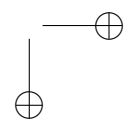
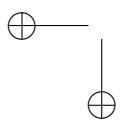
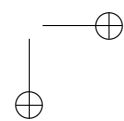
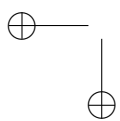
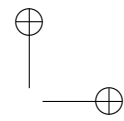
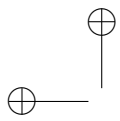
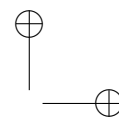


**AN ARMOURY OF LIGHT VERSE**



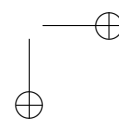
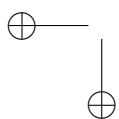


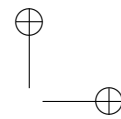
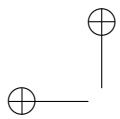


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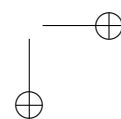
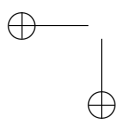
*Richard Armour*

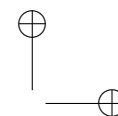
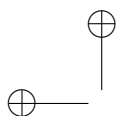
*IWP*





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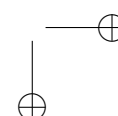
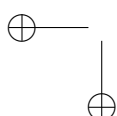


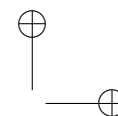
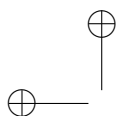


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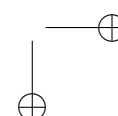
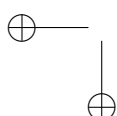


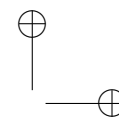
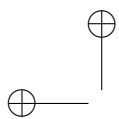


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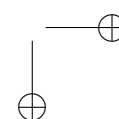
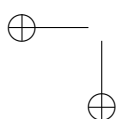


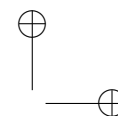
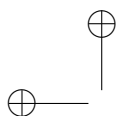


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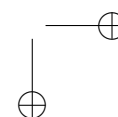
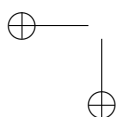


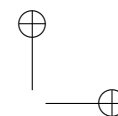
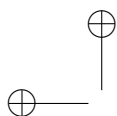


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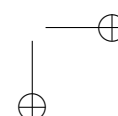
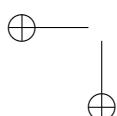
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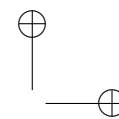
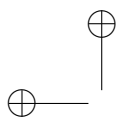
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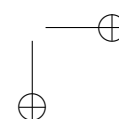
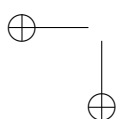


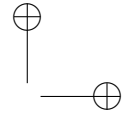
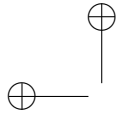
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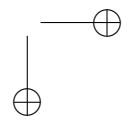
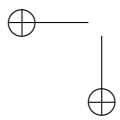


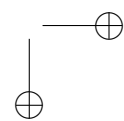
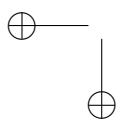
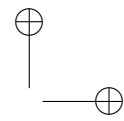
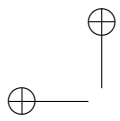
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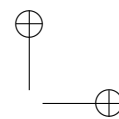
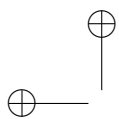




WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

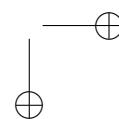
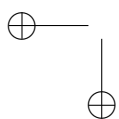


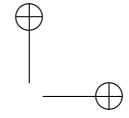
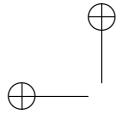




### THE LADIES

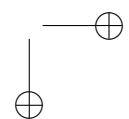
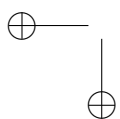
Liking their jobs  
But not their notions,  
I view the sex  
With mixed emotions.

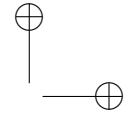
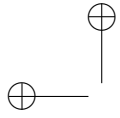




**SEE HERE**

His friends can't see what he sees in her,  
Nor hers, what she sees in him.  
No, love isn't blind – it's those *not* in love  
Whose sights is so frightfully dim.

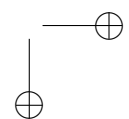
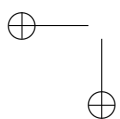


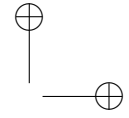
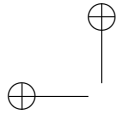


## TECHNIQUE

Girls be subtle,  
Girls be coy.  
If you're looking  
For employ,

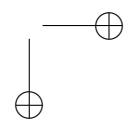
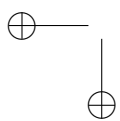
And the selfsame  
Method is as  
Good if you  
Be a Mrs.

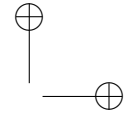
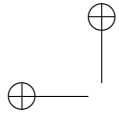




### FORM FITTING

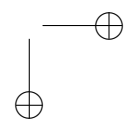
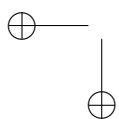
She who overindulges,  
Turns her curves into bulges.

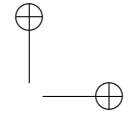
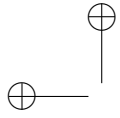




### DISCIPLINE AND DAD

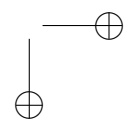
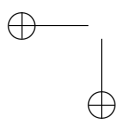
Whenever Junior misbehaves,  
My wife, a thrifty woman, saves  
The punishment till I return  
From work, whereon, with grave concern,  
She tells me whatsoever bad  
Was done by Junior, naughty lad,  
And says, "Now speak to him." And so,  
When we're alone, I say... "Hello."

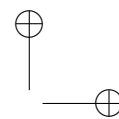
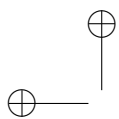




**GOOD LOOKING**

It's not her figure skating that  
Men find exhilarating.  
No, what they're always looking at  
Is just her figure, skating.



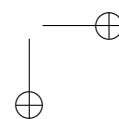
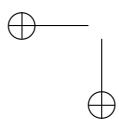


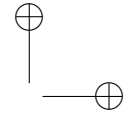
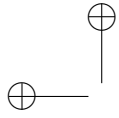
**COPY**

His mother's eyes,  
His father's chin,  
His auntie's nose,  
His uncle's grin,

His great-aunt's hair,  
His grandma's ears,  
His grandpa's mouth,  
So it appears. . . .

Poor little tot,  
Well may he moan.  
He hasn't much  
To call his own.

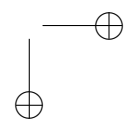
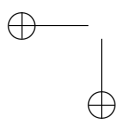


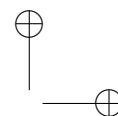
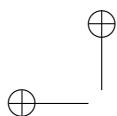


### MARITAL OBSERVATION

Time was, my dear – you may recall it, too –  
When frequently you sat upon my knee,  
And I said sweet, endearing things to you  
And you said sweet, endearing things to me.

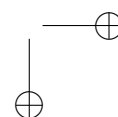
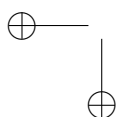
Of late, however, darling, I'm aware  
Of certain alterations in romance.  
For you say, "Please – you're mussing up my hair,"  
And I say, "Watch those creases in my pants!"

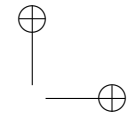
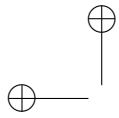




### DEVIL AND THE DEEP

Some women, when angered, give vent to their spleen  
And dont' give a damn if they do make a scene.  
They're sore, and by actions and words plainly show it.  
The neighbors for blocks all around come to know it.  
Yet after a brief and spectacular flurry,  
They return to their usual selves in a hurry.  
But others, and these form a sizable bulk  
Of the women I've known, are the species that sulk.  
They've too much good breeding, or maybe it's vanity,  
To lower themselves to loud screams and profanity;  
They never throw anything, ash trays or glasses,  
Yet take out their wrath in a way that surpasses  
The tantrums of even the very most violent.  
They do it by being abnormally violent  
Unlike the first type, the tempestuous tartar,  
The sulker's a tight-lipped and stony-faced martyr  
Who, spurning your bonbons, your bent knee, your orchid,  
Makes you feel like a fiend with a tail that is forkèd.  
Then days and days later – it seems like a season –  
For no earthly good or explainable reason  
She's normal again, and commences to chatter  
As if not a thing were, or had been, the matter.  
Now women with terrible tempers are bad,  
Especially when they're too frequently mad,  
But my purpose in writing this true little verse  
Is to tell you that women who sulk are much worse.

