

## Song for Summer

*Walter J. Ong, S. J.*

Since four the slanting afternoon  
Has clung to the patched wall.  
The fevered pavement bleeds black tar,  
Unpopulated autos fall  
Impersonally into the far  
And phthisic blue.

This day was wearied with the noon:  
The hours of one . . . two . . . three  
Dissolved unwillingly  
Into eternity  
And wait there endlessly.

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How soon  
Will the swift stoop to his roofless den,  
Waiting? When and where  
Will voices come near again,  
Will voices not hurt the air?

How soon  
Will the wind's bars  
Break? How soon and why  
Will the wheeling sky  
Cast up its stars?