

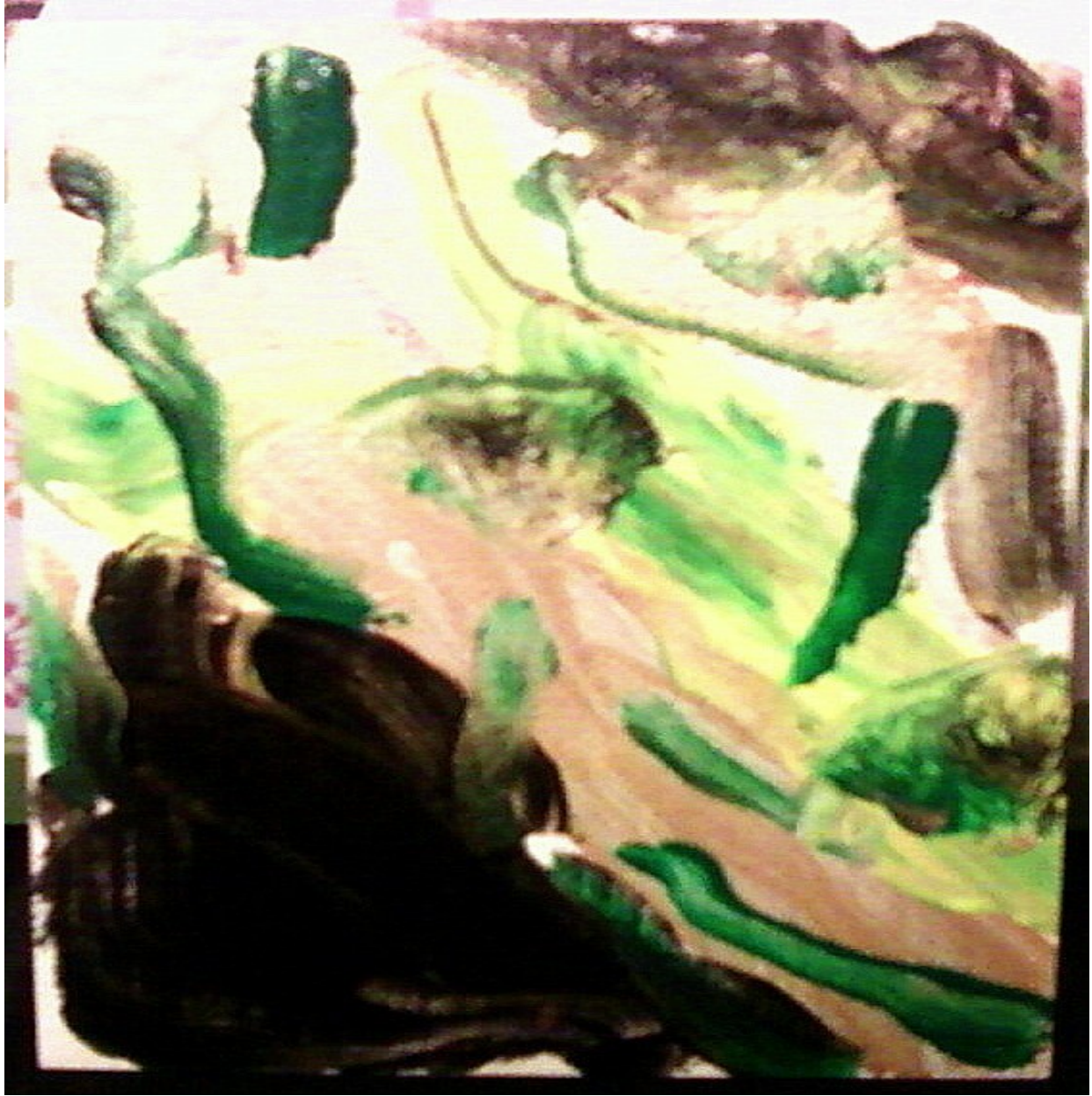


Complacency

Ryan Andrew Loera

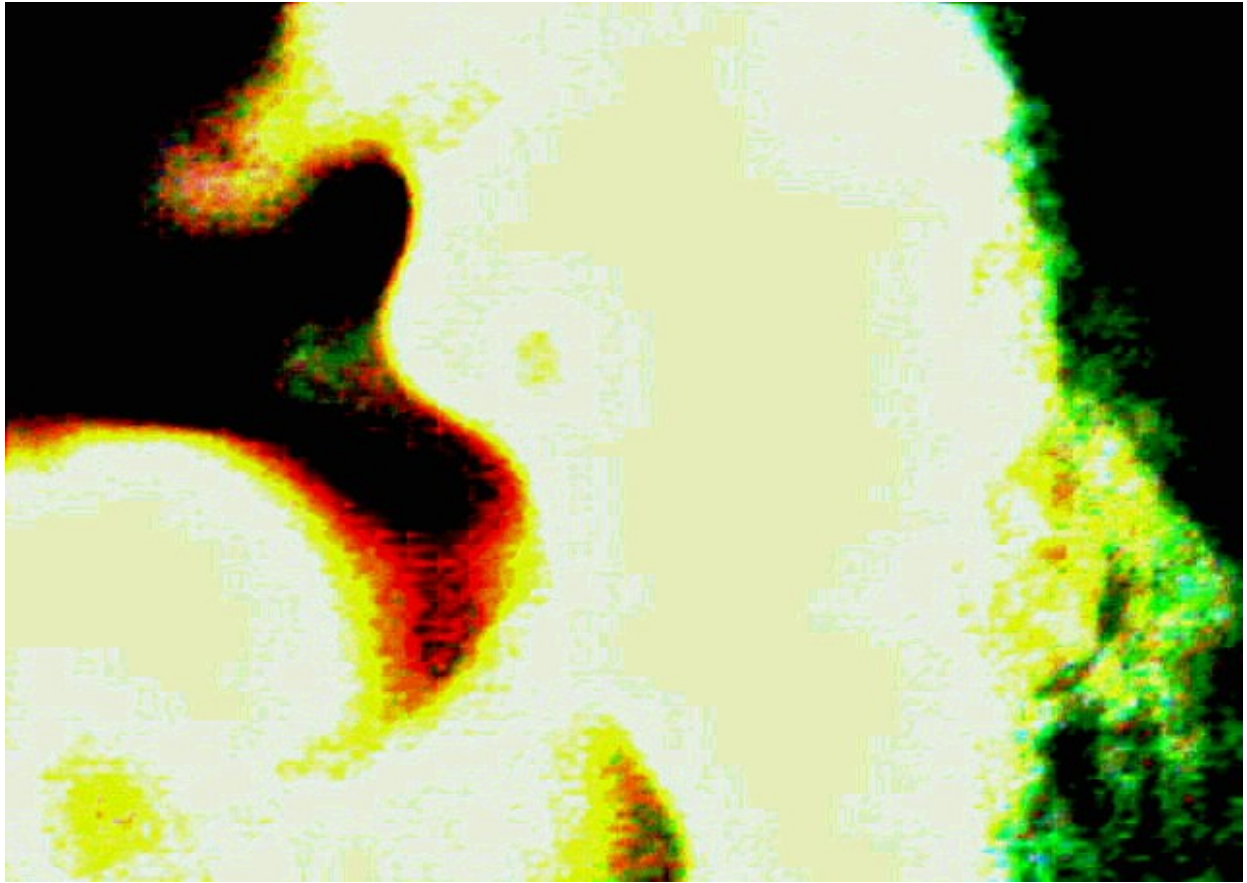
