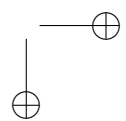
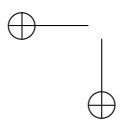
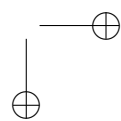
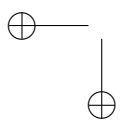
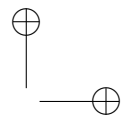
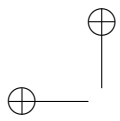
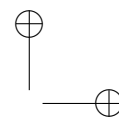


ONE MORE MANHATTAN



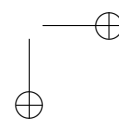
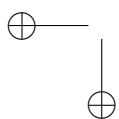


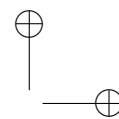
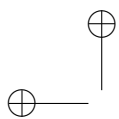


ONE MORE MANHATTAN

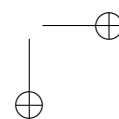
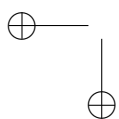
Phyllis McGinley

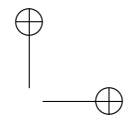
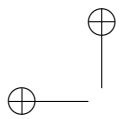
IWP



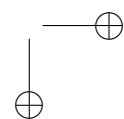
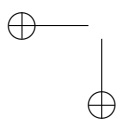


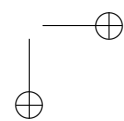
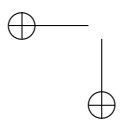
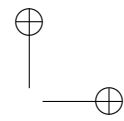
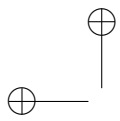
2026
First Published, 1937

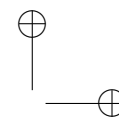
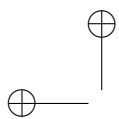




TO OLIVER AMES

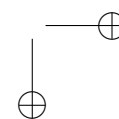
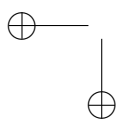


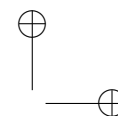
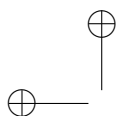




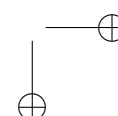
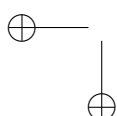
CONTENTS

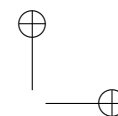
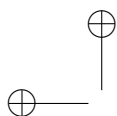
<i>Apostrophe to a Nephew</i>	1
<i>Recipe for an Evening Musicale</i>	3
<i>Caviar is Nice</i>	4
<i>Ballad of Burnt Manuscripts</i>	7
<i>Letter From a Winter Resort</i>	10
<i>Self-Centred Ode to the Weather</i>	12
<i>Reflections Outside of a Gymnasium</i>	14
<i>Text for Today</i>	16
<i>Lament of the Normal Child</i>	17
<i>The Household Polonius</i>	20
<i>Ballad of Fair Women</i>	22
<i>Lament</i>	25
<i>Cruise Captain's Chantey</i>	27
<i>Empires Prefer Bonds</i>	29
<i>A Day in the City</i>	30
<i>The Purist</i>	33
<i>Annie Doesn't Live There Any More</i>	34
<i>Death at Evening</i>	36



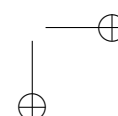
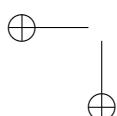


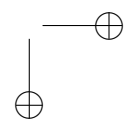
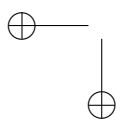
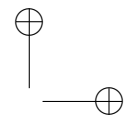
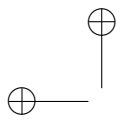
<i>Carol With Variations</i>	38
<i>Dissertation on Furniture</i>	40
<i>Epithalamion</i>	42
<i>Midsummer Meditations</i>	45
<i>Song of the Not So Open Road</i>	47
<i>Monday is Fish Day</i>	49
<i>Enigma in Altman's</i>	51
<i>Hi, Rover</i>	52
<i>November</i>	55
<i>Historical Ballad: 1936</i>	57
<i>Moon Over Fifty-Second Street</i>	60
<i>Parable Without a Moral</i>	61
<i>Laboratory Chorus</i>	64
<i>Ince-In' Along</i>	66
<i>Invocation at Nine A.M.</i>	68
<i>City Christmas</i>	70
<i>Oliver Shops for Christmas</i>	71
<i>A Wreath for Mr. Flaherty</i>	73
<i>Monologue From a Padded Cell</i>	74
<i>Intimations on March 21st</i>	76
<i>Shoppers' Guide</i>	77
<i>Flagons and Apples</i>	78
<i>Apprehensive Survey</i>	80
<i>Complaint for Lancelot</i>	83
<i>Song for Thursdays</i>	85
<i>Honest Confession</i>	87

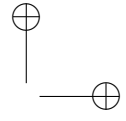
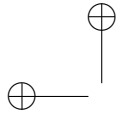




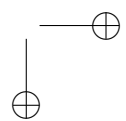
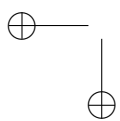
<i>Iconoclast</i>	89
<i>Ballad of Amateur Hour</i>	91
<i>Saturday's Children</i>	94
<i>The Skeptic's Song</i>	95
<i>Lend Me Five Till Saturday?</i>	97
<i>Oliver Understands Women</i>	99
<i>The Kingdom and the Glory</i>	101
<i>Trinity Place</i>	103
<i>A Place in the Country</i>	104
<i>Funk at Wagnalls</i>	106
<i>When in Rome</i>	109
<i>Lady Alone</i>	111
<i>Bouquets for Connecticut</i>	112
<i>Hospital Song</i>	114
<i>Portrait</i>	116
<i>Apartments: Furnished</i>	117
<i>Evolution of a Benedick</i>	119
<i>But Don't Go Near the Water</i>	121
<i>Oh, No, Pioneers!</i>	123
<i>Pocahontas</i>	125
<i>Ah, There, Penelope</i>	126
<i>...But She Had a Good Heart</i>	129
<i>Ballade for a Bard</i>	131
<i>Song to Be Sung After Labor Day</i>	133
<i>The Difference Between People and Poets</i>	135

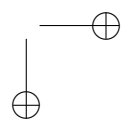
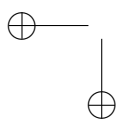
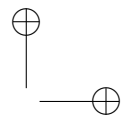
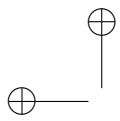


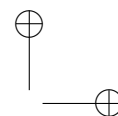
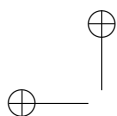




ONE MORE MANHATTAN



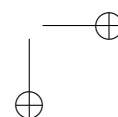
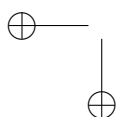


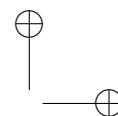
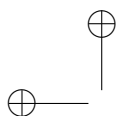


APOSTROPHE TO A NEPHEW

Up, lovely infant, rosy sib,
Up, vigorous embracer!
Cast down the rattle, loose the bib.
Oh, shame, to linger in your crib!
You're ten months old today, sir.
Ten moons on you have waxed and waned.
Survey the time you've squandered,
Boarded and bedded, entertained,
And all too often laundered,
The while your playmates and your peers,
Your very generation,
Are carving for themselves careers
That stir the startled nation.

In concert halls, on silver screens,
They win the country over.
Their mothers ride in limousines,
Their dads have money in their jeans,
Their aunts reside in clover.
The land is full of prodigies
With flannel round their middles,
They pound upon piano keys,
They lean upon their fiddles,
They sparkle up at cameramen
(If fat enough their parts are).
Their wage is as the wage of ten
Because so pure their hearts are.

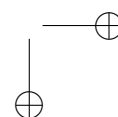
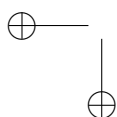


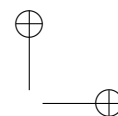
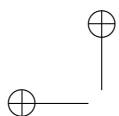


It is the child, the dimpled tot,
That sturdy landlords fawn on,
For now the baby's bank is what
The family checks are drawn on.
Now little girls can each afford
A carriage pretty nifty,
And little boys beat wooden swords
To shares that sell at fifty.
Yet does your young ambition burn?
Is industry your habit?
Ah, no – your present whole concern
Is one white woollen rabbit.

You might be sending on the air
That well-rehearséd bellow.
You might be practicing with care
The chessboard or the 'cello.
You might be posing in the nude
On contract signed and juicy.
You might be sponsoring Baby Food
Or rendering Debussy.
You might, at least, improvident kin,
If you'd acquired forbearance,
Be writing little verses in
Connection with your parents.

So, chubby charmer, up, I say,
And lisp your way to power!
For you are ten months old today
And now's the Children's Hour,
When ancestors may gather all
The rights that are decreed them.
Cast down the rattle, drop your ball,
And read upon your nursery wall
How a little child shall feed them.





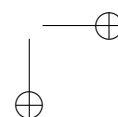
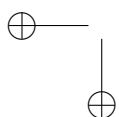
RECIPE FOR AN EVENING MUSICALE

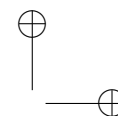
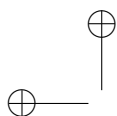
Candles. Red tulips, sixty cents the bunch.
Two lions, Grade B. A newly tuned piano.
No cocktails, but a dubious kind of punch,
Lukewarm and weak. A harp and a soprano.

The Lullaby of Brahms. Somebody's cousin
From Forest Hills, addicted to the pun.
Two dozen gentlemen; ladies, three dozen,
Earringed and powdered. Sandwiches at one.

The ashtrays few, the ventilation meagre.
Shushes to greet the late-arriving guest
Or quell the punch-bowl group. A young man eager
To render "Danny Deever," by request.

And sixty people trying to relax
On little rented chairs with gilded backs.



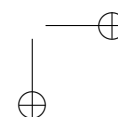
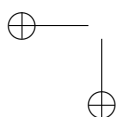


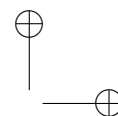
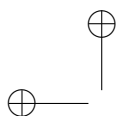
CAVIAR IS NICE

OR OLIVER AMES FEELS LORDLY

Oliver Ames is a Hug-the-Hearth,
A Sit-by-the-Fire-and-Spinner.
He calls for his pipe and he calls for his book
And settles himself in an inglenook
As soon as it's after dinner.
When boys and girls run out to play,
He favors the family scene,
Content to muse on the shipping news –
Or most of the time, I mean.

But Oliver is feeling like a lord tonight.
He longs for the glitter of electric light.
And maybe it's the sherry
(Or perhaps it's Pay Day),
But he's feeling merry
As the Queen of May Day.
His step grows lordly and his voice gets bigger.
He yearns to revel and to cut a figger,
And a movie won't do him, or a table d'hôte;
He spurns the Village and a dinner coat.
He wants to gather where the beau monde's at,
In a starched white tie and a sleek silk hat,
And deck his lady with a wreath gardenial

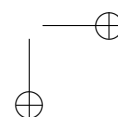
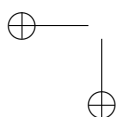


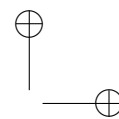
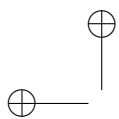


And scatter largesse to servitor and menial,
And beam very lordly and sup like a lord
And spend more money than he can afford.
For Hug-the-Hearths, at pleasure,
Set a pace that's heady.
*Just a minute, Oliver,
And I'll be ready!*

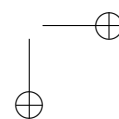
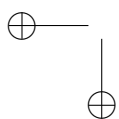
Oliver Ames is a quiet man,
Not overly fond of capers.
His wilderness Eden enough would be
With a loaf of bread, and possibly me,
And the morning and evening papers.
The lavish ways of a tinsel world
He never has claimed for his,
And, steadfast, clings to the simple things –
Or most of the time, that is.

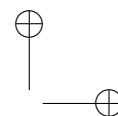
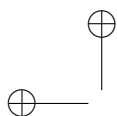
But Oliver is feeling like a lord tonight
With a lordly lustre are his eyes alight.
He's in fine feather,
Oh, he's at his heyday!
And maybe it's the weather
(Or perhaps it's Pay Day).
It's the very best table or we will not dine,
He asks about the vintage of the coffee and the wine,
And the waiters must wait and the henchmen hench
And he speaks to them haughtily in Grade B French,
While his manner with the check girls grows breezier and
breezier.
And we must hail a taxicab, though walking would be easier.
He'll have no seats but the fourth row centre
(And shouldn't people stand when their worships enter?),
And we won't start homeward till the dawn grows large
And the last charge is added to the cover charge.





When quiet men feel lordly,
There's a royal oat-sowing!
So come on, Oliver,
And let's get going.





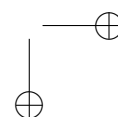
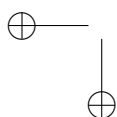
BALLAD OF BURNT MANUSCRIPTS

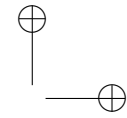
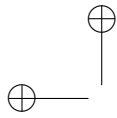
(At least eight publishers have been on a hunt for the notebooks kept by William P. Prohme, husband of the red-haired Rayna, of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," ever since Mr. Prohme's death in Honolulu last winter. It has now been discovered that Mr. Prohme had the manuscripts burned before his death — *Book Note*.)

Eight eager publishers, spying from a steeple,
Summoned their assistants, cried to their people,
"Now a certain gentleman has found the life eternal.
He loved a famous lady — and we hear he kept a journal.
So speed across the waters, sail the Western foam;
There's gold in Honolulu — go out and bring it home!"

Search with impunity,
Ransack and pillage,
Bribe a community,
Wheedle a village,
Make the dead speak,
Uncover old mysteries,
Books-of-the-Week
Are Personal Histories.

Eight clever publishers, following a hunch,
Rubbed their hands together, made a hearty lunch,
Looked at their ledgers with sudden springing hopes
And scribbled random figures on the backs of envelopes;



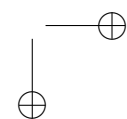
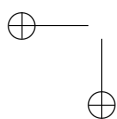


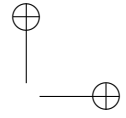
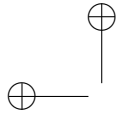
Rang for their editors and said, "You'd better hie ye
Faster than a shooting star to fabulous Hawaii."

But what is this sickly,
This rumored disaster?
Though men may go quickly,
Yet flames travel faster.
And love, from the grave,
Regardless of royalties,
Leans out to save
Its anonymous loyalties.

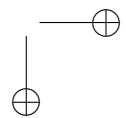
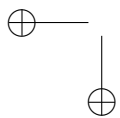
Eight saddened publishers, doubled up with doubts,
Wept in their offices, called off their scouts,
Cried, "What will we come to if lovers all connive at
Keeping private happenings literally private?
There should be a law, sir, nothing more or less,
For such an interference with the Freedom of the Press!"

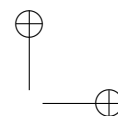
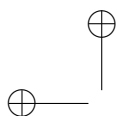
Oh, traitor, oh, treason,
Oh, consequence sorry!
The world, without reason
Is robbed of its quarry.
No public may gloat on
With greedy delight,
Disclosures they dote on
(A nickel the night).
Let them snicker or grieve as
They peep behind scenes
With doctors and divas,
Reporters and queens;
Let them munch on their spice cakes
Disguised as best sellers,
Let artists on ice cakes
Be kissers and tellers.





But this one eludes them.
Safe, secret, she rests,
While eight eager publishers,
Eight clever publishers,
Eight thwarted publishers,
Beat on their breasts.



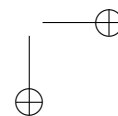
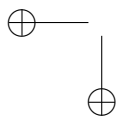


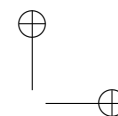
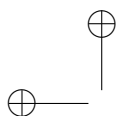
LETTER FROM A WINTER RESORT

The breeze is soft, the sky is blue,
The sun's a gold persimmon;
But how dismaying to the view,
This wilderness of women!
Upon the porches, ladies knit
With small, well-practiced motion,
And ladies on the beaches sit,
And ladies fill the ocean.

Brown-limbed, the little children play,
Beside the rolling waters,
Or loudly dabble in the spray –
And all of them are daughters.
Soprano voices cleave the air
Or mingle in the houses.
It's women, women everywhere
Except for furtive spouses.

Oh, tell me – for I half forget –
Are somewhere men surviving yet?
Not myth nor tale nor ancient fable,
Still do they lean across the table
In clubs and grills and automats,
And practice law and furnish flats
And work and play and take up hobbies
And meet you in predestined lobbies

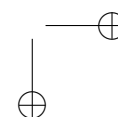
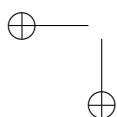


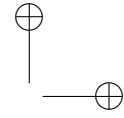
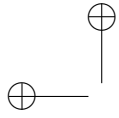


And boast about their season's sales
And criticize your fingernails
And telephone from Frank-and-Gus's
And jostle you on "El's" and buses
And stand at bars with other hearties
And bring you drinks at cocktail parties
And tip their hats and swing their sticks
And argue over politics?
Oh, is it true, I ask again,
The world's still full of single men,

Ubiquitous as Cellophane,
As commonplace as slumber,
Who hail you taxis in the rain
And ask you for your number?
For what avails this winter rose,
This January greenery,
Where nothing in profusion grows
Save womankind and scenery?

This sky is blue, this air is sweet
And soothing to the sinus,
But any Eden's incomplete
With Adam wholly minus.
Give me, instead, the frozen town
And some alert defender!
For Holiday's no proper noun
When feminine's the gender.



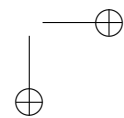
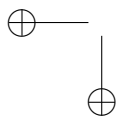


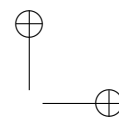
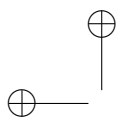
SELF-CENTRED ODE TO THE WEATHER

Oh, lightly falling rain,
That stirs the bud and streaks the pane
And mirrors on the street at night
The gaudy bloom of traffic light –
Oh, exquisite, oh, murmurous friend,
Drop, patter, splash, run down, descend!
Be to the grass a holy dower,
Anoint the pave, call forth the flower,
Make the dawn late, the evening early,
And my hair curly.

