

# 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.

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