

To Count Tolstoy

By Victor B. Neuburg

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DEAR TOLSTOY, there's no doubt I shalt agree
With all you say when I'm ninety-one;
But as I'm only twenty now, you see,
(And young at that!), I mean to have some fun!

I will not crush my nature 'neath my heel
To please a problematic tyrant God;
Great Caesar! Tolstoy! I'm a *man*, and *feel*,
Perhaps I shan't when I'm beneath the sod!

What shall Achievement's glittering heights afford?
Thence came an echo with each scented breeze,
But never have I heard your ghostly Lord:
I serve not ghosts. It's men that I would please.
Doubtless, when I am old, I'll be as thou;
But now? I happen to be *living* now!