I included this poem in my Preface to my Dissertation in 1986, D*. H. Lawrence and Narcissistic Issues: A Psycholiterary Study*. Hence, the title:

A Poem in Honor of D. H. Lawrence

Bold-faced bullies peer through your mask

Exacting compliance to questions they ask.

Give fickle praise to their idle chatter –

That’ll do – it’s the amount that matters.

Fawning-mouthed fellows stare in your eyes

Looking for pillows couched in white lies.

Beseeching gazes press their demand

For kindly phrases, spoken off-hand.

Whether one man’s servant or another’s master,

All the same: flesh dries to brittle plaster.

It shields the battered soul, this mask we take.

Well then so be it, and be it opaque.