



ALL KINDS OF FUR

Erasure Poems & New Translation of a tale from the Brothers Grimm

Margaret Yocom

ALLERLEIRAUH
CINDERELLA

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For John

A note on the text:

Poems in black font are erasures of the Author's translation of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimms' 1857 tale "Allerleirauh" ("All Kinds Of Fur"), a version of "Cinderella" that opens with incest.

Contents

Once there was a king	1
O golden hair and ashes	2
For a long time, the king could not	3
For a long time, I could not	4
Now the king had a daughter	5
daughter mother such golden hair	6
Then he spoke to his councillors	7
I a daughter a dead wife	8
The daughter was even more frightened	9
The night herder's maw	10
But she thought	11
turn	12
The king did not give up	13
his dun deer nears	14
Finally	15
all is red	16
In the night	17
go go	18
She walked the entire night	19
walk night hecate	20
Now it just so happened	21
so begin	22
When the hunters touched	23
touch	24
There	25
here	26

Then	27
wood fire ashes	28
Now, one day	29
one so castled	30
to sweep up	31
the ashes tell	32
Everyone stepped aside	33
one step one	34
He thought in his heart	35
His eyes never behold	36
She, however	37
Swiftly Kind Fur	38
Now, when she came into the kitchen	39
Now, resume	40
And when the soup was ready	41
here An OfFer	42
When the ball was over	43
he blind to it all	44
But when he got to the bottom	45
here it is fear	46
When he appeared	47
his hunger	48
When All Kinds Of Fur	49
Who Who	50
After a time, there was	51
time another land	52
Then, it ran	53
Then read	54

and the king stepped up	55
and dance dance	56
She, of course, ran	57
Seer in lair and kitchen	58
And he summoned	59
I summon ash	60
When the king held a ball	61
Witch	62
The king danced again	63
i dance in beauti	64
And he had given orders	65
A given order	66
She ran as fast as	67
as as as	68
Now All Kinds Of Fur ran	69
I read soup	70
When the king found the reel	71
he reels	72
loose and run off	73
open little dimmered heart	74
Then, her golden hair appeared	75
hold star And ash	76
Then, the king spoke: "You"	77
I You	78
Afterword: tale / translation / erasure	80
Acknowledgements	87
About the Author	88

*In what shape
Shall I wait at the breathing hole?*

—Qilerniq

*I want the moon to overflow, spill over,
and drown me in dust light.
I want whatever happens after that.*

—Jennifer Atkinson

Once
there was a king
who had a wife
with **golden hair**,

and she was so beautiful that
no one
like her
existed anywhere
on earth.

It happened that she lay ill,
and when **she** felt that **she** would soon die,
she called the king and spoke:

“After **my** death, if you **intend** to wed
again, take no one
who **is** not just as beautiful as I am, and
who has not such **golden hair** as I have.
This you must **promise** me!”

After the king promised her this,
she **closed**
her eyes and died.

For a long time,
the king could not
be consoled, and he would not let
himself even think about taking
a second wife. Finally
his councillors spoke: “It cannot be
otherwise:
the king must wed again

so that we will have a queen.”

Now, messengers were sent far and wide
to find a bride whose beauty would match
that of the dead queen completely. **But**
in the entire world, there was no such a one
to be found. And even **if they had**

found one, there was certainly **no one**

who had such **golden hair**.

So, the messengers returned home,
their task unfulfilled.

Now the king had a daughter.

She was just as beautiful as her dead mother

and also had such golden hair.

Once,

when she had grown up,

the king looked at her and saw

that she in every way was like

his dead wife,

and suddenly he felt an intense, hot-tempered

love

for her.

Then he spoke to his councillors:
“I shall marry my daughter because
she is the very image of my dead wife,
and because I can find no other bride

who is her equal.”

When the councillors heard that,
they suddenly became frightened
and spoke: “God has forbidden that
a father should marry his daughter.
From sin nothing good can come,
and the kingdom

will be drawn
with you into ruination.”

The daughter was even more frightened
when she heard her father's
decision, but she hoped
she could yet turn him away
from
his plan.
So she said to him,
"Before I grant
your wish,

I must first have three dresses:
one as golden as the sun,
one as silver as the moon, and
one as brilliant as the stars.

Furthermore,
I demand
a mantle pieced together from
a thousand kinds of pelts and fur,
and every animal in your kingdom must give a piece
of its skin for it.