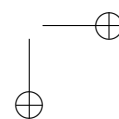
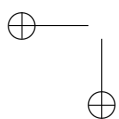
What matter if your bounties come
Unwelcomely to some?
What if your name must go unblessed
By postman and suburban guest,
By picnickers bestrewing glades,
By people marching in parades,
Concessionaires and Women's-Clubbers,
And gentlemen without their rubbers?

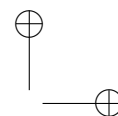
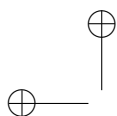
Let them invoke their suns.
You are beloved of worthier ones:
Of vines that seek you, helter-skelter,
Of lovers sitting safe in shelter,
Umbrella-makers, farmers, frogs,
Librarians and pollywogs.





Of alibiing late-arrivers
And ducks and drakes and taxi-drivers.
Hasten, oh, rain, to pleasure them:
Flower and root and leaf and stem,
The arid earth, the thirsty air,
And girls with curly hair.

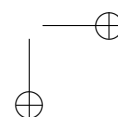
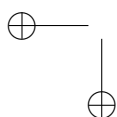


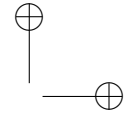
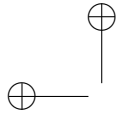


REFLECTIONS OUTSIDE OF A GYMNASIUM

The belles of the eighties were soft,
They were ribboned and ruffled and gored,
With bustles built proudly aloft
And bosoms worn dashingly for'd.
So, doting on bosoms and bustles,
By fashion and circumstance pent,
They languished, neglecting their muscles,
Growing flabby and plump and content,
Their most strenuous sport
A game of croquet
On a neat little court
In the cool of the day,
Or dipping with ladylike motions,
Fully clothed, into decorous oceans.

The eighties surveyed with alarm
A figure long-legged and thinnish;
And they had not discovered the charm
Of a solid-mahogany finish.
Of suns that could darken or speckle
Their delicate skins they were wary.
They found it distasteful to freckle
Or brown like a nut or a berry.
So they sat in the shade
Or they put on a hat
And frequently stayed
Fairly healthy at that

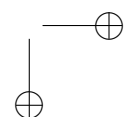
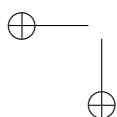


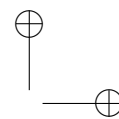
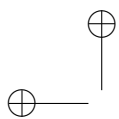


(And never lay nightlong awake
For sunburn and loveliness' sake).

When ladies rode forth, it was news,
 Though sidewise ensconced on the saddle.
And when they embarked in canoes
 A gentleman wielded the paddle.
They never felt urged to compete
 With persons excessively agile.
Their slippers were small on their feet
 And they thought it no shame to be fragile.
Could they swim? They could not.
 Did they dive? They forbore it.
And nobody thought
 The less of them for it.

No, none pointed out how their course was absurd,
Though their tennis was feeble, their golf but a word.
When breezes were chilly, they wrapped up in flannels,
They couldn't turn cartwheels, they didn't swim channels,
They seldom climbed mountains, and, what was more shocking,
Historians doubt that they even went walking.
If unenergetic,
 A demoiselle dared to
Be no more athletic
 Than ever she cared to.
Oh, strenuous comrades and maties,
How pleasant was life in the eighties!

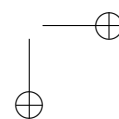
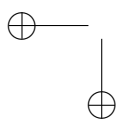


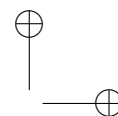
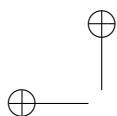


TEXT FOR TODAY

The syllables of Grief are small
And bitter to the ear.
One little line can carry all
That you must weep to hear.
One phrase can plunge you in the pit
Of misery and doubt:
“Goodbye,” perhaps; or “Please remit”;
Or “Better have it out.”

But utterance as brief and shy
Has Joy, for witness these:
“I love you”; “Check enclosed”; or “I
Can find no cavities.”

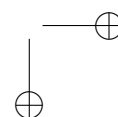
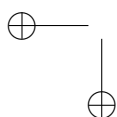


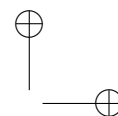
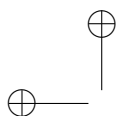


LAMENT OF THE NORMAL CHILD

*I was strolling past a schoolhouse when I spied a sobbing lad.
His little face was sorrowful and pale.
“Come, tell me why you weep,” I said, “and why you seem
so sad.”
And thus the urchin lisped his tragic tale:*

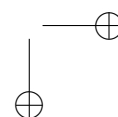
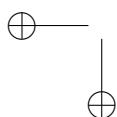
The school where I go is a modern school
With numerous modern graces.
And there they cling to the modern rule
Of “Cherish the Problem Cases!”
From nine to three
I develop Me.
I dance when I’m feeling dancy,
Or everywhere lay on
With creaking crayon
The colors that suit my fancy.
But when the commoner tasks are done,
Deserted, ignored, I stand.
For the rest have complexes, everyone;
Or a hyperactive gland.
Oh, how can I ever be reconciled
To my hatefully normal station?
Why couldn’t I be a Problem Child
Endowed with a small fixation?
Why wasn’t I trained for a Problem Child
With an Interesting Fixation?

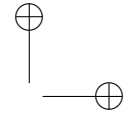
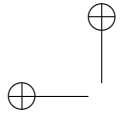




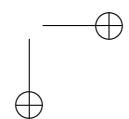
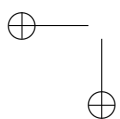
I dread the sound of the morning bell.
The iron has entered my soul.
I'm a square little peg who fits too well
In a square little normal hole.
For seven years
In Mortimer Sears
Has the Oedipus angle flourished;
And Jessamine Gray,
She cheats at play
Because she is undernourished.
The teachers beam on Frederick Knipe
With scientific gratitude,
For Fred, they claim, is a perfect type
Of the Antisocial Attitude.
And Cuthbert Jones has his temper riled
In a way professors mention.
But I am a Perfectly Normal Child,
So I don't get any attention.
I'm nothing at all but a Normal Child,
So I don't get the least attention.

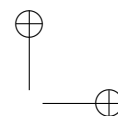
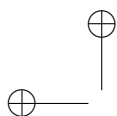
The others jeer as they pass me by.
They titter without forbearance.
"He's Perfectly Normal," they shrilly cry,
"With Perfectly Normal parents."
For I learn to read
With a normal speed.
I answer when I'm commanded.
Infected antrums
Don't give me tantrums.
I don't even write left-handed.
I build with blocks when they give me blocks.
When it's busy hour, I labor.
And I seldom delight in landing socks
On the ear of my little neighbor.





So here, by luckier lads reviled,
I sit on the steps alone.
Why couldn't I be a Problem Child
With a Case to call my own?
Why wasn't I born a Problem Child
With a Complex of my own?





THE HOUSEHOLD POLONIUS

OR OLIVER AMES READS ALOUD

Fold up the card-table, hush your prattle,
Let your footstep be light as a cloud.
Silence the station from North Seattle.

Oliver Ames is Reading Aloud!
Oliver's voice is pronouncing purely.

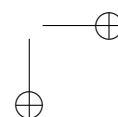
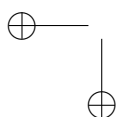
Knit one, two, with a final purl,
Then fold hands in your lap, demurely.

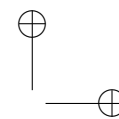
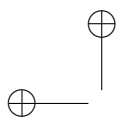
This is a serious thing, my girl.
With corrugate brow and eyes a-glint,
Oliver's reading us Things in Print –
Bulletins gathered from God knows where,
And doing them justice, too, I swear.

Hark to the resonant rise and fall
Of Amesian tones in the throes of diction.
Doggedly, sternly, he scans them all –
Editorials, news and fiction.

Broker slain by a Pent-House Cutie?
Late Last Night Was a Fortress Stormed?
Oliver's doing his bounden duty

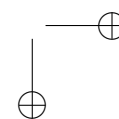
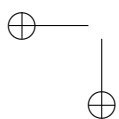
And keeping his minions well-informed.
Impudent wench, suppress that yawn.
Are you aware of what's Going On?

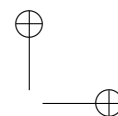
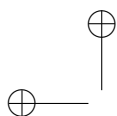




Give attention and sit up proud.
Oliver Ames is Reading Aloud.

Watch him flinging restraint aside,
Letting his voice grow rich and warm,
As he points with audibly vocal pride,
Or views with oral and keen alarm.
How will the drought affect the nation?
Which celebrity's at the Fair?
Where lies the future of aviation?
What will the Woman of Fashion Wear?
World reports from Delhi to Dover
We'll have heard when the evening's over.
After this erudite revelry
Isn't it nice how wise we'll be –
Packed with knowledge like cotton wadding...
Certainly, darling, I wasn't nodding.
That was simply delightful, *so*
What do you say to a picture show?





BALLAD OF FAIR WOMEN

OR A CAT MAY LOOK AT A QUEEN

*I do not know my neighbor, her haunts nor her delights,
Nor what she wears nor where she dines nor if she sleeps of
nights,
But how I am acquainted, how I sit behind the scenes,
With the model lady models in the fashion magazines!*

Why, can it be you, Mrs. William Wetmore?

You're looking as fit as a fiddle.

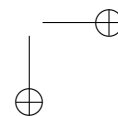
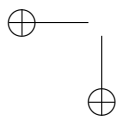
Peekaboo,

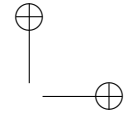
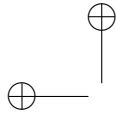
Mrs. McAdoo!

Ah there, Mary Biddle!

Lost is the day that dully closes
Without your photographs, posed in poses;
That brings no likeness at eve or morn
Of Mrs. Talbott or Whitney Bourne,
Of young Mrs. du Pont banishing gloom
By taking a whirl in the Rainbow Room,
Or Mary de Mumm of the Junior League
Getting a lift to prevent fatigue.

*My neighbor shops in secret (anonymity's her vice),
I could not name her dresses, their material nor price.*





*But well I know the wardrobes of the toasts of twenty towns –
The model lady models who model model gowns.*

Why, can it be you, Mrs. Harrison Williams?

I'm crazy about your slacks.

And hell-o,

Mrs. Chaqueneau!

That's a nice little thing from Saks.

Oh, Mrs. d'Erlanger, you're stunning quite

In Hattie Carnegie's gold and white,

While Beatrice Barclay Elphinstone

Has a Jay-Thorpe print for her very own.

And Mary Taylor, you're too divine

In Bergdorf Goodman's special design

With all of those jewels (how nice you wore 'em!)

From Black-Starr-Frost. Oh, of course – and Gorham.

*My neighbor keeps her counsel, my friends reserve their
minds,*

Upon each private enterprise they draw their private blinds.

But how I am familiar with the intimatest tricks

Of the model lady models who model for the Slicks!

Why, can it be you, Mrs. T. Reed Vreeland?

You're getting to be a habit.

And, bless my soul,

But it's Mrs. Low'll

Companioning Mrs. Cabot!

Clever hostesses, charming wives,

I'm simply enthralled with your private lives –

The shops you shop in, the hats you try on,

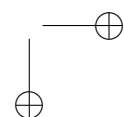
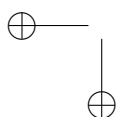
The mattresses you aver you lie on,

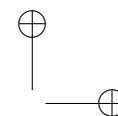
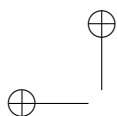
The creams you use and the shows you see,

The soups you feed to your progeny,

Your swimming pools and your sable coats,

And the cigarettes easy on your throats.

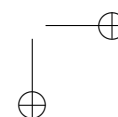
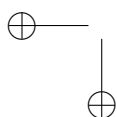


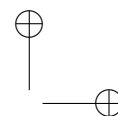
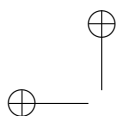


How pleasant to know when times are tryin'
That God's in His Heaven for Mrs. Ryan;
What reassurance, what inspiration,
Mrs. Shevlin Smith and her white carnation!
Exciting to glimpse on some stately, far stairs
Rosamond Pinchot or Mrs. Carstairs,
Mrs. Jay O'Brien looking duly glamorous,
Mrs. Langdon Post in a posture camer-ous,
And all of them scattering love and joy
On advertisers and hoi polloi.

So, yoohoo, Mrs. Allston Boyer!
(It's Camels that keep you calmer.)
And well, well,
But it's Mrs. Pell.
Good morning, Mrs. Palmer!

*For I feel so well acquainted when I sit behind the scenes
With the model lady models in the fashion magazines.*





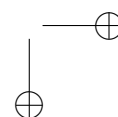
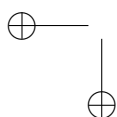
LAMENT

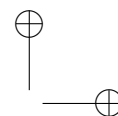
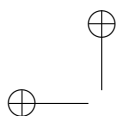
UPON DISCOVERING THAT A MOTT STREET CHINESE RESTAURANT SERVES ITS CHOPSTICKS WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE

Now, I went down to Chinatown when the moon was sailing
high,
To sup on fabulous provender, right merrily wandered I.
But there was my spirit saddened and there was a vision
slain,
For the rice was good
But the chopsticks stood
Smirking in Cellophane.

*Weep for legends scattered,
For faded custom, weep!
The ancient beauties shattered,
Tradition buried deep;
Bewail the eagle flying
Above the formal stork,
And China dead or dying
On the Sidewalks of New York.*

The lads go by in Mott Street now, with derbies and walking
sticks.
The maidens pass in Mott Street and their shoes are number
six.



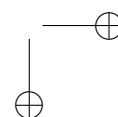
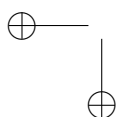


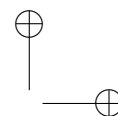
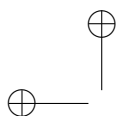
But still did the Dragon linger and the East and the West
were twain,
Till Hygiene stole
The Orient's soul
And wrapped it in Cellophane.

*Though long ago the curious
Had travelled here to trade
In charms and tokens spurious
Or manufactured jade,
Yet still it had but hovered
Upon destruction's brink
Till chopsticks were discovered
By du Pont Products, Inc.*

So I'll go no more a-roving there by moon or other light,
And the Heathen Chinees
For all of me
May close up his shop tonight.
From the Place of the Great Synthetic I'm turning my face
away,
For better a bus at Fiftieth Street than bicycles in Cathay.

*Across Pacific waters
Now let the word be taught
That China's sons and daughters
Forget and are forgot.
Let every leaguing nation
Upon this text begin:
One touch of sanitation
Can make the whole world kin;
And to a universe aghast
Repeat the message plain,
That East and West are met at last
In the toils of Cellophane.*



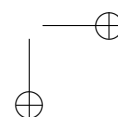
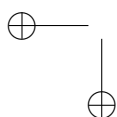


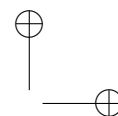
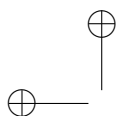
CRUISE CAPTAIN'S CHANTEY

Captain S— is not only an experienced seaman, of the old tradition, but also a jovial master of ceremonies — *Travel Folder*.

*Oh, merry was a sailor's life when we went down to Rio,
But now we go a-cruising, it is merrier than that.
For I can offer prizes for a ukulele trio
And often, after dinner, I can wear a paper hat.*

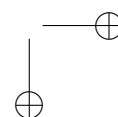
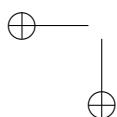
When I was a lad of two or three
(Or maybe a little sooner),
I found the sea and I shipped at sea
Aboard of a noble schooner,
And I was trained for a sailor brave,
To chuckle at all disaster,
To tame the billow and dare the wave
From the deck of a seven-master.
But cups will slip from the eagerest lip
And life is a curious choosing,
So now I've an air-conditioned ship
And take my passengers cruising.
For this I won me a braided coat
And rose above my cronies,
That I might captain a cruising boat
As master of ceremonies.
*Heave ho, my lads, heave ho, heave ho,
I'm master of ceremonies.*

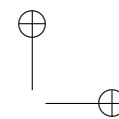
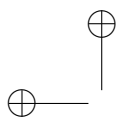




For this I followed the sea birds' tracks
And learned the ways of ocean,
That restless ladies in cotton slacks
Could chide me about the motion,
That I might jovially consort
With gentlemen oddly mobile,
And pour them on at many a port
Or pour them off at Cristobal.
For this I battled the bold monsoon
And round the Horn made journey,
That I could dandle a toy balloon
Or sponsor a contract tourney.
Then blow your worst, O furious gale,
With impotent wrath and petty!
A tropical cruise can never fail
If we have enough confetti.
Heave ho, my lads, heave nautically ho,
We'll carry enough confetti.

*Oh, merry was a sailor's life when stars inspired our courses,
But now we go a-cruising, it is merrier than that.
For I can watch the races of the numbered wooden horses,
And later, after dinner, I can wear a paper hat.*





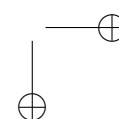
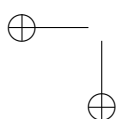
EMPIRES PREFER BONDS

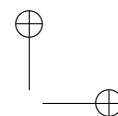
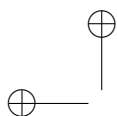
Take care, Lillibet – watch those curls!
England's queens have been plainer girls.

England's queens made the land rejoice,
But they ran to freckles or to avoirdupois.

Anne, Victoria, good Queen Bess –
They launched no ships with their comeliness.

So watch it, lady. Be grave, be dutiful.
For what would happen if you grew up beautiful?



