

Fame

1

Fame is the spur that drives
And thereby hurts as it succeeds,
From whence the heavy heel derives
That heady power which it thus breeds.

2

That flagrant partner of ambition,
Almost as bad as blatant greed,
That overrides the very supposition
Of what may be wrong, I'd plead.

3

It's what we never find, but ever seek
Within unwritten pages still unturned,
Not such as flows from those too meek
To grasp that nettle otherwise is spurned.

4

And yet, this spur that's callèd fame
Will die with those who wore it well,
As it returns whence once it came,
For fame's a gong to sound death's knell.

Bill Guy