

The raccoon's feast. Arcadia, [Calif.], Raccoon Press, c1963.

OCT 18 1965

Ringtail Tales The RACCOONS' FEAST

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One hundred copies

THE RACCOONS' FEAST by Olive Dougan

COME, little raccoons, Bright-eyed creatures of the night. Here on the terrace floor
Bowls heaped high with meats & fruits We place a dish for your delight. The water bowl set just apart. The feast is laid,
Come little masked creatures Of the night.

Dark grows the sunset sky, Swiftly the light has fled Behind the hill. Hear from the dusty trees,
Incessant, shrill, The night music of the cicadas swell, Bidding you to come, little raccoons, Bidding you to come.

Up from the canyon's dusky depth, Pointed ears and ringed tails, Masked as for a masquerade, On
silent feet the guests are come To where our feast is laid. And small hands dip, quite unafraid, The food into the water bowl,
Whilst the musicians in the trees Sing on and never cease.

Behind the netted door The vigilant cat Hides, but rasps desirous claw. And at the warning sound
Swifter than ghosts Before the conquering dawn, Silently the revellers have fled. And only now my words remain
To tell how the raccoons came Masked as for a masquerade, Drummed by the cicadas endless call
From the canyon's dusty floor.

ARCADIA



This, the first in a series of broadside ballads, is Ringtail Tale no. 1. Printed by C. Cockel at the Raccoon Press in an edition of one hundred copies, c . 1963.