

Private Property, Aldous Huxley

Private Property

All fly—yet who is misanthrope?—  
The actual men and things that pass  
Jostling, to wither as the grass  
So soon: and (be it heaven's hope,  
Or poetry's kaleidoscope,  
Or love or wine, at feast, at mass)  
Each owns a paradise of glass  
Where never a yearning heliotrope  
Pursues the sun's ascent or slope;  
For the sun dreams there, and no time is or was.

Like fauns embossed in our domain,  
We look abroad, and our calm eyes  
Mark how the goatish gods of pain  
Revel; and if by grim surprise  
They break into our paradise,  
Patient we build its beauty up again.

The end