

BUBBLES

Brown, Robert Carlton (Bob), 1886-1959

I.

A thing need not be high-sounding,
Puffed with importance,
To prove its right to existence.
It may be only a glint,
A gleam,
A glimmer,
As simple as this suggestion,
To be interesting
And worth a printer's trouble
Dirtying his hands
To set it up in type.

II. DUMB, BUT WELL-DRESSED

A dandy, pert little fellow
Talked to me the other day.
He was sunny and breezy,
Clever, glib of tongue and well-bred.
But he didn't say anything.
All the time he was talking
I had a mental picture of him
Strutting up a conventional Fifth Avenue of Thought,
Out with his Ego on a leash
For an afternoon's airing.

III. ILLUMINATION

My sad moments are never my best.
People like me
And I like myself
Better
When I am fully illuminated,
Lit up,
A candle in every window of my house.
I will not draw the blinds of my soul
Or put out the lights,
I will go around lighting them all,
Trimming the wicks,
Putting new candles in place of old,
Keeping every light burning.

IV.

I am hungry.

I have fed my body on beefsteak,

Camembert and brussels sprouts;

My mind on books,

Plays and argument;

My emotions on love, anger and sorrow.

But my psychic self is starved.

I hear it hollering for a good meal

Of fourth dimensional food.

Something more than victuals for

Body, mind and soul

I crave.

I should like to take a big bite

Out of the red-cheeked cosmos.

V. COB-WEBS

Cob-webs in the corner,

Grey and dusty,

Let them stay,

They make the room look lived in.

Cob-webs in my brain,

Grey and dusty,

I'll keep them there

To catch butterflies

That might flit through

If I kept cleaning out

(Like an efficient housewife)

All the funny little corners

Of my mind.