

RICHARD CORY

*Whenever Richard Cory went down town
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.*

5 *And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulse when he said,
“Good-morning”, and he glittered when he walked.*

10 *And he was rich-yes, richer than a king-
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.*

15 *So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, One calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head*

- Edwin Arlington Robinson