A Greyhoundish Pombe

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A GREYHOUNDISH POMBE

Once when I was young, I went
Bare-eyed out into the world.
Once before I wrote, I went
Fearless with my flag unfurled.
Once when I could love, I went
Joying out to face the cold.
Once when I was strong, I went
Fierce out and I was bold.

Once I knew the world,
Once I shrieked at dreams—

Then I grew old and hid my eyes,
Then I did write and furled my flag.
Then I lost love and learned of sighs.
Then I got weak and let spirit sag.
Learn this of the world,
It has not the promise it seems.

Pete Hraber