

1967

Are Not Some Distant Hounds

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Recommended Citation

Pavelsky, Ray (1967) "Are Not Some Distant Hounds," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967: Iss. 1, Article 9.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjf.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/9>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 1, Autumn Winter 1966-67.

Are Not Some Distant Hounds

When you are twelve, my unborn brawny boy,
Will you observe lush summer with a sigh,
Endure its jungled greenness with half-joy,
And weary of its lust by late July?
Will you, my son, be first to greet the frost
With laughing breath into the autumn dawn,
Be first to get the dusty football tossed
For blocks around the maple-deepened town?
And will you stop and see some moonhuge night
Octobered with the chill I gladly brave:
A witch-dark wedge of geese against the light;
November bearing autumn to its grave.
And may you know, that night, of older cares:
Where bound the autumned men in racking chairs?

ray pavelsky

Already evening time
And friends have gone away.
Alone watching the sun go down
And thinking of the day.

I smiled at mary and john,
I helped grandpa in the rear yard.
I studied a bit from my lessons,
I did other jobs, but they weren't hard.

But my day was a failure, I know.
And why? What went wrong? (question you)
Well deep in my heart, where it really matters,
I don't love a thing that I do.

angelo abbondanzieri