

Two Realities, Aldous Huxley

Two Realities

A WAGGON passed with scarlet wheels  
And a yellow body, shining new.  
"Splendid!" said I. "How fine it feels  
To be alive, when beauty peels  
The grimy husk from life." And you  
Said, "Splendid!" and I thought you'd seen  
That waggon blazing down the street;  
But I looked and saw that your gaze had been  
On a child that was kicking an obscene  
Brown ordure with his feet.  
Our souls are elephants, thought I,  
Remote behind a prisoning grill,  
With trunks thrust out to peer and pry  
And pounce upon reality;  
And each at his own sweet will  
Seizes the bun that he likes best  
And passes over all the rest.

The end