

Panic, Aldous Huxley

Panic

The eyes of the portraits on the wall  
Look at me, follow me,  
Stare incessantly:  
I take it their glance means nothing at all?  
-Clearly, oh clearly! Nothing at all ...

Out in the gardens by the lake  
The sleeping peacocks suddenly wake;  
Out in the gardens, moonlit and forlorn,  
Each of them sounds his mournful horn:  
Shrill peals that waver and crack and break.  
What can have made the peacocks wake?

The end