

## BADGER

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### Baltic Sailor

Into Scoresbysund seamed with frost and blue with hindered green, the brave sails of Erik Nordenskiöld; into the yellow hills and red villages of the Medes, Tobias, his dog, and the archangel Rafayel; into Nørreport, by train from Kongens Lyngby, Allen. Badger was waiting for him in the station lavatory, laughing at his cleverness in being there.

—What a bog. Badger said. My, you're handsome, as boys go, and you've come off without the cello and the Telemann sonata in four movements you've practiced all week. Thorvaldsen says that he gets lots of fife-and-drum stuff from the Lutheran Sodality Marching Band, and unseemly hornpipes and rock and roll from around on Nyhavn, but has never heard the kind of recital we give on Amagertorv. Very superior cat, you understand, is Thorvaldsen, and always has the church organ and string quartets to drop mention of when I brag about your street concerts on the cello.

Allen flicked off the blue ascot his mother made him wear to go with his eyes, and poked it into his haversack. Then he pulled his shirt over his head, replacing it with a gray sweatshirt from the haversack. Next he exchanged his short pants for exiguously shorter ones, the zipper of which did not go all the way up.

—Barepaw, too? Badger asked.

—No underwear, either, friend Badger.

—I assume, then. Badger said while offhandedly rooting at a flea, that you being twelve years old and all, and the cello nowhere in sight, and Edna not along, we don't allude to this outing back home?

—I don't think so, no. We're only out to learn a thing or two, anyway. No big deal.

—No no, of course not. I see we're going to put the haversack into the locker, to be retrieved on the way back. You think of everything.

—Not exactly in diapers still, you know.

Badger laughed, as he loved a conspiracy. He loyally did not ask where they were going. He would find out.

### **White Prairie Aster**

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

### **English Stonecrop**

—If, Badger remarked on Gothersgade, we go into the Rosenborg Have we'll see naked girls sunbathing.

— *Ork jø!* Allen said. Later. First, we're going to the botanical garden.

—Because I'm home asleep on your bed, and dogs aren't allowed, as we chase the ducks and make the grebes nervous, and are cheeky to the swans?

— *Tetigisti acu.*

—Plautus. But why the botanical garden? Greenland wildflowers. You like those. Ghost of Hans Christian Andersen in the hothouse, upside-down over the begonias, legs opening and closing like scissors.

—To sweeten my dare with delay.

—Oh, that.

## **Fish**

In Hendrik Goudt's engraving, Tobias, lugging the fish, steadied by Ra-fayel, is crossing a stream on stepping stones. Nimrod, the dog, is gathering himself to jump to the next stone as soon as Rafayel's foot is out of the way. There are oxen on the far side of the stream. Two frogs, who must soon stretch themselves into elastic leaps or be trod on, to their way of thinking, by a twelve-year-old, an angel, and a dog, having no way of knowing that Rafayel is weightless and must move, step by step, as if he were a mass responding to gravity, get set to jump. The sky, above lush trees, has clouds and geese.

## **5**

Peter Freuchen, brushing frost from his beard, brought the wall of ice between the black sea and a black sky close enough in his binoculars to see the long grooves of exact crystal that wrinkled its surface.

## **Baltic Sailor**

The stranger facing Allen was blond and trim. His intense gaze made the blue discs of his eyes seem slightly crossed. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. His jeans were pleated with creases across the top of the thighs and at the knees. Twenty, friendly, made in Scandinavia.

## **Red-beaked Grebe**

In 1653 or thereabouts Rembrandt bought a plate by Hercules Segers, of Tobias and the angel Rafayel and the dog Nimrod. He changed it to a Flight into Egypt. Tobias became Joseph, Rafayel Mary, and Nimrod the donkey.

—And, said Badger, in Moses van Uyttenbroeck's picture Nimrod is barking at ducks and scaring them off the lake.

—Tobias and Rafayel are both twelve in that, and Tobias is dragging the fish.

—Yes, but this is in the Bible. Why does Nimrod get to worry ducks, and in a civilized and most advanced country like Denmark dogs can't go near the duck pond without being shouted at by the constabulary? —What you see, you know, Allen said, you own. You take it in. Everything's an essence. Papa, you remember, when I was explaining this to him, said that at twelve you understand everything. Afterward, you have to give it up and specialize.

