

ELIZABETH T. GRAY, JR.

Hounds

Yes, you overlooked them
when they lay easily in sunlight
across the stone threshold of a Tuscan farm.

They did not race up behind you
mad on the scent, the way a fire
sears up a mountainside
outrunning its own breath,
nor did they force you off the trail
through bare trees and snow,
out onto the surface of a nameless pond.

Whoever would bring them to the trailhead
and under these gray skies
just let them go?

They are here by the fire,
my friend, waiting to rise
from the intricate carpet as you enter.