The Golden Cornet

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Sly the whispers caught the madness, and dreamed a death today; the being left on Tuesday for the Alice World to play, and when we walk the streets of chalk a mood will be forgot—Nothing is the subset of the cat who knew a lot.

Superior tea parties will doubtless come tomorrow with K the president of means (to which we all kowtow); march the mirror, sign the gneiss, and walk sea from barchan—in minor scales we'll tell our tales to those all pallid and wan.

Forget the worlds of wonder, and find the dreams of death, the wolves will sing the songs of Dree to some Aeolian breath; and when the winded mist has hid all sorrow and all fear, why, dusted doom will give us room for future's yesteryear.

Sang the sinner after dinner, "I've a lot of nonsense yet to put quite right with all my might (election's a sure bet)." But I was in another world, and couldn't quite decide—if the white knight was really right in offering a ride.
Joy, the orchid, whispered: "Is the proper tool a toy?  
And can mere birthday parties be enough for any boy?  
Since leap year after '63 is surely '65,  
is it not enough to be the one who is alive?"

See, the proper time has come, for mooded madded hate  
of all the flame crossed hooded ones who stand before the gate;  
we will dance the twisted ocean to mystic rites of Spring  
and decide with utmost gravity upon who shall be king.

Dark it was and lonely, and the softly patterned cold  
whispered on our highest peak since last of the growing old;  
to other dreams now wander, tis Vazee and Leiss  
that with the other world of Alice will bring me back to this.

Secret splendor arcs its towers, and the starships pierce the sky;  
when the flame clouds all are past, unchanging still am I—  
although God plays my lifebeat on his golden cornet,  
when dissonance has passed away the melody's not yet.

JOHN PILAAR