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SUGAR

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(With Apologies to William Blake)

Sugar! Sugar! sweet delight  
In my coffee of the night,  
What immortal's hand or pain  
Begot thy little precious grain?

In what distant lands or places;  
Cultivated by what races?  
On what wings was borne the cargo?  
What the hand dare place embargo?

In what crucible, with what art,  
Was formed the atom that is thy heart?  
And when thy heart came into sight  
What dread hand made thee so white?

What the importer? What the chain (1)  
In the warehouse hast thou lain?  
What the package; what the crate  
Dare bring you to this bed-snack plate?

When the gods found thee so sweet  
Did he agree to make the beet?  
Did he so share his work with me?  
Did he who made the pickle make thee?

Sugar! Sugar! sweet delight  
In my coffee of the night,  
With immortal's hand or pain  
Brought forth thy little precious grain?

(1) "chain" refers to a chain of stores.

W. J. C. '56

W.. P. W. '56