

## AN OLD STORY

Strange that I did not know him then,  
That friend of mine!  
I did not even show him then  
One friendly sign;  
But Cursed him for the ways he had  
To make me see  
My envy of the praise he had  
For praising me.

I would have rid the earth of him  
Once, in my pride....  
I never new the worth of him  
until he died

-A poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson