Dream Song 14

By John Berryman

Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so.
   After all, the sky flashes, the great sea yearns,
   we ourselves flash and yearn,
   and moreover my mother told me as a boy
   (repeatingly) ‘Ever to confess you’re bored
   means you have no

Inner Resources.’ I conclude now I have no
   inner resources, because I am heavy bored.
   Peoples bore me,
   literature bores me, especially great literature,
   Henry bores me, with his plights & gripes
   as bad as achilles,

who loves people and valiant art, which bores me.
   And the tranquil hills, & gin, look like a drag
   and somehow a dog
   has taken itself & its tail considerably away
   into mountains or sea or sky, leaving
   behind: me, wag.

John Berryman, Dream Song 14 from The Dream Songs. Copyright © 1969 by John Berryman, renewed 1997 by Kate Donahue Berryman. Used by permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, LLC, http://us.macmillan.com/fsg. All rights reserved.

Source: The Dream Songs (Farrar Straus and Giroux, 1991)