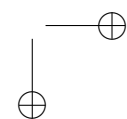
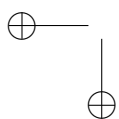


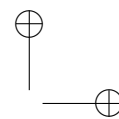
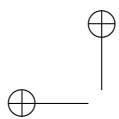


### SHINE ON, LITTLE WIFE

Oily to bed and oily to rise,  
My wife smears the cold cream up to her eyes  
And fights off the crow's feet, wrinkles, and creases  
By coating herself with all manner of greases.

At times, as I've said, she's a trifle unsightly  
(Which is, to be perfectly frank with you, nightly),  
But by daylight my wife is a beauty, a pip,  
For the years, it appears, have been given the slip.

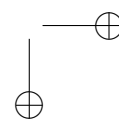
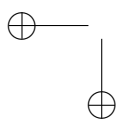


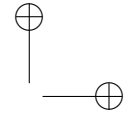
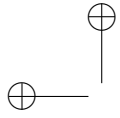


### **CURIOUS**

At our house ladies always bring  
To parties almost everything  
They can, by way of bags and wraps  
And things they can't hold on their laps.

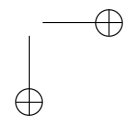
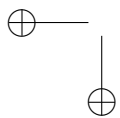
And not because they need them – no,  
But rather so that they can go  
Somewhere to leave them, safe and sound,  
And get a chance to look around.

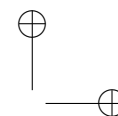
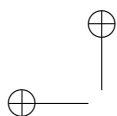




### **DOUBLE STANDARD**

The distinction's so hazy  
It really should anger us:  
A man is called lazy,  
A woman is languorous.





### SCALE OF VALUES

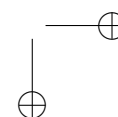
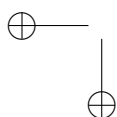
*According to a Harvard study, women's clothes are about a third the weight of men's. — NEWS ITEM*

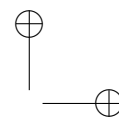
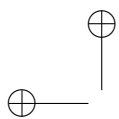
Though but a fraction of the weight  
And even less extensive  
Than man's attire, that of his mate  
Is vastly more expensive.

And yet what Harvard scholar knows  
The economic whimsy  
Behind the fact that women's clothes  
Cost more when they are flimsy?

And why, for instance, stockings, just  
To that degree they're sheerer  
And less substantial, always must  
Be *ipso facto* dearer?

Oh, speed the day the prophet sings –  
I hope I'm still around –  
When evening gowns and underthings  
Are purchased by the pound.





### BEHIND PRISM BARS

Youngsters fall into two classes:  
Those who wear or don't wear glasses.

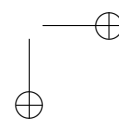
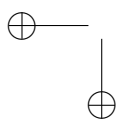
Those who do, for weak or sore eyes,  
Wittily are nicknamed Four Eyes.

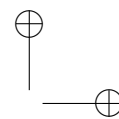
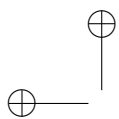
Boys with glasses look pathetic  
When they try to be athletic.

Yet, marked Fragile, they are fully  
Safe from every schoolyard bully.

Girls, however, sing no hymns  
To the blessings of steel rims.

And, by adolescence, specs  
Are a pain to either sex.

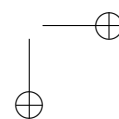
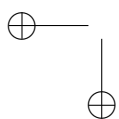


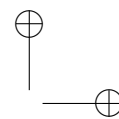
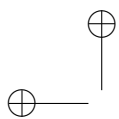


## DOUBLE TALK

*A woman's vocal cords vibrate twice as fast as a man's.* —  
NEWS ITEM

I'm grateful for having the truth at last,  
It causes my harshness to soften.  
I wasn't aware it was twice as fast,  
I thought it was twice as often.

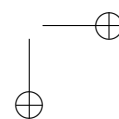
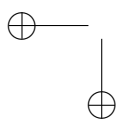


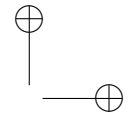
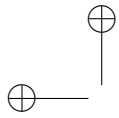


## TOUCHED

When you and I touched hands, my dear,  
A shock went through me, something queer,  
A tingling blend of joy and pain,  
A feeling that I can't explain.

Did you, I wonder, feel it too,  
That day I reached my hand to you?  
Come, tell me, darling, be emphatic.  
What was it really – love or static?





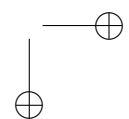
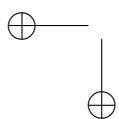
### **HIGH CHAIR AND LOW SPIRITS**

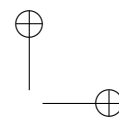
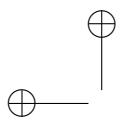
To feed the baby's quite a chore:  
We plead and threaten, rant and roar.

We try to joke, we gently coo;  
The joke's on us – the food is too.

To feed the baby's far from fun,  
It's touch and goo until we're done.

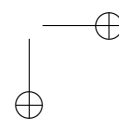
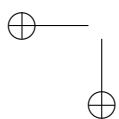
Here comes a squall, his mouth is puckered. . . .  
It's Baby's bib, but we are tuckered.

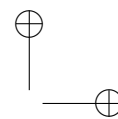
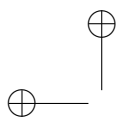




### **KIBITZERS**

Consider those who,  
Though not themselves  
Know just what they'd do  
With the children of others.





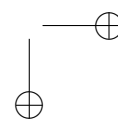
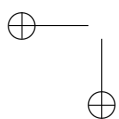
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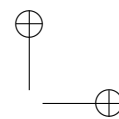
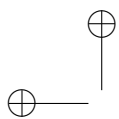
*Dress Designers Decree Longer Torso.* — NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINE

With shrewd designs,  
With subtle craft,  
They shape her lines  
Both fore and aft,

Reduce the hips,  
Extend the shoulder,  
Fill certain dips,  
Make others bolder,

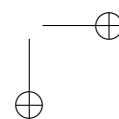
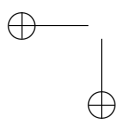
Push up the bust,  
Move down the waist,  
Till nothing's just  
Where first 'twas placed.

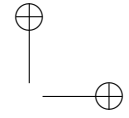
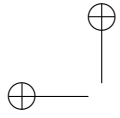




### TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

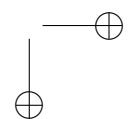
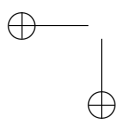
Kiddy cars of little tikes,  
Slightly older children's bikes,  
Skis and sleds for winter needs,  
Wagons, trucks, velocipedes,  
Scooters, ice (and roller) skates –  
How the stuff accumulates –  
Piles of articles vehicular,  
On the front porch in particular,  
Things your children go like heck on,  
And you fall and break your neck on.

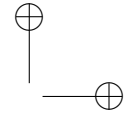
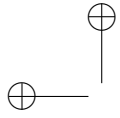




### PHOTO FINISH

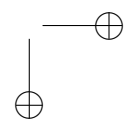
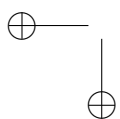
With girls renowned  
For having glamour a  
Lot depends  
Upon the camera.

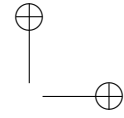
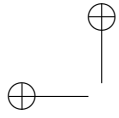




## **BABIES**

I think whenever I see one  
That I'd rather have been than still be one.

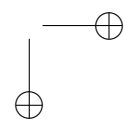
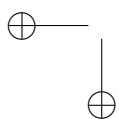


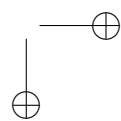
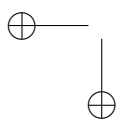
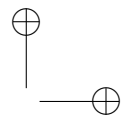
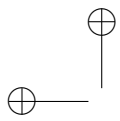


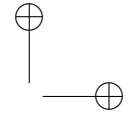
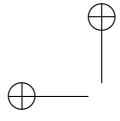
### CROWNING GLORY

No trick of magician I've seen can compare  
With the wonders a woman can work with her hair  
The elegant damsel who dazzles the eye  
In her evening coiffure swept up gorgeously high  
Gets scarcely a glance from the male over yonder  
Next day when her hair is let straggle and wander.  
A garland of ringlets, and presto! one thinks  
That here is a giddy, impractical minx,  
But the masculine trim of a businesslike bob  
Turns her into the sort who could hold any job.  
A face-framing cluster of flattering tresses  
Brings out all the glamour the lady possesses.  
A bun or a braid makes her look rather quaint,  
Which maybe she is, and then maybe she ain't.

