

# THE CONGO

A Dramatic Poem

by  
Vachel Lindsay



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THE CONGO  
A Dramatic Poem

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Excerpts from this beautiful poem. (The directions on this copy are those furnished by the author.)

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,  
Pounded on the table,  
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,  
Hard as they were able,  
Boom, boom, Boom,  
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.

A deep rolling  
bass.

Then I had religion, Then I had a vision.  
I could not turn from their revel in derision.  
Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,  
Cutting through the forest with a golden track.  
Then along that riverbank

More deliberate.  
Solemnly chanted.

A thousand miles  
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

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