

## THE BOND

Come, Mr. Gottlieb, you can do it,  
I know. And I did — skin the others  
for this pink-cheeked German gentleman.  
For he had good reasons, barbed wire,  
and he did give me true instruction,  
the word, a manual. And he put  
in my hand the knife cut from an old  
ram's horn. Practice on deer,  
if you like, he said, and — there  
were deer in the fence, and the knife  
with the old letters carved in the bone  
slipped through the fat, sticking  
in just a few places. They taught me well.  
And he, well-dressed, his shoes polished,  
stood on the side, watching, and I knew  
he'd go on to ask me to skin myself.  
For him I could learn even that.