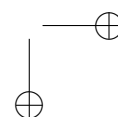
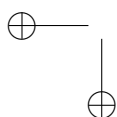


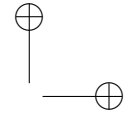
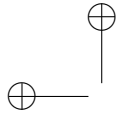
A DAY IN THE CITY

Come, praise me no more the ladies of yore
Whose exploits are legend and myth.
I give you the feats, the redoubtable feats,
Of Mrs. Suburbia Smith!

For young Mrs. Smith's on the run,
Though looking uncommonly pretty.
She's catching the nine-twenty-one.
She is bound for a day in the city.
And though she has risen from slumber
At an hour no woman is friend to,
There seemed a remarkable number
Of things that she had to attend to.
But what if she stifle
A late yawn or two,
If her hat has a trifle
Been settled askew?
Here's the nine-twenty-one in the station,
A ticket to charter it with,
And it is pure pleasure that floods without measure
The heart of Suburbia Smith.

She's out of the train to the street
But nowhere Suburbia lingers.
Her footsteps are hurried and fleet,
And she counts up the time on her fingers.

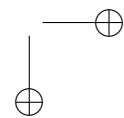
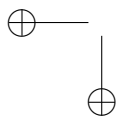


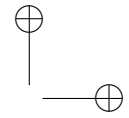
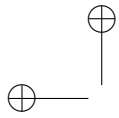


She's into the stores like a rocket,
She stays not for money nor love.
There're samples of silk in her pocket
And bus fare resides in her glove.
There are things she must get,
There are shops she must enter,
She is meeting Jeanette
At Radio Center,
There's an art exhibition to go to,
That book for her Reading Committee,
And friends she must call on and bargains to fall on,
For this is her Day in the City.

Till, swift through the eddying crowd,
She slips like a fleeing deserter.
Her head's neither bloody nor bowed,
But her feet are beginning to hurt her.
With decorous mirth
She's lunched and she's teaed,
But nothing on earth
Has diminished her speed.

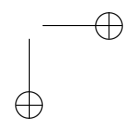
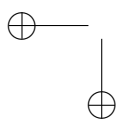
She's tramped thirty miles
Up gregarious aisles,
Seen the Period House,
Found socks for her spouse,
Gifts for the twins,
A paper of pins,
Napery, drapery,
Gloves and a blouse.
The floorwalkers wheel
To observe her good works.
She's worn out a heel
And battalions of clerks.
But she's catching the five-fifty-eight,
And, pleased as a lottery winner,

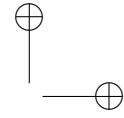
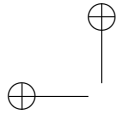




With arms laden down she's returning from town
In time to assist with the dinner.

And little she'll make of her prowess
But beam on her kin and her kith.
And you may laugh that off,
But I take my hat off
To Mrs. Suburbia Smith.





THE PURIST

He sauntered through the pearly town,
Critical, chill, aloof,
And favored Heaven with a frown
Of casual reproof;

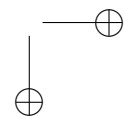
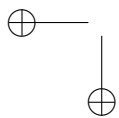
Observed the scrolls upon the gate,
The moons, the rings-of-Saturn,
And doubted that they followed straight
The ancient classic pattern,

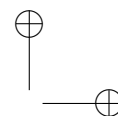
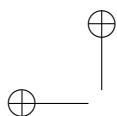
Then tasted the eternal bread
And sipped the unfailing wine.
“A vintage only fair,” he said,
“Scarce the authentic Vine.”

He strolled to Time’s extremest rim
And stopped, and cupped his ears,
And presently there came to him
The music of the spheres.

He sighed, “They flatted once or twice,
Though pleasant enough they played.”
So, for a while, through Paradise
Mirth drooped and was dismayed,

Till suddenly a little gust
(Breath of his own disdain)
Blew up and scattered him like dust
Along the starry plain.





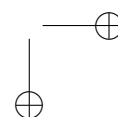
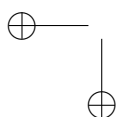
ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANY MORE

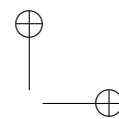
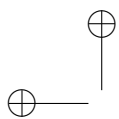
(Maxwelton, the Property of Lieut. Col. Sir John Laurie, Bart., D.S.O., is in the market for letting this season for the first time, the sport including grouse, partridge, pheasant, and fish.)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie, where flies the fledgling grouse,
And it's there the Laird of Dumfriesshire would let a country
house;
Would let ancestral acreage, where early fa's the dew.
Who'll bid for fifteen dressing rooms and a Recommended
View?

*For a garden, a Vista,
Three boudoirs, a Hall
And Sweet Annie Laurie
Enframed on the wall?
Her face it was fair,
And dark blue was her e'e.
So who for a legend
Will lay down a fee?*

Her brow was like the sna'drift, and like the swan's her
throat.
And you may have her promise true for a Bank of England
note.

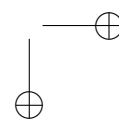
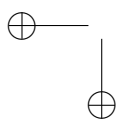


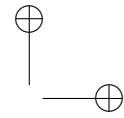
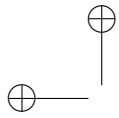


So who will haste to Dumfriesshire with servant, wife, and
bairn?

The Situation faces south, and there's fishing in the Cairn.

*The lights are electric,
There's adequate plumbinng,
And close in the coverts
The partridge is drumming.
'Twas here Annie Laurie
Delighted the Gaels.
See KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY
For further details.*



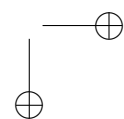
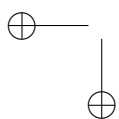


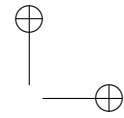
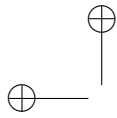
DEATH AT EVENING

OR OLIVER AMES IN THE KITCHEN

Scatter, O skeptical minions!
Scoffers, stay far from our roof!
For Oliver Ames has opinions
And he's planning to put them to proof.
He is certain – and then
He has read it in books –
That the best cooks are men
And the best men are cooks,
So we're going to sup
For once, if we will,
On viands served up
With an amateur's skill.
Make way for the conqueror!
Hail to the chief!
That cooking is difficult passes belief.
And feminine fuss is a hollow pretense.
It's simply a matter of common sense.

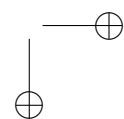
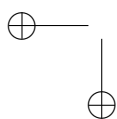
As eager as Old Mother Hubbard,
Convinced that pure reason prevails,
Now Oliver's storming the cupboard.
He's swinging the pots by their tails.
He's raiding the spice box
For pepper and clove,

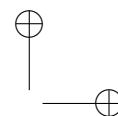
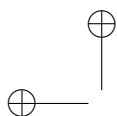




He's at grips with the icebox,
At war with the stove.
There're pans like a tower
Stacked up on the shelves;
The salt and the flour
Have hidden themselves.
There's a knife in the garbage,
There's glass in the sink.
And Oliver's having his troubles, I think.
But food will be presently issuing hence.
It's strictly a matter of common sense.

Soon plenty is what we'll be rich in.
We'll feast like Lucullus today.
But was that a groan from the kitchen?
And what is this odor, I pray?
And is that my dear
Whom I dimly descry
With a smudge on his ear
And a glaze in his eye?
And is that potato
Supine on the floor,
With a trace of tomato –
Or can it be gore?
And what was that clatter
That startled the night?
Was it plate? Was it platter?
And where did they light?
And who is it speaking
In dots and in dashes?
And was that our dinner? Well, peace to its ashes!
Come, Oliver, out of the pantry, I beg.
We'll bind up your wounds and we'll scramble an egg;
We'll sweep out the kitchen while counting to ten
And no one will mention it ever again.
For cooking, my love – and I mean no offense –
Is largely a matter of common sense.





CAROL WITH VARIATIONS

“The world now has 7,600,000 men under arms, excluding navies, as against 5,900,000 in 1913.” — News item printed in *The Sun* during Christmas week.

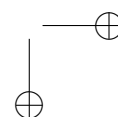
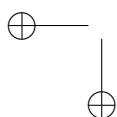
Oh! Little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie;
Your flocks are folded in to sleep, and sleep your little ones.
Behold, there is a Star again that climbs the eastern sky.
And seven million living men are picking up their guns.

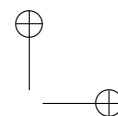
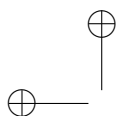
Hark, the happy cannons roar –
Glory to the Dictator,
Death and fear, and peace defiled,
And a world unreconciled!

Once more the bells of Christendom ring out a proclamation
Of joy to all the universe, and mercy, and good will;
While brother shoots his brother down, and nation scowls
at nation,
And seven million uniforms are decorate at drill.

Hail to Dupont and to Krupp!
Steel is strong and going up.
Let the tidings glad be sent –
'Tis the Morn of Armament.

God rest you merry, gentlemen, whose will these armies are.
Go proudly in your colored shirts, let nothing you dismay.

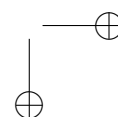
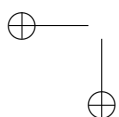


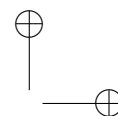
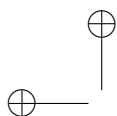


(Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how fades your shining star?)
While seven million fighting men stand up on Christmas Day.

Sing hosanna, sing Noel.
Sing the gunner and the shell.
Sing the candle, sing the lamp,
Sing the Concentration Camp.
Sing the Season born anew,
Sing of exile for the Jew,
Wreathe the world with evergreen.
Praise the cunning submarine.
Sing the barbed and bitter wire,
Poison gas and liquid fire,
Bullet, bomb, and hand grenade,
And the heart of man, afraid.
Christ is come, the Light hath risen,
All our foes are safe in prison,
And the Christmastide begets
Seven million bayonets.

Hear the carol, once again –
Peace on earth, good will to men.



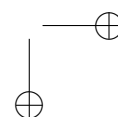
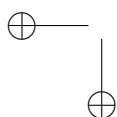


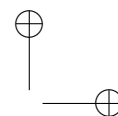
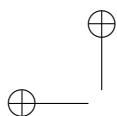
DISSERTATION ON FURNITURE

Furniture's rather a good idea,
And one that was early hit on.
Bureaus I'll pin to for stuffing things into,
And sofas are nice to sit on.
Love seats cater to amorous souls,
A mirror's a space-enhancer,
And secretaries have pigeonholes
For letters you ought to answer.

*But I sing the bed, oh, lovely device,
Flower of Furniture, Pearl without Price!
Wide may its praises be Spread.
For rugs they expect you to walk about on,
And desks were invented to work, no doubt, on,
But beds are things you can just stretch out on.
I sing the bed!*

A stove's the delight of an epicure
Determined that he should sup right;
Pianos are grand for the strenuous band
Who favor a posture upright;
A table's designed for holding lamps,
And frequently, too, to eat off;
And fireplaces scatter the dews and damps
When janitors turn the heat off.

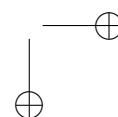
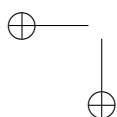


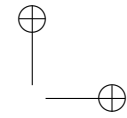
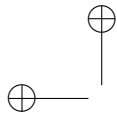


*But I sing the bed, more precious than these,
Excellent vessel of comfort and ease
And rest that is better than bread –
Dear to the heart when the night is lowering,
Dear before dinner when tempers are souring,
Dearest of all when the morn is flowering.
I sing the bed!*

Then here's to the pallet the poor man seeks,
And here's to the couch of the wealthy,
A kindly spot when the brow is hot
And kindlier, still, when healthy.
And here's to the article glorified
By Messrs. De Mille and Simmons,
Where all men's ultimate joys abide,
And probably, also, women's.
For a shelf with a book has a cultured look
And spaces for vases to go on,
And a rocking chair is beyond compare
For stubbing the midnight toe on.
But it's pleasant to write a letter in bed
And breakfast always tastes better in bed
And life seems almost inviting in bed
And books are more exciting in bed
And poems are often inspired in bed
And you hardly ever get tired in bed.

*So I sing the bed, by day and by night
Luxury's pinnacle, final delight,
Shelter for spirit and head,
For being born and, of course, for dying in,
For reading and writing and multiplying in,
For nodding and napping and just for lying in.
I sing the bed!*



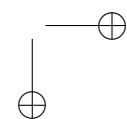
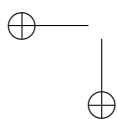


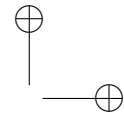
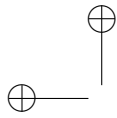
EPITHALAMION

(IF SPENSER HAD BEEN ON THE STAFF
OF "THE BRIDE'S MAGAZINE")

Hail, holy morn,
Welcome, O radiant and auspicious day!
Let every maid her person well adorn,
Let every youth go forth in cutaway.
Hail, joyous moment here at last! Unroll
The crimson carpet, brim the caterer's bowl,
Unfurl the awnings, summon without fail
The gray-gloved ushers and the groomsman pale.
Bid them be filled, e'er noon shall take its flight,
With Bromo-Seltzer and a deep delight;
And all bedight
In ascot, morning coat, and solemn looks
(Assembled jointly by the Brothers Brooks).

Come, guest and merrymaker!
Crowd the dim church, crane necks, with pride recall
How your gift (Ovington's) outshone them all –
The carving set, the clock, the silver shaker,
The five-times duplicated crystal tumbler –
Being unique, at least, if somewhat humbler.

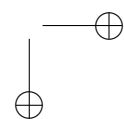
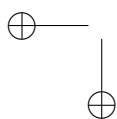


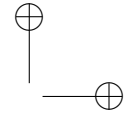
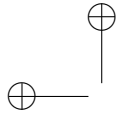


Now, everywhere,
Let music swell upon the happy air
In stately chords Wagnerian and slow,
While the bride's mother, she so goodly dressed
In purple chiffon, low but not too low
(And hat to match – available at Best),
Brushes away
The tear required and formal to this day.
Sound, sacred music, never cease nor falter,
For cometh now the bridegroom to the altar.
How dark his eye, how splendid his cravat,
How creased his trouser and how gray his spat
(Also from Brooks), while in his coat lapel
A valley lily doth its duty well.

Even while he waits, behold, down the rich aisle,
With sweet and fixed smile,
The bridesmaids, yellow, coral, powder blue,
Escorting Beauty's offering, and Love's,
Move altarward in rhythm, two by two
(Bonwit's ensemble, even to the gloves).

Swell louder, music! Like a blossomy bough,
It is the bride, the bride, who followeth now.
And whisper, seraphs, did you ever see
A maiden fair as she –
With step so lightsome or an eye so clear,
So tall, so slim, visaged so like a garden
(Coiffure by Antoine; skin by Elizabeth Arden),
One so attired in Skinner's super-sheer
With pleated collar and a spreading train
(Altman's design), or one with modest face
So half-obscured by veil of gauzy lace?

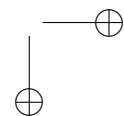
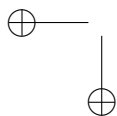


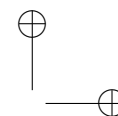
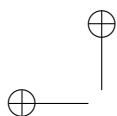


Ah, when she moves, there sounds a holier strain.
Now she has reached his side whose heart she weareth.
And the congregation stareth,
And the hands touch, the tender vows are given.
(Prayer by the pastor; marriage – we trust – by Heaven.)

Now all is done. Bring home the bride again.
Bring home the gleesome damsels and the men
To the rich feast prepared at the hand
Of, say, Pierre or Sherry-Netherland.
Broach the good cask, pull the embattled cork.
Let Bacchus once more revel in New York,
Bid the guests come
To drink these healths in vintages (by Mumm).
Drink to this pair made one, wake hills and highlands;
Empty your glasses, empty them and fill more.
Drink to their tickets to the Virgin Islands,
Drink to their luggage straight from Arthur Gilmore,
And let the welkin ring
Toasting their dovecote (plans by Bing & Bing).

Yea, call a blessing down
Upon this happiest pair in all the town.
May only joy be theirs, all things delight them,
Nor Reno nor a budget e'er affright them.
Prosperity be theirs, and friends, and health,
And relatives to leave them all their wealth.
Kind spirits hover round this bride's dear head.
Give her a full-time maid to call her own,
Charge accounts, and a private telephone.
And scatter pleasure o'er the marriage bed!
(Mattress by Simmons; bed by W. and J. Sloane.)





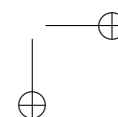
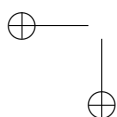
MIDSUMMER MEDITATIONS

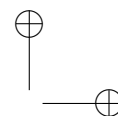
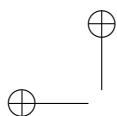
IN FRONT OF NUMBER ONE FIFTH AVENUE

Old customs I am able
 To vision with delight,
When people sat at table
 Indoors, and out of sight;
Before the Picturesque-O
 Enslaved the urban glance,
And when to dine al fresco
 Were better done in France.
*No, Cybele, that isn't a spider
In your tomato juice.*

Then tearooms served your salad,
 Your cottage-cheese-and-pear,
In comfort far more valid
 Than this too-open air.
Then, safe from gawk and gaper,
 You shunned the toxic breeze,
And napkins, cloth or paper,
 Remained upon your knees.

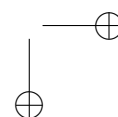
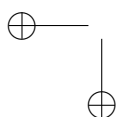
*Waiter, there's just a dash too much carbon monoxide
In the mashed potatoes.*

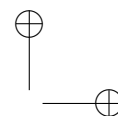
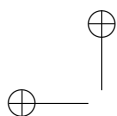




Synthetic grass grows dusty,
Synthetic flowers droop,
And airs of August, gusty,
Waft cinders toward the soup.
And wearier and wearier
Of quaintness I have grown.
Give me a dim interior
And let me munch alone.
For I am sick of sidewalks
Whereon to break my bread.
I simply can't abide walks
With awnings overhead,
And forth no more I'll sally
To where, as like as not,
They've turned a decent alley
Into a Garden Spot.

What do you say we just stand up at the bar?



