

Along with my third chapbook, *Elvis Night at Johnny's*, coming out in 2022, I've been writing "hat poems" — starting with the name of a hat as a trigger to take me by swerves & leaps in words that go where they will. "Trapper" which appears here is one of those, going from ear flaps of rabbit fur to Albrecht Dürer, Looney Tunes, and eventually to recollection of my grandmother, Nona Wagner Detwiler, who'd grown up — as I did — in central Pennsylvania. For five years after WW II, she lived in Germany with her husband, my Grandpa Harry, in a town called *Vaihingen an der Enz*, not far from Stuttgart, where Harry (ranked as a major in the U.S. Army) served under U.S. post-war authority as a civilian consultant in restarting this community's civic life — including the "denazification" process. To date, two other of my hat poems, "Budyonovka" & "Stetson," have been published online:

<https://speckledtroutreview.com/spring-2021-3-1/#MS>

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