

## LOGGERHEADS

PLEASE yourself how you have it.  
Take my words, and fling  
Them down on the counter roundly;  
See if they ring.

Sift my looks and expressions,  
And see what proportion there is  
Of sand in my doubtful sugar  
Of verities.

Have a real stock-taking  
Of my manly breast;  
Find out if I'm sound or bankrupt,  
Or a poor thing at best.

For I am quite indifferent  
To your dubious state,  
As to whether you've found a fortune  
In me, or a flea-bitten fate.

Make a good investigation  
Of all that is there,  
And then, if it's worth it, be grateful--  
If not then despair.

If despair is our portion

Then let us despair.

Let us make for the weeping willow.

I don't care.