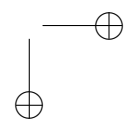
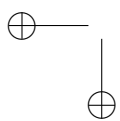
While a woman thus alters her looks with her hair-do  
And tries every kind of both common and rare do,  
To the end of his days, as he youthfully started,  
A man wears his hair either straight back or parted.

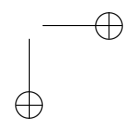
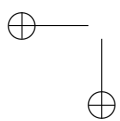
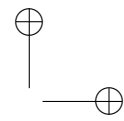
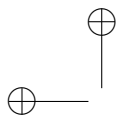


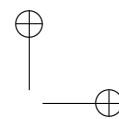
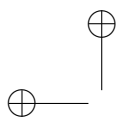




IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

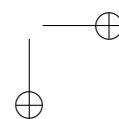
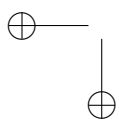


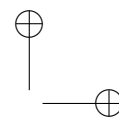
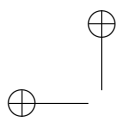




### **RETORT DISCOURTEOUS**

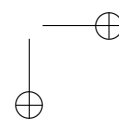
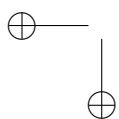
The wisest men of history,  
Including even Plato,  
Have failed to solve the mystery  
Of what a chap should say to  
Those weary cynics who rebut  
Your prize remarks with "Well, so what?"

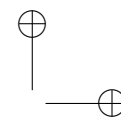
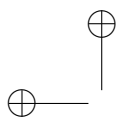




### **EXPERT LISTENER**

I close my eyes at concerts which  
Are rather long and boring,  
And people think, "Ah, he's enthralled,"  
A music lover I am called,  
Until they hear me snoring.



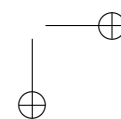
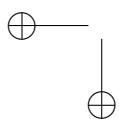


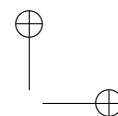
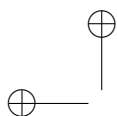
## TO A HUMAN SKELETON

*Encountered in the Museum of Natural History*

It's hard to think,  
Albeit true,  
That without flesh  
I'd be like you,

And harder still  
To think, old pal,  
That one of these  
Fine days I shall.





### THE FOOD IS FAMILIAR

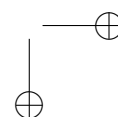
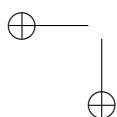
We husbands discover  
Quite soon, to our sorrow,  
That the roast of today,  
Is the hash of tomorrow,

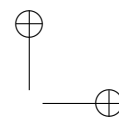
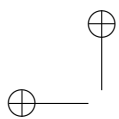
That sabbatical chicken  
Not eaten on Sunday  
Is creamed and croquetted  
For far more than one day,

That foodstuff is *never*  
Thrown out by a housewife  
Who saves tiny morsels  
Too small for a mouse wife.

But don't get us wrong, please.  
As long as we're able  
We'll go right on eating  
What's put on the table.

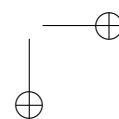
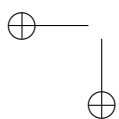
Leftovers are saving,  
We know, and that's dandy –  
So long as the soda  
Bicarbonate's handy.

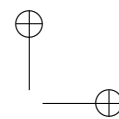
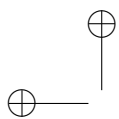




### DESK JOB

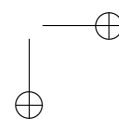
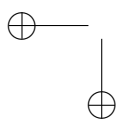
The top of his desk's in a tizzy,  
With papers and such it is fraught so.  
You can't be quite sure if he's busy  
Or hoping, thereby, to be thought so.

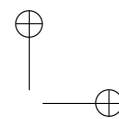
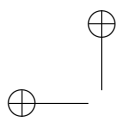




### SELF-TAUT

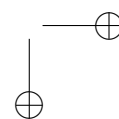
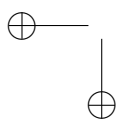
In the dentist's chair  
I've a stiff upper lip,  
But just to be honest,  
I'll give you a tip:  
I'm really no hero –  
Just look and you'll see  
That my lip's no more stiff  
Than the rest of me.

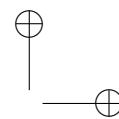
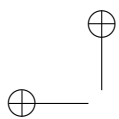




### NICE GOING

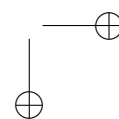
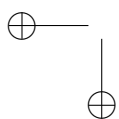
I ask a waitress her advice.  
“How is the fish?” Her answer’s “Nice.”  
“How is the chicken? How’s the stew?”  
And she replies, “They’re both nice, too.”  
I trust her judgment, I respect her,  
But wish I had a lie detector.

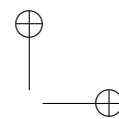
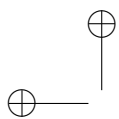




**WHEN LONG DISTANCE  
DOESN'T LEND ENCHANTMENT**

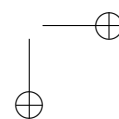
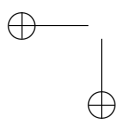
Distinctly not known  
As one of life's blisses  
Is the voice on the phone  
That demands, "Guess who this is!"

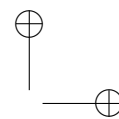
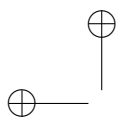




### GOODBYE FOREVER

Vacation friendships warm the heart  
So much that, when you come to part  
With people you have known a day,  
“Be sure to look us up,” you say.  
And they in turn insist that you  
Look *them* up when you’re passing through.  
They wring your hand, and you wring theirs,  
No other parting’s pang compares.  
So great your joy in having met them,  
It’s strange how soon you can forget them.

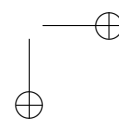
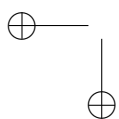


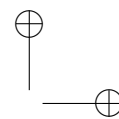
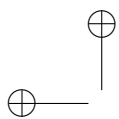


### **ELECTION RESULTS**

An office-seeker, if defeated,  
Finds his stock of friends depleted.

An office-seeker, if elected,  
Has friends he'd not before suspected.

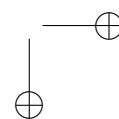
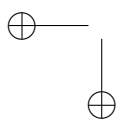


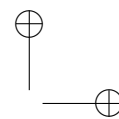
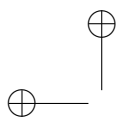


### HOME THOUGHTS

“Make yourself at home,” my host  
And hostess say to me,  
And I look pleased and thank them, but  
I chuckle inwardly.

For it just happens, as it does  
Quite often when I roam,  
That they have never seen me make  
Myself at home at home.

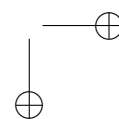
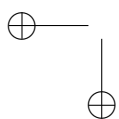


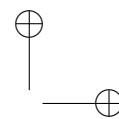
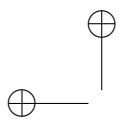


### **SILENT PARTNER**

Consider, please, the happy host  
Whose confidence attests  
That he is luckier than most  
Who entertain their guests,

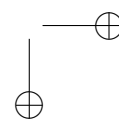
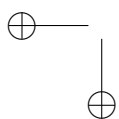
The husband in a million, who  
Enjoys the cream of life:  
He gets to tell a story through  
Unhampered by his wife.

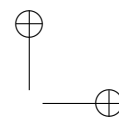
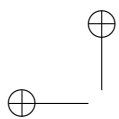




### **SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS**

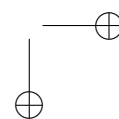
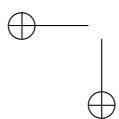
I and my cousins, aunts, and such  
Each other underbid,  
Exchanging gifts that don't cost much,  
But look as if they did.

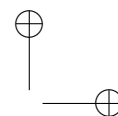
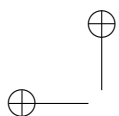




### WORTH WAITING FOR

I hope I'm alive on the day  
Some honest chap precedent shatters  
By saying, "It isn't the principle,  
It's only the money that matters."





## SUCCESS STORY

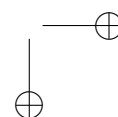
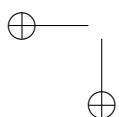
Come on now, let's  
Be perfectly frank –  
Who owns half the stock  
In the local bank,

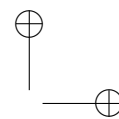
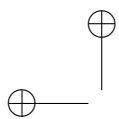
And a business block  
And a marble mansion  
And plenty of cash  
For added expansion?

Is it one who in youth,  
Being very ambitious,  
Left Mother and Main Street  
To further his wishes?

