

Hegel saw a Devon girl in the far off heather,
He was dirty and it was unconventional for such a man to leave the continent—
But the breath of history hot in his face made him uncomfortable,
And the breadth of history stretched his thin cotton breeches,

His face had grown two inches longer than the year before,
And the girl's squat face he thought the perfect abnegation of his own,
Fattening the piercing voice of human development, appearing as it did in sharp German tones,
Peeling back layers of dried habit he began to walk quickly in sodded dirt,

—Adamantine girl! he cried, but the culture of wrath carried his voice downwind,
And he shrieked like a barmaid as his foot caught on a rock,
Face in the dirt, lip cut, he performed three perfect *ave maria*'s,
When again he extended vertically the Devon girl was gone.

