

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΕΔ

CONSTANCY

I was discussing oysters with a crony :
GOD sent to me the angels DIN and DONI.
“ An man of spunk,” they urged, “ would
hardly choose
To breakfast every day chez Lapérouse.”
“ No !” I replied, “ he would not do so, BUT
Think of his woe if Lapérouse were shut !
“ I eat these oysters and I drink this wine
Solely to drown this misery of mine.
“ Yet the last height of consolation’s cold :
Its pinnacle is—not to be consoled !
“ And though I sleep with Jane and Eleanor
I feel no better than I did before,
“ And Julian only fixes in my mind
Even before feels better than behind.
“ You are Mercurial spirits—be so kind
As to enable me to raise the wind.
“ Put me in LAYLAH’S arms again : the
Accurst,
Leaving me that. elsehow may do his worst.”
DONI and DIN, perceiving me inspired,
Conceived their task was finished : they retired.
I turned upon my friend, and, breaking bounds,
Borrowed a trifle of two hundred pounds.