

## 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'erpowered 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.