

A LETTER FROM A MAN OF MANY LETTERS

Everything and anything
Has been said all ways anyway.
No thing is a new thing.
So why should I kowtow to modern dictum
And avoid roses and June and love,
Or whatever things I love?
Then subjects of peasants
Please other peasants.
(Take it any way.)
Besides, what is more hackneyed than man
Himself, or worse,
What is more trite than
Yet another pedant poet?
At least my hair is short.