

The Choice, Aldous Huxley

The Choice

Comrade, now that you're merry  
And therefore true,  
Say—where would you like to die  
And have your friend to bury  
What once was you?  
"On the top of a hill  
With a peaceful view  
Of country where all is still?"...  
Great God, not I!  
I'd lie in the street  
Where two streams meet  
And there's noise enough to fill  
The outer ear,  
While within the brain can beat  
Marches of death and life,  
Glory and joy and fear,  
Peace of the sort that moves  
And clash of strife  
And routs of armies fleeing.  
There would I shake myself clear  
Out of the deep-set grooves  
Of my sluggish being.

The end