Soliloquy

Irving A. Spaulding*
I am the comfortable clunk of four bits on a counter:  
"Gimme ham and eggs and coffee."  
I am the discordant smash of a high school band.  
I am the smoky laughter of a country tavern.  
I am a love song of two kids in a parked car.  
I am the rooster's crowing, the hungry lowing of cattle.  
I am the silent weeping of dead people.  

I am no subtle tome of wisdom  
But a song—for hearts,  
A song of hope, a song of faith.  
I'm enlisting tomorrow, sure, but I'm not scared.  
I'm the knock on a harlot's window, an ecclesiastical chant.  
I'm the clicking zing-zing of cash registers.  
I'm a mother's lullaby, a baby's squall.  
I can be as coarse and blatant as an auto horn,  
Or I can be as quiet as the drift of a butterfly.  

They can't kill me, for I can't die.

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**Soliloquy**

Irving A. Spaulding  
Sci. Sr.

I have a century to share  
With Time and a Dream and a Why.  
Time is long,  
The Dream—fair,  
And I am perplexed by the Why.  

I have a tomorrow to share—  
To share with Time and a Dream.  
Time is long,  
The Dream—fair.  

I have but a night to share—  
A night to share with Time.  
Time is long.