

You Must Pledge a Grinding Stone to Kernels

It was nobler to forestall the dawn.

Darkfall scantily clad in a stirring wooden mask,
The proletariat of silence spiteful,
Languid to approaching lingerers.

Is it with dry morsels of bean cake and forsaken corn
You shall often speed to the standing-place of the spirit?

Not unless the ministrant forebear wine,
Softening bud and tenderer nuts.

Such petulant panic of a measured temper
Is native taste to peasant-hour.

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