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## She Moos, We Play

Lysander Kemp

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**SHE MOOS, WE PLAY**

The gamboling calves of Paul Klee,  
Regarding their moody mother, say  
'She moos, we play.'

Calf one is tall and fierce tee hee  
And two is upside down and three  
Is Greek to me,

And what is the meaning of all this?  
Is mother sick, or neurotic? Is  
It their green bliss

Failing, for it must fail, that she  
Laments in advance? The fooling three  
Are wise, but we?

Or what? My words are smudges, you  
Must live his fingers. When they knew,  
They smiled, and drew.

**THE HUNT**  
(*After Wang Wei*)

The huntsmen clatter forth from the village of Wei-ch'eng.  
The plain is frozen but empty of snow. The hawk above us  
Coldly hovers and screams. Our horn-bows twang in a cold  
Flaw from the North. We gallop together to Hsin-lin,  
Then back to Hsi-liao, with and against the wind.  
Behold! a cloudy sunset now, where we killed the eagle.

LYSANDER KEMP