

THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked And figs grew upon thorn, Some
moment when the moon was blood Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry And ears like errant wings, The
devil's walking parody On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth, Of ancient crooked will; Starve, scourge,
deride me: I am dumb, I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour; One far fierce hour and sweet: There was a
shout about my ears, And palms before my feet.