

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Richard Cory (1897)

5 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.
10 And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said;
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.
And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
15 And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.
So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home, and put a bullet through his head.

their symmet
We know the
Who stood ag
Where are the
Setting their
Bright fire of
Their poems
Sex-songs. low
Not only the
The slaves in
The Judean
Gaul with her
Where are the
Who will find
For we need

CRITICAL THINKING

1. Reading this poem is the poet's
2. On which