—Ducks are not to be believed. Give up coherent light for articulate light. Puppies understand everything, too, and then have to get a job looking after twelve-year-olds in downtown København with no shoes or socks, smitch of pants with lazy zipper, and a pullover shirt as might be worn by the bucket boy on an eel trawler.

—The film of essences, one photon thick, is continuous. Everything apprehended is in the continuum of this film. So all correspondences, the relation of information to other information, are first of all differences. Colors, shapes, textures. Quit yawning. This is important. —It rather tried your papa's patience, didn't it, until you said that the great thing is affability, not the kinship but the kindness of one thing to another.

—And Mama remarked what a sweet pagan she had for a son.

—Edna stuck out her tongue.

— *You* sighed and whuffed.

## 8

Because they, too, were his, the lilac arbor and beds of Greenland wild-flowers blue and yellow, Allen walked with studied idleness along the dappled paths of the botanical garden, his dare to himself prospering with delay.

—Getting your courage up, aren't you ? Badger asked while looking with slitted eyes at a swan. You could be on roller skates, in your spatter jeans. You could be eating pea pods in Gray Brothers. You could be into the second movement of the Telemann.

—I have things to learn.

—The caterpillar of the codling moth feeds on the kernels of apples and pears.

### **Kierkegaard in the Trollwood**

The stranger facing Allen was blond and trim. His intense gaze made the blue discs of his eyes seem slightly crossed. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. His jeans were pleated with creases across the top of the thighs and at the knees. Twenty, friendly, made in Scandinavia.

### **Crickets in Flixweed**

An aristocracy of swans pushed haughtily through a commonality of ducks and a yokeldom of grebes.

—When a buck flea backs up, scrunched in, to jump, I snip the tickle, he jumps, I snap, he bites, I snick. Fuckering flea.

On a path that curved through deep lilies and high shrubbery, Allen, eyes hypothetically sneaky, lips puckered in supposition, unzipped, as if to pee, as might be. The school nurse, a good sort, had looked at

it during his last physical, with an amused smile, and winked. Harald's had a callus on it, and looked bruised, like Papa's.

—With friendly numbers. Badger said, the divisors of the one add up to the other. The example given by Pythagoras is two hundred twenty and two hundred eighty-four.

—Cold nose, Allen said. Bugger off.

—The divisors of two hundred twenty are one two four five ten eleven twenty twenty-two forty-four fifty-five and one hundred ten, and they add up to two hundred eighty-four, which is the number friendly to two hundred twenty. Now you can't get it back in your pants, can you? —A friend is another self, like the friendly numbers two hundred twenty and two hundred eighty-four. Didn't think I was listening, did you?

—And the divisors of two hundred eighty-four add up to two hundred twenty.

—So what does it mean, O Badger?

—That as many ways as one friend can be divided sum up to the other. Better stuff your dick back in, there's somebody coming. You smell as if you were with Harald eating chocolate and listening to a Bach partita. —Looks like big business hard in my pants, wouldn't you say?

—Oh, absolutely. Hate fleas. You're a handsome boy.

—You're a handsome dog.

—The lion in the zoo is a cat who's a dog. Monkey is a dog who's a spider.

**Ohio Bee, Ohio Honey**

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

## 12

Mellow gold and muted silver, a bed of flowers. Harald's scoutmaster says that a disposition to fall in love makes everybody look good. The truly beautiful, like Harald, don't need rationalizing, but you can think of a hooked nose as kingly and a snub nose as cute and a rough complexion as masculine and a sallow face as sensitive.

—That's Plato, Badger said. Is it for Harald that we're here in the botanical garden wondering how the divisors of a friendly number add up to the components of its friend? What we have are differences containing samenesses. Differently distributed. That's nicely tricky, *jø?*

## Yellow Willows Along a River

To tune his ears to the hearing of Tobias, Rafayel discovered with cunning questions that human beings cannot hear the roaring fires of the stars or thunder on the wanderers or the hiss of winds across space. Nor could they hear the creak of trees growing, the tread of ants, or the rumble of seedlings breaking ground to stand in light.

## 14

—Thorvaldsen down on Sankt Annæ Plads likes to be called *Your Grace*, like his person the bishop.