The fellow whom now  
We find sitting so pretty,  
Did he come back rich  
From the fabulous city?

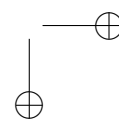
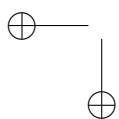
No, he of the gold  
And the marble and chrome  
Is the home town boy  
Who made good at home.

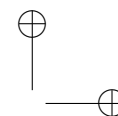
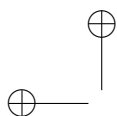




### POEM FOR POLLYANNAS

That worry is wrong and hard on your health  
I haven't the slightest doubt,  
But most of the people who tell me this  
Have nothing to worry about.





### UNMAILED LINES FROM A DEPARTING GUEST

Your bathroom's nice, its color scheme  
Is one for connoisseurs.  
It's always pleasantly agleam –  
And full of you and yours.

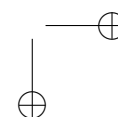
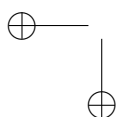
Your walls are thin,  
And on my word,  
You'd be surprised  
At what I've heard.

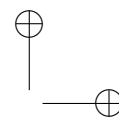
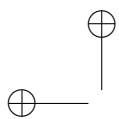
How did I sleep? I told you, "Fine."  
But oh that bed, and oh my spine!

Don't get up early, you admonished,  
And so I was a bit astonished  
To find, when I came down at eight,  
You'd eaten – after quite a wait.

I thought I knew you well before,  
But now I know you better.  
Beneath your roof I've learned a lot  
I never learned by letter.

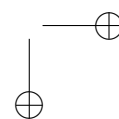
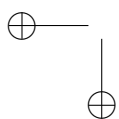
You welcomed me with words of love. . . .  
All right. I'm going now – don't shove!

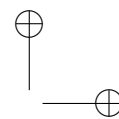
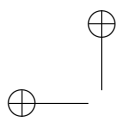




**AS ADVERTISED**

Those pictures of Before and After  
Would make me double up with laughter –  
The weak made strong, the plain made fair,  
The drab made chic, the fat made slim,  
The enervated given vim –  
Were I not growing more and more  
To look precisely like Before.



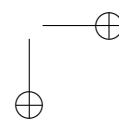
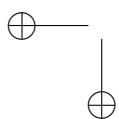


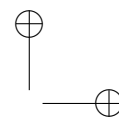
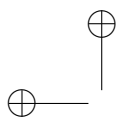
### BEAU GUEST

Hostess, if you would invite  
Me to your next party,  
Don't expect me to be bright,  
Don't count on a smarty;

I don't want to scintillate,  
Even if I'm able,  
When I sit before my plate  
At the dinner table,

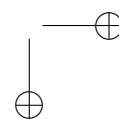
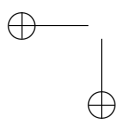
I don't want to entertain,  
Haggle, or compete,  
I don't want to use my brain,  
I just want to eat.

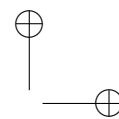
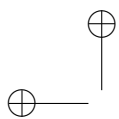




### RECIPROCITY

To listen to the woes  
Of others would be fine,  
If I could just impose —  
On them a few of mine.

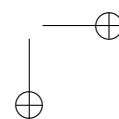
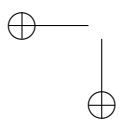


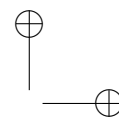
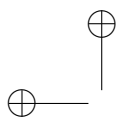


### CHECKMATE

Consider the way,  
When you've hardly stopped munchin',  
You tussle to pay  
Both the checks for the luncheon:  
You pounce and you clutch,  
You connive with the waiter,  
And the hubbub is such  
That you blush at it later.

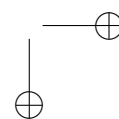
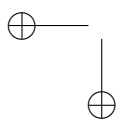
A polite song and dance,  
But what does it get you?  
There's always the chance  
Your companion will let you.

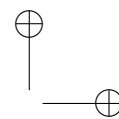
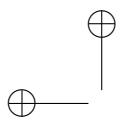




## **PROGRESS REPORT**

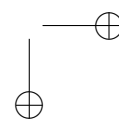
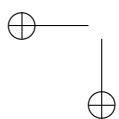
At meetings of clubs I've attended  
I've found there was room for improvement.  
More effort, I fear, was expended  
Making motions than making much movement.

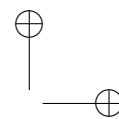
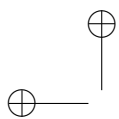




### **GREENER GRASS**

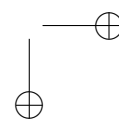
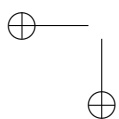
When I'm South, I would be North;  
When I'm home, I would be forth;  
Far away, I'd give a lot  
For the old, familiar spot;  
When I'm East, I would be West.  
Where I'm not, I love the best.

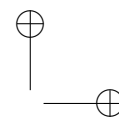
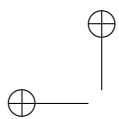




### PROCRASTINATOR

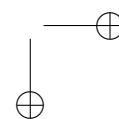
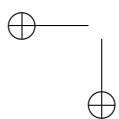
Consider the procrastinator  
Who always says he'll do things later,  
Like writing letters, raking leaves,  
Removing ashes, painting eaves,  
Or taking empty bottles back  
Or fixing something out of whack  
Or, just for instance, finding time  
To finish up this little rhyme  
With something clever which, somehow,  
He can't, poor fellow, think of now.

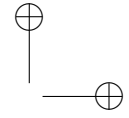
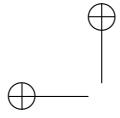




### HOME FROM THE RANGE

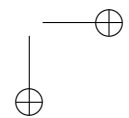
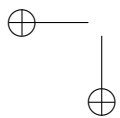
Returned from two weeks or a month of vacation,  
There's nothing that causes quite such a deflation  
Of ego as suddenly coming upon  
The fellow who isn't aware you'd been gone.

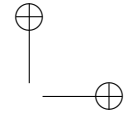
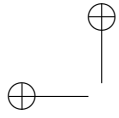




### SONG BURDENED

At people who hum while I work  
I level my frightfulest frown.  
It isn't the tune they can't carry,  
It's the one they can't seem to put down.



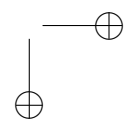
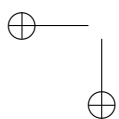


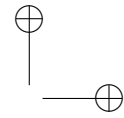
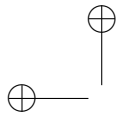
### **BIRDS OF A FEATHER**

Though disagreement and debate  
And argument may stimulate

The self-contented, sluggish mind,  
I must admit I am inclined,

Whenever possible, to be with  
Those kindred souls whom I agree with.





### **HYMN FOR HABERDASHERS**

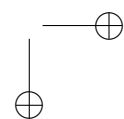
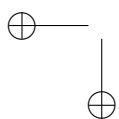
We leap with joy and we cry hooray,  
We hail the arrival of Father's Day,

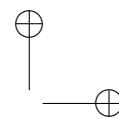
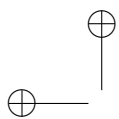
The day when daughters drop in to buy  
That otherwise simply unsalable tie,

When wives run up an outlandish bill,  
Which Father will pay, yes indeed he will,

When sons, stopping in to look over our shelves,  
Spend a dollar on Dad and ten on themselves.

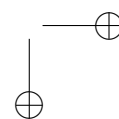
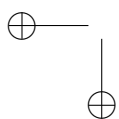
To fathers we utter this paeon of glory,  
Oh, long may they lighten our inventory!

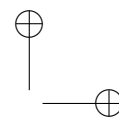
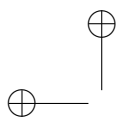




**TO TELL THE TRUTH**

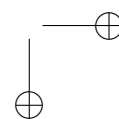
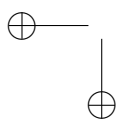
A person who wins  
From you nary a thank  
Is he who begins,  
“To be perfectly frank —”

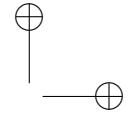
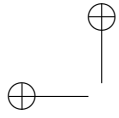




### UNDONE WITH MIRRORS

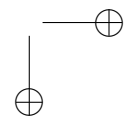
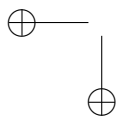
One mirror does not constitute  
A vital threat to me,  
But when I'm trying on a suit  
And see myself in three,  
I get a sudden, full-length view  
Of profile and of rear,  
A sight I'm unaccustomed to  
And which I always fear.

