

## Of Bliss and Ignorance

You say to me, this man was sad  
Unhappy, lonely, depressed, this Lincoln?  
His life a kind you'd not have led  
With cares of sorts you'd rather shun.

But what if there are rare rewards  
And towering peaks of ecstasy,  
Too subtle for untroubled hordes,  
Too fine for likes of you and me?

Ignorance is bliss, you shrug,  
But bliss is not the wallowing  
Of fat pigs in cool mud,  
Except for fat pigs, my friend.