

“THE POET AND THE BABY”

BY

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How’s a man to write a sonnet, can you tell,—
How’s he going to weave the dim, poetic spell,—
 When a–toddlng on the floor
 Is the muse he must adore,
And this muse he loves, not wisely, but too well?

Now, to write a sonnet, every one allows,
One must always be as quiet as a mouse;
 But to write one seems to me
 Quite superfluous to be,
When you ‘ve got a little sonnet in the house.

Just a dainty little poem, true and fine,
That is full of love and life in every line,
 Earnest, delicate, and sweet,
 Altogether so complete
That I wonder what’s the use of writing mine.