

A short 16mm home movie

Bavaria, 1939

He cuts a fine figure. *Mein Herr*.
Bolt upright against the granite craggs.
Squinting into winter sunlight. Not tall,
but somehow compelling. His bark
outsnaps my terrier. Testier
than his own vulpine hound.

In command of the Emperor's new sleigh,
he stalks blood-stained footprints across
icing-sugar snow. Devours strudel
with his Disney. *Sneewittchen* his favourite.
Snow White I am not. I am Gretyl. Chasing
happy-ever-after through dark woods.

He turns to share a narcissistic glare
with my camera. I beckon him to the left.
He ignores me. Thrusts an unforgiving boot
on to a ledge of ice-slicked scree.

His face is a picture. Mouth agape. Hands flailing
in futile salute. Arse over self-important tit.
Auf Wiedersehen. Gute Nacht.

I told him he was too far to the right.