

Now I Hide Trembling

... for Graham Gould – 1908-1959

Now I hide, trembling, like the brown fox
Under the red leaf
Tasting my grief:
Telling myself that the pack will soon tire
And the hunt be done
And I alone ... with my
Dearest one!

But the horn sounds
And the hoofs thunder, and the wind
Carries the noise of the chase
I make myself very small, very small
And I hide my face.

I remember how it was when
The spring was golden and green
And all was still roving and running
And the dark
unseen.

Shall I be flushed from cover?
Shall they demand the kill and the brush for
Satisfaction ... and a drinking horn?
Ah, Master of the Hunt cry them a new
Quarry.
Then this ... then this be
Borne.

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