

The Tale of Glasses Two

© Copyright 2013 – Reg Down

All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in part or in whole may be reproduced, transmitted or utilized in any form, without the permission of the author, except for brief quotations in critical articles and reviews.

There was once a pair of glasses. They were made by Mrs. Wilby in the 20/20 Eye Glass and Spectacle Factory in Little Myopia, Omaha. The glasses had round lenses and golden, flexible wire rims. After they were made Mrs. Wilby rushed to lunch. As she turned to go she knocked them off the bench into the trash. From there they were taken outside and thrown in the dumpster.

This was not to the liking of the glasses.

“‘To the dump or not to the dump?’ is not a question for me,” said the glasses and out of the bin he hopped.

Down the road he waddled, looking about and enjoying the day. By and by he met a stone.

“Hello, Stone,” said the glasses, hopping upon him. “What do you see?”

“I see nothing but warmth in the beginning,” said the stone.

The glasses hopped off the stone. “What do you see now?” he asked.

“Everything come to rest,” said the stone.

“Do you like to rest?” asked the glasses.

“Yes, I will rest until the new beginning.”

“Ta-ray!” called the glasses goodbye, and off he went, tick-tack, down the road. He wandered here, he wandered everywhere, until he came upon a tree.

He climbed the tree, and cried, “Hello, Tree, what do you see?”

“I see the wandering stars,” said the tree. “They are making my shapes and the shapeings I makes—that is what I see.”

“Do you like to shaping make?” asked the glasses.

“Yes,” said the tree. “I like to make shapes.”

“Ta-ray!” called the glasses goodbye, and off he went, tick-tack, tick-tack down the road. He traveled here, he traveled everywhere, until he came upon a stag with antlers two.

The glasses hopped upon the stag, and cried, “O, mighty stag—hello, hello! What do you see?”

“I see the moon and the moon sees me,” said the stag.

"Yes, but what do you feel?" asked the glasses.

"Ah, that is a different question," said the stag. "I feel the world in tides of dreaming-weaving, and weaving-dreaming feel my whatness."

"Do you like to weaving-dreaming?" asked the glasses.

"Yes," said the stag. "I like to dream in worlds of feeling."

"Ta-ray!" called the glasses gooday, and off he went down the road, tick-tack, tickety-tack, until he met Gra'mama. He jumped upon her nose, and cried, "Hello, hello, Gra'mama, what do you see?"

"So much better," cried Gra'mama. "So much better, thank you! Thank you!"

"Do you like to see so much better?" asked the glasses.

"Of course, you sod," said Gra'mama. "What else? I'm happy to have met you, kind spectacles sir," and she kept the glasses until she (happily, of course) went byebye.