

Uncle Walt

AT THAT HOUR supremely quiet,
when the dusk and darkness blend,
and the sordid strife and riot of the
day are at an end: when the bawling and
the screaming of the mart have died away,
then I like to lie a-dreaming of my castles
in Cathay. I would roam in flowery spaces
watered by the fabled streams, I would
travel starry spaces on the winged feet of
dreams; I would float across the ages to a
more heroic time, when inspired were all
ages, and the warriors sublime. At that
hour supremely pleasing, dreams are all
knocked galley west, by the phonograph
that's wheezing: "Birdie, Dear, I Love
You Best."

*Twilight
Reveries*