

Snatched Muggers Ram-raid

Taken without consent

Ram-raid Snatched Theft

Stolen

ary

Snatched

Snatched Robbed

Lines

Taken v
Ram-raid

Theft

Stolen Mugge

Ripped off by

Ram-raid
taken without consent

Wulfie

Muggers

bed

Theft

Ram-raid
Burglary

Their
Snatched

Classic Wisdom

Vice may be had in abundance
Citing Homer as a witness.

The gods, too, may be turned from their purpose
By libations and the odour of fat.

A host of books written by children of the Moon
Persuade whole cities that sin may fill a vacant hour
At the service of the pains of hell
Like bees on the wing.

By crooked ways

Pain and loss

Tyrannizes over truth

The concealment of wickedness is often difficult.

Nothing great is easy.

A History by Arthur

A spring day
A flood of sunlight
A brown French inn
A tree stuck out of a window.

Honest authors realise
Books are never as good as they had planned.
Everybody who reads grumbles
And yet criticism is like quarrelling with a guinea-pig.

It is not the guinea-pig's business.

We tell improper stories as competently as ever.

Victorian Wisdom

History will never be written
We know too much about it.
Ignorance simplifies and clarifies
Selects and omits
So vast a quantity of information.

*An explorer of the past will attack
in unexpected places.*

Shoot a searchlight in obscure recesses
Far depths to be examined with a careful curiosity.

Grand Opera

Most will say yes

but this is not true

you have only one chance in a thousand.

Have you any idea of the requirements necessary?

You must have a fine, big voice of great power,
size, personality and pull.

You must also be on the other side of the ocean
with a king.

Some cranks insist that the days are passing.
This is not correct.

To be an “artist” is the aim.

Study is the means.

Marble Crotchets

Don't be frightened
Let the idea creep into your head.

There is a man who would talk you deaf
and write you blind
Together with
all the members of that
noisy family.

*It is a peculiar turn of mind
a whim
a fancy.*

The mind has freaks
Some folks are odd
They make perfect dunces
Natural and unavoidable.

But we will trip over history
which is shaded with blemishes.

Edinburgh, December 1848

Prophecies and miracles, we are told, have long ceased,
Permitted only by Divine goodness
Divine influence
Into the heart of obstinate man.

A doctrine we are naturally inclined to accept,
even in our day.

Circumstances surprise the imagination
With much curiosity, more wonder,
And striking revelations
From a prophetic spirit
A future still to be accomplished.

Why should the future be revealed to mankind?

What was all that about?

These poems were compiled by extracting lines from existing texts found on the [Project Gutenberg](#) website. Most were found by chance using the site's random selection feature. Why would I want to compile these poems? It is May 2020, the lockdown against the cruel Coronavirus is still going on and travel beyond the local essentials is not advised. These are stange times and strange times inspire strange things...

Sources:

Classic Wisdom: Extracted from *The Republic* by Plato, written around 375 BC.

A History by Arthur: Extracted from *A History of Story-telling* by Arthur Ransome, published in 1909.

Victorian Wisdom: Extracted from *Eminent Victorians* by Lytton Strachey, published in 1918.

Grand Opera: Extracted from *What Every Singer Should Know* by Millie Ryan, published in 1910.

Marble Crotchets: Extracted from *Mike Marble: His Crotchets and Oddities* by Francis C Woodworth, published in 1852.

Edinburgh, December 1848: Extracted from *Prophecies For The Present*, published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, December 1848.