# Howling

## Adam Barnes

January starts without much sympathy,
just like every dog that's let loose right in front of me.& this time next year things will settle slowly,
like a rush of blood,
the fear my heart beholds of me.Your better days, are yet to come,
to silence fights, the beating drums.
the eloquent, the yet to know, the will it hurt,
the will it hold?And although this rain has lasted us quite long enough,
it's been several months without the sleep to comfort us.
& can you hear the dogs? They're howling down below.
It's a fervent ground you can feel it,
but you will never know.That better days, are yet to come.
To silence fights, the beating drums,
the eloquence, the yet to know,
the "will it hurt?", the "will it hold?"This night won't satisfy me,
This fear won't bring me to the ground.
I know you're scared of hiding,
I know you're aching to be found.
I know you're aching to be found.
I know you're aching to be-This night won't satisfy me,
This fear won't bring me to the ground
I know you're scared of hiding
I know you're aching to be found.
I know you're aching to be found.
I know you're aching to be-

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