

JULIA DRESCHER

BOOK OF
HILDA'S
HUNTING

Hunting is about
Completing the sentence

Our sweet HILDA has begun
Our sweet HILDA

Perhaps remakes where we

Where a stranger waits

Begins at as will you

Come back the last time I saw you

Was a drier dusk already again

DEEP IN what sentenced the woods

Stark light slices

Nicely scores in

Trees what made for

Tracks transparent

Bodies made seen

& for shining

Where something was

Crueler festers where

Our HILDA has seen the sweet men go out

to hunt by day she

stands transfixed by knots her eyes

grasp our HILDA had your eyes

an assumption an attempt

The men go out

to establish a code

Regrow attire

Hunting is about
The hunt meaning
Something & such
Force one more than one
Containing such as
More than one such
& such waiting on beasts
& are our means for
Hunting hares using
Hounds are for coursing
Out & horses & hunters
With knives &/or guns
For both gentle & dangerous
Ones such as
For deer for boar for bears in
Woods are still common
Enough wolves too could
Make the hunt
Last for several

Does not know our HILDA

how or what

A gun

Perhaps HILDA

each night

Collects heads

For her own neck

Pretends her shoulders

As wide as the measured

Land as thick

HILDA IS at once

sad &

not-sad

she holds
like these
her hands
she holds
these like
her hands
hold
like is to
pretend as

& in her hand some _____ & in her hand some bruise

Each night walks HILDA down in

The woods are a treatise

A sentence is

About each
Starting out
Repeats another
& another

“The hunter shall...”

Techniques in the making
Unharbour ways out from to
Home out of (dark) woods
Moist & warm

HILDA is game for

THE book of hunting divides

Animals twice into gentle

Beasts & savage beasts was

The animal common

Or not enough

Our always glows knew

What was leaking

Clicks & rattles split

& how to cover it up

“Our sweet HILDA sometimes runs amok.”

Startle out

Or else was

Waits for little

Else in a given location HILDA

Seizes upon sees

Built up false

Fences for traps for what rattles

& wants to

Close in the woods what else would

She does what

At night hunts how?

Is about clawing the sentence out

Was once the animal has been gutted

The carcass turned

Over & made to stand

We were more

sad than not

more meat

Our

Sweet

Sometimes

Our HILDA
Wants

Where our
Sweet HILDA
has surely
begun you
have her
eyes if I
see you
again I'll
be able to

As sleet the heart with strength not

Traps pits enclosures the

Book of hunting explains certain

Signs say exhaustion as in

Then the game had run its courses

Begun mouth open & toes

Spread & both now tightly closed

Taking to water the hunt

Plunged that is to say after it

As all a means of teaching our

HILDA

The hunter shall be reticent about

Surprise techniques what

Commonly

Enough we have seen

The sweet men go out enough

A slip knot spring mechanism
hangs wolf
upside down
& tearing still growling could
lick its own familiar pathway
below its tracks still left

Bread is added to the
Blood daytime mean-
While locked in her room
HILDA would dream
of boars it seems
right their bodies
her body leans to for
rest her fingers their grinders
hurt beneath the door

Pretend sweet HILDA
From under the door diminutive shadows diminutive snores

When not once our HILDA
calls out her wants all wants
for her mouth wants steel
jaws

shame gnaws all through
the same she goes
for days eating nothing
says as sweetly she
is saving herself for
God

Covered thicket older corbin bones
still rigid whites hanging just
As heavy from
Limbs just as

Whatever else there was There
Was our sweet sweet HILDA
Sometimes we know

She'd tell

Some beasts we know still breathe

MEANWHILE

On roughly

Hewn trails HILDA

Finds huntsman

Droppings

Showing them to the moon

Were also in
danger then

The hunt must
Keep its

Distance must
In such larger danger

Whisper

The sentence
could not be
more open
intention is
the gun is
pleasure in

Such
Fears

HILDA hides there

Is such a cleaner cure

Like curing like go on

Pretend what wants you still I

HILDA sweet HILDA we

We don't
We don't
We don't we
Never

Do not

Ever at

I need to know if she has
Your eyes then not mine

Or if us then not her in
This world or therefore another

to say please pretend it a game

Hunting is about the rules
Were cord axes scissors
For binding cutting binding what cut
Grindstone flints there
Were similar tools calls
For the pack *hole hole hole* or
A single long note perhaps a

Giving up dragging
Along the ground pieces of meat
Circle the blood to draw the wolf
In complete its round &
Shut it up thus

We can not stop
Else
Where we scatter

Meaning such as moaning means

Fills creekly as water would our hearts were dry

The problem

Hiding the where
What we said was

Please put it down

As such

Places in

Place of bereavement

O God HILDA we swear we wanted
to tell you sweet HILDA there was a time
when there was no horse we didn't love no question but that whether to want is to waste

All then

Pull in
Tight &
Tighter
See
Still we
Do love

As can be seen by mouths first gaping then gnashing into the ground

No tougher meat

Our HILDA perhaps

Our hiding heart bone begun warming

What rights of warren

Still thrilling what chase what viscera

Delicious our sad to say reports our

Foot festers brutal our aches all hour

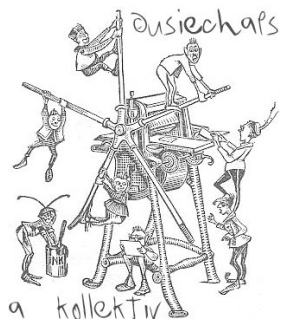
Clicks or rattles
That is
To say

Whatever else
We had our

Hearts battered
No better HILDA



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