

Frascati's, Aldous Huxley

FRASCATI'S

BUBBLE-BREASTED swells the dome

Of this my spiritual home,

From whose nave the chandelier,

Schaffhausen frozen, tumbles sheer.

We in the round balcony sit,

Lean o'er and look into the pit

Where feed the human bears beneath,

Champing with their gilded teeth.

What negroid holiday makes free

With such priapic revelry?

What songs? What gongs? What nameless rites?

What gods like wooden stalagmites?

What steam of blood or kidney pie?

What blasts of Bantu melody?

Ragtime. . . . But when the wearied Band

Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand.

And there we sit in blissful calm,

Quietly sweating palm to palm.

The end