JOSEPH KNOCKS
A Monologue

SEBASTIAN CARLSON, O.P.

Hallo! Who's there? One minute, till I draw
This bolt.—Well, greybeard, speak! The air is raw,
And I am clad for bed, not porch. What would
You? Room? The inn is down the street. You should
Seek there, not call us thus from bed, old clown!—
You've sought, you say, nor found in all the town
A place? Too bad.

I would that there could be
A room here for you. But Philosophy
Sits stern-browed in my upper-room, and frowns
O'er musty tomes. Across from him, in gowns
Of royal purple clad, dwells Pride, and sways
My heart. Below, my Aphrodite stays,
Delights my days, and pleasure consecrates.
No room for you!

—But who is she that waits
Thee, lonely in the night? I marked her not
Till now, when yonder star gleamed out and brought
His beam straight down upon us. .

—Splendid ray,
Whence is thy light, and what is't thou wouldst say?
What message from above. .

Forgive me, friend!
I rant! Its beam o'erpowers me. So, an end
To foolish fancies. Look though, how its bright
Effulgence days the dark, and how its light
Still shine so sweetly on the brow of her
That waits you!—What ails her? Is she ill? What, sir?
Her hour at hand? Then quick! A cave's nearby,
Back of the house. Quick take her there, and I
Will send a servant by and by.

—Yes, dear,
I come. A man and's wife sought room. You fear
That star's too bright for sleep?—It brings to mind
Such hopes and dreads. .

Yes, Love. I'll draw the blind.