

The Monday Poem: 'Bad Time for Poetry' by Bertolt Brecht

September 27, 2015

The Monday poem is brought to you by the English Department. Enjoy!

Bad Time for Poetry by Bertolt Brecht

Yes, I know: only the happy man
Is liked. His voice
Is good to hear. His face is handsome

The crippled tree in the yard
Shows that the soil is poor, yet
The passers-by abuse it for being crippled
And rightly so.

The green boats and the dancing sails on the Sound
Go unseen. Of it all
I see only the torn nets of the fishermen.
Why do I only record
That a village woman aged forty walks with a stoop?
The girls' breasts
Are as warm as ever.

In my poetry a rhyme
Would seem to me almost insolent.

Inside me contend
Delight at the apple tree in blossom
And horror at the house-painter's speeches.
But only the second
Drives me to my desk.



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