

MOZZARIS  
LEET.

ENIGMA.

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Though with Satan I dwelt from the earliest time,  
And the source of all sin, yet I never knew crime.  
Amphibious I am, though I live not in water :  
I kill not yet slay, and can revel in slaughter.  
In the Sea I reside, but I dwell not in Ocean—  
All religions contain me though lacking devotion.  
I dearly love mobs, yet detest all low people—  
I ne'er go to Church though I lodge in the steeple.  
With Commons and Lords I possess my two seats,  
Though ne'er in my place when the Parliament meets.  
In the Abbey I never have ventured my nose,  
Yet all other Minsters I've seen, I suppose,  
Ever since the first Church under Constantine rose.  
I mix in all battles, yet love not a fight ;  
I finish all letters—not knowing to write.  
I was never in love, though I relish sweet kisses—  
I am fond of applause—but I glory in hisses.  
I'm a saint, and a sinner, a savage, a miser—  
In short I'm *yourself*--but you're never the wiser.

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