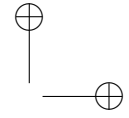
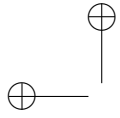




## MONEY

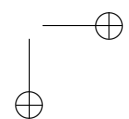
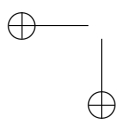
Workers earn it,  
Spendthrifts burn it,  
Bankers lend it,  
Women spend it,  
Forgers fake it,  
Taxes take it,  
Dying leave it,  
Heirs receive it,  
Thrifty save it,  
Misers crave it,  
Robbers seize it,  
Rich increase it,  
Gamblers lose it. . .  
I could use it.

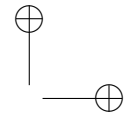
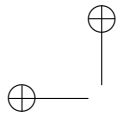




### **BLESSED IGNORANCE**

One sort of knowledge  
Good to lack  
Is what is said  
Behind your back.



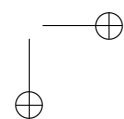
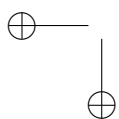


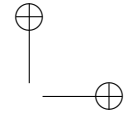
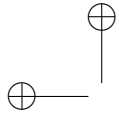
### OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF KINDNESS

Dear hostess, if you don't wish to  
Embarrass or upset us,  
Please serve our salad on a few  
Substantial leaves of lettuce,

A stuff which, though it can't excite  
The salivary juices,  
Has in its own peculiar right  
Some very handy uses,

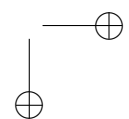
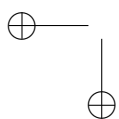
Such as, for instance, to divide  
And pull somewhat asunder,  
And make a camouflage to hide  
Uneaten salad under.

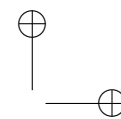
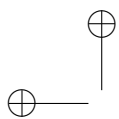




### **PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS**

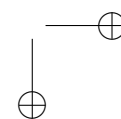
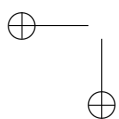
No matter how busy,  
How driven till dizzy,  
How frazzled and worn-out and gaunt too,  
You always can summon  
The time and the come-on  
To do all the things that you want to!

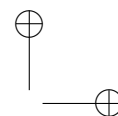
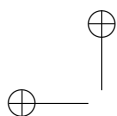




### HAPPY ENDING

Out of the haze  
When one is dozing  
Comes the speaker's phrase  
"And now, in closing —"





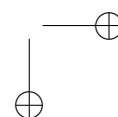
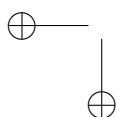
### SELF-PRESERVATION

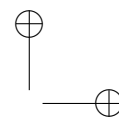
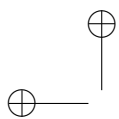
A minute a day of massaging the scalp,  
They tell me, will husband my hair,  
And regular brushing of gums sends blood rushing  
And helps hold a tooth here and there.

A period daily of rolling the eyes,  
Of focusing near and then far,  
Quite often surpasses, I'm told, even glasses,  
In keeping the eyesight at par.

A session of barefooted clutching at marbles  
Works wonders, they say, for the arches,  
While a series of bendings and end-over-endings,  
The joints that have stiffened unstarches.

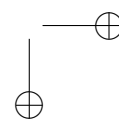
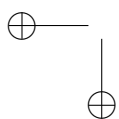
No doubt such a program each morning and night  
Would make me both handsome and strong enough,  
But that's merely theory – I always weary.  
And never keep at it quite long enough.

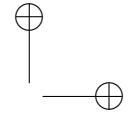
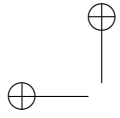




### MUTUAL ADMIRATION

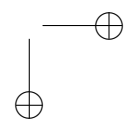
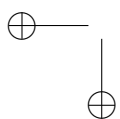
Who have a sense of humor?  
Well, I can tell you who do:  
Those understanding persons  
Who always laugh when you do.

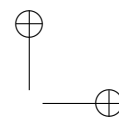
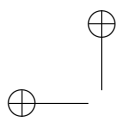




### **SURPLUS COMMODITY**

The getting is easy,  
The giving is nice;  
The taking's the tough part  
About advice.

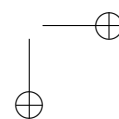
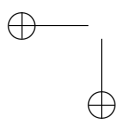


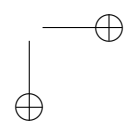
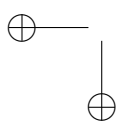
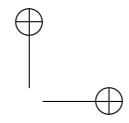
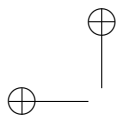


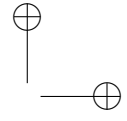
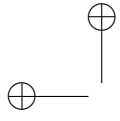
### NOT ENVIOUS

Solomon was plenty wise,  
Croesus had the gold,  
Washington would tell no lies,  
Napoleon was bold,  
Samson gloried in his might,  
Columbus could discover,  
Shakespeare knew just how to write,  
Byron – what a lover!

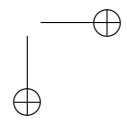
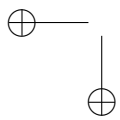
Yet when everything is said  
And done, I think that I've  
The best of it, for they're all dead,  
While I am still alive.

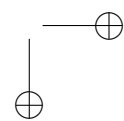
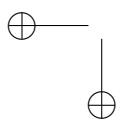
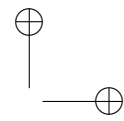
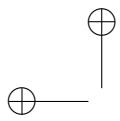


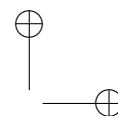
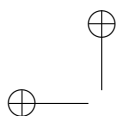




WON'T YOU STEP OUTSIDE







## CHARM FOR A PICNIC

*(To Be Chanted Feelingly)*

West wind, bring not at this hour  
Swift descending, sodden shower.

South wind, blow not hot and dry  
Bits of refuse in the eye.

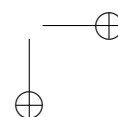
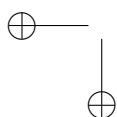
Keep, O Powers above, our son  
Out of trouble till we're done,

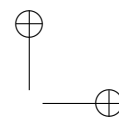
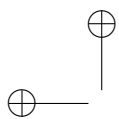
Nor let ill befall our daughter  
Splashing gaily in the water.

Family feuds, declare a truce;  
Tempers, break not at abuse.

Insect life, both ant and fly,  
Otherwhere your business ply.

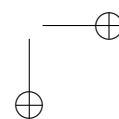
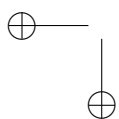
Lastly, falter not nor question,  
Triumph over all, digestion!

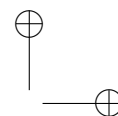
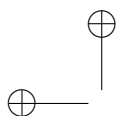




## HORSES

They head the list  
Of bad to bet on,  
But I insist  
They're worse to get on.



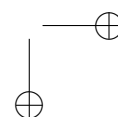
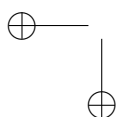


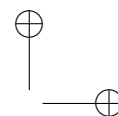
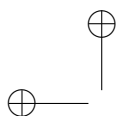
## HEAVENS ABOVE

Hooray, hooray, again hooray!  
It is a warm and cloudless day,  
The kind that should be simply grand  
For such a thing as getting tanned.

And so you pick a private spot,  
Exposed to sun, to neighbors not,  
Take off your coat, your shirt, your shoes,  
Also your pants, if so you choose,  
Rub suntan oil upon your face  
And any other likely place  
That might turn red instead of brown,  
And so that you'll not have to frown  
Against the brilliant sunny glare,  
Put on the darkened specs you wear.  
This done, and feeling very fine,  
You now are ready to recline.

O.K., but time and time again  
This is the very moment when,  
Before you can say, "Sunshine, howdy!"  
You know what happens? It gets cloudy.





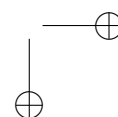
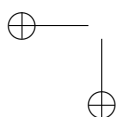
### BETTER BE GOOD

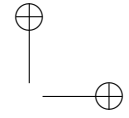
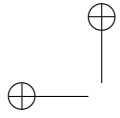
The pitcher's in the batter's box,  
The batter's on the mound,  
The field is cluttered up with rocks,  
The balls are square, not round.

The bats are cracked beyond repair,  
The bases slide on rollers,  
And fair is foul and foul is fair,  
And pitchers pitch like bowlers.

The peanuts sold are empty shells,  
The hot dogs pant and flop,  
You thirst, and yet the vendor tells  
You he's all out of pop.

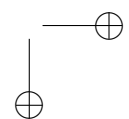
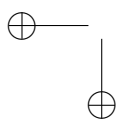
It rains at game time every day,  
The umpires all are ladies –  
And that's the kind of ball they play  
For sinners down in Hades.