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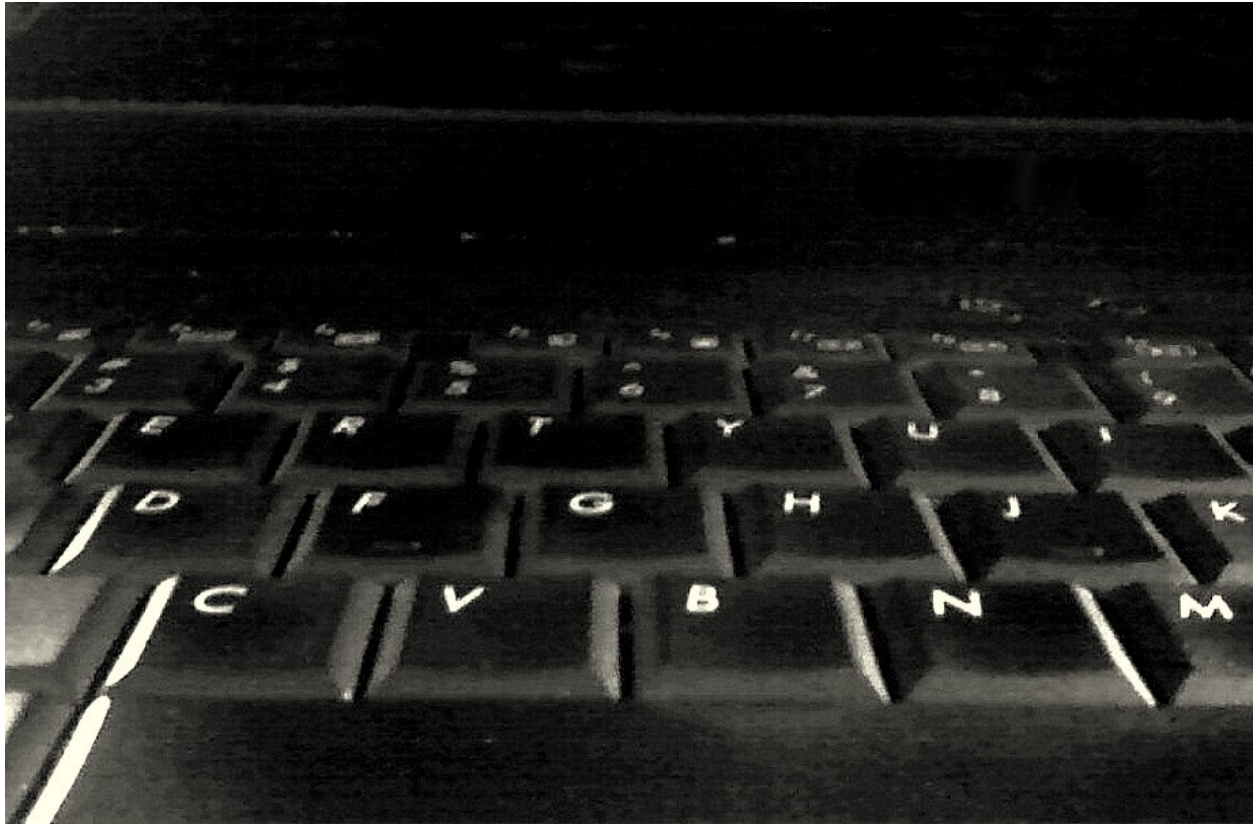






