

# **“MY CORN-COB PIPE”**

**BY**

**PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR**

Men may sing of their Havanas, elevating to the stars  
The real or fancied virtues of their foreign-made cigars;  
But I worship Nicotina at a different sort of shrine,  
And she sits enthroned in glory in this corn-cob pipe of mine.

It 's as fragrant as the meadows when the clover is in bloom;  
It 's as dainty as the essence of the daintiest perfume;  
It 's as sweet as are the orchards when the fruit is hanging ripe,  
With the sun's warm kiss upon them—is this corn-cob pipe.

Thro' the smoke about it clinging, I delight its form to trace,  
Like an oriental beauty with a veil upon her face;  
And my room is dim with vapour as a church when censers sway,  
As I clasp it to my bosom—in a figurative way.

It consoles me in misfortune and it cheers me in distress,  
And it proves a warm partaker of my pleasures in success;  
So I hail it as a symbol, friendship's true and worthy type,  
And I press my lips devoutly to my corn-cob pipe.