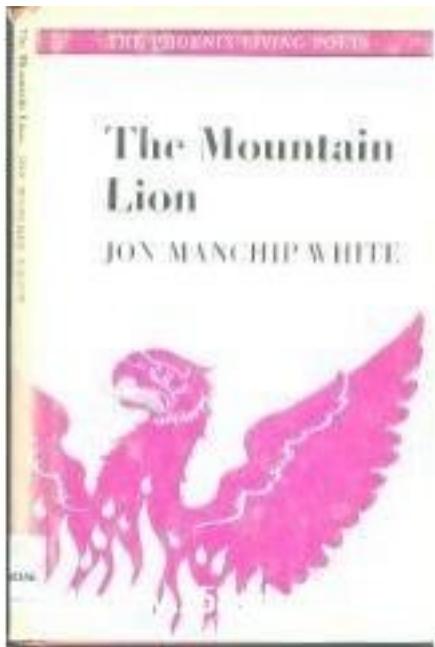


# The Mountain Lion



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著者:

出版者:

出版时间:

装帧:

isbn:9780701117702

THE MOUNTAIN LION  
For eight sweet years I ambled in the pines  
And struck the silly sheep and crunched their bones  
The huddled herds were frightened of their shadows  
Living was red and fat among the meadows  
I slid between the soft flanks of the cattle  
And hooked them with a claw as hard as metal  
Wet were my jaws and damp my pizzle  
Slick my pelt and streaked my muzzle  
Nothing so good can last for ever  
They tracked me lapping at the river  
Three of the dogs I ripped to bits  
Six bullets whacked me in the guts  
They peeled my tousled hide and scooped it out  
And gave the scavengers the marbled meat  
The skin they took and draped around a post  
And nailed it through the skull to hold it fast  
My limbs spreadeagled sideways in derision  
Spiked on the barbs to keep them in position  
Even in death I stay a shape of wrath  
A

grinning terror strung beside the path  
>And though I shrivel in the noonday glare  
> While hot winds nibble at my mangy fur  
>My brown ghost holds my ancient realm  
as fast  
> As if my fangs had never turned to dust

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