For My Contemporaries

By J. V. Cunningham

How time reverses
   The proud in heart!
I now make verses
   Who aimed at art.

But I sleep well.
   Ambitious boys
Whose big lines swell
   With spiritual noise,

Despise me not!
   And be not queasy
To praise somewhat:
   Verse is not easy.

But rage who will.
   Time that procured me
Good sense and skill
   Of madness cured me.
