

I cannot commend the mediocre.
It bores me, leaves me
Tasting little but a sore
In the mouth of an otherwise mind.
Even this, my own, that I would wish
Wonderful, wearies me only; luckily
Wearies none else. It is all.
It is only a canker
Beneath some lofty brow, hidden
From sight, sightless
In itself. I cannot commend
A ~~xxx~~ birth without an end. >

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