

It's accidie my checkered babe,
my lacking-luster shackled girl,
not gluttony, nor lust, nor sloth,
nor anger, spite, nor even greed,
it's not the wish for what you're not,
that soils my hollow love of thee.

It's accidie which writes this poem,
that dim archaic gloomy mood,
it's meloncholic lack of will,
that yaps and barks, and sometimes bites,
it's ennui quaffed unto my fill
that claws the wounds that bleed tonite