

I'd just done the best work
to fall into my hands for quite some time:
of night oil I'd burned much,
made sure both style and content were sublime
So I put it forward
to the public forum
in anticipation of my due acclaim.
And meanwhile, by contrast,
I'd penned a eulogy, pure workaday,
just hack work, just dashed off,
packed full of prolix puff and sad cliché....
No-one can really tell
when their hand's been played out well
and I don't even know
how my own story goes
or if it's worth a jot.
I can't see my stream.
What I thought was perfect,
what I thought was polished,
no-one thought it worth much
and they made that clear.
What I thought was worthless,
merely repetition
somehow tugged the heartstrings,
brought them all to tears.
I can't see my stream.
No-one can ever know
what of their own's their very best.