ON 'TAO TE CHING'

Then, when he was seventy and frail,
The Teacher longed to rest,
For once more in his land mercy
    was forgotten
And malice again held power.
And he tied on his shoes.

And he gathered together what he
    needed:
Little. But it was this and that.
The pipe he always smoked in the
    evening,
And the little book he always read.
White bread to the eye's measure.

Once more he enjoyed the valley,
    and then forgot it,
As he took the path into the mountain.
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