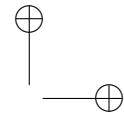
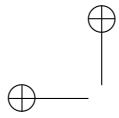




### **CANNY MOUNTAINEER**

He knows the mountain passes, so  
Climbs not, nor leaps crevasses,  
But sits and waits and will not go  
Until the mountain passes.





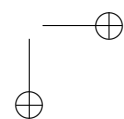
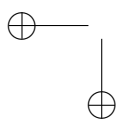
### SPRING SONG FOR DRY CLEANERS

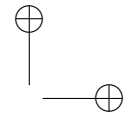
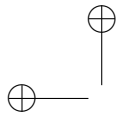
Come, let us sing  
Of happy hours,  
Of verdant spring  
And sudden showers.

Loud be the laud  
Our tongues shall utter  
Of staining sod  
And splashing gutter

And gusts that send  
New headgear scudding  
To journey's end  
For thorough mudding.

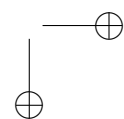
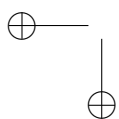
Nor let us cease  
To hymn the sprinkle  
That turns a crease  
Into a wrinkle.

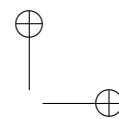
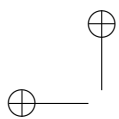




### WINTERGREEN THUMB

I like the winter best of all  
The seasons of the year,  
When bulbs are once again a ball  
And grass is sparse and sere,  
  
When leafless trees are brown and bare  
And hedges do not grow  
And beds are frozen everywhere  
And often under snow.  
  
For then my garden does without  
The need for toilsome labors  
And looks, a little while, about  
As good as does my neighbor's.





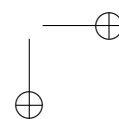
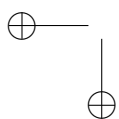
### OUT OF STEP

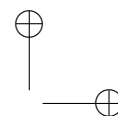
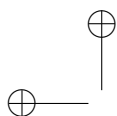
When men wear suits of lightest weaves,  
Trees snugly bundle up in leaves.

When men put vests and topcoats on,  
Trees mostly doff instead of don.

When men go forth in warmest wear,  
Trees strip themselves completely bare.

Thus not in any kind of weather  
Do trees and men quite get together.





## AND HE'S NOT TELLING

*Science Seeking Worm's Secret of Self-Repair.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE

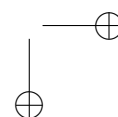
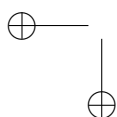
Consider the lowly, downtrod worm:  
His walk is a groveling, servile squirm,  
He wears no clothes and he bears no fur,  
And it's hard to distinguish a him from a her.

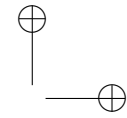
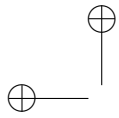
Though he passes his days in toiling for us  
By making the ground all nice and porous,  
We either are quite unaware he is near  
And tread him into a dark-brown smear  
Or show him our thanks and our warm good wishes  
By casting him out to attract the fishes.

But the worm in at least one way is smart:  
He can grow at will a replacement part.  
If his head's cut off, he can sprout another  
As good as the one he got from mother.  
If his tail's detached, a new one will burgeon  
Without any help from a nurse or surgeon.

Now this is a trick that men of science  
Would like to pass on for the use of their clients,  
But its secret they ruefully grant is known  
To the lowly, downtrod worm alone.

From which it may readily be discerned  
That at long, long last the worm has turned.





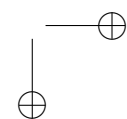
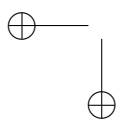
## THE BEACH

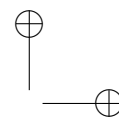
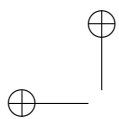
Sun shines down on it,  
Skin turns brown on it,

Infants crawl on it,  
Youths play ball on it,

Lifeguards pace on it,  
Lovers embrace on it,

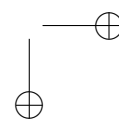
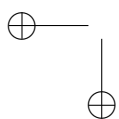
Models pose on it,  
Most of us doze on it.

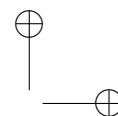
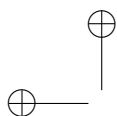




**ON AN INSECT COLLIDING  
WITH THE WINDSHIELD**

Preoccupied with flying,  
The fatal glass he nears;  
Precipitously dying,  
He joins the other smears.





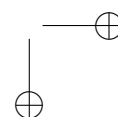
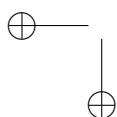
### CHANTEY FOR LANDLUBBERS

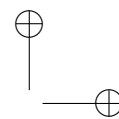
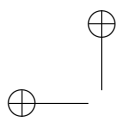
*Seasickness may eventually be conquered by mathematical formulae, according to a report made at a meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. — NEWS ITEM*

Ye men of science, haste to add,  
Subtract and multiply, O,  
Work slide rules to and fro like mad,  
Give yet another try, O.

Use algebra and calculus,  
Determine the square root, O,  
Try logarithms various,  
The worth of x compute, O.

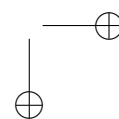
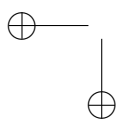
Keep at your figuring, wise men,  
Produce your formulae, O,  
And let us know precisely when  
We may put out to sea, O!

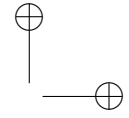
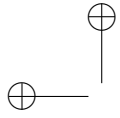




### KNIGHTHOOD NOT IN FLOWER

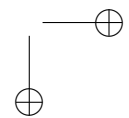
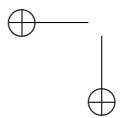
When I consider flowers,  
I must admit I'm silly,  
For I can't tell an aster  
From a calla lily.  
I can't identify  
An iris or a peony,  
And if I had to grow them  
There simply wouldn't be any.

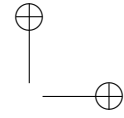
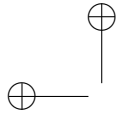




### WISH

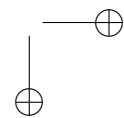
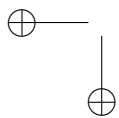
I wish mosquitoes might  
Do as the butterfly  
And neither buzz nor bite,  
But merely flutter by.

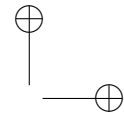
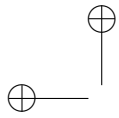




**EMILY POST TO THE CONTRARY  
NOTWITHSTANDING**

When skies are clear and winds are warm  
I must admit I see no harm,  
While talking with a girl, to stand  
Politely with my hat in hand.  
But in the teeth of wintry gales  
My ardor for politeness fails,  
And when the chilling snow descends  
My chivalry completely ends.  
One thing I'm sure of, and it's that  
In winter I shall keep my hat  
Upon my head and not be told  
By etiquette to catch a cold.





## RAIN

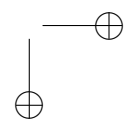
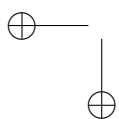
It makes the springtime flowers bud,  
And, mixed with dirt, produces mud.

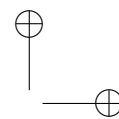
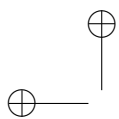
It washes sooty rooftops clean,  
And spots the polished limousine.

It brings at night a drowsy feeling,  
And leaves a blotch upon the ceiling.

It quenches thirst of man and beast,  
And drowns, in floods, a few at least.

With elements so disagreeing,  
It's very like a human being.

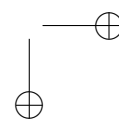
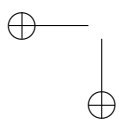


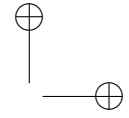
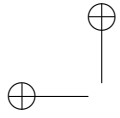


## WADING

Stones are slippery,  
Sides are steep,  
Pools of a sudden  
Drop down deep. . . .

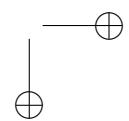
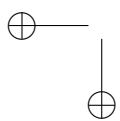
Water is tricky,  
Gets the best of me,  
Starts with my feet,  
Ends with the rest of me.

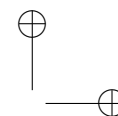
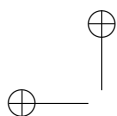




**THE MAN WITHOUT A HOE**

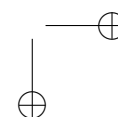
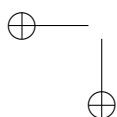
The lend of it  
Was the end of it.

