

EHE!

A DROP FROM THE SPONGE OF KNOWLEDGE

Characters. SIMPLEX.

SIMPLICIOR.

SIMPLICISSIMUS.

THE MOB OF THE PHILISTINES.

SIMPLEX.

Behold, O men: a Tree deep-rooted—
A hundred branches from the mighty Trunk,
And on each branch a hundred leaves—
An Axe—a Child—a Hand—a Will!

THE MOB.

Down with the old tree!

SIMPLEX. [*Unperturbed.*]

And Oh, He, Ho, the Will so powerful!
(After one million years the tree fell)
See the result: Toys, TOys, TOYS, TOYS!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Dogmatic.*]

The Spirit of Persistency unborn.

THE MOB.

Down with the Lords!

THE EQUINOX

SIMPLEX.

Behold again: an empty well—
A crystal pure—a dry sea—
Birds—a dead bird, a live bird, a phoenix—
A dying immortal harlot-goddess—
A cage (alas! it broke open
In the year of the sixteenth Funeral).

THE MOB.

Down with the birds!

SIMPLICIOR.

Yet, neither Bird could re-enter it!

THE MOB.

Beer and Cup-ties!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Pointedly.*]

The Spirit of Persistency conceived!

THE MOB.

Down with the Spirits!

SIMPLEX.

Behold again, Impatients, and decide:
Two centres I saw, that were but one—
A thick set of hair upon a white skull—
A Spider patient (with my qualities),
Slowly webbing the slightly soiled cavities—
A lute, a rapturing lute *aux sons clairs*,
(But Oh, He, Ho, for three weary years
The lute hath no song!)

EHE!

THE MOB.

Down with the foreign bands!

SIMPLEX. [*Pale, but firm.*]

A rotten corpse,

Coming to life again (for it cried)—

A deep, deep hole—a beardy man—and

Linking,

SIMPLICIOR. [*Radiant.*]

Clearly linking,

SIMPLEX.

the 6 (or 7—

The Spider counting as the skull's paying guest)

The Stream from Heaven unto Us poured—

THE MOB.

Down with 'em!

SIMPLEX. [*Smiling.*]

Proving our love's old age in a youth renewed!

SIMPLICISSIMUS. [*Exultant.*]

The Spirit of Persistency growing!

THE MOB.

Hooray!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.