

Vice-President of the Franco-Calliopean Society and Literary Editor of KAMPUS, junior Jim Bowman finds more of life in the bay of the hounds and the hunt in . . .

Pursuit

BY JAMES BOWMAN

Race, hound dogs, wildly,
Your black leather scarred
And half-healed, dappled ears
Hung with a fresh bloody
Bristle of burrs.

Race after your chosen
Prey, whose quivering flesh
Will soon pleasure your tongue;
Taste it now; now forget it;
The pursuit, the pursuit is the thing.

The scents scatter about you,
Pungent and sticky—race faster!
Your throat, foam-flecked with
A thorn-red split sounds the chase
That ended, begins.