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.

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