

## The Life of the Grasshopper

Thou sleepest with unwaking heart,  
While the frail body falls apart  
In rags that unregarded lie,  
Save by the Ant's rapacious eye.

She, groping greedily, one day  
Makes of thy shrivelled corpse her prey;  
Dissects the trunk, gnaws limb from limb,  
Concocts, according to her whim,  
A salad such grim housewives know,  
A tit-bit saved for hours of snow.

### III

That, gentlemen, is truly told,  
Unlike the fairy-tale of old;  
But finds it favour in his sight,  
Who grabs at farthings, day and night?  
Pot-bellied, crooked-fingered, he  
Would rule the world with L.S.D.

Such riff-raff spread the vulgar view  
That "artists are a lazy crew,"  
That "fools must suffer." Silent be!  
When the Cicada taps the tree,  
You steal his drink; when life has fled,  
You basely batten on the dead.