—You're a funny dog. Badger, to like cats.

—Why not? He's fun to talk to. Cats don't like dogs because we smell butts and they resent it. They smell mouths, did you know? Anyway, I get along with His Grace Thorvaldsen the Holstein cat. They know things, cats. Their ear is more critical than a dog's. Good nose, too, but the whole race of them is so prudish and inhibited as to seem to have no nose at all. Did you know that the bishop's parish includes Greenland? I was telling him about you and Harald leapfrogging each other the whole length of the Købmagergade, and he began to brush his chest and inspect his paws.

—The boys we saw when we were coming from the station, Allen said, copperknob and towhead, who were sharing a Coke at a small table in that sandwich shop.

—Towhead's hair is very grebe chick, Badger said. We were supposed to take it for punk, wouldn't you say? You envy them their one Coke, age, and decisively creased jeans.

—Do I, now?

—Oh yes. You and Harald don't have to share a Coke. You each have your own.

—I'd rather share.

—Are you in love with Harald?

A duck belonging to the Rosenborg moat was crossing the Gothersgade, halting traffic.

—Probably, Allen said.

—Is that a good thing or a bad?

—Good, I'd say. Very good.

—Well, then.



—Precisely.

—Headed for the Rosenborg Have, are we?

—Why not, friend Badger?

—Why not, indeed.

### **Tent Interior by Lantern Light**

A stout wind fell on them from the north. Their tent tried to fly away before they could peg it to the forest floor. The rain, fine and swiveling, began when the tent was almost trig and their gear was half unpacked. They were inside, Harald and Allen, snug and with the lantern lit, when the rain began to blow sideways.

—Nothing neater, Harald said. Off our clothes.

—We'll freeze.

—Into dry, I mean, until dossing down.

—Sardines, crackers, cheese, chocolate milk.

—Coffee in the thermos, as filled at Rungsted Kro. Socks.

—What about socks ?

—To hang above the lantern. First, to sniff. Me, yours, Olaf does.

—Here. Jesu Kristus, you really are. Like Badger.

—Nice. Thing is, to know the person you like. Olaf talks about the secret and privileged smells. Shirt.

—Wouldn't get me anywhere to be embarrassed, would it?

—Everything smells like lilac.

—Jasmine. Body oil, after my bath. And sweat from hiking all day.

—Body oil.

—Keeps my skin from drying out and itching.

—What a baby you are, still. Briefs.

—Briefs. Soon as I get them off. Am I to copycat? What do I sniff for, if I sniff?

—Put me a sardine and a bite of cheese on that cracker. Olaf sniffs to drive himself crazy, he says. But he's lovely crazy to begin with. Makes his wizzle stand, all twenty centimeters.

—And then what?

—Listen to the rain.

## 16

Drum and fife! The Queen's Guards were marching from the barracks in ranks of three, files of ten, in busbies and blue, musettes on their butts, their sergeant-major strutting to *There Is a Tavern in the Town*.

### **Scholar with Lion and Pot of Basil**

The stranger facing Allen was blond and trim. His intense gaze made the blue discs of his eyes seem slightly crossed. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. His jeans were pleated with creases across the top of the thighs and at the knees. Twenty, friendly, made in Scandinavia.

## Time Sinks in Orion

A girl with pink nipples and high hard breasts was taking off her jeans in the Rosenborg, among as many sunbathers as seals on an Aleutian beach. A triangle of arcs, her *slip*, flag red, and her friend with a swimmer's back and saucery hollows in his solidly boxed buttocks was cupped into a gauze pouch and cingle. Their mouths were grazing each other's lips in slow circles, their jeans still around their ankles. Badger trotted over to smell.

—Kelp and olive, his, he said, laughing. Tuna and mayonnaise, hers.

—You're awful, you know, pal Badger. You belong to a different order of being.

—Dog, part lion, part wolf. When you and Harald swapped underpants, you sniffed his before putting them on.

—They smelled of clean laundry, with a whiff of hay-mow.

## 19

Hillside thick with meadow flowers, midges, butterflies, gnats, a wall of Norway pines on the other rim of the dip, an empty sky, a lonely place rich in silence, in remoteness, in stillness. He and Harald, piecemeal naked by the time they'd got to the middle of the slant field, shirts over their shoulders, sneakers untied, suddenly looked at each other, serious with surmise and then all monkey grins. Best of friends, Harald. He was naked first. They lay in dense grass, gazing up into the absolute August blue. —There's snug, Harald said, hand straying, like our tent that rainy night in the forest.

