

On the Bus, Aldous Huxley

On the Bus

Sitting on the top of the 'bus,  
I bite my pipe and look at the sky.  
Over my shoulder the smoke streams out  
And my life with it.  
"Conservation of energy," you say.  
But I burn, I tell you, I burn;  
And the smoke of me streams out  
In a vanishing skein of grey.  
Crash and bump ... my poor bruised body!  
I am a harp of twittering strings,  
An elegant instrument, but infinitely second-hand,  
And if I have not got phthisis it is only an accident.  
Droll phenomena!

The end