

SPORT AND MARRIAGE  
*To my Wife*

How dream from facts of nature swerves !

As I was shooting my preserves  
I would not have believed, I swear,  
How very tame the pheasants were.  
My spaniel to a setter blushed ;  
The bird would simply not be flushed.  
I beat one with a stick quite hard ;  
He only fluttered half a yard,  
Scolding me : “ Idiot and brute,  
Why in the devil don't you shoot ? ”  
I turned upon my heel ; the bird  
Followed me home—it sounds absurd !  
[My fault ! for getting the grand slam on  
Chateau Yquem and cold boiled salmon !]  
At last in anger, not for fun,  
I lifted my reluctant gun,  
Gave him both barrels, plain and choke,  
And blew him into bits. I woke.

—How dreams reflect the facts of life !  
I was in bed with my own wife.