—Slushy inside, too, like drenched, sperm from chin to knee.

—And there's open, like here, where you can see to the top of the sky, and in all directions. There's nowhere as private as the middle of a field.

## **Dutch Sky Piled with Clouds**

Tobias carried the fish, which would have been too heavy for him except that Rafayel made local adjustments in gravity. A sparrow flew right through Rafayel. Only Nimrod noticed. They did not walk on Shabbat.

## **Flanders Under Rain**

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

## **22**

Log cabin, Troll Wood Troop, Danish Free Scouts. Olaf, a fall of hair over one eye, sitting on a picnic table, legs crossed, had told them about Janusc Korczak and King Matthæus.

A long silence. Harald's arm across Allen's shoulders. Benjamin asked about Poland, the Nazis, the war. Aage asked why the sky is blue, and why it's bluest in August. Rasmus said that it was bluest in October, and wanted Olaf to tell them again about the inner parts of girls, exactly what was going on there. Isak wanted to hear more about the Education No Thanks kids in Düsseldorf, who ran a bicycle shop and defied all authority, settled enemies of capitalism, the family, and girls. Ejnar invited everybody to join him in a swim in the inlet, before the Swedes poured ice water into the ocean, as was their wont about this time of day, and was seconded by Marcus, who was already naked. Hjalmar offered to march them to the inlet with Haydn on his horn, Hommel on his drum.

Allen was most interested in a naked Olaf, about which he'd heard so much from Harald.

—It is sort of unbelievable, he whispered in Harald's ear.

—What's unbelievable? Marcus asked, loud.

—Who else, Ejnar crowed through the shirt he was pulling over his head, marches to a swim with a French horn and drum as spiffy as the Queen's Guards? Style is what we have, that's what.

—Watch, Harald said to Allen.

He bounced, with turns on his heel, over to Olaf, who lifted him onto his shoulders, with an awesomely squeezed hug on the way up. Harald was radiant, Olaf complacent.

Later, winded and dripping, Hjalmar and Hommel wrestling like puppies in the sand, Olaf said that he and Harald and Allen were going to walk back to the cabin the long way round, through the woods on the slope. Was Allen, Olaf asked when they were having a pee in the wood, comfortable with the outing, with the troop, with Harald?

—Oh yes. Sure.

—Allen only looks timid, Harald said. His heart's a lion's, a lazy lion's.

—Thanks, Allen said. Badger will like that.

—Who's Badger? Olaf asked.

—Allen's dog. Is he here, Allen friend?

—Not yet.

—How, Olaf asked, could a dog get here if Allen didn't bring him ?

—Easy, Harald said. I've been on long bike rides with Allen when Badger was along, though all I could see, not being as spooky as Allen, was the empty air. I sometimes think, though, that I've felt Badger's Alpo breath and got a whiff of his dogginess. And Allen smells like Badger if you get him before a bath.

Olaf, confused, had other things on his mind. He had taken a course in modern art with Allen's mother at the university.

—And your father edits a classics journal, doesn't he?

—I think so, Allen said. Something like that. Wait till I tell Mummy one of her students is Harald's scoutmaster.

—She'll have to sit down, I imagine, Harald said.

## **Badger**

Of pests, the flea the fly the tick the leech, none stings like want, when you are not there, where you are not then. The box on rounds the two legs roll in, its stink is not worse than being here when Uln is there. What are mustard, Ejnar? And Swan Wings with the ozone midnight smell and Tobias who smells like Harald and Nimrod their dog whose real name is Wind and with them a Fish. With ducks there are three, duck and drake and the drake's drake friend Anders. Not natural for them not to fight but what do ducks have for brains? Uln smells good when he's with Harald, and feels good, so we like Harald.

## **24**

Allen's suspicion that people created themselves was the only way he could explain Olaf. His parents could not have designed him. Parents don't think that way. God? But why would God, whose thoughts are pure, have curved Olaf's upper lip just that way, with the tuck and dimple at the corners, and shaped him all over in such a cunningly

sexy and perfect a style that everything about him was the way Allen also wanted to be. Truth was, and why do people not say this, Olaf made himself. You have to know what you want to look like. Nature complies.

