

1-8-2012

Flemish Giants

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Recommended Citation

Yount, Susan (2012) "Flemish Giants," *Booth*: Vol. 4 : Iss. 6 , Article 2.

Retrieved from: <https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol4/iss6/2>

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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



BOOTH



A JOURNAL

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.