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## Ode to Gloom translated by William Pitt Root

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## ODE TO GLOOM

Gloom, you scarab  
of seven-legged defeat,  
you cobweb's egg,  
despicable misfortune,  
skeleton of a bitch:  
Don't come in here.  
Don't bother to stop.  
Walk right on by.  
Go  
south with your umbrella.  
Here lives a poet.  
Gloom can't  
trudge through these doors.  
Through these windows  
blows the air of the world,  
the roses fresh and red,  
the waving flags  
of the people and their victories.  
Not you.  
Don't come in here.  
Shake  
your bat's wings,  
trample the plumes  
that fall from your cloak,  
sweep the pieces  
of your corpse toward  
the four corners of the wind,  
wring your neck,  
stitch your eyes shut,  
cut out your shroud  
and bury yourself, Gloom,  
    sink your rat bones  
deep under the brilliance of an apple.

*Translated by William Pitt Root*