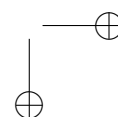
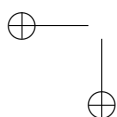


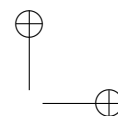
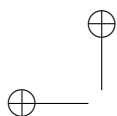
SONG OF THE NOT SO OPEN ROAD

The gondolas of Venice
Will take you near and far;
While they that rate the Golden Gate
Prefer a cable car;
And sleighs are said to tickle
The regimented Russ.
But we that live on Beekman Hill
Assert in merry tones and shrill
There's simply no *vehicle*
Like the Crosstown Bus.

*Oh, the Crosstown Bus
Is just the thing for us.
(Brace your feet against the floor
And clutch your swaying bonnet.)
Bump, bump, bump!
You'll make it if you jump,
There's room enough for everyone
If only six get on it.*

By rickshaw go the people
Who in the Orient dwell.
Bermuda takes to coaster brakes.
Chicago loves the "El."
But bring the hoarded nickel
That weighs your wallet down



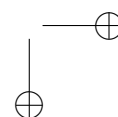
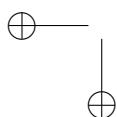


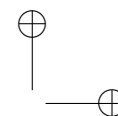
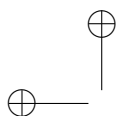
And, never matter where you've been,
You'll go a quainter journey in
Our singular *vehicle*
That runs crosstown.

Oh, the Crosstown Bus
Is good enough for us.
What's a little jolt or two?
Beekman Hill is plucky.
Want to go to Saks?
Might as well relax.
We'll do it in an hour
If the driver's very lucky.

Let's talk no more of subways
That molelike rend the dark.
Forget to crab at metered cab
That routes you through the Park.
And call the trolley fickle,
And walking perilous.
But, gentlemen, I offer you
The Pride of all First Avenue,
The roistering vehicle,
The Crosstown Bus.

Oh, the Crosstown Bus
Is the only thing for us,
As it rumbles through the city
Like the stars in their courses.
Far side stop.
And I think you'd better hop.
Rockefeller Center, boys,
And don't spare the horses!





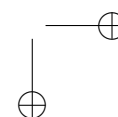
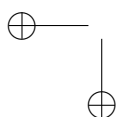
MONDAY IS FISH DAY

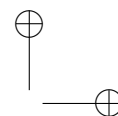
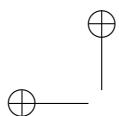
On Monday mornings early, before the town is shrill,
When the dew is on the milkman and the bacon's on the
grill,
I hurry to the doorstep, intent upon my mission
To read if Curator Christopher Coates
Has made the first edition.

For six days a week
The *Times* talks of treaties,
The *Tribune* damns the Democrats
With many a tosh and pish,
But nothing happens Sunday,
So happily on Monday
Reporters get the story
Of Mr. Coates's fish.

When nations keep the Sabbath, when all the world relaxes
From wars and litigation and armament and taxes,
Then who can save the papers, their presses stricken dumb,
Save only Curator Christopher Coates
At the City Aquarium?

For six days a week
There's a panic or a killing,
On six days a week
There're the courts to abuse,

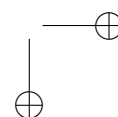
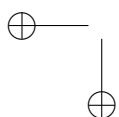


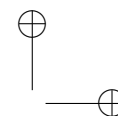
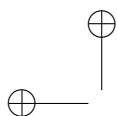


But Sunday is a flat day.
Nothing happens *that* day,
So every Monday morning
 Mr. Coates supplies the news.

Then down with Thursday's scandal, with Wednesday's
 scoop, away!
Throw out the double murder assigned for Saturday.
I wait the throbbing headline that Monday morn reveals
When Mr. Curator Christopher Coates
Discusses tropic eels.

So raise up a cheer
For goldfish and guppies,
And print the kiss of honor
 On Mr. Coates's cheek,
Who speaks when he's commanded,
And, lone and singlehanded,
Sustains the morning papers
 On the first of the week.





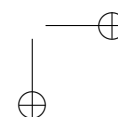
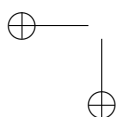
ENIGMA IN ALTMAN'S

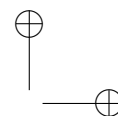
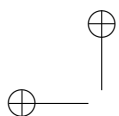
It is a strange, miraculous thing
About department stores,
How elevators upward wing
By twos and threes and fours,

How pale lights gleam, how cables run
All day without an end,
Yet how reluctant, one by one,
The homing cars descend.

They soar to Furniture, or higher,
They speed to Gowns and Gifts,
But when the bought weighs down the buyer,
Late, late, return the lifts.

Newton, himself, beneath his tree,
Would ponder this and frown:
How what goes up so frequently
So seldom cometh down.



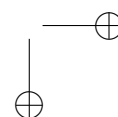
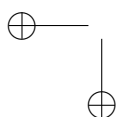


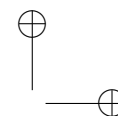
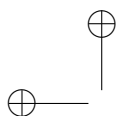
HI, ROVER

OR OLIVER AMES WANTS A DOG

“We ought to have a dog,” said Oliver to me.
“Don’t you think we ought to get a dog?” said he.
“For calling closer
 In alarms and dangers;
To greet the grocer
 And to bark at strangers,
To fight our battles
 With the raiding mouse,
To guard our chattels
 And to watch our house;
A dog with dignity, a dog with pride,
A fine great brute I can walk beside,
Who won’t go wandering in other people’s grounds
Or running after motor cars with predatory sounds;
Who knows his station and his master’s voice,
One to make a gentleman’s heart rejoice –
A Doberman, say, with a pedigree.
Let’s get a dog,”
Said Oliver to me.

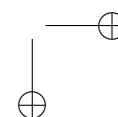
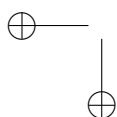
I said to Oliver, “Oh, yes, indeed,
A dog is positively what we need.
But a quaint small pup
 Is my whole intent,

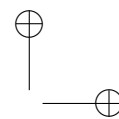
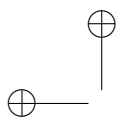




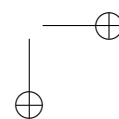
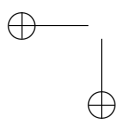
And one brought up
As an ornament,
Obedient whatever
Be our demands –
A little dog, clever
At shaking hands;
A dog with decorum, a calm-voiced dog
To slumber on a cushion by the warm gas log,
That won't tear curtains and won't chew chairs
Or decorate the sofa with his cast-off hairs.
Or disarrange the rugs in his antics hearty,
Or leap on a lady when she's ready for a party.
Say, a spaniel carefully from proud sires bred.
Let's have a dog,"
I think is what I said.

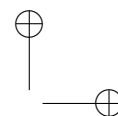
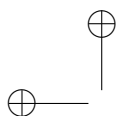
So we have a dog, have Oliver and I,
A roving Orphan Andy who just strayed by.
He's never quite certain
Of our demands,
He chews the curtain
And he won't shake hands.
He flees like most men
From trumped-up dangers;
He barks at postmen
And he fawns on strangers.
When motorists elude him, he takes it hard.
He loves to go exploring in the neighbor's yard.
He leaps on a lady with enthusiastic paws,
And he fancies Oliver is Santa Claus.
For poise and decorum he doesn't care a fig,
And he's not very little and he's not very big
And he isn't so brave as Hercules or Daniel
And he's not a Doberman and not a spaniel,





And we aren't quite sure about what he is.
But our sofa and our house and our hearts are his.
And we wouldn't give him up
For anybody's pup.





NOVEMBER

Away with vanity of Man!
Now comes to visit here
The Maiden Aunt, the Puritan,
The Spinster of the year.

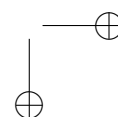
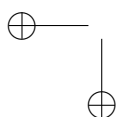
She likes a world that's furnished plain,
A sky that's clean and bare,
And garments eminently sane
For her consistent wear.

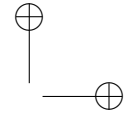
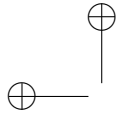
Let others deck them as they please
In frill and furbelow.
She scorns alike the fripperies
Of flowers and of snow.

Her very speech is shrewd and slight,
With innuendoes done;
And all of her is hard, thin light
Or shadow sharp as sun.

Indifferent to the drifting leaf,
And innocent of guile,
She scarcely knows there dwells a brief
Enchantment in her smile.

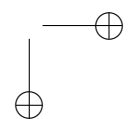
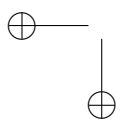
So love her with a sparing love.
That is her private fashion,

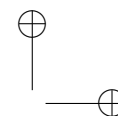
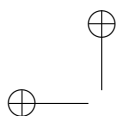




Who fears the August ardor of
A demonstrated passion.

Yet love her somewhat. It is meet,
And for our own defence,
After October to find sweet
Her chilly common sense.





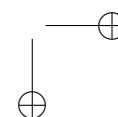
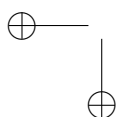
HISTORICAL BALLAD: 1936

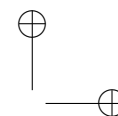
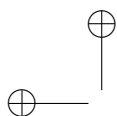
“Mr. Hoover said that he was willing to accept the nomination again,” reported Arthur E. Bailey, the Washington State Director of Young Republican Clubs. “However, he believes that there are better choices available for the party. He mentioned Governor Landon of Kansas, Colonel Knox of Chicago and Senator Vandenberg of Michigan.” — *News item.*

*In Palo Alto shines the sun,
While frosted hopes unlimber.
And here's the song that Hoover sings
In a muted voice that softly rings
With Presidential timbre:*

Someone spoke from a cloud today, a secret wind blew west,
Stirring the eucalyptus trees to a mystical unrest.
The speech was the speech of Bailey, but the tones were
those of Fate:
“And are you willing to stand for us and be our Candidate?”

Oh, dreadful portent; oh, urgent voice!
Is there none but me for the People's Choice?
Does stern-faced Duty expect me twice
To offer myself for the sacrifice?
Am I the hope of a desperate land?
Very well, gentlemen, here's my hand.





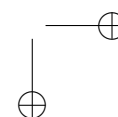
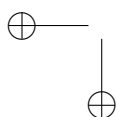
There's a gap to fill in, a deed to try.
Barkis was willin' and so am I.

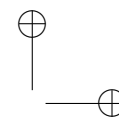
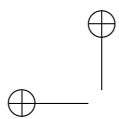
But surely you might discover, friends, many an abler man.
Remember Senator Vandenberg, who hails from Michigan,
And Governor Landon, Colonel Knox – have you summoned
 them sharp and clear?
For they are Favorite Sons and I am only an Engineer.

I've built my bridges, I've fed my nations,
I've toiled at various occupations,
But being President (music, soften!)
Is one of the things I've tried less often.
Before you single me from the crowd
Call on my betters – but not too loud.
Then if the others refuse the cup,
I, my brothers, will lap it up.

Dear to me is my quiet home, secure from worldly strife,
And dear to me my daily task, advising the New York Life.
But once when tyranny rode the land and there was no
 redress,
Our good St. George went forth to fight – and how can I do
 less?

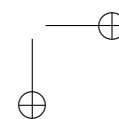
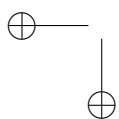
Hard my lot and bitter the brew,
But here is a service that I must do.
For raised in terror and shrill fatigue
I hear the cry of the Union League.
Now is the time good men and hearty
Must come to the aid of the Grand Old Party.
Their banners fall and their ranks grow thin,
And some are Borah-ing from within,
And some on radical mischief bent
Would rather be Left than President.

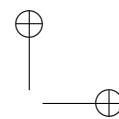
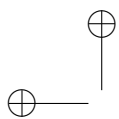




So send this message over the hills
To the *Herald Tribune* and Ogden Mills,
To Hamilton Fish and his wayward clans
And the Washington Young Republicans:
That Herbert Hoover, his code fulfilling,
Has given his word that he is willing.

Yes, let my followers testify:
The times are anxious,
And so am I.

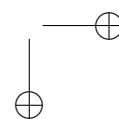
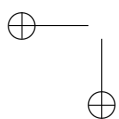


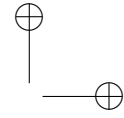
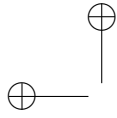


MOON OVER FIFTY-SECOND STREET

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The sax and the fiddle!
The cab's at the door,
And the night's at the middle.
And the check's on the hat,
And the town's on parade.
So ho, for the charge*
Of the spot-light brigade!

*Probably a covert charge.

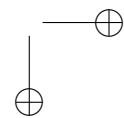
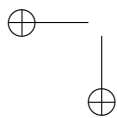


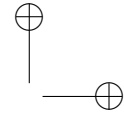
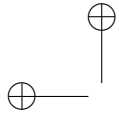


PARABLE WITHOUT A MORAL

In days more warmly votive,
 When virtue was respectable,
Nor every action's motive
 Too easily dissectible,
There lived – so runs the story –
 A man of high affairs
Who, trailing clouds of glory,
 Went forth to say his prayers.
With smirking face,
Aware of grace,
 Insufferably proud,
He sought the temple's highest place
 And thus he prayed aloud:

“I thank Thee, God, that Thou madest me
A man not sinful as other men be
But a righteous fellow and a Pharisee.
Listen, Jehovah, to the joyful facts:
I give my tithing and I pay my tax.
I rise in the morning and I sing Thy praise,
My feet go easily in orthodox ways,
My Sabbath ritual is free of flaw,
Even at the table do I keep Thy Law.
I comb my beard and I wash my curls,
I don't make passes at the servant girls,
And I very seldom covet my neighbor's wife.

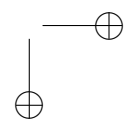
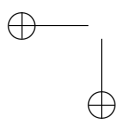


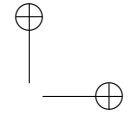
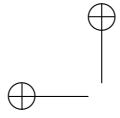


In short, I'm grateful for my exemplary life,
And I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou madest me
A pillar of respectable Society,
A God-fearing man,
A praise-worthy man,
A righteous fellow and a Pharisee."

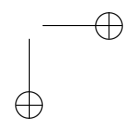
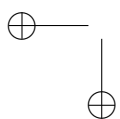
But now that sin's in fashion
 (Though shorn of its variety)
The Pharisee with passion
 Proclaims a newer piety.
Whenever people gather
 For merriment or food,
He's with them, in a lather
 Of conscious rectitude.
He beats his breast,
Expands his chest
 To show the girth of it
And thus is audibly addressed
 The God of Keeping Fit:

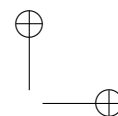
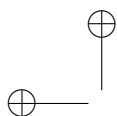
"Other men pant and lean against a bar.
Other men snifle and are under par.
Behold, I am not as other men are.
I leap from my bed where other men totter
To drink three glasses of lukewarm water.
I walk each day though it rains or snows,
And my knees don't bend when I touch my toes.
I scoff at poundage and I sneer at puffage,
I sup on cereal and dine on roughage.
I'm the Handball Hope, I'm the Squash-court Pride,
And I always keep over on the alkaline side.
I thank Thee, Deity of Thews and Sinews
That I keep thy Law and my health continues."
Let folk bow down in their places for





A man so certainly superior,
A right-living man,
An exercising man,
A dietetic fellow and a first-rate bore.





LABORATORY CHORUS

(Scientists Claim That Increasing One's Supply of Oxygen
Lessens Irritability.)

I'm filled to the brim with oxygen.

 Annoy me if you can.

I yearn to embrace

The human race.

 I dote on my fellow man.

For indignation I've no facility.

I'm drunk with ozone and amiability.

Penniless swains, come on, make merry!

Smoke my cigarettes, drink my sherry.

Talk like Hemingway, strut like Gable,

Leave white rings on my Sheraton table.

Fill my ash trays, borrow my books!

I still will greet you with smiling looks.

I've nothing but love for smug young men,

For I've been tipping oxygen.

I hold for the whole revolving globe

 Affection that's strong and vital.

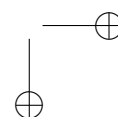
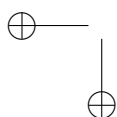
I yearn to be

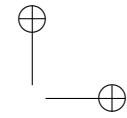
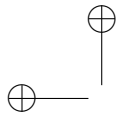
At a Benefit Tea

 Or an amateur dance recital,

Or a little revue where the clothes are flimsy,

Or a moving picture alive with whimsy,

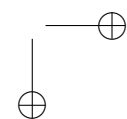
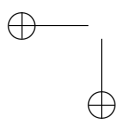


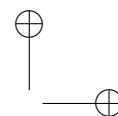
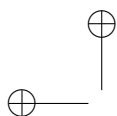


Or a lecture (with slides) on Modern Venice,
Or a talk on the Japanese Naval Menace;
And I think I'd like to go shopping soon
Somewhere on Saturday afternoon.

Isn't oxygen lovely stuff,
 Isn't it wholesome fun!
While the flow is steady
I'm perfectly ready
 To bear with everyone:
Poets and peasants and lady flyers;
Radio critics and radio criers
And the tittering tribe who've heard the rumor,
"If it's not Joe Miller, it isn't humor."

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 A friend to lord and menial.
For when I'm high
On an air supply,
 I'm awfully oxygenial.
*Though I fear I am apt to be less informal
 When normal.*





INCE-IN' ALONG

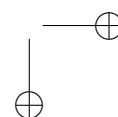
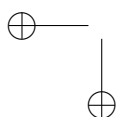
(A BALLAD CELEBRATING THE RETURN OF
THE FORGOTTEN HE-MAN)

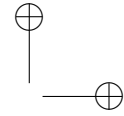
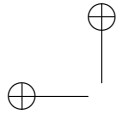
The world was sick with sorrow and filled with hollow men,
The vulture of destruction was sharpening his claw.
*But now on painted prairies the cowboys ride again,
And A Western is at the Cinema.*

Hushabye, baby,
Be comforted now.
Rocks the earth, maybe,
But safe is the bough.
What do we care if
The storm lowers black?
The outlaw, the sheriff,
The cowboy is back!

