

The Ideal found wanting, Aldous Huxley

The Ideal found wanting

I'm sick of clownery and Owlglass tricks;  
Damn the whole crowd of you I I hate you all.  
The same, night after night, from powdered stall  
To sweating gallery, your faces fix  
In flux an idiot mean. The Aptyx  
You worship is no victory; you call  
On old stupidity, God made to crawl  
For tempting with world-wisdom's narcotics.

I'll break a window through my prison! See,  
The sunset bleeds among the roofs; comes night,  
Dark blue and calm as music dying out.  
Is it escape? No, the laugh's turned on me!  
I kicked at cardboard, gaped at red limelight;  
You laughed and cheered my latest knockabout.

The end