

UNIVERSITY OF CA RIVERSIDE LIBRARY



3 1210 01838 7975

PS3521 Kreymborg, Alfred  
R49M87 "Mushrooms, 16 rnytms.

AA0012552972



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE

425

# RUNO CHAP BOOKS

ALFRED KREYMBORG

MUSHROOMS

16 Rhythms

PUBLISHED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET ON  
WASHINGTON SQUARE

February, 1915

Fifteen Cents

PS 3521  
R49M87

# BRUNO CHAP BOOKS

Vol. I

FEBRUARY 1915

No. 3

## Mushrooms

**M**USHROOMS spring up over night, I'm told  
—the truth or reason let botanists prove.  
This much I know, this I can tell: that when  
I go into the forest I love, I can find them every-  
where. One of an exquisite hue of blue, an-  
other of a passionately clamorous of red; one of  
an elfish daintiness of form, and that distorted  
dream of Lear's. I can find each one, I can find  
them all, and still, I do not, dare not, pluck  
them. The forest, so rich, so lavish, such a  
king, wouldn't growl though I pluck all day.  
But I do not, will not—they would die, I know.

Mushrooms spring up over night in my heart  
—the reason let philosophers guess. This much  
I know, this I can tell: myriads and myriads  
have I found down there, but only a handfull  
have I plucked so far. I plucked them, yes, the  
few I could, lest they'd die with those I couldn't  
reach. One was a mood of pale, frail form; an-  
other a whimsical sprite; one was some black-  
browed child of Lear's, another—

I carry them up to my hothouse attic, up to  
my gardner for cultivation.

## The Song

**I**T is a bit of a river that flows between—between the strip of land on this and the strip of land on that side. Thousands of honeyless hives bury the strip on this ; thousands the strip on that side—honeyless hives choked by honeyless two-legged lives—but what of these? It is night.

It is night, but a song, borne by a friendly wind, steals across the river, across from yonder side to this, across to me. It is not a song of night's ; it is not a song of Nature's ; it is not a song of the gods'. It is—but stay ! It is not for you. Your name is Profanation ; you are of the honeyless two-legs that choke the honeyless hives that bury the earth ; you are—

It is a bit of a river that flows between. It is night. A song steals across to me. And only the river 'twixt singer and me.

---

## To-day

Dance, little garret, dance your maddest !  
Come down, ceiling, dance with the floor !  
Walls, a minuet chaste, the four of you !  
Pictures, go you, jig it gay !  
Chairs, dip, tango it, I wont see you !  
You two doors, do a houchee-couchee !  
As for me, Boys, loon I'll be  
and kick a hole right through the sky !

Done! Now all of us form a ring around  
Ma Familias, Old Mother Dream,  
who each day sends up four meals to us,  
through our uncle, Careless Care !  
Done! Now all of us sing the food she brought,  
she, herself, climbing all those stairs :  
To-day, this day, this very-very day,  
to-day did she our poem sell !  
Done! Now dance the old girl dizzy :  
To-day did she our poem sell !  
To-day, this day, this very-very day,  
To-day did she this poem sell !

## Every Morning

Our halls are very dark.  
But not so dark we cannot see,  
every morning,  
a bent old figure,  
kneeling,  
on the steps or in the halls,  
scrubbing—  
what you call a janitress.  
Good morning, she says.  
Good morning, say we.  
Our halls are very dark.  
But not so dark—



## Nocturne.

The pantaloons are dancing,  
dancing through the night,  
pure white pantaloons,  
underneath the moon,  
on a jolly wash line,  
skipping from my room,  
over to Miranda,  
who washed them this noon.

## What can you do?

It's absurd, I know,  
to be so happy.  
Still worse, I know,  
to be a fool:  
And worst, I know,  
to have no reason:  
To be so happy,  
without a sou.

Come search my pockets,  
and you can't find one.  
Still worse, my home;  
you'll find me poor.  
And worst, my credit:  
you'll find me pauper.  
To be so happy,  
without a sou?

Tobacco's gone,  
but I am happy.  
The next meal, where?  
I'm happier still:  
absurd, I know  
(but what can you do?)  
that I'm so happy,  
without a sou.

---

## Fugue

Philosophy ?

Oh yes !

To live,  
loving,  
creating.

Faith ?

Oh yes!

A belief in you,  
and you and you,  
in spite of your you  
and your you for you.

Labor?

Oh yes !

That my me and you  
may become or grow  
toward a you and me.

Guerdon ?

Ah yes !

Your belief in me,  
and my me for you,  
in spite of my me  
and my me for me.

Heaven ?

Yes !

To die,  
created,  
living.

## To a Maltese

Tell me, little cat, stop and tell me, little cat :  
Wherefore is life, think you ?

You're poking that paper ball, little cat :  
You're poking that paper ball.

Tell me, little cat, stop and tell me, little cat :  
Wherefore is life, think you ?

You're lapping away your milk, little cat :  
You're lapping away your milk.

Tell me, little cat, stop and tell me, little cat :  
Wherefore is life, think you ?

You're washing your soft gray coat, little cat :  
You're washing your soft gray coat.

Tell me, little cat, stop and tell me, little cat :  
Wherefore is life, think you ?

You're purring and falling asleep, little cat :  
You're purring and falling asleep . . .

---

## Etching

There were seven in all,  
clothed in black,  
seven silent crows,  
standing,  
not quite vertical,  
around an ebony box ;  
and in the box,  
an eighth,  
lying quite horizontal.

**Blood.**

You owe a duty to your father.  
But you owe a greater to your sons.

---

## Prejudice.

Little mouse:

Are you

some rat's little child ?

I wont love you if you are.

## Paradox.

Foolish Woman!

Love her—

she asketh more.

Foolish man!

Love him—

he's satisfied.

Foolish Woman!

Loves you—

she's satisfied.

Foolish Man !

Loves you—

he asketh more.



---

## Scherzetto.

Stop, queer little dear !

Why is a kiss ?

I don't know.

You don't ?

No !

Then why do you do it ?

Love !

Love ?

Yes !

And why is love ?

I don't know.

You don't ?

No !

And why don't you know ?

Because !

Because ?

Yes !

Come, queer little dear !

## Serenade.

Little wild rose in the glass:  
Who was it—  
*Bold and inquisitive sir:*  
*The lady.*

Little wild rose in the glass:  
When was it—  
*Bold and inquisitive sir:*  
*At bed time.*

Little wild rose in the glass:  
God keep you,  
*Bold and inquisitive sir:*  
*I'm lonely.*

Little wild rose in the glass:  
I'll bring you—  
Little wild rose in the glass:  
A comrade.

*Bold and inquisitive sir:*  
*Good night then.*  
Little wild rose in the glass:  
Good night.

---

## Self Portrait.

All of these,  
and if there are more,  
all of those, too,  
record her.

And she ?

She

is all of these,  
all of those—  
and more.

I ?

The air is wine,  
and I  
am Bacchus.

## Christian Hymn.

Nearer, my God, to Hell,  
Farther from Thee.  
Love, God, in Thee is well,  
Blood, God, in me.  
Blood-stench this earth shall smell,  
This earth become a sea.  
Nearer, my God, to Hell,  
Farther from Thee.







