

## I Sing of Polly Pong

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Who, it must be said was always wrong.

One day when she was speaking to her door

As she had done so many times before

(The blue on her bedroom)

It answered her.

"Guess what," it said.

Forthwith, Polly,

With breastfed innocence and trust

Ran forth from her house to proclaim this marvel.

"Guess what!" she said.

"What?"

"My door spoke to me."

"And what," inquired the first friend she met

"Did it say?"

"Guess what."

"What?"

"Guess what."

"What?"

"Guess what."

"What?"

Sadly Polly had to confess

It was hard to convey the matter

With mere and slippery words.

Being as least in part understood

However,

She was taken in due time

Before the Interdisciplinary Inquisition

And they inquired

In their inquisitional manner

Whether she had violated their cannons of reality  
And found, of course,  
That she had mistaken a door  
For a metaphor  
And was therefore  
Irrevocably guilty of heresy in the first degree  
Which they spelled in the modern manner,  
"Schiz-o-phren-i-a,"  
And they locked her up you know where  
Until she should learn the first rule  
By which we order our  
Orderly,  
Orderly,  
Orderly,  
Orderly,  
Orderly,  
Predictable and controllable,  
Orderly,  
Common,  
Common,  
Lives,  
Namely:  
"Thou shalt not live in other worlds."  
"But she is not truly guilty,"  
They said, removing her last shred of dignity  
Along with her personal underwear,  
"For it is beyond her will;  
Truly she is ill --  
Literally sick,"  
They said,  
"To take a metaphor for a thing,"  
They said

Nodding sadly,  
Knowingly,  
Sympathetically  
At one another as they fondled  
The common, comforting metaphor  
By which they order their common lives,  
And ours as well,  
And also by which they  
Terminate disquieting dialogue.  
"She is sick."  
And they sent her away to to be cured.  
There in the Kingdom of the Interdisciplinary Team,  
They stretched her neurons  
On wracks more subtle  
Than ever known before  
And they infused their will  
Into the synapses of her brain  
And in time she ceased speaking to doors  
And they to her.  
So she never did guess what,  
But instead was "cured"  
Spelled in the modern manner,  
As in "ham."  
I sing of Polly Pong  
Who, it must be said, was always wrong.  
Its likely she didn't hear the door too well,  
Nor see it clearly,  
And likely she was a little mad --  
But not so mad as all those poor players  
On the Interdisciplinary Inquisitional Team  
In their obsessive white coats,  
With their billiard ball fantasies

About the Being of beings being stone and very dead,  
For they still believe that inanimate objects  
Actually exist somewhere literally  
In this blazing perfection of  
Animate incandescence,  
Somewhere  
In this shimmering ripple  
Of cool and living water.  
They do not know what a metaphor is for,  
So they cannot see the door  
At all.  
So should you ever meet a door  
That smiles at you and says  
"Guess what?"  
Guess or not as you see fit,  
But don't let on,  
For I sing of Polly Pong  
Who, it must be said,  
Was always wrong.