They're riding from the ranches, they're brandishing their
quirts,
Nor have they seen the glory of the coming of the Ford.
Once more the wicked gambler receives his just deserts
And the rustler is sent to his reward.

Now trembles the rotter
While lassos are whirling,



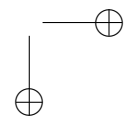
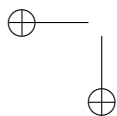


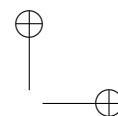
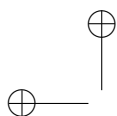
For silver may totter
 But virtues are sterling
Where the beard's on the lip
 And the spur's on the heel
And they shoot from the hip
 To the twentieth reel.

Ah, dead were faith and innocence and every happy wonder
 And we had turned to granite from staring at the Truth,
But down synthetic canyons the pinto ponies thunder.
 The Westerns are bringing back our youth.

Let speech be informal,
 Let Stetsons be waved.
The nation is normal,
 The country is saved.
Though statesmen, in folly, would
 Plunge Left or Right,
Now out of Hollywood
 Cometh the light.

So hail to the Flickies,
 Dispellers of grief
That better than Ickes
 Have brought us Relief!
Though politics addle
 And party lines crack,
There's hope in the saddle.
 The Westerns are back!

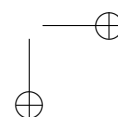
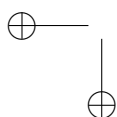


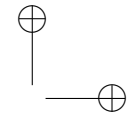
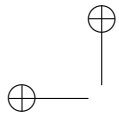


INVOCATION AT NINE A.M.

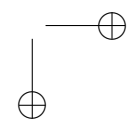
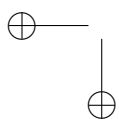
Labor and love and laughter,
Alone of our gifts possessed,
Are worth the following after.
And labor, they say, is best.
For laughter, it seems, may falter
When our bread becomes a stone,
And the shape of affection alter
Till the heart forsakes its own.
So lest I gather the ancient rue
Or my spirit should find no ease, Lord,
Give me a little work to do –
But as little as possible, please, Lord.

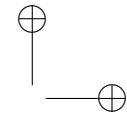
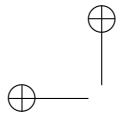
This burden to heave? I'll heave it,
But readier go on strike,
For I can take it or leave it,
And leaving is what I like.
Too heady for me the pleasure
Of the well-accomplished task.
Disturb not my simple leisure
And that will be all I ask.
Oh, let it never of me be said,
Whatever might be ensuing,
That I was too proud to lie in bed
While others were up and doing.





Then, here is a hymn to labor.
Its worth I'll never deny
When won by a worthier neighbor
Who merits it more than I.
My pillow, it shall be slept on,
I'll gladly drowse in the sun,
For the ant was born to be stepped on
And the bee to get no fun.
Riches and honor scorning,
I beg for no other boon
Than a job to begin at morning
And forget about by noon.
At dusk, when the light's diminished,
I'll glow with a deep content,
At thoughts of the tasks unfinished,
The beautiful day misspent.
Yes, love, they say, wears a pointed sword,
And laughter, I hear, is brittle.
So give me a little work, dear Lord –
But only a very little.





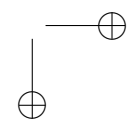
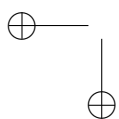
CITY CHRISTMAS

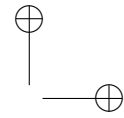
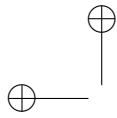
Now is the time when the great urban heart
More warmly beats, exiling melancholy.
Turkey comes table d'hôte and à la carte.
Our elevator wears a wreath of holly.

Mendicant Santa Claus in flannel robes
At every corner contradicts the fable.
We have a Christmas tree with colored globes
In our apartment foyer, on a table.

Wearing good nature like an amulet,
Our superintendent dreams of holiday manna.
Saint Giles' has hired a singer from the Met
To render us a costlier hosanna.

There is a promise – or a threat – of snow
Noised by the press. We pull our collars tighter.
And twenty thousand doormen hourly grow
Politer and politer and politer.

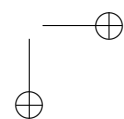
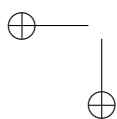


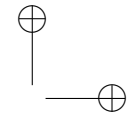
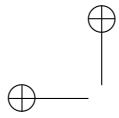


OLIVER SHOPS FOR CHRISTMAS

How high the Christmas Spirit seethes,
And how the stores are jolly
With silver wreaths and gilded wreaths
And modernistic holly!
It's Christmas in the Linen Shop,
And Christmas in the Books.
"Noel, Noel,"
Cry all who sell,
Assuming joyful looks.
And Madam's soul is lifted up,
For once again salute her
The monogram, the Scottie pup,
And a thousand aisles of pewter.
And blue and pink the bath salts wink
Beneath their crystal stoppers,
But they wink in vain at Oliver,
My pearl of Christmas Shoppers.

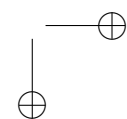
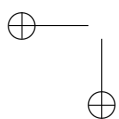
Oh, it's all one
To Oliver Ames,
Who treads the pathway lotused.
That the town is gay in its best array
He's probably never noticed.
For Oliver buys his Christmas gifts
Where Christmas gifts should be –
At the jeweller's place and the florist's place
And the corner pharmacy.

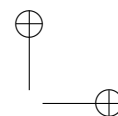
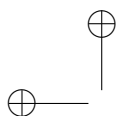




Let lesser men go down before
 Beguilements and devices
That clutter every festive store
 At festive Christmas prices.
The bookend and the cocktail glass
 May hide away together,
And likewise may
Each brave display
 Of Florentinish leather.
For why should Man run to and fro
 In search of gadgets clever
When jewelry counters brightly show
 Their wares the same as ever;
When one but pops in florists' shops
 With scarce a moment's warning,
And the pharmacy will sell you things
 As late as Christmas morning?

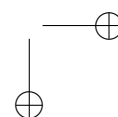
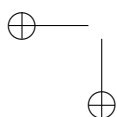
Oh, it's all clear
To Oliver Ames,
 Who treads the pathway lotused.
That stores are traps for credulous chaps
 He's probably never noticed.
So, darling, shop wherever you please,
 Though holiday snares grow crueler.
Be kind to florists and pharmacies,
 And don't forget the jeweller.

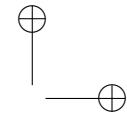
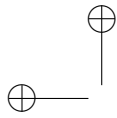




A WREATH FOR MR. FLAHERTY

Old Mr. Flaherty, who cleaned our casements
And humored our complaints and stoked our fires
And carried down our luggage into basements
And hated nothing save entangled wires,
Dust in the halls, and enemies of Erin,
Has laid his brooms aside and gone away.
Right happily I hope that he may fare in
His kindly Heaven, this Saint Patrick's Day.
Let there be songs and many a waving banner
And honest shamrock everywhere displayed
And harpers harping in the ancient manner
And friendly crowds, and maybe a parade,
Lest he be lonely for the Finest swinging
Down Fifth, new-uniformed and stiff as starch,
Or miss the cheers, the talk, the big bells ringing
For Ireland and the Seventeenth of March.
Those were his pride, those were his yearly glories.
So in the golden city let there be
Patrick himself, today, exchanging stories
Of Ireland's woe with Mr. Flaherty.



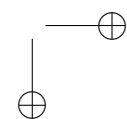
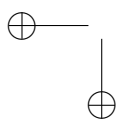


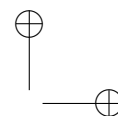
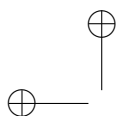
MONOLOGUE FROM A PADDED CELL

You're going to show me your scrapbook, I trust.
You *do* keep a scrapbook? Oh, surely you must.
And maybe it's newspaper verse of your choosing,
Or theatre programs – they're always amusing –
Each bit
For the *Lit*
Which you used to compose,
Or clippings concerning your cousin who rows,
Or souvenir views that you purchased upon –
Let me guess, now – don't tell me – your cruise to Colon!
I knew it was coming, this splendid surprise,
By the look of abstraction I saw in your eyes.

How nice you have a scrapbook!
I always look at scrapbooks.
I'm sister to Griselda and Job's competitor
From east to west they know me
And run with things to show me.
They call me Scrapbook Sally,
The Girl Who Asks for More.

Or haven't you gathered some sort of collection
That you could display for my ardent inspection?
I'm good at collections – I've beamed at a lot of them
With adequate comments when asked what I thought of
them.



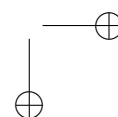
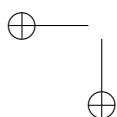


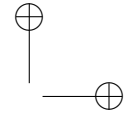
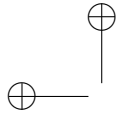
And perhaps
It is maps
Or it's hand-painted dishes,
Or models of schooners or tropical fishes
Or miniature Scotties or seashells or coins,
But whatever it be, I must gird up my loins
And polish my adverbs and practice my cues.
For I am the Lady Who Cannot Refuse.

Does my partner at dinner make sounds like a suitor?
He takes me to see his assortment of pewter.
Do I favor a stranger with casual glance?
He pulls out the trinkets he picked up in France.
And nieces
Keep pieces
Of flowers and press 'em,
And nephews have lizard collections, God bless 'em,
While the neighbor I visit with promptitude fetches
Her Mary's remarkable folder of sketches.

I'm the connoisseur's boon, I'm the All-Seeing Eye,
So what do you have to remember you by?
No clippings? No stamps? Then I haven't a doubt
It's a photograph album you'd like to bring out.

*Don't you have an album,
An annotated album
With snapshots of the kiddies and photographs of you,
That I can pore a while on
With fixed and glassy smile on?
Don't you have an album?
Oh, God, of course you do!*





INTIMATIONS ON MARCH 21ST

Now hounds of Spring, new-born but sturdy,
Sniff in the self-assertive grass.
It is the time of hurdy-gurdy,
Nostalgia, and sassafras.

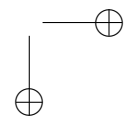
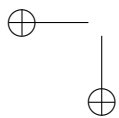
Along the roofs the twilight hovers.
Mornings come earlier than they did.
And sofas muse on linen covers,
And slippers change from suede to kid.

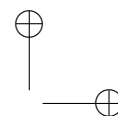
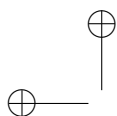
The vine forgets its winter treason.
The moth stirs in the chrysalis.
And ladies, sighing for no reason
Save that the world is that or this,

Find that the ruefullest heart that winces
Away from some remembered doom,
Is half-restored with choosing chintzes
To brighten up the breakfast room –

Discover griefs are quick to vanish
When winds blow soft and hats are gay;
And that the styles are somewhat Spanish,
And that one looks one's best in gray.

So praise this time of leaf and crocus,
This green and excellent interim,
When all the world is brought in focus
By a primrose on a bonnet's brim.





SHOPPERS' GUIDE

The aisles of Saks, the aisles of Saks,
Will set you brooding on your lacks.

At Lord & Taylor's, haunt of knowledge,
The lady clerks have been to college.

With Altman's bills you cannot cope.
They do not fit the envelope.

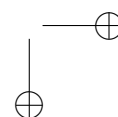
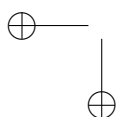
Best's show you laces, but would liefer
Sell you a sweater or a reefer.

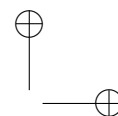
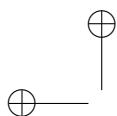
At Wanamaker's, everything
You want is in the other wing.

Recall with mood resigned and chirpless,
It's a long Lane Bryant that has no surplice.

Standing with reluctant feet
Where Fifth and the proud Fifties meet,
Bonwit Teller's is a marriage
Of trade both omnibus and carriage.

And one and all and best and worst,
They send out statements on the first.





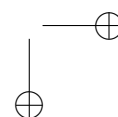
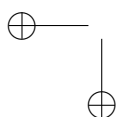
FLAGONS AND APPLES

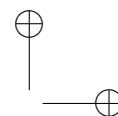
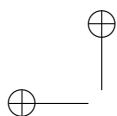
When your heart is broken, mend it as you please.
Seek your consolations in old philosophies.
Call upon your saints, then, or page a pleasant sinner,
But I'll put my faith
 In a good, hot dinner.

For it's wonderful, truly,
 How often the heart
Grief-riddled, unruly,
 And shaken apart,
One still can persuade
 To believe itself whole
With a salad, well made,
 Or a filet of sole.

Trouble is a sneak thief, skulking through the gloom,
Timid to accost you in a merry room.
Twilight's the hour that you feel her dagger pricks,
When you're hungry and you're frightened,
 Say, at half-past six.

Oh, it's just before dinner
 (I've put it to test)
That courage grows thinner
 And dies in the breast.
But spirits that very
 Pathetically droop



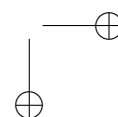
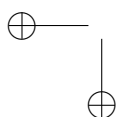


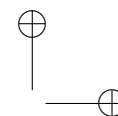
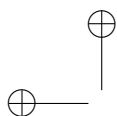
Will rise with the sherry
And soar with the soup.

It's soda for the sniffles, a poultice for a boil,
And tots with the rickets cry for cod-liver oil.
It's spirits of ammonia when senses start to reel,
But nothing heals a heart
Like a good square meal.

For comfort more utter
Than prayers there can be
In muffins and butter
And lemon and tea;
In a chop on a skewer
Or parsleyed potatoes,
Philosophy truer
And richer than Plato's.
While the desperate maid
Who has supped at her pleasure,
And the lover that's stayed
With a steak to his measure,
May frequently find
They can look on their sorrow
And tell it to mind
Its affairs till tomorrow.

So set the pot to simmering
For love and pity's sake
Since it's just before dinner
That the heart begins to break.





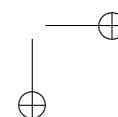
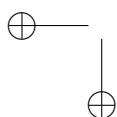
APPREHENSIVE SURVEY

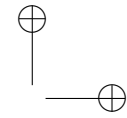
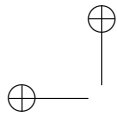
OF THE POETRY SITUATION SINCE ENGLE ET AL. HAVE
PROVED THE GOSPEL OF AFFIRMATION TO BE SO COMMERCIAL-
SUCCESSIONAL

With sound of fife and trumpet, with roll of pulsing drum,
From school and town and prairie, I hear the poets come –
The young, the clean-limbed poets, seers of the newer day,
In black italics singing the Everlasting Yea.

Glory, glory, honor and grace
To the latest thing in the market place!
Honey and milk and royalties give
To boys who hymn the Affirmative,
For the world is dark
 And the world is hard
And eager to hark
 To a bouncing bard
Who'll flaunt the laurel and not the rue.
But what are the rest of us going to do?

They flex their mighty muscles to greet the rosy morn.
They're ploughing up the Wasteland and planting it to corn.
And all their odes are hopeful ones and all their words
 corrective,
But what is to become of us who bartered in invective?



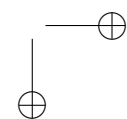
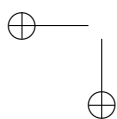


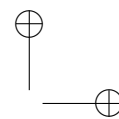
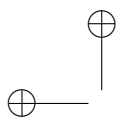
If poets must all turn loving and giving,
How in the world shall we make a living
Who went to a different, a ribald school,
Where looking askance was the permanent rule,
Who nodded a head
 Or raised an eyebrow
And earned our bread
 In the sweat of our high brow?
Oh, how can we learn in a single night
To sound as merry as Harold Bell Wright?

Come, dance upon the mountains and leap upon the hills.
Now chant the current doctrine that cures our ancient ills.
For all the glad young gentlemen are going forth to preach,
And we who loved the lemon must learn to suck the peach.

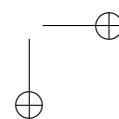
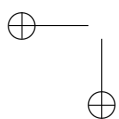
Pessimist poets, cease your wails.
Silence your mocking, drop your flails,
Set your feet on the good green sod.
Scatter sweetness and light abroad.
Labor, Labor,
 With lusty song!
Love your neighbor
 And hate the wrong,
And strong and fierce as tiger whelps,
Plump for the Sunrise like Dr. Phelps.

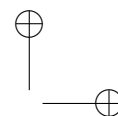
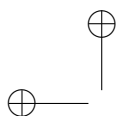
*Then, when you've finished the golden circuit,
Show the rest of us how to work it,
For the wind blows warm, the wind blows south,
It blows the bread right out of our mouth,
Who thought up a symbol to call a spade
And found frustration a likely trade.
A terrible word
 Is "yes" to say*





*When you've long preferred
A resonant "Nay,"
And your lips are stiff
From their strict endeavor
To shape an "If"
Or define a "Never."
And being expected to lift things up
Is bitter brew for us all to sup
When everyone knows, who has sought renown,
That it's much more amusing to knock things down.*





COMPLAINT FOR LANCELOT

OR WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS

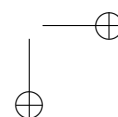
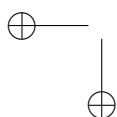
“And who,” she said, “will comfort or defend him
Now he has left the castle of my sire?
What if he get a wound – and none to tend him
Except a serving lout, a stupid squire?”

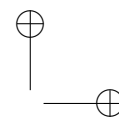
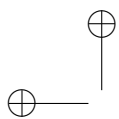
“How will he fare without me? Who will chide him,
Lightly, as I knew how, if he forget
His proper mealtimes? Who will stay beside him
To dry his armor when the woods are wet?”

“Alack, he’ll ride too long, absorbed and dreaming,
Or sleep uncovered on a windy hill.
He has a delicate throat for all his seeming
So strong in tourney. What if he take a chill?”

