**Old Guy w i n t e r**

**Poetry by Fred Jeremy Seligson**

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INTRODUCTION

Last night, snow fell, again, on the hill behind Yonsei University, where the late Horace Underwood III, former RAS President lived. I walked my daughter to school today through the white tree flowers and bush cotton. The curves on the sensuous elms were painted white, and when one turned his eye upward it was greeted by a white lace work woven by angels in Paradise. I warned by daughter that they would not last until noon, and that she should ingrain the memory of these beauties as deeply in her mind as possible.

After sending her through the school gate, I took off on my own through the snow, taking photographs here and there of the snow scenery. Up over the hill, where only one set of prints preceded me, I climbed and then stopped A squirrel up an elegant elm scampered up and down the trunk, and leapt to the branches of a neighboring tree with such speed and alacrity. I couldn’t believe it was possible in the snow clinging to the limbs up there. It’s no wonder John Muir calls the squirrel, “The most wild of all creatures.”

Higher up I came to the great pine trees all gnarled and painted white on top, catching and shadowing out light. Further white tracery limed limbs of azalea and forsythia bushes, and stone grave guardians all wore white hats. Kimchi pots also wore white crowns and stone bowls were rimmed with sweet cream.

Badminton players didn’t bother to come out today, so Lone Tree Mountain was mine, alone, to play in. This is another installment of the collection, SOMEONE’S WALKING ON LONE TREE MOUNTAIN. [page 99]

Sky goes from clouds over which you might wander for days [page 100]

Glance away & soon sight mountains of snow[page 101]

Up mountain ~ watching you~ silently she goes [page 102]

Curtains of light open through pines one kneeling soul[page 103]

Old guy shambles by No place special to go[page 104]

Growling white dog has broke loose leaving his chain & house for us [page 105]

Yet in a clearing the spike where his ghost stays at night[page 106]

“What’s this drifting by …?”

“Just another old white dog …” [page 107]

“Who are you...?”

The patch of ice replies[page 108]

“Sign my name in snow ...? “

She already knows [page 109]

Over snow mountain our only friend[page 110]

Bunny nibbles on a leek …

“Shall bring you home for my daughter ...?”

The writer has resided in Seoul since 1977. He won the Dan Gun Poetry Award for Regarding Cosmos in 1982. Other books include poetry chapbooks and prose: Oriental Birth Dreams 1988, and Queen Jin’s Handbook of Pregnancy 2002.