



Deaf House Agent (1914)

by Katherine Mansfield

That deaf old man
With his hand to his ear--
His hand to his head stood out like a shell,
Horny and hollow. He said, "I can't hear,"
He muttered, "Don't shout,
I can hear very well!"

He mumbled, "I can't catch a word;
I can't follow."
Then Jack with a voice like a Protestant bell
Roared--"Particulars! Farmhouse! At 10 quid a year!"
"I dunno wot place you are talking about."
Said the deaf old man.
Said Jack, "What the HELL!"

But the deaf old man took a pin from his
desk, picked a piece of wool the size of
a hen's egg from his ear, had a good look
at it, decided in its favour and replaced
it in the aforementioned organ.

