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"It is still my adolescent summer"

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It is still my adolescent summer
But the nights turn slowly chill:
Autumnal brightness is in the moon cleft.
The pungence of death stripping
On barely brittling grass and sap heavy leaves
Intaglios their coming brilliant absence
In the onyx still.

It is still my adolescent summer
But the dun puppy of my childhood
Which has romped small through my warm days
And tumbled fluff bodies under pale sky with me
Howls at the cold amber moon
And slinks low bellied to a bitch
In the rustling, panting brush.

It is still my adolescent summer
But my heart, under sun's bright eye,
Beats cadence with the rustling of soon to fall leaves.
My eyes turn dark with autumnal darkness
And I feel the excitement of finish and burial.
Expectant and dreadsome, I heap the still green leaves
And expose branches early to the dark carving moon.

PAT SULLIVAN