

# Cold Blooded Creatures

By Elinor Wylie

Man, the egregious egoist,  
(In mystery the twig is bent,)  
Imagines, by some mental twist,  
That he alone is sentient

Of the intolerable load  
Which on all living creatures lies,  
Nor stoops to pity in the toad  
The speechless sorrow of its eyes.

He asks no questions of the snake,  
Nor plumbs the phosphorescent gloom  
Where lidless fishes, broad awake,  
Swim staring at a night-mare doom.

Elinor Wylie, "Cold Blooded Creatures" from *Selected Works of Elinor Wylie*, edited by Evelyn Helmick Hively (Kent, Ohio: The Kent State University Press, 2005). Reprinted with the permission of The Kent State University Press.

Source: Selected Works of Elinor Wylie (Kent State University Press, 2005)