[If](http://hellopoetry.com/poem/1597/if/)

If freckles were lovely, and day was night,  
And measles were nice and a lie warn’t a lie,  
Life would be delight,—  
But things couldn’t go right  
For in such a sad plight  
I wouldn’t be I.  
  
If earth was heaven and now was hence,  
And past was present, and false was true,  
There might be some sense  
But I’d be in suspense  
For on such a pretense  
You wouldn’t be you.  
  
If fear was plucky, and globes were square,  
And dirt was cleanly and tears were glee  
Things would seem fair,—  
Yet they’d all despair,  
For if here was there  
We wouldn’t be we.

[**In Just-**](http://hellopoetry.com/poem/1601/in-just-/)

in Just-  
spring       when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame baloonman  
  
whistles       far       and wee  
  
and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it’s  
spring  
  
when the world is puddle-wonderful  
  
the queer  
old baloonman whistles  
far       and         wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing  
  
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and  
  
it’s  
spring  
and  
  
        the  
  
                goat-footed  
  
baloonMan       whistles  
far  
and  
wee

|  |
| --- |
| 81. **The Congo**  (*A Study of the Negro Race*) |
|  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| I. THEIR BASIC SAVAGERY  FAT black bucks in a wine-barrel room, |  |
| Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable, |  |
| Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table, |  |
|  |  |
| *A deep rolling bass.*   Pounded on the table, |  |
| Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom, | *5* |
| Hard as they were able, |  |
| Boom, boom, BOOM, |  |
| With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom, |  |
| Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM. |  |
| THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision. | *10* |
| I could not turn from their revel in derision. |  |
| THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK, |  |
|  |  |
| *More deliberate. Solemnly chanted.*   CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK. |  |
| Then along that riverbank |  |
| A thousand miles | *15* |
| Tattooed cannibals danced in files; |  |
| Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song |  |
| And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong. |  |
|  |  |
| *A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.*   And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors, |  |
| "BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors, | *20* |
| "Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle, |  |
| Harry the uplands, |  |
| Steal all the cattle, |  |
| Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle, |  |
| Bing! | *25* |
| Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM," |  |
| A roaring, epic, rag-time tune |  |

**Hilaire Belloc**

**Tarantella  
(1929)**

Do you remember an Inn,  
Miranda?  
Do you remember an Inn?  
And the tedding and the spreading  
Of the straw for a bedding,  
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,  
And the wine that tasted of tar?  
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers  
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?  
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,  
Do you remember an Inn?  
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteeers  
Who hadn't got a penny,  
And who weren't paying any,  
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?  
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!  
Of the clap  
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl  
Of the girl gone chancing,  
Glancing,  
Dancing,  
Backing and advancing,  
Snapping of a clapper to the spin  
Out and in --  
And the Ting, Tong, Tang, of the Guitar.  
Do you remember an Inn,  
Miranda?  
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;

Miranda,

Never more.

Only the high peaks hoar:

And Aragon a torrent at the door.

No sound

In the walls of the Halls where falls

The tread

Of the feet of the dead to the ground

No sound:

But the boom

Of the far Waterfall like Doom.