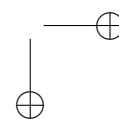
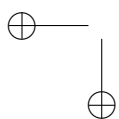
“And when the dark distrusts, the old depressions
Blindfold his spirit, and the light is hid,
Who will assuage him till his courage freshens
As once I did? He told me that I did.”

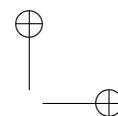
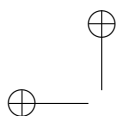
“Not for myself,” she said, “these tears, this pity,
But for his need of my companionhood.
Whom will he find in all that towered city
To understand him as I understood!”





Yet cheerfully and whole, we saw him ride
Toward Camelot. It was Elaine who died.





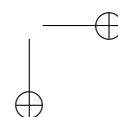
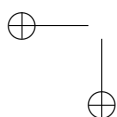
SONG FOR THURSDAYS

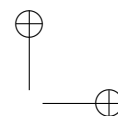
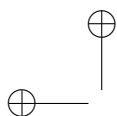
OR KEEP YOUR HAT ON, OLIVER

Monday is blue of complexion,
Monday's a serious day,
When laundry cries out for inspection,
And milkmen come round for their pay.
And Tuesday to toil is apprenticed,
With Oliver's mending about.
And Wednesday's reserved for the dentist,
But Thursday's the maid's day out!

Then it's ho for Thursday, day of my delight!
Call me early, Oliver; we're faring forth tonight.
The tearoom on the corner is the place where we will dine,
And if the lamb is stringy, why, it's never fault of mine.
Yes, say the salad's limp, my love, but let the waiter care.
It's Thursday, it's Thursday, and I am free as air.

On Friday our casual dinners
Begin for a seasonal term.
And Saturday's saved for the Skinners –
He's something in Oliver's firm.
On Sunday we squander our free time
Surrounded by papers and doubt
And callers who linger till teatime.
But Thursday's the maid's day out.

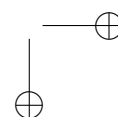
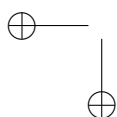


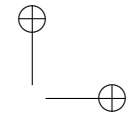
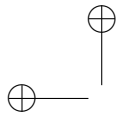


Disconnect the telephone, stir me if you can.
It's Thursday, it's Thursday, with never a meal to plan.
Ah, not today the furrowed brow, the shopping list, the sob
About the cost of broccoli, the ruinous price of squab,
The shudder lest the Robinsons should look askance at gin.
The maid is going out today and no one's coming in!

Let grocers in idleness languish
While goods gather dust on their shelves.
Let butchers, to stifle their anguish,
Devour their muttons themselves.
I've cheese in the icebox to munch on,
But nothing much else in the tray.
For it's Thursday, and right after luncheon,
The maid's going out for the day.

Then it's ho for Thursday, day of my delight.
Take your wallet, Oliver, we're faring forth tonight.
We're dining at the tearoom on the corner of the street,
And I won't know till I get there what we're going to have
to eat.
And my ardor won't be dampened, nor I'll find myself at
fault,
Though the soup may be but barley and you cannot shake
the salt;
Though you're fretted by the doilies and the way the candles
gutter,
And your pampered taste's insulted by the vintage of the
butter.
I haven't any household, domesticity I flout,
For the maid is at the movies, and it's My Night Out.





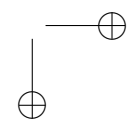
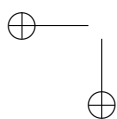
HONEST CONFESSION

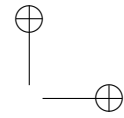
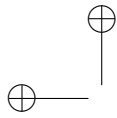
“I suppose there exist a few adults who never even heard of the St. Nicholas League – people whose childhood was spent on the other side of the railroad tracks reading the *Youth’s Companion*.” — E. B. W. in *The New Yorker*.

When I was a child in a mountain land, planting the roots
of sorrow,
I thought as a child and I read as a child and gave no heed
to the morrow.
And little I reckoned how Ruin marched, stealthily, through
the canyon
As I snuggled down on a winter’s eve to the latest *Youth’s
Companion*.

Oh, I never read *St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas!*
Oh, I never read *St. Nicholas* – and that is not the third
of it,
The League which nurtured childish souls,
Which kindled fires and nursed the coals,
Set not my name upon its rolls –
I hadn’t even heard of it.

The Gods were good to Edna Millay, to Corey Ford they
were good;
And they weren’t so harsh on Reginald Marsh, Kay Boyle,
and Clement Wood.



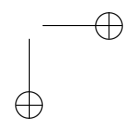
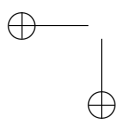


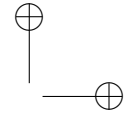
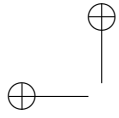
And even to Bill Benét they showed a notable condescension.
But never for me the golden badge or even Hon'able Mention.

Oh, I never read *St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas.*
I count my losses one by one with horror and fatigue.
The Hunt, my questing Heart, forsake!
No Pierian spring this thirst will slake,
Since in my youth I did not make
St. Nicholas's League.

At last I know why the books I write are snubbed by the
best reviewers,
Why the world, mine oyster, is solidly shut and I can't seem
to find the skewers,
Why millionaires never carry me off nor the Candid Cameras
snap me,
And the Pulitzer Prizes pass me by and the Guggenheims
never tap me.

For I never read *St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas, St. Nicholas!*
The postman didn't bring it to that dear, unlettered canyon.
The weight of shame is on my back.
When I was young I lived, alack,
On the other side of the railroad track,
And I read the Youth's Companion!



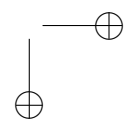
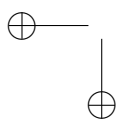


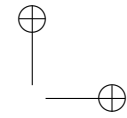
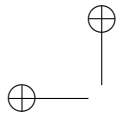
ICONOCLAST

Goodbye, Mrs. Grundy, goodbye,
Adieu – and I might as well mention,
My bondage is severed,
I scoff at your code;
Too long I've endeavored
To think a la mode.
I'm sick of Convention.

So hail and farewell, Mrs. Grundy,
Prepare for a permanent strike.
From Monday to ultimate Monday,
I'm aiming to Do as I Like.

I'm going Victorian, madly Victorian,
Recklessly minding my P's and my Q's.
A fig for your forum
On female decorum!
I'm going to blush if I choose.
It isn't my nature to act nonchalant.
I'll be as inhibited, Ma'am, as I want.
I'll visibly shudder when mores are mocked,
When something is shocking, I'll show that I'm shocked.
I won't be a playmate, I won't be a sport,
I'll give Holy Wedlock my hearty support,
And I'll have all the fun I can handle
By burning one end of the candle.



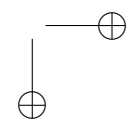
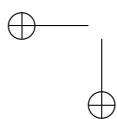


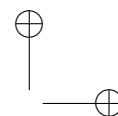
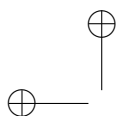
I leave you, my elders and betters,
 Intoning your hedonist psalms.
Crown reader pupils
 With orthodox laurels.
I'm going to have Scruples,
 I'm going to have Morals,
I'll even have Qualms.

For all of us journey a lone way
 And life is a brief thing, at best,
So I'm plannig to live it my own way
 With a Middle-Victorian zest.

I'm going Victorian, wildly Victorian,
 Boldly intent on my Q's and my P's,
Addicted, though chidden,
 To virtues forbidden,
Monogamous, too, if I please.

In discussions of Sex my attention will wander,
I'll brazenly wince at a double-entendre;
No matter how dull, I'll refuse to give path room
To novels laid chiefly in bedroom and bathroom,
And I'll risk a sensation by saying, "No doubt
There are just as good people in churches as out."
Yes, I'll staunchly contend, though I'm shot for it,
That vice may be nice, but I'm not for it.





BALLAD OF AMATEUR HOUR

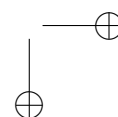
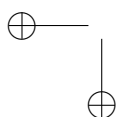
What shall we do with the bold milkman
Who loud in the little hours
Whistles away like a hearty Pan
Till slumber deserts our bowers?

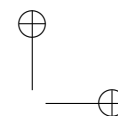
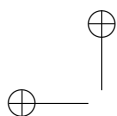
*He shall whistle an air for Major Bowes,
The best that his tongue can twist to;
And a thousand milkmen will vote him first
And night after night will his lips be pursed
In the very tune that we called accursed,
For a suffering world to list to.*

What shall we do with the grocer's boy
Whose resonant warblings fret us,
As he chants to the cheeses for simple joy
Or lyrically wraps the lettuce?

*Why, he shall warble for Major Bowes,
Later, my friends, or sooner.
And never, ah, never again will he
Sing to the squash and the broccoli,
But now in radio ranks shall be
Numbered another crooner.*

What shall we do with the neighbors' brood
Who, shrill and fierce as hornets,





Shatter the spell of our solitude
With fiddles and fifes and cornets?

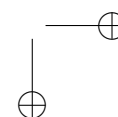
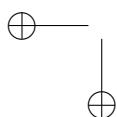
*Why, they shall serenade Major Bowes
With cornet and fife and fiddle.
Such sound and fury they'll all display
That the tones which frightened the Muse away
We shall hear by night, we shall hear by day,
Whenever a dial we twiddle.*

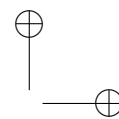
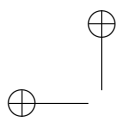
What shall we do with the family bore
Whose persiflage never ceases?
And what with the audible miss next door
Who's clever at speaking pieces?

*Why, they shall babble for Major Bowes
Their artful impersonations.
And an affable agent will bid them sign
A contract, square on the dotted line,
For alternate evenings at half past nine
On very distinguished stations.*

What shall we do with Major Bowes,
Lord of the aerial garden,
Who turns our amateurs into pros
With never a Beg Your Pardon?

When the world is so full of a number of sounds,
When the air repents its store
Of Tenors and torchers and boop-a-doopers,
Of Kiddie Konzerts and Drama Groupers,
Of yodellers yodelling cowboy ballads,
Of commentators on books and salads,
Of those who imitate birds and breezes,
Of bearded jests and of ancient wheezes,

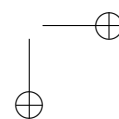
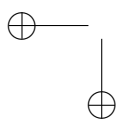


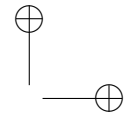
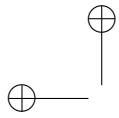


What shall we do with the man who'd seek
Sunday by Sunday and week by week
To swell the flood with More?

What shall we do with Major Bowes?

Nobody knows, nobody knows.

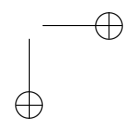
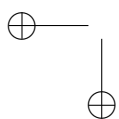


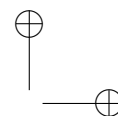
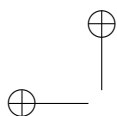


SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Pity all lovers who for love awaken
To desolation, and forlorn are bedded –
The thrust apart by malice, the forsaken,
And those whose dears are dust or false or wedded.
Look with compassion on these ones who sicken
With the old malady that Dido knew;
The same whereof Verona's pair were stricken,
And Hero, and Elaine. But pity, too,

The luckless brood, this generation's litter
For whom the flower shows a hopeful petal
That poverty must wither, and the bitter
Wind of delay; who see their love's good metal
Moment by moment darken to their gaze
In the dank air of these corroding days.





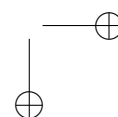
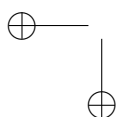
THE SKEPTIC'S SONG

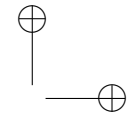
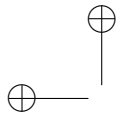
I am the butt of a cosmic joke,
 (Though I long ago forgave it)
For I have a soul like other folk
 And a mild desire to save it.
But other folk run with sprouting wings
Getting themselves converted to things,
While I sit, cold, in my rational corner,
Growing forlorn and forlorn.

I yearn to be a convert
 To it wouldn't matter what.
I *wish* I were a convert.
 But I'm not.

That girl who cherished the world's delights,
 This lad inclined to roister –
She mourns her sins with the Buchmanites,
 He ends in a Trappist cloister.
And some at parties, or loud in parks,
Are spreading the Gospel spread by Marx,
While hundreds and hundreds every day
Seek salvation with Dr. Hay.

How sweet to be converted
 And to proselyte and pant!
I *wish* I'd get converted.
 But I can't.

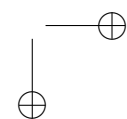
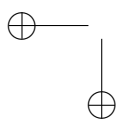


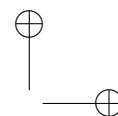
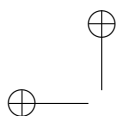


The trumpets blare and the big drums pound
With clamor that never pauses,
And earth revolves to the querulous sound
Of people espousing causes.
Man and woman and youth and maid,
Each is a member of some crusade,
Burning to further a bright Utopia
In California or Ethiopia.

They labor long and they labor well,
With fervency far from risible,
For a Moody free of his dungeon cell
Or house numbers plainly visible.
They work to redeem the nation whole
By socialism or birth control,
By shunning meat or supplying weather
Or going around in the altogether.
They all believe in a calm and fair way
The world must perish or see things their way,
And each of them, even the earnestest one,
Seems to be having a lot of fun.

I long to be converted
As is other people's wont.
I *wish* I'd get converted.
But I don't.



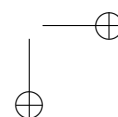
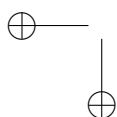


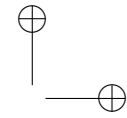
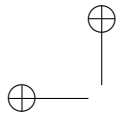
LEND ME FIVE TILL SATURDAY?

Of all the words of tongue or pen,
Intoned by mice, proclaimed by men,
 Engraved on stone or snow –
All mottoes framed in prose or rhyme
To echo down the vaults of time –
 Most excellent is “No.”
Oh, brave and lovely syllable,
Heart-lifting and mouth-fillable!

Compact of artistry and wit,
Two letters form the whole of it,
 An N, a rolling zero;
A brace of simple characters
Whose utterance alone confers
 The accent of the hero.
Come, lift in swelling chorus,
The negative sonorous.

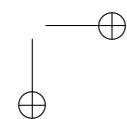
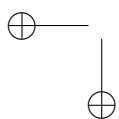
Down with the meek and yielding “yea.”
Teach the imperious tongue to say
“No” to your friends and “No” to strangers,
To eager meddlers and arrangers,
To bellboys, beggars, wishful waiters,
To vacuum-cleaning demonstrators;
To grimy boys inquiring “Shine?”;
To invitations out to dine

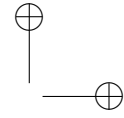
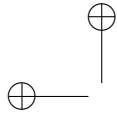




Where all the guests are put to shame
Unless they love the Parlor Game;
To hairdressers who drop you hints
About a vegetable rinse;
To friends of friends of friends from Reno
Who yearn to see the French Casino;
To hostesses who'd show you views
They took upon their Southern Cruise;
Chain letters; histrionic pleas
For sweet but dubious charities;
Insurance agents under *full* sail,
And people who can get it "wholesale."

Say "No" to them (and do not budge)
Who'd make you Honorary Judge.
Cry "No" from dusk till dawn –
Of all glad words pronounced or printed,
The noblest phrase that ever glinted
In youth's bright lexicon.
And when your tongue can turn it,
I wish you'd help *me* learn it.

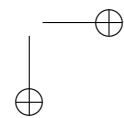
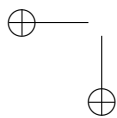


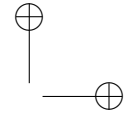
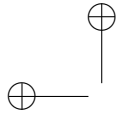


OLIVER UNDERSTANDS WOMEN

Oliver is likely to be tolerant and kindly,
When Woman is the subject of the argument at hand.
Women, he'll admit if pressed, are apt to go it blindly
And lack, perhaps, the honesty that gentlemen demand.
But Oliver is lenient to ruffles, frills, and frizzes,
And seems to be in favor of our sisters, on the whole.
He says there's many a woman with a brain as good as his
is,
And laughs at ancient sages who denied the sex a soul.
Yes, feminine defence is what my darling always springs to
In spite of certain maxims which he frantically clings to.

For everyone knows, says Oliver Ames,
That Women are pretty creatures
Who ask strange questions at football games
And muddle its finer features.
Shopping is one of their dear delights,
Gossip one of their talents,
And they merrily drive through traffic lights
And their bank accounts never balance.
They like sweet cocktails better than dry
And orchids better than roses,
And they cannot pass
By a looking-glass
But they all must powder their noses.
And you never are sure what they think about
From the casual words they mention,





For they ponder thoughts that are simply out
Of masculine comprehension.

Now I'm loath to shatter notions that the manly mind holds
tender,

I would be the last to argue for the female point of view.
And I cannot think these ponderous pronouncements on our
gender,

Which all deserving men applaud, are anything but true.
For fifty million gentlemen would never stoop to slander,

And I own to imperfections and to foibles and to flaws.
But it's very odd how Oliver adores an Alexander,

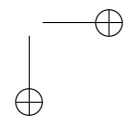
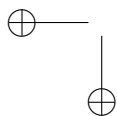
And curious how frequently my darling overdraws.
And although I motor giddily through city, plain, and thicket,
It's nearly always Oliver who gets the fatal ticket.

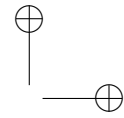
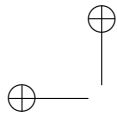
Oh, I crack no cracks and I name no names,
But when traffic cops growl and glower,
They beetle their brows at Oliver Ames,
My amateur Schopenhauer.

And I may lean close when the gossip blooms
And guttering grows the candle,
But it's Oliver Ames from the locker-rooms
Brings home the juiciest scandal.

And grocery counters on Saturday
Are Oliver's inspiration,
And I've seen him pass
By a looking-glass

And alter his tie's location.
But the quaint little things that we think about
And just by the way of mention,
I'll grant, no doubt are decidedly out
Of masculine comprehension.





