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## Are Not Some Distant Hounds

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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## *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*