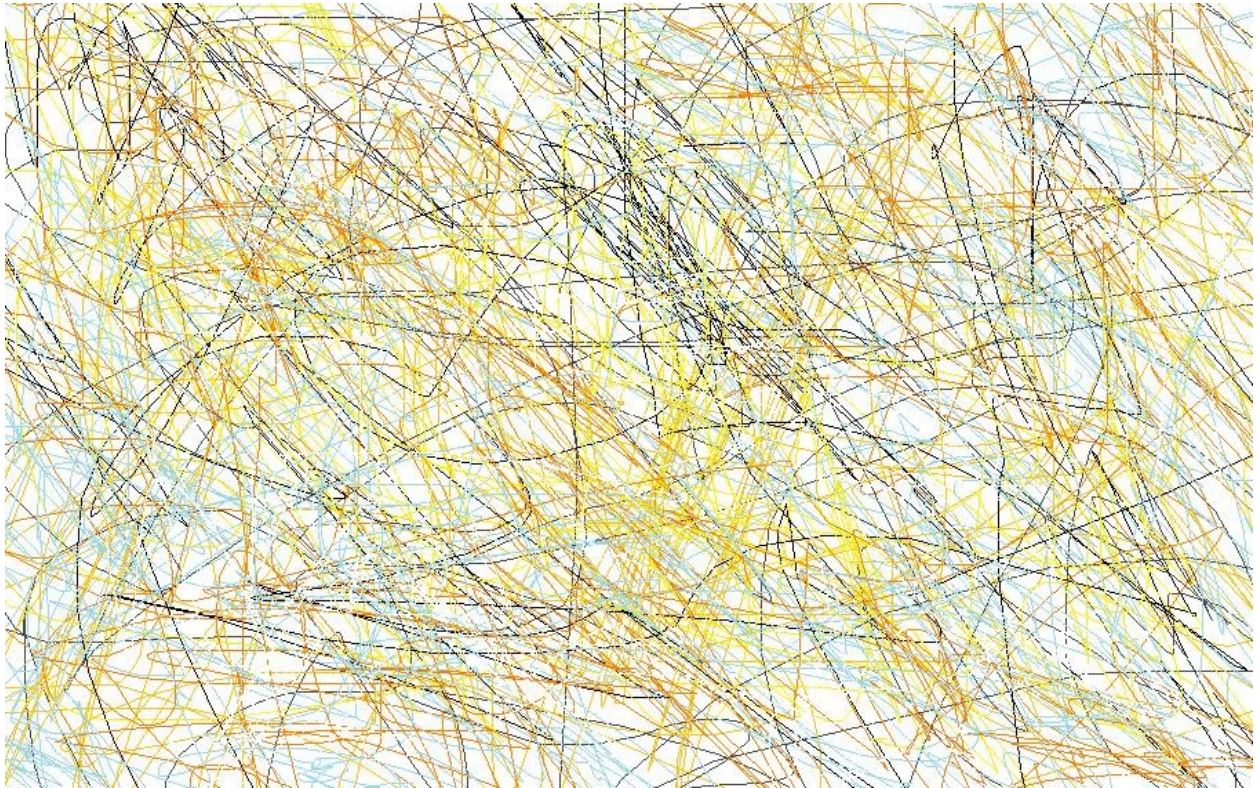


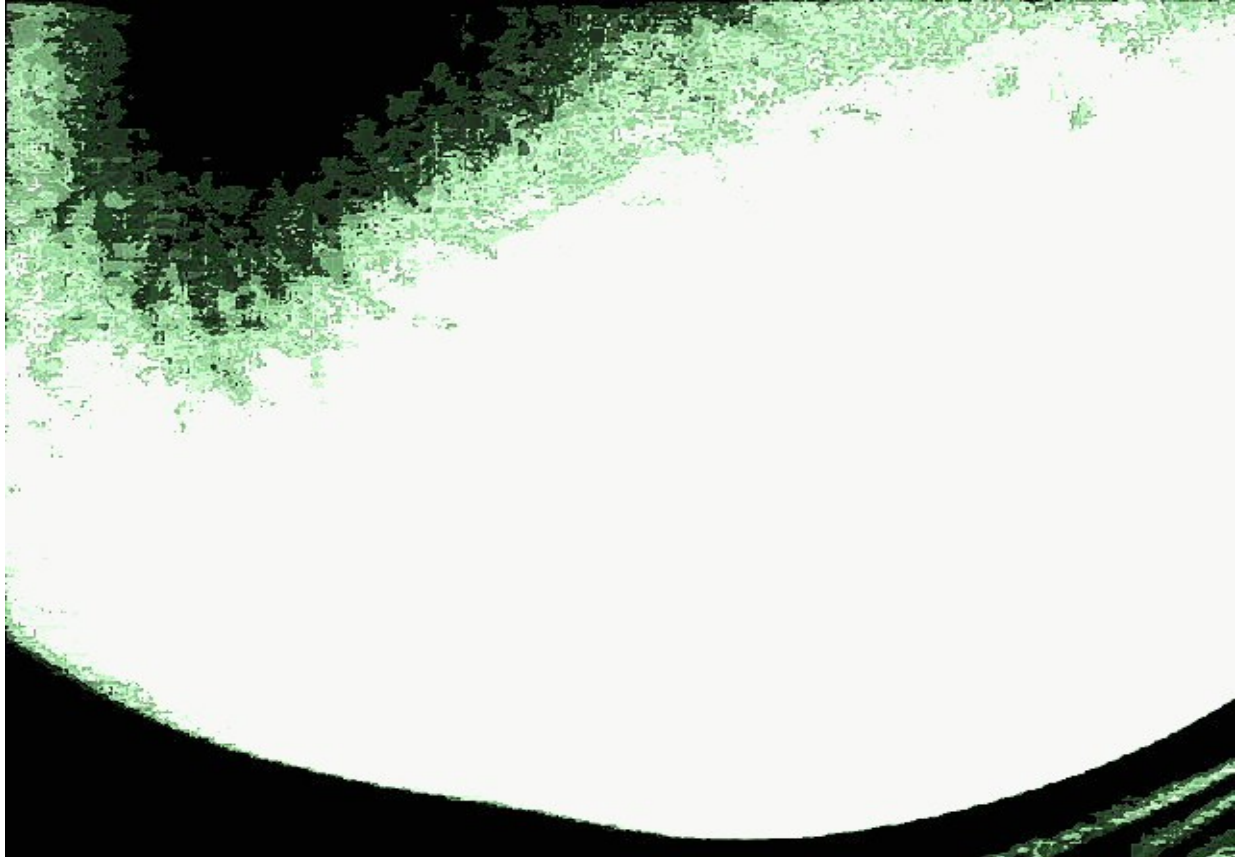


















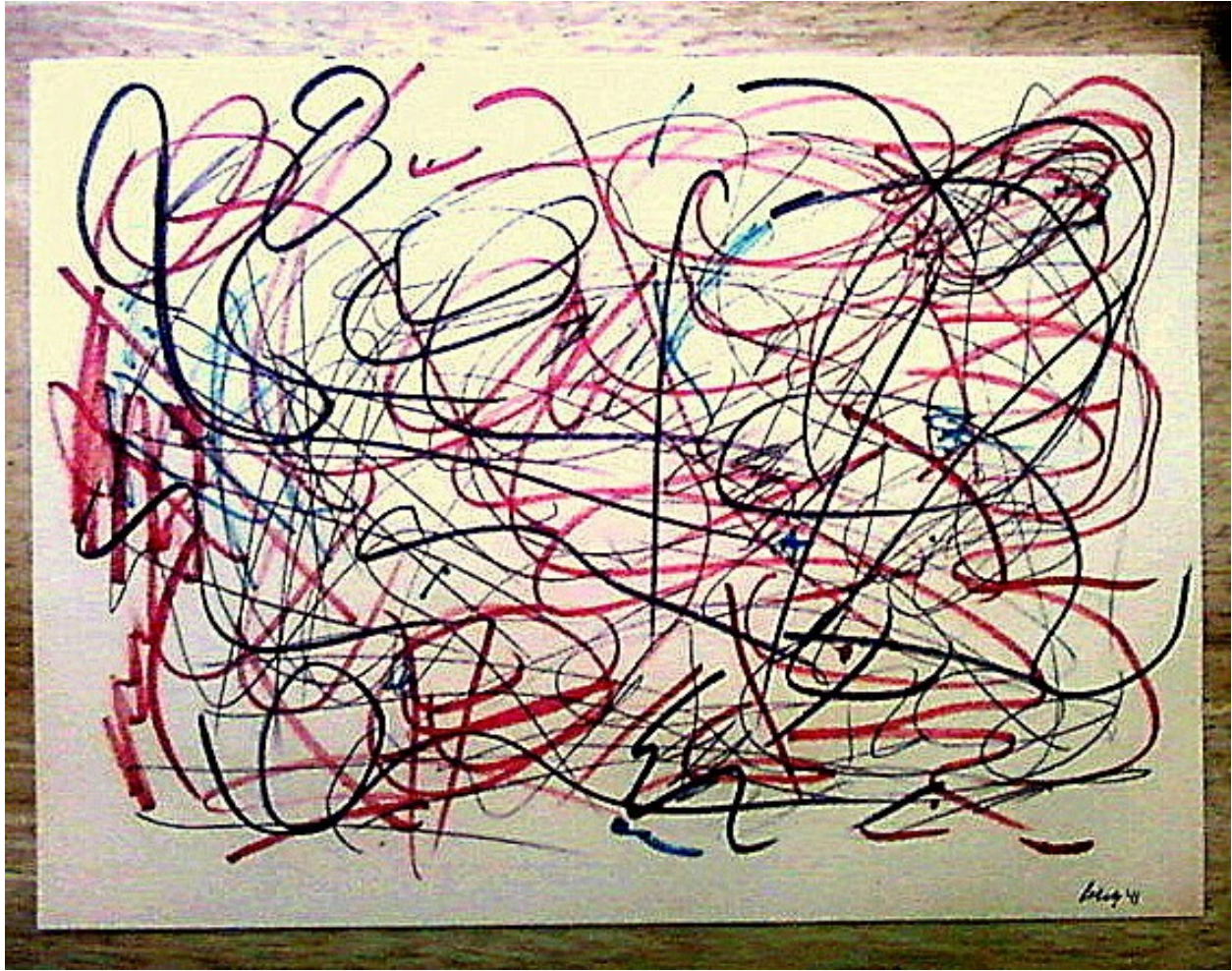
...hours, melody
...the light died down and night
...melancholies came forth and night
He waited for some moments, listening, before
...up the air with them. He was listening with pain of
...to the overtone of weariness behind their frail fresh
...voices. Even before they set out on life's jour-
...they seemed weary already of the way.

He heard the choir of voices in the kitchen echoed and
multiplied through an endless reverberation of the choirs
of endless generations of children: and heard in all the
echoes an echo also of the recurring note of weariness
and pain. All seemed weary of life even before entering
upon it. And he remembered that Newman had heard this
note also in the broken lines of Virgil giving utterance,
*like the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness
yet hope of better things which has been the experi-
ence of her children in every time.*

He could wait no longer.

From the door of Byron's publichouse to the gate of
Clontarf Chapel, from the gate of Clontarf Chapel to the
door of Byron's publichouse and then back again to
the chapel and then back again to the publichouse he had
paced slowly at first, planting his steps scrupulously in
the spaces of the patchwork of the footpath, then timorously
their fall to the fall of verses. A full hour had passed
since his father had gone in with Dan Crosby, the tutor,
to find out for him something about the university. For
full hour he had paced up and down, waiting: but he
could wait no longer.

He set off abruptly for the Bull, walking rapidly lest
his father's shrill whistle might call him back; and in a
few moments he had rounded the curve at the police barracks
and was safe.







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