

A Half-year of Eternity

by John Cante Knight

In April, as nascent grass begins its ascent
to horses' bellies, the fields are a new green.
The morning dew collects on trousers' cuffs
and jowls of sniffing hounds. In the lushness
of meadows, rabbit scent abounds, making
dogs zigzag in nervousness until their noses
make a decision and mouths give sound.
If you stand on a hill, eyes may leisurely
follow the liver and brown of basset hounds,
their coats glistening in light, dewlaps
dragging the ground. In fleeting powder puff
glimpses,
a cottontail circles by last summer's briars,
followed through space by wailing howls
and serious faces as the rabbit bounds away.
A half-year of eternity waits upon autumn.