

The blow can be no stronger than the clutch,  
Or soon we'd bat each other out of touch,  
And the fray wouldn't last a single round.  
And still it's bad enough to badly wound,  
And if our getting up to start the day  
On the right side of bed would end the fray,  
We'd hail the remedy. But it's been tried  
And found, he says, a bed has no right side.  
The trouble is, with that receipt for love,  
A bed's got no right side to get out of.  
We can't be trusted to the sleep we take,  
And simply must evolve to stay awake.  
He thinks that chairs and tables will endure,  
But beds—in less than fifty years he's sure  
There will be no such piece of furniture.  
He's surely got it in for cots and beds.  
No need for us to rack our common heads  
About it, though. We haven't got the mind.  
It best be left to great men of his kind  
Who have no other object than our good.  
There's a lot yet that isn't understood.  
Ain't it a caution to us not to fix  
No limits to what rose in rubbing sticks  
On fire to scare away the pterodix  
When man first lived in caves along the creeks?'

'Marvelous world in nineteen-twenty-six.'

(1926) 1942 "A Witness Tree"

*Примечание.*

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