

Contrary to Nature and Aristotle, Aldous Huxley

Contrary to Nature and Aristotle

One head of my soul's amphisbaena  
Turns to the daytime's dust and sweat;  
But evenings come, when I would forget  
The sordid strife of the arena.

And then my other self will creep  
Along the scented twilight lanes  
To where a little house contains  
A hoard of books, a gift of sleep.

Its windows throw a friendly light  
Between the narrowing shutter slats,  
And, golden as the eyes of cats,  
Shine me a welcome through the night.

The end