



a man who had fallen among thieves
lay by the roadside on his back
dresses in fifteenthrate ideas
wearing a round jeer for a hat

fate per a somewhat more than less
emancipated evening
had in return for consciousness
endowed him with a changeless grin

whereon a dozen staunch and leal
citizens did graze at pause
then fired by hypercivic zeal
sought newer pastures or because

swaddled with a frozen brook
of pinkest vomit out of eyes
which noticed nobody he looked
as if he did not care to rise

one hand did nothing on the vest
its wideflung friend clenched
weakly dirt
while the mute trouserfly confessed
a button solemnly inert.

Brushing from whom the stiffened
puke
i put him all into my arms
and staggered banged with terror
through
a million billion trillion stars

E.E. Cummings