

## BALLADE OF THE BACKS

IN May one often sees a fool  
    (A fool one guesses him to be)  
Canoeing up to Byron's Pool,  
    Or downward toward the salty sea.  
    One of them necessarily,  
Unless one absolutely slacks  
    (Say under King's or Trinity)  
Upon the backs—upon the backs

The garb this person wears is cool,  
    As his own self-complacency.  
He wears a blazer made of wool  
    Or flannel (This is poetry,  
    And tailoring is nought to me)  
Whose colours might be filed in stacks ;  
    A straw in speechless harmony !  
Upon the backs—upon the backs

He smokes the weed of Istamboul ;  
    He vaguely feels that he is free.  
He seems to challenge Nature : “ Who'll  
    Dare to constrain my liberty ? ”  
    He paddles like a honey-bee ;  
His golden boots are made at Flack's ;  
    You often see a man like he  
Upon the backs—upon the backs

## ENVOI

Prince, you may storm Sevastopool,  
    With Maxim's thwacks and axe attacks ;  
I ply the deft Canadian tool  
    Upon the backs—upon the backs