

# **FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS**

EZRA LOOMIS POUND

# Table of Contents

<u>FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS</u> .....	1
<u>EZRA LOOMIS POUND</u> .....	1

# FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS

## EZRA LOOMIS POUND

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.  
Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job and no worry about the future.  
You are very idle, my songs,  
I fear you will come to a bad end.  
You stand about the streets, You loiter at the corners and bus-stops,  
You do next to nothing at all.

You do not even express our inner nobility,  
You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half-cracked.  
I have talked to you so much that I almost see you about me,  
Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,  
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.  
I will get you a green coat out of China  
With dragons worked upon it.  
I will get you the scarlet silk trousers  
From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria Novella;  
Lest they say we are lacking in taste,  
Or that there is no caste in this family.