



Talk

Philip A. Stalker

Often I talk to men, on this or that,
Through the long night, and chiefly through my hat;
And they, in turn, through hats of different size,
Build confident assertion on surmise.

So it continues, hour succeeding hour
As each small bud of thought bursts into flower,
While, listening in limbo, sit the sages,
The Great Ones of the contemplative ages,
And all the sons of knowledgeable Man
Who ever talked since Time itself began—
Listening now, eager to catch one glow
Of thought not born five thousand years ago,
One little curtain raised, one tiny pelmet,
One word not said through some old Roman helmet.