

# I

Nobody hates me more than I;  
No enemy have I to-day  
That I so bravely must defy;  
There are no foes along my way,  
However bitter they may be,  
So powerful to injure me  
As I am, nor so quick to spoil  
The beauty of my bit of toil.

Nobody harms me more than I;  
No one is meaner unto me;  
Of all the foes that pass me by  
I am the worst one that I see.  
I am the dangerous man to fear;  
I am the cause of sorrow here;  
Of all men 'gainst my hopes inclined  
I am myself the most unkind.

I do more harmful things to me  
Than all the men who seem to hate;  
I am the fellow that should be  
More dreaded than the works of fate.  
I am the one that I must fight  
With all my will and all my might;  
My foes are better friends to me  
Than I have ever proved to be.

I am the careless foe and mean;  
I am the selfish rival too;  
My enmity to me is seen  
In almost everything I do.  
More courage it requires to beat  
Myself, than all the foes I meet;  
I am more traitorous to me  
Than other men could ever be.

In every struggle I have lost  
I am the one that was to blame;  
My weaknesses cannot be glossed  
By glib excuses. I was lame.  
I that would dare for fame or pelf  
Am far less daring with myself.  
I care not who my foes may be,  
I am my own worst enemy.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)