

Wit and Humor.

“MANY a ‘murdered poet’ will read the following with a savage delight:

REFLECTIONS.

Upon reading a copy of my first poem, published in the *Evening Post*:

“Ah! here it is! I’m ready now—

An author and the gods!

It’s time to take it off!

And gentle Anna! What a thrill!

To read these lines and know

‘To whom they addressed.

Why, bleed my soul—there’s something strange!

By taking of the ‘dead’ brooks,

That gender the green—

Which makes it ‘steaming’ still.

‘We’ll seek its ‘steaming’ shade,

And find it ‘steaming’ still.

They laid us—what? I recollect

‘Twas ‘sweet’ and then ‘wound’ kind;

And now, to think, the stink!

Was ever such profane work!

‘Tis curmudgeon by the gods!

By taking of the dead!

‘Tis time to take it off!

Who ever saw such a pair?

‘Tis time to take it off!

Those gentle eyes bedimmed.

It really is too bad!

And so it goes on!

My ‘lovely mind’ is mad!

They drew her blind by poking in

At me, and now she’s mad again!

And made her runny!

Wherever she goes, she’s mad!

Thus read my lesson; here it comes!

‘Tis time to take it off no longer!

‘Tis time to take it off!

‘Tis time to take it off!

A woman’s love to hate will turn

I’ll read no more! What shall I do?

I’ll never dare to send it out!

‘Tis time to take it off!

Oh! Fanny! thou cleast of human bl—

I wish my poem had burnt!

Before it lit the light!

Let’s go and recuperate!

He said his poem had burnt!

I told her she’s a lunatic!

And blind, and deaf, and lame;

What a pity!

I’ve got a hand, and praised

The cold!

He was a hand, and praised

His eyes, and bones;

And said he was a hand!

He’s got a hand!

‘Tis time to take it off!

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