

Passing Down

What nourishes the man's juvenescence
What he witnesses and what distresses
Is that that he remembers before the hangman or his bedrest

'Tis in those tears that slipped through as he jests
These guffaws that rancor and rebel
Containing the squall that were it free would not thunder or swell

A wound conferred
E lash that's scar marks son to son
ann in the bare baking field only sears worse
But the creature tho' branded transforms
It'll alter let it take an era or epoch more

He throu' He tries not to forget
ond whether desiring ne'er does
For altho' memory is frail the body uld or hale
Recalls fore'er tha wail
'Nd although he himself oft fails
Inheriting bequeathing those pains in which he is regaled
Where the generations gather and together howl ond cackle
The listless youngling actual
or within an ancient deeply veiled
past e'en the furies prevails