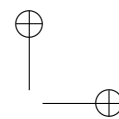
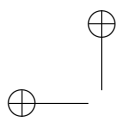




## SAND

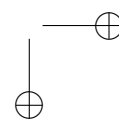
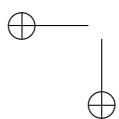
Sand, the stuff that makes a beach,  
Never quite gets out of reach,  
And in time becomes a bore  
On a Sunday at the shore.  
Take a picnic on the sand,  
Is it perfect? Is it grand?  
Not when you have known the colors  
Caused by grit between your molars.  
After eating, you recline.  
This is splendid, simply fine,  
Till some youngster playing nigh  
Throws a fistful in your eye,  
Then what scrapings of the lid,  
What wild threats to "kill the kid!"  
Sight restored, you get in motion,  
Head for home, far from the ocean.  
There, for days and even weeks,  
Sand in such a volume leaks,  
By the gallon and the barrel  
From the family's apparel,  
From each crevice large enough,  
Pleat and fold and trouser cuff,  
That it's strange that there could be  
Any left beside the sea.

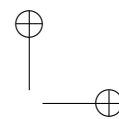
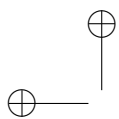




### SCARECROW

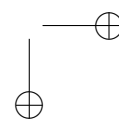
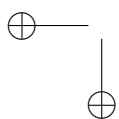
The scarecrow in our garden scares  
The crows away, would frighten bears  
And wolves, no doubt. But what I need  
To save results of toil and seed  
Is one that would, to spare my plants,  
Scare off the aphids and the ants.

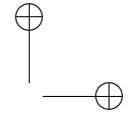
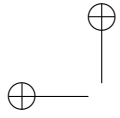




## GRASS

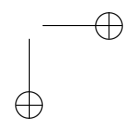
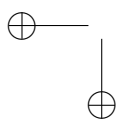
The earth and sky  
Conspire to grow it,  
And you and I  
Perspire to mow it.

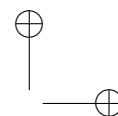
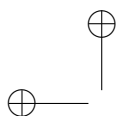




### NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY

The Indians chant and dance about  
To break a crop-destroying drought,  
But I've a simpler means by far:  
I only have to wash my car.



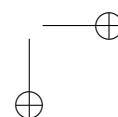
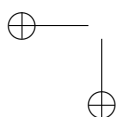


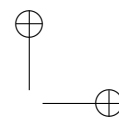
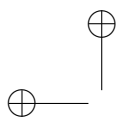
## READERS TO THE SEA

*New Rochelle's public library will again provide a book wagon this year so that bathers may improve their minds as well as tan their bodies. — NEWS ITEM*

The mountain came not to Mahomet,  
The sea would not stay for Canute,  
And man cannot harness a comet  
Or make an iron lamppost bear fruit.

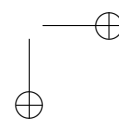
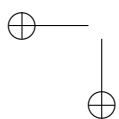
But libraries roll to the ocean,  
Minerva and Neptune are kin,  
And bathers may, when they've the notion,  
Improve both without and within.

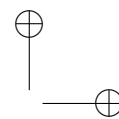
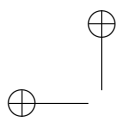




## DOGS

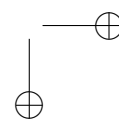
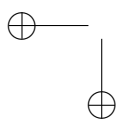
The person always bragging  
Of dogs as man's best friend,  
Is thinking of their wagging  
And not their biting end.

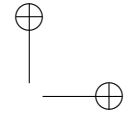
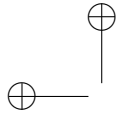




## ONE DOWN

Weight distributed,  
Free from strain,  
Divot replaced,  
Familiar terrain,  
Straight left arm,  
Unmoving head –  
Here lies the golfer,  
Cold and dead.

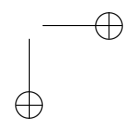
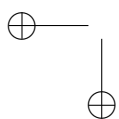


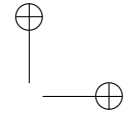
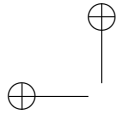


### SEASONAL PHENOMENON

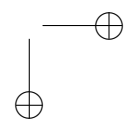
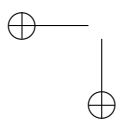
The lifeguard is a man of brawn.  
He has a streamlined swim suit on  
That fits him like his very skin.  
He is not fat, he is not thin;  
It is, in fact, his lucky fate  
To have no need to watch his weight.  
His limbs are trim, his knees unknotted,  
His tan is even and unspotted,  
He has a profile like Adonis,  
And as, with stately, godlike slowness  
He regularly paces by,  
He wins the soft, admiring eye,  
Without half trying to, of each  
And every female on the beach.

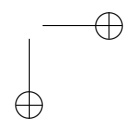
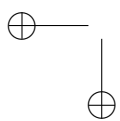
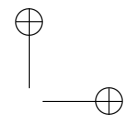
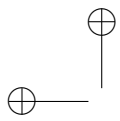
Oh, let him have his hour of glory –  
This creature of a season – for he  
Will, as the days grow short, grow sober.  
Who cares for lifeguards in October?

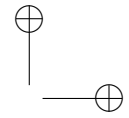
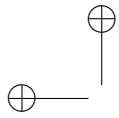




IF IT ISN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER



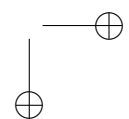
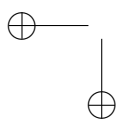


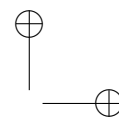
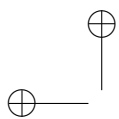


### HOW OLD IS OLD?

This side of forty you are said  
To lack experience,  
And after that, until you're dead,  
The weight of years prevents

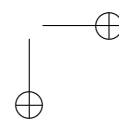
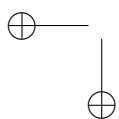
Your stepping briskly up among  
The leaders of the fold.  
Thus half your life you are too young  
And half your life, too old.

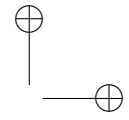
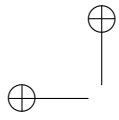




### VESTED INTEREST

Socks give way at heel and toe,  
Shirts fray at the cuff,  
Pants grow shiny in the seat,  
Shoes go soon enough,  
Underwear disintegrates,  
Coats can't stand the test,  
Yet in twenty winters you  
Can't wear out a vest.

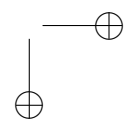
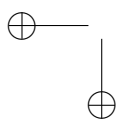


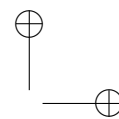
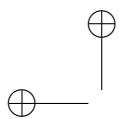


### A WIT'S END

Let others, when the party's done  
And they are home in bed,  
Berate themselves for chances missed  
And gems of wit unsaid.

I'm sleepless, taut. Beneath the sheets  
My burning face is hid –  
Not for the things I didn't say,  
But for the things I did.



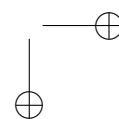
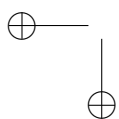


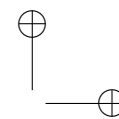
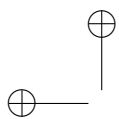
## JUNE

June is the month to graduate  
Or else to take oneself a mate;

And if one's getting neither bride  
Nor sheepskin, one must still decide,

By dint of shopping near and far,  
Just what to give to those who are.

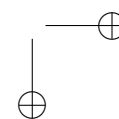
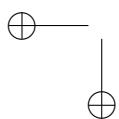


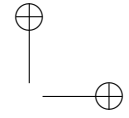
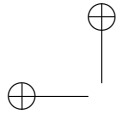


### CONSERVATIONIST

Though man is prodigal with earth,  
Lets floods erode the soil,  
Turns surplus metals into dearth,  
Is lavish, too, with oil,

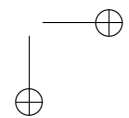
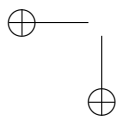
Though man denudes the hills of trees  
And leaves a trail of waste,  
Give him his due – just watch him squeeze  
A toothpaste tube for paste.

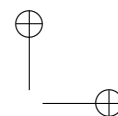
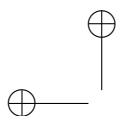




### DEPRECIATING INTEREST

A man always meets  
    With fewer side glances  
As his hairline retreats  
    And his waistline advances.





