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Bessie Bobtail

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Bessie Bobtail

By JAMES STEPHENS

As down the street she wambled slow
She had not got a place to go ;
She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself—no place at all.
She stumped along and wagged her pate,
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut—and, left and right,
On either side she wagged her head,
And said a thing, and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while,
And watched the people nudge and smile ;
But ever as she went she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
Oh, God He knows, and God He knows,
And surely God Almighty knows.