

SOME IDEA I HAD

E. F. GUY

Some idea I had, by rages fostered,
That I would yet be gladdened at your death,
That looking on your rigid form, the still,
The cold and placid face, would yield me pleasure.

For you had taken, broken, and made me
From myself, to myself, a fool of myself.

Coolly I counted the days till I should lure you,
Catch you unawares and beat you down,
Then watch your frown of amazement sunder and twist
To staring purple;

Words, I vowed, would not avail
Against my purpose,
And you would flail out life
To a laugh of derision.

The decision made, I moved—quietly, I thought—to act.
Still you caught me, shackled my hands again,
And flayed me, Faith.

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