

WARNING!

This tiny-but-deadly poem might make you feel as if you've just been punched in the face!

You are particularly at risk of the face-punch feeling if you are in Sixth Year, or are old enough to care about words like “variable” and “fixed”.

In this week's poem, Ezra Pound warns us of the need to make every day count. Otherwise, life can simply slip by in an unremarkable way, creating no more of an impact than a feeble field mouse.

Ouch!

☺ *Welcome to the new school year!* ☺

And the Days are Not Full Enough

And the days are not full enough

And the nights are not full enough

And life slips by like a field mouse

Not shaking the grass.

Ezra Pound