## THE RED PATH: A NARRATIVE AND THE WOUNDED BIRD

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649196166

The red path: a narrative and The wounded bird by John Freeman

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

### **JOHN FREEMAN**

# THE RED PATH: A NARRATIVE AND THE WOUNDED BIRD



## TWO POEMS BY JOHN FREEMAN

(€) ₹

## OF THIS ORDINARY EDITION FIFTY COPIES ONLY HAVE BEEN RESERVED FOR SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN THIS IS No. 27.

/ Informan

LONDON SELWYN & BLOUNT LTD.



## THE RED PATH

A Narrative

AND

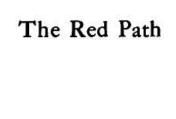
### THE WOUNDED BIRD

BY

JOHN FREEMAN



CAMBRIDGE DUNSTER HOUSE 1921



#### THE RED PATH

1

LYING there, in a quiet October air,
He waited, tired of so long lying there
For yet unhurrying death; and as he waited
The neighbour waited too, and they both hated
The thought of that slow Shadow moving on belated—
Which of them the more impatient I know not,
But she, being woman, less concealed her thought.

She asked him once, and dared not ask again,
"Shall I send for your wife?" but the old man when
"Your wife!" he heard, shook his weak head and frowned
And cast pale angry orbs the room around,
Lest his wife should be there.

She never came.

He died keeping almost to the end the same
Smouldering fury, with quick sparks of rage
Which the neighbour bore with as the whim of age.
"'Twas strange," she said, "how he turned from his wife
and sons!

Never a word of the boys—fine boys—though once They lived together. How he hated his wife— A poor thing she—terrified out of her life If he swore at her. Now lying here he seems