

Augie March, Dogsday

Lately the smoke from the burning bushes,
Has the eye and the mouth tasting ashes,
For the price we've the haze of Olympus,
Ambling by the Children's Farm,
Imitating the river's calm,
Liberated, the heart, from alarm
On this dog's day.

While it lasted the morning long,
Came the feeling of something wrong,
As you knew that it would before long,
A grave expectation,
So the hackles did raise some,
O it never stays under even on
A dog's day,
You start looking for targets for your arrows,
A bloody sheath for your eager blade,
Dark clouds for the sun to shroud
On this dog's day.

Hills become mountains, sheer cliffs beside,
Fickle elation meekly turns its tail, digs a hole and dies.

The shrill cries of battle from gamboling spawn,
Terriers come at a clip across the lawn,
The mothers' competitions, the fathers' stifled yawns
In this hazy picnic season, light beer and gentle treason.

Why would it give rise to an anger?
Could this city outdo its own languor
While tumbling bodies of children figure
As targets for your arrows,
Little marks for your seasoned eye,
Such a violence underlying this dog's day.
Why don't you dispense with your secrets,
Give your rambling blood a rest,
Let the world be kind to you on this dog's day.