THE KINGDOM AND THE GLORY

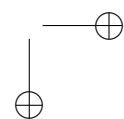
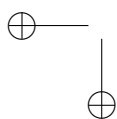
Count Curt Haugwitz-Reventlow and his wife, the former Barbara Hutton Mdivani, went to London for the Coronation. Two governesses and a nurse were in attendance on Lance, their baby son. — *News item.*

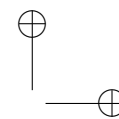
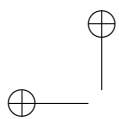
“Boom,” say the cannons, and “Hail,” sing the banners,
“Ho,” cry the heralds with their elegantest manners.
“Here comes a Sovereign to greet a brother king –
A little prince chewing on a teething ring!”

High street, low street,
Parliament Square
Send a rousing welcome
To the Woolworth heir!
Greet him, every horseman,
In plume and shining button.
His father is a Norseman,
His mother was a Hutton.

Here comes the Scion, as regal as can be,
With henchmen and footmen and handmaidens three,
To comfort him with mittens and cut his spinach up,
And feed him his gruel from a monogrammed cup.

Three ladies haughty
To lean above his crib,

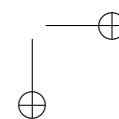
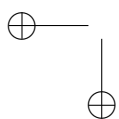


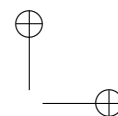
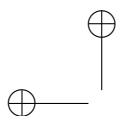


To spank him when he's naughty,
And tie the royal bib;
To teach him pretty answers
And zip his zippers undone.
Young Count Lance, sirs,
Is on his way to London.

Merry ring the church bells, loud play the bands,
Proud ride the monarchs with their scepters in their hands.
And some fear the Fascists and some dread the Debt,
But Lance goes smiling in his bassinet.

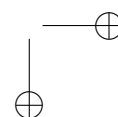
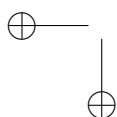
High street, low street,
Wish the Infant joy!
Lift a rousing welcome
To the last Royal Boy.
For empires daily totter,
And princes sulk in Rome,
And a king across the water
Awaits the mail from home.
*But the pillow's made of down,
And the head lies easy when
It's a head that wears a crown
From the Five-and-Ten.*

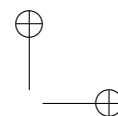
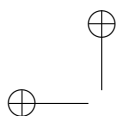




TRINITY PLACE

The pigeons that peck at the grass in Trinity Churchyard
Are pompous as bankers. They walk with an air, they
preen
Their prosperous feathers. They smugly regard their beauty.
They are plump, they are sleek. It is only the men who
are lean.
The pigeons scan with disfavor the men who sit there,
Listless in sun or shade. The pigeons sidle
Between the gravestones with shrewd, industrious motions.
The pigeons are busy. It is only the men who are idle.
The pigeons sharpen their beaks on the stones, and they
waddle
In dignified search of their proper, their daily bread.
Their eyes are small with contempt for the men on the
benches.
It is only the men who are hungry. The pigeons are fed.





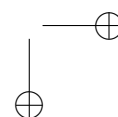
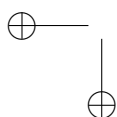
A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

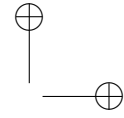
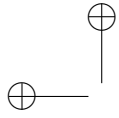
Farewell to urban frenzy, to street and town farewell!
On the great heart of Nature, our yearning is to dwell.
Too long a time we've tarried amid the city's strife.
We're going to live in the country and lead the Simple Life.

*Back to the sunbonnet! Back to the soil!
For rural enchantments we hunger, we spoil.
For fruit from our bough
Do our appetites quicken.
We want us a cow
And a bee and a chicken.
We'll delve in the earth and we'll drink from a brimming
pool.
(Remind me to see about tiling the swimming pool.)*

The cares of civilization we'll banish from our minds.
(Would you have ruffled curtains or plain Venetian blinds?)
The sun will shine upon us, contentment fill our cup
When I have sent a man out to put the awnings up.

*So it's back to the soil with a trowel and a hoe.
The food that we eat in our garden shall grow.
Bean, lettuce and leek
Shall thrive in our borders,
And four times a week
The grocer leave orders*





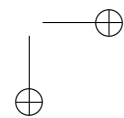
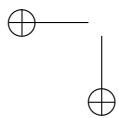
*(I must lay a stock in of caviar, canned.)
Oh, won't it be lovely to live from the land!*

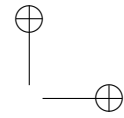
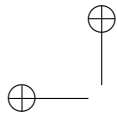
Our fathers stormed the wilderness and they were happy
men,

So now, our hearts as rugged, we're taming it again,
With ice instead of muskets and rustless metal sinks
And colored peasant lunch cloths and soda for our drinks.

*And it's back to the soil when I've seen about drapery,
Carpets and porch swings and suitable napery,
Shades for the west rooms,
A spray for the weeds,
Soap in the guest rooms
And ash trays and seeds,
And a couple to make up a foursome at bridge.
Then it's hey for the dell and the blossoming ridge,
For the long days of labor, the nights of felicity
And town to come back to when tired of Simplicity.*

Yes, ours is pioneering, complete with silver spoon.
But we prefer it that way. And so would Daniel Boone.



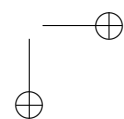


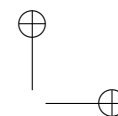
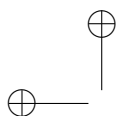
FUNK AT WAGNALLS

Now, dull and heavy-hearted,
 These latter days take flight,
Whence sadly has departed
 A national delight.
Ah, many things and olden
 Resist the rust of years.
Still Townsend's tongue is golden
 And Borah sways his peers;
Still veterans pitch their tenets
 And rim the bonus round;
Still governors and senates
 Lay ears unto the ground;
But Fate has played a wry jest
 Upon my stricken soul:
The *Literary Digest*
 Forgets about the Poll.

*I sigh in my slumber,
I toss on my pallet.
Ah, when will the Digest
Devise me a ballot?*

Devoutly I remember
 How in a season gone,
November to November,
 The system carried on.

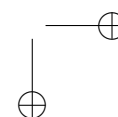
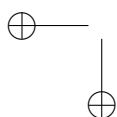


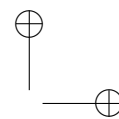
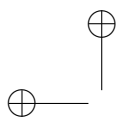


How every mail was laden
 With secret postals, where
Each voter, man or maiden,
 Could check a chosen square.
From Maine, from the Dakotas,
 Came the conflicting word,
And headlines counted quotas
 And editors demurred,
And candidates grew eager
 Or else retired to pout.
No contest was too meagre
 To bring the ballots out.

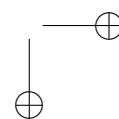
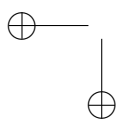
*Now by the Potomac
The lobbyist camps,
But the Digest, the Digest
Is saving its stamps.*

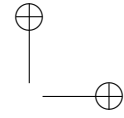
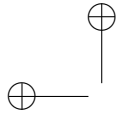
Though public problems double
 And courts perplex the law,
Winds blow up dust and trouble
 But never a likely straw.
The striker mopes, evicted;
 The Coughlin drums are mute,
But not a Poll's depicted
 The sentiment in Butte.
A card my vote no more casts
 And nothing seems the same.
Farewell, rewards and forecasts;
 Farewell, diverting game!
Goodbye to old elation.
 Recovery's gone to pot,
For what avails a nation
 The Digest has forgot?





*The year's at the fall
And we're all on the Dole.
Ah, when will the Digest
Go back to the Poll?*





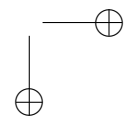
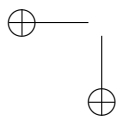
WHEN IN ROME

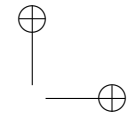
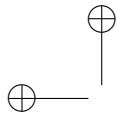
A PATRIOTIC BALLAD BY ONE WHO ALWAYS GOES TO THE
DINNERS OF THE UTAH CLUB OF NEW YORK

The towers of Manhattan are native as the day,
The rivers of Manhattan run, friendly, to the sea.
But the dwellers of Manhattan, they come from far away,
And when they come they gather in a State Society.
All eagerly they gather o'er the turkey and the grape
With the dear, familiar homefolk that they came here to
escape.

Tonight, tonight, in a big hotel,
With gusto that none can gainsay
Are dining merry as a marriage bell
The sons and daughters of Maine, say,
Or Utah or Texas or Minnesota
Or Indiana or South Dakota.
Somewhere tonight are flocking together
Migrated birds of a similar feather.

Now, Mr. Benson Taylor felt stifled in Ohio
(New York alone appreciates an up-and-coming man).
And Miss Drucilla Daly was ill at ease in Wyo.
Or maybe it was Delaware or maybe Michigan.
But now they're both in Gotham, how quaint that they
should be
The most devoted members of their State Society.



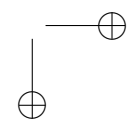
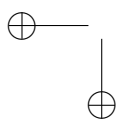


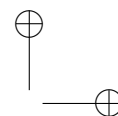
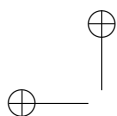
Claribelle Higgs from Louisiana
Now lives on Christopher Street.
And the Tuckers from Kalispell, Montana,
Have shaken its dust from their feet.
From a mountain swain and a rustic Hebe,
They've grown as urban as Lucius Beebe.
But tonight at dinner they'll gratefully find them
The friends they thought they had left behind them.

So, though they haunt the Village or settle near the Park,
On Sutton Place with dignity, on Eighth without a
phone –
Still set the bugles blowing and bid them all to hark.
For Idaho and Iowa are calling to their own.

Rich man, beggarman, saint, and sinner,
Gentleman, matron, deb,
Come you all to a gala dinner,
With many a near-celeb.
Come in a taxi, riding swell,
Come on the subway, come on the "L,"
Come demurely or boop-a-doop.
But come for the cream-of-tomato soup,
For the solo sung by the girl you know
Who's practically promised to Radio,
For a chat with the chap who is Going Places,
For the new green peas and the dear old faces
And the speaker who praises without bravado
Your far-off Kansas or Colorado,
Or Oklahoma or Tennessee.
Oh, come to your State Societee!

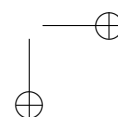
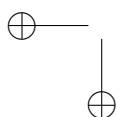
For the thing to do when you live in Rome
Is be like the Romans and think of home.

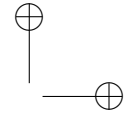
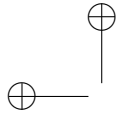




LADY ALONE

Since he has left her, all her luck has left.
Now he no longer loves her, nothing loves her.
Though not deservingly or well bereft,
A secret world continually reproves her.
Not people. They are kind. Their kindness bothers,
Bewilders her like too much sudden light.
It is not they who vex her, but the others. . .
They take his part, wrathful and full of spite.
To bow her spirit to the dust are banded
Together in malevolent brotherhood
The mindless things, the things she once commended:
Fibre and iron, steel and stone and wood,
Her very household. Pictures crack asunder,
Tables and chairs grow clumsy of themselves,
Beds hold no comfort, mirrors do her slander,
Doors stick, clocks stop, platters desert the shelves,
Rugs trip her, fires go out, her papers scatter.
So sharp the anger of inanimate things!
She has a box for mail. It steals his letter.
She has a telephone. It never rings.





BOUQUETS FOR CONNECTICUT

OR OH, TO BE IN NEWTOWN, NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE!

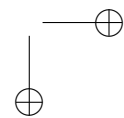
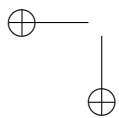
I sing Connecticut, her charms
Of rivers, orchards, blossoming ridges.
I sing her gardens, fences, farms,
Spiders and midges.

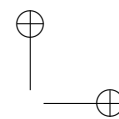
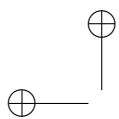
Her cow-embellished country-side;
Her auctions, rich in clocks and flagons,
Whereto the questing gentry ride
In station-wagons;

Her daisies nodding in the sun;
Her thousand birds that haunt the air-ways;
Her Inns whose weekend prices run
Steep as their stairways.

I sing her cults and colonies;
Her Revolutionary churches;
I sing her gnarled apple trees
And clumps of birches;

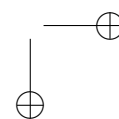
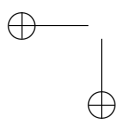
Her dog-wood blooming in the spring;
Her theatres that bloom in summer;
In fact, Connecticut, I sing
To every comer!

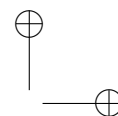
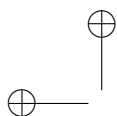




Tranquil beyond Manhattan's din,
Beyond the city's shrill insistence,
She waits – yet practically within
Commuting distance.

Her governor's a wit and scholar.
Soft turns the world there on its axis.
Oh, lovely state! that asks no dollar
In Income taxes.





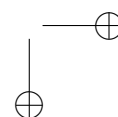
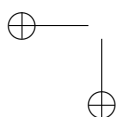
HOSPITAL SONG

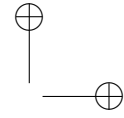
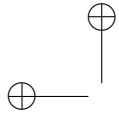
(COMPOSED WHILE EMERGING FROM THE ETHER)

Hospitals simply enchant me.
I'm a hard-bitten hospital fan.
I dote on the service they grant me
And their resolute rescue of Man.
Oh, I warble a hey-diddle-diddle
In honest and garrulous praise
For the beds that rise up in the middle
And the girls that come down with the trays;
For the gown that you wear
And the days that are spent
In the rubber-tired chair
And the oxygen tent;
For the pulse that they take
When you're cross or you're flustered;
For Barium shake
And ubiquitous custard.
Yes, hark while I carol a resonant air
To hospital treatment and hospital fare!

BUT

I don't like my breakfast at seven in the morning.
Why do they *have* to wake you with the shadows on the
lawn?



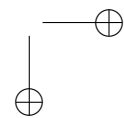
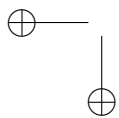


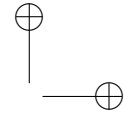
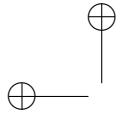
Oh, I ken John Peel
May have liked an early meal,
But I *don't* want my porridge at breaking of the dawn.

How dear to my heart are the faces
That visitors wear when they call;
The nurse Who Likes Interesting Cases,
And the chart that she hides in the hall;
The beautiful way that your skin turns
All pallid, poetic, and white;
The quaintly susceptible internes,
And the married ones given to flight;
The broth that you sup
And the milk that you snub;
The spoon in the cup
And the alcohol rub;
The flowers you get,
And the head surgeon's joke;
And the lone cigarette
They allow you to smoke;
Yes, I sing to the heavens, I chant to the breeze
Of hospital diets and hospital fees.

BUT

I don't like the mattresses that corrugate your backbone.
And I don't want assistance when I wield a brush and comb.
Oh, hospitals are nice,
As I've mentioned once or twice,
But – lean a little closer – *I would rather be at home.*





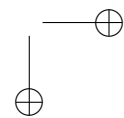
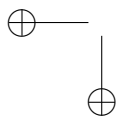
PORTRAIT

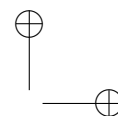
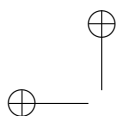
Her thought is separate from her act
And neither her defender is,
Whose nature seems at once compact
Of courage and of cowardice.

Beset by hurricane and flood,
She seeks no amnesty from Death,
Yet lacks intrinsic hardihood
To weather a disdainful breath.

Watching the year grow late, grow late,
She finds no desperation in it,
But cannot bear love's little wait
Between a minute and a minute.

Let the earth shake. She stands her ground.
Let her house fall. She will not flee,
Who yet is shattered by the sound
Of one door, closing, distantly.

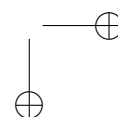
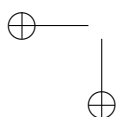


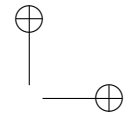
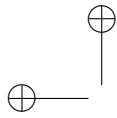


APARTMENTS: FURNISHED

*I had a little bedroom,
I had a little bath,
A closet small, a nook, a hall,
As every lady hath.
I had a little living-room,
I had a kitchenette,
And a telephone to call my own.
But I sublet.*

Sing ho! for the summer subrenter,
Let never his name be mocked.
He looketh for rooms
When the awning blooms
And leaves on the first of Oct.
He knows what he wants and he wants it.
Duplexes plainly bore him.
He eyes a stair with a haughty air
And the rents go down before him.
He carries a list and his mouth is grim.
The best is meagre enough for him.
You haven't a roof? He begs your pardon.
He likes a terrace,
He'll take a garden.
Your ventilation is scarcely fit.
Your wall space shrinks when he looks at it.
He's keen for a shower, tiled and sporty.



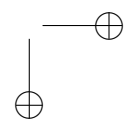
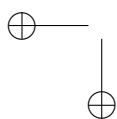


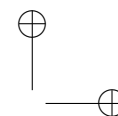
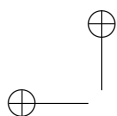
And you pay a hundred?
He'll give you forty.

