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)