# Yeats eats beets

what senseless thing of bloat and plasm

should slouch its bridge across the chasm?

leave nothing tattered, nothing torn

and find its way upon the day

and in the sloth's unblinking spasm

find unbarred the ancient way

to final home, where it is born

and fixed upon an evening star

a nebula or comet's light

should herald new with eyes held wide

an utterly uncaring blight

familiar, not the slightest strange:

the futile wars with the unchange