

An Impertinent Thought

My dear, it's all quite true, I'm afraid,
This impertinent thought that's left you dismayed:
That a keener wit and a sharper eye
Could do much more with the words than I.

But *I* must be the one to give them,
For I'm the only one who's lived them;
For another to recount them second-hand,
Would, of course, be equally bland.

I do wish I had the gifted ability
Of conveying my thoughts with utter facility;
But then, if I did, I suppose my life's mission
Would tend less towards poet than politician.