

From "The Age of Anxiety" by W. H. Auden

For the others, like me, there is only the flash  
Of negative knowledge, the night when, drunk, one  
Staggers to the bathroom and stares in the glass  
To meet one's madness, when what mother said seems  
Such darling rubbish and the decent advice  
Of the liberal weeklies as lost an art  
As peasant pottery, for plainly it is not.  
To the Cross or to *Clarté* or to Common Sense  
Our passions pray but to primitive totems  
As absurd as they are savage; science or no science,  
It is Bacchus or the Great Boyg or Baal-Peor,  
Fortune's Ferris-wheel or the physical sound  
Of our own names which they actually adore as their  
Ground and goal.