

Stephen Robertson

Vagrant monosyllables

Let he who is without zen. . . but there is a multitude of zens. The zens of the fathers are visited on the sons, even if living in zen.

Gloves are a many-splendoured thing. Gloves make the world go round, and all's fair in gloves and war, though the course of true gloves never did run smooth. No glove lost.

We have nothing to wear but wear itself. Without wear or favour, fools rush in, where angels wear to tread. I'll wear not what men say.