


PHILOSOPHY

# THE FASCINATION OF WHAT'S BEING DIFFICULT

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The fascination of what's difficult  
Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent  
Spontaneous joy and natural content  
Out of my heart. There's something ails our colt  
That must, as if it had not holy blood  
Nor on Olympus leaped from cloud to cloud,  
Shiver under the lash, strain, sweat and jolt  
As though it dragged road metal. My curse on plays  
That have to be set up in fifty ways,  
On the day's war with every knave and dolt,  
Theatre business, management of men.  
I swear before the dawn comes round again  
I'll find the stable and pull out the bolt.

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