

Let's Call Them Glimpses

C. P. Hopkins

TOO INTELLIGENT

"You're too intelligent to drink."

"Yes, I know I'm too intelligent to drink."

So saying, he reached for the bottle. Everybody laughed. And they should have, for it was uproariously funny.

THE ATHEIST

Jim, the guard, and Brown, the minister, stood in front of the prisoner's cell.

"Do you want a minister?" Jim asked.

The prisoner shook his head.

The minister said, "Would you like to say your prayers?"

"I am an atheist," responded the prisoner.

Jim smiled slightly. It was not a grim smile, not a smile of disdain, nor a smile of pity. It was a knowing smile for Jim knew that no man was an atheist.

LET US PRAY

Whatcha going to do, Joe? You see people that don't belong, that are not really people. They make you mad, Joe. God, they make you mad. But, whatcha going to do? You can't hate them. It's not their fault.

And then there's people that are people really, but then they're not. Why don't they wake up? God, why don't you let them wake up? Let them be people. Let them be Tom and George and Sam.

And through it all, Joe, you're lonely, you're so godawful lonely. And everybody that is anybody is with you and

lonely too. God, do we all have to be lonely?

Whatcha going to do, Joe? Whatcha going to do?

RAVE ON, WRITE ON

In the morning he looked at what he had written the night before. At first he thought that he didn't like it, that maybe it wasn't as good as it had looked to him in the night. But then he knew that it was good, that every paragraph, every sentence, every word was good. It was beautifully, honestly good, the only good that is good, because all were a part of him, all were him, the best of him, the him that no one sees. It was all he had to offer, and it was enough.

I DON'T KNOW

Tonight I feel I should write something. I do not know what, but I know I should write something.

I do not feel bitter, nor do I feel happy. I think I'm lonely for I am almost always lonely.

I am in a tent writing with a PX raffled-off fountain pen. I am writing on plain paper from an ordinary tablet bought for ten centavos at the company PX.

I do not know what time it is. I don't believe I care what time it is.

I know it is night and that there is darkness and that in the darkness there is refuge and there is terror; there is comfort and there is certainty.