# THE BLACK RIDERS AND OTHER LINES

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The Black Riders and Other Lines by Stephen Crane

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## **STEPHEN CRANE**

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THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW SAT MUSING. A MAN PASSED NEAR THAT PLACE. THEN DID THE LITTLE BIRDS NUDGE EACH OTHER.

THEY SAID, "HE THINKS HE CAN SING." THEY THREW BACK THEIR HEADS TO LAUGH. WITH QUAINT COUNTENANCES THEY REGARDED HIM. THEY WERE VERY CURIOUS, THOSE THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW.

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III IN THE DESERT I SAW A CREATURE, NAKED, BESTIAL, WHO, SQUATTING UPON THE GROUND, HELD HIS HEART IN HIS HANDS, AND ATE OF IT. I SAID, "IS IT GOOD, FRIEND?" "IT IS BITTER — BITTER," HE ANSWERED; "BUT I LIKE IT BECAUSE IT IS BITTER, "AND BECAUSE IT IS MY HEART."

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YES, I HAVE A THOUSAND TONGUES, AND NINE AND NINETY-NINE LIE. THOUGH I STRIVE TO USE THE ONE, IT WILL MAKE NO MELODY AT MY WILL, BUT IS DEAD IN MY MOUTH.