

Oh, when I was in love with you,  
 Then I was clean and brave,  
 And miles around the wonder grew  
 How well I did behave.  
 And now the fancy passes by,  
 And nothing will remain,  
 And miles around they'll say that I  
 Am quite myself again.

—a. e. housman



# grabag

anyone lived in a p  
 (with up so floating  
 spring summer autu  
 he sang his didn't he

Women and men (be  
 cared for anyone not  
 they sowed their isn  
 sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but  
 and down they forgo  
 autumn winter spring  
 that noone loved him

when by now and tre  
 she laughed his joy s  
 bird by snow and sti  
 anyone's any was all

someones married the  
 laughed ther cryings  
 (sleep wake hope and  
 said their nevers the

stars rain sun moon  
 (and only the snow c  
 how children are apt  
 with up so floating m

one day anyone died i  
 (and noone stopped to  
 busy folk buried them  
 little by little and wa  
 all by all and deep by  
 and more by more the  
 noone and anyone ear  
 wish by spirit and if

Women and men (bo  
 summer autumn winte  
 reaped their sowing a  
 sun moon stars rain

**O Duty,**

Why hast thou not the visage of a sweetie or a cutie?  
 Why glitter they spectacles so ominously?  
 Why art thou clad so abominously?  
 Why art thou so different from Venus  
 And why do thou and I have so few interests mutually in  
 common between us?  
 Why art thou fifty per cent martyr  
 And fifty-one per cent Tartar?

Why is thy unfortunate wont

To try to attract people by calling on them either to leave  
 undone the deeds they like, or to do the deeds they don't?  
 Why art thou so like an April post-mortem  
 Or something that died in the ortumn?  
 Above all, why dost thou continue to hound me?  
 Why art thou always albatrossly hanging around me?

Thou so ubiquitous,  
 And I so iniquitous.

I seem to be the one person in the world thou art perpetually  
 preaching at who or to who;  
 Whatever looks like fun, there art thou standing between  
 me and it, calling yoo-hoo.  
 O Duty, Duty!  
 How noble a man should I be hadst thou the visage of a  
 sweetie or a cutie!

But as it is thou art so much forbiddinger than a Wode-  
 house hero's forbiddingest aunt  
 That in the words of the poet, When Duty whispers low, Thou  
 must, this erstwhile youth replies, I just can't.

—ogden nash