

HUMOR



Christopher Morley

(1890-1957)

Epitaph for Any New Yorker (1920)

I, who all my life had hurried,
Came to Peter's crowded gate;
And, as usual, was worried,
Fearing that I might be late.
So when I began to jostle
(I forgot that I was dead),
Patient, smiled the old Apostle:
"Take your eternity," he said.