

**Oh to be idle loving idleness!  
But I am idle all in hate of me;  
Ever in action's dream, in the false stress  
Of purposed action never set to be.  
Like a fierce beast self-penned in a bait-lair,  
My will to act binds with excess my action,  
Not-acting coils the thought with raged despair,  
And acting rage doth paint despair distraction.  
Like someone sinking in a treacherous sand,  
Each gesture to deliver sinks the more;  
The struggle avails not, and to raise no hand,  
Though but more slowly useless, we've no power.  
Hence live I the dead life each day doth bring,  
Repurposed for next day's repurposing.**