# Audio file – “Miniver Cheevy”

[32-Track-32-1.mp3](https://neagov-my.sharepoint.com/personal/travisd_arts_gov/Documents/Transcribed%20Files/32-Track-32-1.mp3)

Dana Gioia

Sometimes the emotions in a story are very complex. In Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem Miniver Cheevy, for example, the poem tells a story that is simultaneously very sad and very funny. It's the story of an alcoholic who's at odds with his own life, caught in a kind of web of bitter disillusionment. Listen to how well David Mason brings all of those emotions across in a reading that is both funny and sad.

David Mason

“Miniver Cheevy”

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,

 Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;

He wept that he was ever born,

 And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old

 When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;

The vision of a warrior bold

 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,

 And dreamed, and rested from his labors;

He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,

 And Priam’s neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown

 That made so many a name so fragrant;

He mourned Romance, now on the town,

 And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,

 Albeit he had never seen one;

He would have sinned incessantly

 Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace

 And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;

He missed the mediæval grace

 Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,

 But sore annoyed was he without it;

Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,

 And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,

 Scratched his head and kept on thinking;

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,

 And kept on drinking.