—It sounds right, you know? Harald agreed. You've found something out. But Olaf's body comes from swimming and running and the gym. —Understood, friend Harald. But his smile and the look in his eyes and his friendliness don't. How did he get those? And everybody has a cock, all boys I mean, but Marcus's looks like a grub and his balls are peanuts.

—Olaf's seventeen, Marcus ten.

—Can you believe that Olaf's looked like Marcus's when he was ten? Never. I'd say it was the size of a *polser* and stuck out, like yours, admired by all. Olaf thought his cock into the handsome monster it is. —I know that he had a friend when he was little. He told me. Never needed to say they wanted it. They knew at the same time. Dropped their pants together, as if there'd been a signal. I think Olaf's been sad since then. The friend got a whiff of girl around fourteen and has been on them, in them, since, humping away, with just enough wits left to stagger around between fucks. Olaf says girls are all wrapped up in themselves, hard to make friends with.

## **The Red Villages of the Medes**

Rafayel discovered that he could talk to Nimrod more easily than to Tobias.

—The grief of the fish, he said.

—Dun clouds on a Friday, Nimrod said. A flame is fat with sinking while it is slender with rising.

—The wife of four is three.

—Nine is the grandmother of numbers.

—Walking, Rafayel said with wonder in his voice, walking. There were trees of crows at Charleville, a winter of crows. Or will be. Tenses are not for angels. A boy named Jean Nicholas Arthur. Like Tobias. Like Uln. I walked, will walk, walk with him toward black trees in a winter field, the angelus chiming from the square tower of a small church, the rim of the world red where it was rolling away from your star. He spoke of the Prince of Aquitaine, whose heart was widowed and dark, and cried *Give me back Pausilippe and Italian sea!* and the crows cried in their hundreds *The sun is dead!* The wind carried their caws.

—The wind, Badger said.

—The wind, said Allen.

—One hundred crows!

—What does a dog know ?

—Ask Nimrod. He knew that Rafayel was not people, by his smell. No oniony armpits, only celestial electricity, rich in ozone. Thorvaldsen, now, would have taken Rafayel to be a higher rank of bishop, and from Sweden. He would have stropped his leg. He would have sat across from him on an episcopal cushion, pretending to be of equal rank among ecclesiastical cats.

## **Scoresbysund**

The stranger facing Allen was blond and trim. His intense gaze made the blue discs of his eyes seem slightly crossed. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. His jeans were pleated with creases across the top of the thighs and at the knees. Twenty, friendly, made in Scandinavia.



—Of course I made myself! Olaf said. Allen's right as rain. How plain I used to be, I won't say. Around three, it must have been, sucking my thumb, knock-kneed, and given to whooping cough, nose drip, and py-romania, I began to rethink myself. By six, still a thumbsucker, I had a vision. I knew that I admired some people and found others revoltmg. Being a philosopher, I knew that the people I didn't like were being repulsive on purpose. There was a girl with a kind of pearly mole just inside her nostril. She had made it grow there, to annoy her parents, and me. She liked to puke in Kindergarten, without warning. Nurse asked her one hundred times at least to point to her mouth when she was going to barf. She never did. Oh, the happy beam in her eyes when she had splattered her coloring book, my blocks, Nurse's shoes. So it followed that the people I loved had made themselves adorable. By eight I was in love to the point of being legally insane with a twelve-year-old who had big brown eyes and a mop of curls, and long legs, and petted his crotch in public. I would willingly have died if I could have been him, if only for one day. I did the next best thing: I set out to wish myself, will myself, magic myself, to be him. This worked. It worked so well that when I met Hugo at twelve, he was in love with me, I discovered with my heart floating up to my mouth. That should happen to everybody at least once. We became each other. Wore each other's clothes. There's a pair of little denim pants I have packed away, thin as gauze and threadbare, which we both wore.

### **Wind Around a Comer, Full of Leaves**

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

The first night Allen spent at his house, Harald as soon as his folks left for a dinner party walked around naked in the back garden, level sunlight making gold fire in his hair.

