

Crapulous Impression, Aldous Huxley

Crapulous Impression

(To J.S.)

Still life, still life ... the high-lights shine  
Hard and sharp on the bottles: the wine  
Stands firmly solid in the glasses,  
Smooth yellow ice, through which there passes  
The lamp's bright pencil of down-struck light.  
The fruits metallicly gleam,  
Globey in their heaped-up bowl,  
And there are faces against the night  
Of the outer room-faces that seem  
Part of this still, still life ... they've lost their soul.

And amongst these frozen faces you smiled,  
Surprised, surprisingly, like a child:  
And out of the frozen welter of sound  
Your voice came quietly, quietly.  
"What about God?" you said. "I have found  
Much to be said for Totality.  
All, I take it, is God: God's all-  
This bottle, for instance ..." I recall,  
Dimly, that you took God by the neck-  
God-in-the-bottle-and pushed Him across:  
But I, without a moment's loss  
Moved God-in-the-salt in front and shouted: "Check!"

The end