

# TAEDIUM VITAE

*Oscar Wilde*

To stab my youth with desperate knives, to wear  
    This paltry age's gaudy livery,  
    To let each base hand filch my treasury,  
    To mesh my soul within a woman's hair,  
And be mere Fortune's lackeyed groom,—I swear  
    I love it not! these things are less to me  
    Than the thin foam that frets upon the sea,  
    Less than the thistledown of summer air  
    Which hath no seed: better to stand aloof  
Far from these slanderous fools who mock my life  
    Knowing me not, better the lowliest roof  
    Fit for the meanest hind to sojourn in,  
    Than to go back to that hoarse cave of strife  
Where my white soul first kissed the mouth of sin.