

JOHN AND I

by

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(Owl Watanabe)

First we had a single room,
John and I.
Fifteen other roomers there:
Dingy halls and meagre fare,
Strife and gossip everywhere.
But within our single room,
John and I, a bride and groom,
Felt that life was fair.

Then we had a Harlem flat,
John and I,
Odorous rooms, a stifling air,
Noise and dirt seemed everywhere.
But friendly faces too were there,
And youth and love and fun to spare.
And so within our Harlem flat,
John and I would play and chat,
With not a single care.

Next a swell apartment home,
John and I,
Far from restless city's roar,
Elevator, boy at door,
Shining oak and polished floor,
Dresses, parties, friends galore,
Women by the day to chore,
And within our home so smart
John and I -- somewhat apart,
Hungered yet for more.

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So a duplex studio,
John and I,
Rugs and pictures, music, books,
Hangings rare our shady nooks,
Seances with frauds and snooks,
Japs instead of Irish cooks,
At our door a car de luxe
And within that studio,
John and I, good friends you know,
Lived for coin and looks.

Then we took a ten roomed suite,
John and I,
In a vast and grand hotel,
Where the very rich do dwell
~~All went slick and smooth and swell~~
In the lap of luxury we fell,
A gilded life, so sleek and well,
Till John met her. I dare not tell---
I dare not think of what befel.
And within that 10roomed suite,
John and I did rarely meet,
Life, to me, was hell.

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Last, a mansion, bleak and fair,
John and I!
Built of marble, stone and rock,
Occupying half a block,
Iron grill, electric lock.
Fronting the great River Drive,
From my room I watched the hive,
Of common folk go drifting by,
In splendid isolation I,
Implored of God the reason why,
That happiness had passed me by,
And within our mansion fair,
I alone---John never there,
Prayed that I might die.