

Free of Hounds

Free of hounds leapt my spirit wooing
Dolores, Dolores, my undoing.
Those spotted dogs took off after angry badgers.
I ran wild another way stalking a perfume.

She sprawled in the branches of a fall-colored tree,
shook brilliant mash notes down on me.
Laughing, I devised an ivy ladder,
toes and ankles, thighs and so on dancing frivolously.

That the climb was hard alarmed me not at all, of course,
until she whispered me her name. Dolores.
I knew her mother. Now I know the daughter
and nothing good can be said for any of us.

Who adventures into happiness is by that much sadder.
The animals returned, full of badger, fatter.