*Now in my little bedroom
Unsteady stands the bed;
Now sticks the door, now whines the floor
Beneath an agile tread;
Now loud complains the plumbing
In bath and kitchenette.
For to our clime came summer time
And I sublet.*

Sing hey! for the summer subrenter,
Lord of the sticky season.
Here's to the lover
Of the chintz slipcover,
And the payment that he agrees on.
Here's to arrears in August,
To the lease that never can bind him,
To the damaged sill and the telephone bill
That he sensibly leaves behind him,
To the references that were largely fable,
To the wide white rings on the coffee table,
To the vases handy for ash deposit,
To the empty bottles
Back in the closet,
To the baby grand with the battered leg,
To the rugs where he practiced mumblety-peg,
To the lesson I learned from the earliest comer:

*That it may take more than one swallow to make a spring,
but you need only a single sub-letter to wreck a summer.*





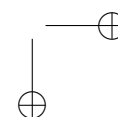
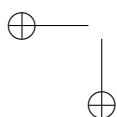
EVOLUTION OF A BENEDICK

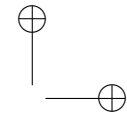
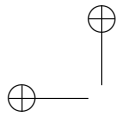
REVIEW OF OGDEN NASH'S
"THE BAD PARENT'S GARDEN OF VERSE"

In those unthinkable days of yore
When Ogden Nash was a bachelor,
He wrote no rhymes and he found no reason
To hymn the results of the mating season.
In cynical stanzas he used to scoff Spring
And slander scions and sneer at offspring,
Boast how a crib won only dismay from him,
And plead with the stork to keep away from him.
Yes, wry were the themes that he used to rhyme on
For Mister Schuster and Mister Simon.

But look what happens to attitudes lyrical!
Then came the deluge, then the miracle.
Before you could say, "I bet you daren't,"
Ogden Nash had become a parent.
Indeed, undaunted by teething trouble,
He went and became a parent, double.

How the bells rang out with joy and elation,
How word went flashing across the nation,
How news spread foreign and news spread local!
For any parent is pretty vocal,



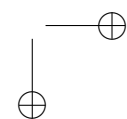
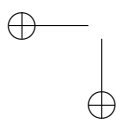


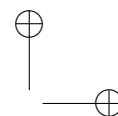
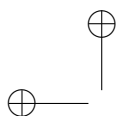
But where is the man wouldn't crow aloud,
With daughters and copy at once endowed?

So now he sings more gay than he uster
For Mr. Simon and Mr. Schuster,
And strings his harp as a father should
To praise the pleasures of parenthood.

Hurrah, Mr. Nash, for your writing laughable!
We liked you surly, we love you affable,
And think your poems designed for the nursery
Almost the best in your bulging versery.
(There's one, especially, you might brag on,
Concerning Belinda who owned a dragon;
We also discovered ourselves in stitches
Over the lady who ate up witches.)

And, fine, Mr. Nash! You're not so silly as
Many another Pater Familias,
For you see flaws as well as perfection
In little gazelles of your own selection.
And we like your remarks on tending and feeding them;
And, thank God, most of the poems in this book scan, and
aren't made up of the kind of lines that used to be
funny but now we get eyestrain from reading them.
And since that's a thing we're filled with delight about,
We're glad that you had some daughters to write about.





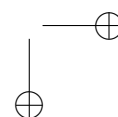
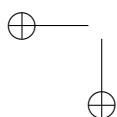
BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER

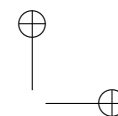
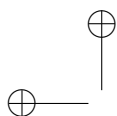
Awaken me early, Mother, with a shrill and a lightsome tune,
For I must go down to New London, all on a day in June.
I must be off to the races, where the Thames is flowing far-O,
And what will I hear there, Mother, and what will I see
tomorrow?

You'll see ten thousand, daughter,
And twenty thousand more
Excursions on the water,
Incursions on the shore.
You'll hear the ice go clinking
In many a merry pail,
For those to Harvard drinking,
And those that drink to Yale.

They tell me the yachts are hovering, proud on the river's
breast,
The Sea Puss follows the Winchester, and the Avalon comes
to rest.
Will I see the Atlantic Mother, that the Gerard Lamberts
own,
Or the Rene, there, floating the crimson flag for God and
Alfred Sloan?

Mayhap the Corsair, daughter,
Before your eyes will glide;



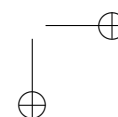
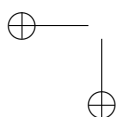


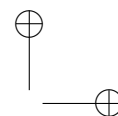
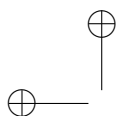
Or the Nourmahal, with hauteur,
Invest the common tide.
Mayhap the Aras lies there
Where the pennants dip and sag;
Mayhap the Migrant flies there
The blue New Haven flag.

They say that the boys are coming, and the old grads hurry-
ing back;
That the ancient hostels tremble, removing the bric-a-brac.
So waken me early, Mother, for it's I must hasten down
To watch the gay Regatta in old New London town.

Yes, you must hasten, daughter,
Before the morn is dim,
For the laden flat-cars totter
Along the Thames's brim.
Convinced this land is *his* wold
The rooter's up to pranks.
He overflows the Griswold,
He clammers down the banks.

The tumult and the shouting
Grow loud and livelier now,
And the egg is on the outing,
And the sunburn on the brow,
And the shells upon the river
Await the coxswain's call,
(While Harvard mourns forever
The vanished Saltonstall).
And brave deeds will be done there
Beneath the summer sky.
*But I think the race they run there
You'll see no more than I.*

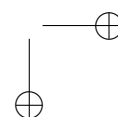
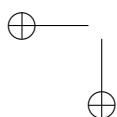


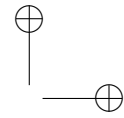
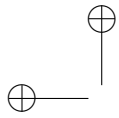


OH, NO, PIONEERS!

My heart goes out to the gipsy-footed,
The Seekers-behind-the-Veil,
The wandering fellows, the loosely-rooted,
Who follow a winding trail.
And I ask myself, "Is there anything better
Than shaking the shackle, freeing the fetter,
And setting out for the last horizon
That dust of the humdrum never lies on?"
Yes, I say to my soul, very Halliburton-ly,
"Is there anything sweeter?"
And my soul says, "Certainly!"

For I am a person who loves a Rut
(Thereby are my hours bolstered),
A Rut with a roof that is weatherproof,
And one that is well upholstered;
Where by four known walls
I am oft benighted;
Where nobody calls
Who isn't invited;
Where never occurs
A strange event;
Where my spirit purrs
In a bored content;
Where Ambition glooms
And Fame's defeated,

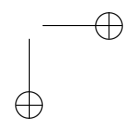
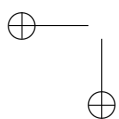


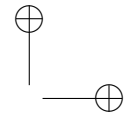
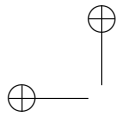


And all of the rooms
Are central-heated.

I'm never beset by a madness lunar,
Nor rent by a wild desire
For the woods, the hills, or the reckless schooner
Whose topsails are shot with fire.
And the Roads of Romance, both going and coming,
I'd readily trade for reliable plumbing,
While the trails unblazed and the ways untrod,
I'll leave to Somerset Maugham and God.
Yes, I'm all but deaf to the mute insistences
Of the far-off places,
The dim, blue distances.

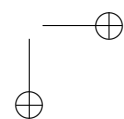
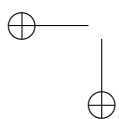
For I am a person who loves a Rut
As I once loved chocolate candy –
A Rut with a book and a capable cook
And plenty of ashtrays handy.
Oh, stones, well rolled,
Get a pretty polish.
But nights are cold
When the year turns fallish,
And very much rather
Than stir and toss,
I'd gladly gather
My bit of moss.
For I've always seen,
In despite of the Bard,
How the grass was green
In my own front yard.

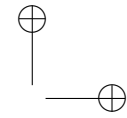
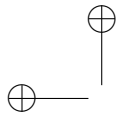




POCAHONTAS

“Perhaps it was my doing, after all,
And maids are thus at fault when heroes leave us.
I saved his head for him, you may recall,
And that was wrong. Oh, that was very grievous!
My life defending his, my ardent shoulder
Bared to the blade – a raw, impetuous act!
Had I been better taught, had I been older,
I should have showed less fervor and more tact –
Contrived some rescue where I had no part. . .
Ah, well, my husband singly owns my heart –
A pleasant man, of mind as well as sinew,
Persuaded of my luck in having won him.
He loves me well, and likely will continue,
Since there’s no service I have ever done him.”



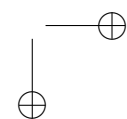
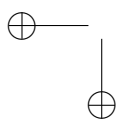


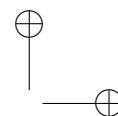
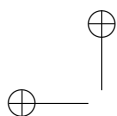
AH, THERE, PENELOPE

OR THE HOMECOMING OF OLIVER AMES

Oliver Ames has gone away,
To a fairly distant shore,
And Oliver thinks that he will stay
A couple of weeks or more.
Farewell, my love, I shall miss you sorely,
And probably weep tomorrow.
But I won't deny that your absence I
Regard with a tempered sorrow.
And I must allow that I watch your going
With grief that is less than overflowing.
For once in a while, there isn't a doubt of it,
A house is nice with a gentleman out of it.

Yes, the house shall be mine,
And the shower my own.
I'll read as I dine,
I'll hang on the phone.
I'll tipple on Mocha,
I'll smoke to my hurt,
I'll have tapioca
For every dessert.
For singular bliss shall my moments be plotted,
With clothes on their hangers and guest towels unspotted.



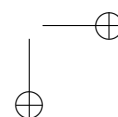
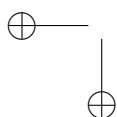


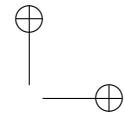
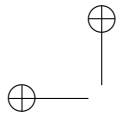
The people who bore you I'll have in to call.
I won't put the top on the toothpaste at all.
I'll sit by the fire
 And say "Pooh" to fresh air.
At my whim and desire
 Shall the radio blare.

And Sundays, ah, Sundays, sans fear and sans trembling,
I'll scatter the papers beyond reassembling.
For once in a while a lady likes
 (There isn't the slightest doubt of it)
A quiet house, a spinsterish house,
 With a gentleman well out of it.

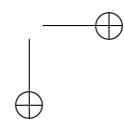
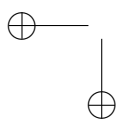
Oliver Ames has been away
 A couple of weeks, or nearly,
But Oliver's coming home today,
 His telegram told me clearly.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 From strange hotels, the rover,
And there's nothing to do but confess it's true
 That my own vacation's over.
The whirlwind hour approaches when
The top must stay on the tube again,
And the shelf make way for an alien comb,
For Oliver Ames is coming home.

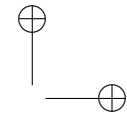
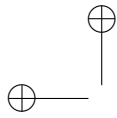
It's pleasant to say,
 It's nice to be humming,
Today is the day
 That Oliver's coming,
In glory and power,
 To claim for his own
The house and the shower,
 The cook and the phone.





How perfectly splendid again to deplore
The smudge on the towel and the track on the floor;
To fold up the *Times* with decorum and haste,
To twiddle the dials to a masculine taste;
A lover, a giver,
 To vacate his chair;
In silence to shiver
 That he may have air!
And how sweet to look on with a spurious gloom
While his pipe scatters ashes around the room.
Oh, Oliver's coming home today,
 And I sing like an earnest linnnet,
For a lady's house is a pleasanter house
 When her favorite gentleman's in it.



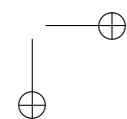
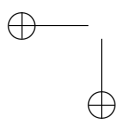


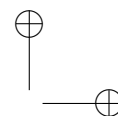
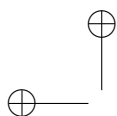
... BUT SHE HAD A GOOD HEART

Some people play on the clarinet,
For love, or even wages.
Some people stir up crêpes Suzette,
Some people act on stages;
Some people climb the Alps and Urals,
Some sing solos and some paint murals.
Some stand, shrieking,
On their heads, and balance.
Everybody's *reeking*
With gifts and talents.

*But I have a talent,
A talent of my own.
And lavishly do I display it.
If there's anything to say
That's the wrong thing to say,
I'm absolutely sure to say it.*

For my heart is golden but my deeds are black.
My best foot's forward when it ought to be back.
With words that are blander than creams or gelatins,
I open up closets and rattle the skelatins.
I toss a witty pebble and it hits a glass house.
If a lady is divorcing, I ask about her spouse.
I murmur to my hostess that I don't like fish
And it's shad we are having for a company dish.

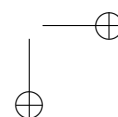
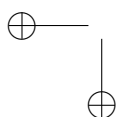


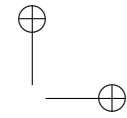
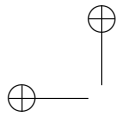


In my innocent chatter I place reliance.
I talk to physicians about Christian Science.
I mention old maids to a sensitive spinster,
I criticize the British to the Dean of Westminster,
I score the City Hall to a district leader.
I'm a cyclone centre, I'm a weather breeder.
With good intentions my kind soul grapples,
But if people wear plates, I offer them apples.
I remark on poundage to reluctant gainers.
I mix Martinis for total abstainers,
But give callers tea when their palates parch.
And I wear an orange ribbon on the seventeenth of March.

Oh, there are people can wall their eyes
Or imitate wrens and thrushes.
And some people win the Nobel Prize.
But all that I win is hushes.
Though some people yodel or crack their knuckles,
Or tell tall stories that elicit chuckles,
I vouch with veracity,
Nobody can touch
My infinite capacity
For getting in Dutch.

*Yes, I have a talent,
A talent of my own,
And willingly would I eschew it.
If there's anything to do
That's the wrong thing to do,
I'm absolutely sure to do it.*





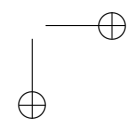
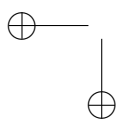
BALLADE FOR A BARD

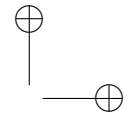
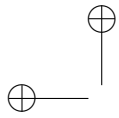
REVIEW OF F. P. A.'S "THE MELANCHOLY LUTE"

Where are the poets of yesteryear? –
The urban poets, the wags, the wits
To whom we tendered a willing ear
And other tangible benefits?
Where are the boulevard favorites
Who never let anything them dismay?
Gone with the wind, like Hans and Fritz!
But green grow the laurels for F. P. A.

Where is Hoffenstein, old King Leer?
Where is Parker or Howard Di'tz?
Lost in the Hollywood stratosphere,
Writing pretty palpable hits
For Gary Cooper or Zasu Pitts,
But never a rollicking song sing they.
The laughing muse is a muse that flits.
But green grow the laurels for F. P. A.

Brief is the life of a balladeer,
Pet of Bohemia or the Ritz.
Far more mortal than any tear,
Laughter readily breaks to bits.
Hail him, then, who never submits
To the stanza's rust, to the rhyme's decay!

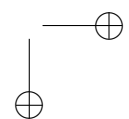
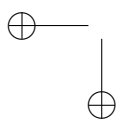


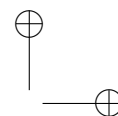
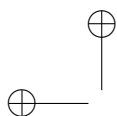


Safe and sane and secure, he sits.
Green grow the laurels for F. P. A.

ENVOI

Prince, while noisier churls and chits
Strum on their harps and have their day,
We'll take Adams and call it quits.
Green grow the laurels for F. P. A.!



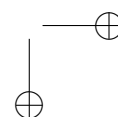
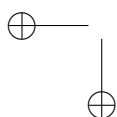


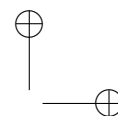
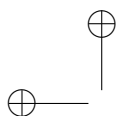
SONG TO BE SUNG AFTER LABOR DAY

Bring in the blue October skies,
Bring in the autumn weather,
For the frost upon the pumpkin lies
And the wild geese fly together.
The wild geese fly together now,
To sunnier climates wending,
And I shall lay my bags away
And go no more week-ending.

To flower and field I'll say farewell,
Farewell the round-trip ticket.
I leave the farmer in the dell,
The bramble in the thicket.
The trains may come, the trains may go,
Long Island or New Haven,
But I shall bide by my fireside,
In comfort deep and craven.

No more, with luggage laden down,
I'll leave the snug, the tranquil town,
For windy hills or tossing breakers
Or someone's poison-ivied acres.
On my own couch I'll take my slumber,
With bedclothes adequate in number,
Whence I'll arise when day impels me,
And not that hour my hostess tells me.

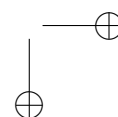
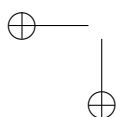


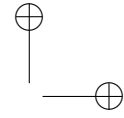
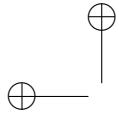


Yes, I'll be Luxury's favorite daughter,
My bathroom tap will run hot water,
The alien towel I'll cry no pox on,
I'll have some hooks to hang my frocks on,
I'll fear no spate of extra women,
Nor weedy pools dammed up to swim in.
My mind will rest, my mind will harden,
I'll seek no words to praise a garden,
I'll feed no pampered chickabiddies,
I'll pat no dogs, I'll kiss no kiddies,
I will not picnic with a hamper
Where grass is damp and boughs are damper,
Nor by a brook, nor in a meadow,
Nor where the bonfire crackles red. Oh,
Neat and safe upon a chair,
I will not picnic anywhere.

No more I'll rack my desperate brains
For gifts to show my gratitude,
Nor ponder wells and roofs and drains
With reverential attitude.
For trains may come and trains may go,
The Central or the Erie,
But I shall hug my own hearthrug
And, if I will, be dreary.

Turn back the daylight-saving clock,
Bed down in urban clover!
For the fodder's rusting in the shock
And the week-end season's over.





THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PEOPLE AND POETS

People and poets read the self-same papers.
They both are born, get married, and grow old;
Are plagued alike by appetites and vapors,
Love, debt, frustration, and the common cold.

But people say, "Good evening," or "Good morning,"
They say, "I love you," and they do not find
Their words, like echoes, ribaldly returning
Down the dark canyons of the hollow mind.

They do not see a portent and a symbol
In every clock. A clock is made for them
To tell the time by; and they do not tremble
At the shrewd tick, the moment's requiem.

They own a skeleton, but scarcely know it,
So comfortable a garment does it wear;
And they suspect his breeding, when a poet
Flaunts his mortality, abrupt and bare.

They know a personal joy, a private sorrow,
But that suffices. People do not speed
Hot-foot across the universe to borrow
Some large, indefinite woe they do not need.

And, weighing their rewards, people can tell
Which ones are dross and which are valuable.