## **Park with Figures**

A young man lay as if fallen from the sky onto the grass of the Rosenberg greensward, arms and legs spread, his shirt rolled under his neck, jeans open and briefs pushed onto his hipbones.

—I would like. Badger said, to be the drum major in front of the Queen's Guards when they're marching to *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, and I'd love to roll in horse flop and not get lectured on it. Also, I'd like to visit a jungle, for the tremendousness of it, you know? But you're looking at that boy with hair all but down over his eyes and his underpants bowed out in front. Butterflies, monkeys, frogs, shelf fungus, green fleas, sponge trees, blue parrots, yellow parrots, red parrots, and vines as long as Jylland if you straightened them out.

—The principle of essences, Allen said, is identity: each essence's being is entirely exhausted by the character which distinguishes it from any other essence. It's for Harald we're here, O Badger.

—Taking things in, Badger said, that's what's important. Your mother said so. Said that if she could teach her children to miss nothing of what the world has to give, she would be doing her duty. Her example, you remember, was a pear tree in bloom. We're being admired.

—I am, anyway. What do you suppose she means?

—Got me. The rock dove flits starbright through the oleanders.

—Amber gleam, Allen whispered, of the wild partridge in umber gloom. I can recite poetry, too. He is staring at me, isn't he?

—A pear tree in bloom. *Ork jø.*

—White, fragrant, green, by a brick wall, beside a roof, thatched or tile, pears to come, if fuckered properly by bees. Lovely in sunshine, rain, moonlight. Crisp blossoms in profusion, small, tender, white.

—Painted by Stanley Spencer.

—Christian Moisted.

—Charles Burchfield.

—Samuel Palmer.

—Hokusai.

—I forget that I'm invisible, not here to be seen.

—Brave's the word.

—Don't you think your admirer's a bit rough, from the Christianhavn docks, wouldn't you say?

—I would say that, yes.

—Dirt under his fingernails. Good-looking, though. Flat bone down his nose, plumb from where his bronze eyebrows almost join, to the square tip. What does Telemann *mean* in the slow movement?

## **A Ruckling of Doves**

The high wall around the yard was grown over with Virginia creeper, which a breeze tickled. Trees beyond the wall, lazily liquid in the fitful wind that precedes rain, were so tall and densely green that the yard was a square space in a thick forest. Allen studied a compass, an ordnance map. He made a study of the sky, Baltic blue marbled yellow and green.

The house was still, empty. The ladder was against the wall. A wheelbarrow. A rake. A hamper basket.

He knelt to untie his sneakers, stood on one leg, and then the other, to pull off his socks.

Harald toward dawn in the tent had said that the rain, with them so warm and close, was the finest sound he had ever heard.

The clouds were drifting from the east. He tugged his jersey over his head and rolled it into a baton.

Next it rains, she had said, if you could believe girls. He believed Hanna. She had freckles, wore glasses, and knew things. She was witty, but nice, about Harald. So that was all right.

He took off his shorts and wrapped them around his rolled jersey. Red underpants. Did the sun make fire in his hair as it had in Harald's? You are the earl of the elves, Hanna had said. Not passed on to Harald, who would flip his fingers. Lord of the forest. Telemann, the slow movement, and rain on the tent.

## **The Sedge to the Sea**

How did Badger know where he was going, that he could accurately run ahead? Harald liked to be sniffed by Badger, reveled in it. Boys, Edna said, are so thick, you can't find a place where you could shove in a pin. And Badger was comically confused when Harald passed over the frayed, worn denim pants Olaf lent him with the injunction that if he lost them, or tore them, he'd wish he was somebody else in another country. But had wanted us to wear them.

—But we do understand, Harald had said, ever so seriously.

—I hope so, Olaf said. I'd hate for me and Badger to be the only ones here who see what's going on.

—I'll tell you, Allen said. It's like the day I finally took Badger into town with me, so his curiosity could be satisfied. He was out of his mind happy, looking at everybody, everything. And when he saw how I make a territory on Strøget, all mine, all ours, he almost wagged

his tail off with pleasure, and when I set up the music stand and played, he too was playing the cello, and acknowledging every attention, beating time with his tail to a music none of us will ever hear.

—Don't we? Harald said.

—If, Harald, Olaf said, you hadn't said that, I would have been disappointed the rest of my life.

### **Into Norreport**

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.