

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

The rustic straw, or in the fatted form
Of some church-going citizen would yawn
While Hermes or Apollo spake.

Again

Like that famed, errant Babylonian king,
In horn-deep pastures I would graze and stray;
And under odorous, knoll-crowning trees
At noonday ruminat the leisurely cud.
When all aweary of each languorous change
I longed for sleep, with drooping wings I'd sink
Adown the ether till some gloom I found,
Where cool and mornless night would woo my soul
To dreamless rest. When I awake again
Some newer charm of indolence I'd find.
Ah, friend, for living life has little worth—
But for such loafing! Let us dream of it.