

POETRY

Night Cap

The man decided that it was a day to do as you please—
Why not pull a voluptuous blue ocean up to a beach chair?
Why not feel the siren sitting on his knees?

So many cautious, cancelled days of ifs, don'ts, buts—
The tall, lean psyche longs to scale the palm tree,
Instead of tears, drop down upon the head of negatives
delicious coconuts.

A slash of the knife, the straw put in the milk—
We have spent years contemplating hemlock:
The time has come for Socrates to think of sipping silk.

It will do wonders for an irritated lining,
This drink from the green cup one shares with a figment
on the knee—
No accusations of perverted youth or serious social undermining.

Ah, that blue, that green, that strange, romantic face!—
What is the couch and all the puzzled pupils gathered round
Compared with rich symposia—the gold, the sunset cloth,
the banquet place?

One asks, but then the pinch—the most seductive day is over.
Twitch the blue, thump the tree—athlete of aftertaste—
Direct the moon to put some silver in the hemlock of the lover.

— *Charles Edward Eaton*