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## *Timon the Athenian*

“Feast-won, fast-lost”

Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, II, 2

Let's put time in  
on the Athenian Timon.

Friend at his feast  
in fast became foe;  
sharer in his weal  
shunned him in woe.

Quick to borrow,  
eager they received;  
lent merely sorrow:  
didn't help, only grieved.

Fair-weather friend  
became foul-weather fiend;  
amicable, amiable—  
it's only what they seemed.

Invited, they were best  
at dining at his table;  
to honor his request  
they were not able.

Present in prosperity,  
they enjoyed his property;  
absent in adversity,  
they all cried “poverty.”

Lips of honey, flattering  
with all their might;  
a mere plea for money  
filled them with fright.

Timon, on his part,  
hearing them flatter,  
took it not to heart—  
it did not matter.

Genuinely generous,  
he was that naïve  
to prefer to give  
rather than receive.

Genuinely greedy,  
they jockeyed for position  
to fill their coffers  
with any requisition.

Timon, when affluent,  
could count on their greed;  
Timon, when indigent,  
was alone in his need.

At last he got even  
as he thought he oughtta:  
he called them to feast  
and served 'em hot water!

He left their company  
in willing exile:  
afflicted with misery,  
rancor, and bile.

No blessing now, just curse;  
no heart full of hope,  
he went from bad to worse—

TIMON, THE MISANTHROPE!