If I Met Philip Johnson

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We’re going to zoom zoom zooma zoom, come on and zooma zooma zooma zoom—
Remember that show? Hey, this is some room.
“Clear as crystal” meet “Less is more.” What

I want to know is, what do you do in here all day? Oh. You play the zither?
But I’d be nervous to break bread here.
Well, it’s not so bad. Is this a chair?

I hate to speak up in church but all these edges look dangerous. Oh
I know about form. I know about line. I know about . . . absolutely.

Functional. That’s the word I’m looking for.
Even if it looks sharp and cold, it works.
Now this I can see. This is me. This is decidedly in a major key.

A big, clear wall-sized window.
2nd floor. Why, this whole valley’s yours.
Is that a cathedral over there? Oh.
New neighbors. I catch your drift.

More is less? Yah, I got one right!
Some serious mountain greenery over there.
Remember that song? Ooooh, what scenery.
Teresa Brewer! Eydie Gorme! I got you!