### GUARDIAN DEVIL

Although I neither see nor hear it,  
I'm confident an evil spirit

Attends upon me. I assume  
That it is he who brings to bloom,

When I set out upon a trip,  
A lurid cold sore on my lip,

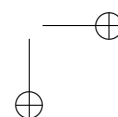
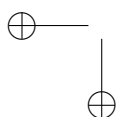
Who finds it devilishly simple  
To time a party and a pimple,

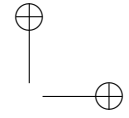
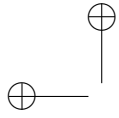
While for a business interview  
A sty, and nothing less, will do.

Year in, year out, July to June,  
At moments most inopportune,

This indefatigable sprite  
Is on the job with some choice blight.

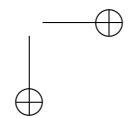
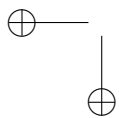
I wish he were not quite so dutiful  
At keeping me from being beautiful.

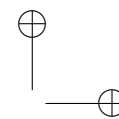
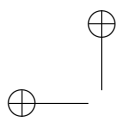




### **CLEAN BREAK**

To help my wife clean house, I pick  
Things up. She shouldn't grieve.  
I pick my hat up, then my coat:  
And put them on and leave.

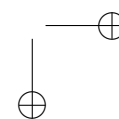
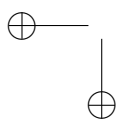


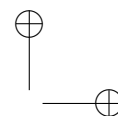
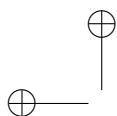


### **FINISHED CRAFTSMAN**

My workshop's where I make things  
With lathe and saw and plumb,  
But I've learned not to take things  
To show to guests who come.

I've had enough. Oh, brother,  
They'll see my work no more:  
I just can't stand another  
"You made it? What's it for?"





## BAD BUSINESS

*The Colby Academy of Brooklyn is offering a course for newsboys, intended to improve their diction, enunciation, pronunciation, and appearance. — NEWS ITEM*

Imagine, those of you who can,  
The corner newsboy spic and span,

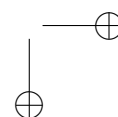
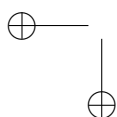
A very model Colby crammer,  
With well-creased pants, consummate grammar,

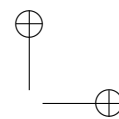
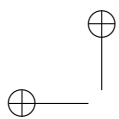
And diction almost apropos  
The stage or screen or radio,

Enunciation, too, so good  
That every word is understood.

If such were true, you would not need  
To buy a paper and to read

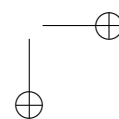
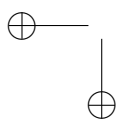
In order merely to find out  
What all the shouting is about.

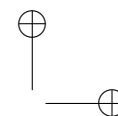
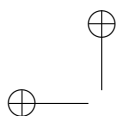




### GOOD SPORT

I throw a stick and my dog goes running  
And fetches it back, and is very cunning.  
I throw and I throw and I throw till I'm weary,  
But still I keep at it and try to look cheery,  
For my dog has such fun with this stick-fetching stuff  
That I'll throw yet a while, though I've had enough.  
And what of my dog? He is wearied too,  
And bored with the thing, but it wouldn't do  
To beg for a rest or disgustedly run from  
A game that his master is getting such fun from.





## WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?

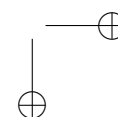
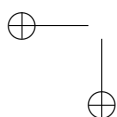
*(After reading an article in "Scientific American" on how tranquilizers and other drugs administered to spiders cause abnormalities in the pattern of their webs)*

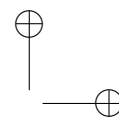
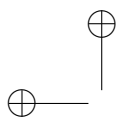
When fed the sort of potent drug  
That work its wiles on man or bug,  
The once-neat spider turns a slattern  
And spins a helter-skelter pattern.

It leaves large gaps in certain sections,  
It wanders off in odd directions,  
And having bungled and meandered  
Produces something quite substandard.

Spider, spider, none too bright,  
That lolls or lurches through the night,  
Thy fearful symmetry's less fearful,  
And here's a frank, unvarnished earful:

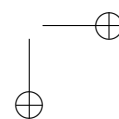
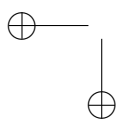
I who once cried for helpless flies  
Now call you friend, and sympathize.

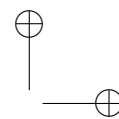
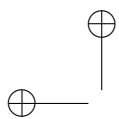




**PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER**

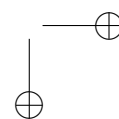
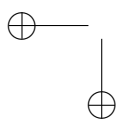
Across from me, my hostess sits  
And counts my mounting olive pits.  
To throw her off, and just for fun,  
I think that I shall swallow one.

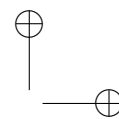
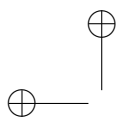




### SING A SONG OF SILENCE

It pains me that at gatherings  
When everyone around me sings  
The old, familiar songs, I'm dumb  
Or at the most I faintly hum.  
Nor am I quiet out of choice,  
Nor shamed because I lack a voice  
With which to trill as do the birds –  
I simply can't recall the words.





## DEATH OF A HERO

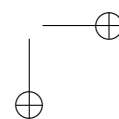
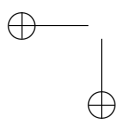
*Science Still Can't Tell Why Rubber Bounces.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE

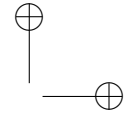
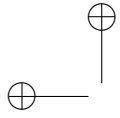
It split the atom, sped the plane,  
Conditioned air and deadened pain,

It lengthened life and streamlined wars,  
It measured molecules and stars. . . .

Then one day lamely it announced  
It didn't know why rubber bounced,

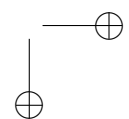
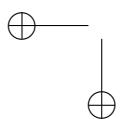
And science, dating right from then,  
Just never seemed the same again.

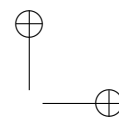
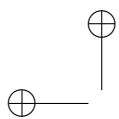




### **SPEAKING OF DESTRUCTION**

Neither Vandal,  
Hun, nor Goth  
Holds a candle  
To a moth.

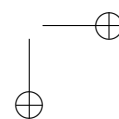
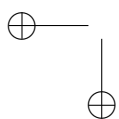


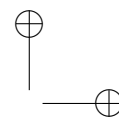
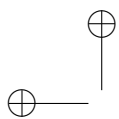


### SMALL TOWN

The buildings all are far from tall  
In such a town as mine.  
Some folks, it's true, drive right on through  
And fail to see the sign.

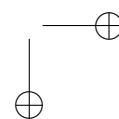
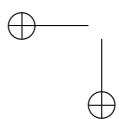
We residents, however, sense  
No city is its peer.  
There may not be as much to see,  
But oh, the things we hear!

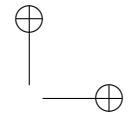
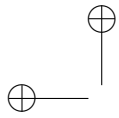




## MONEY (2)

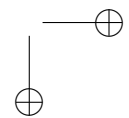
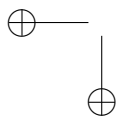
The printing bureau  
Of the Treasury makes it;  
The tax division  
Of the Treasury takes it.

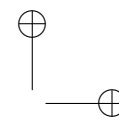
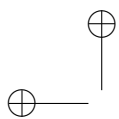




### THREE-RING CIRCUS

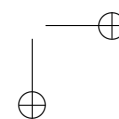
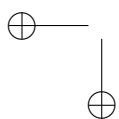
Our house is a three-ring circus,  
As all who have seen it have known.  
And these are the rings I refer to:  
The front door, the back door, the phone.

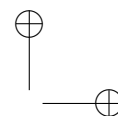
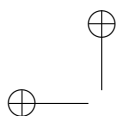




### PRAYER OF A MOTORIST

If I must tangle fenders – please,  
That other driver – I hope he's  
A person calm and gentle spoken,  
Not too upset, whatever's broken,  
A man of easygoing sort,  
With temper long instead of short,  
Inclined to upright, decent living,  
Considerate, and quite forgiving,  
A listener and not a speaker,  
One shorter, slighter, somewhat weaker  
On whom the dove of peace has hovered,  
A gentleman – and fully covered.

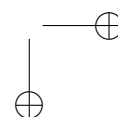
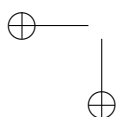


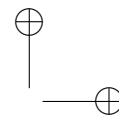
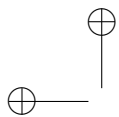


### GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

I hymn that dear departed thing  
That long ago went out, took wing.  
I mean the roll-top desk, replete  
With pigeonholes to keep things neat –  
Or keep things, anyhow, since neatness  
Meant less than handiness, completeness.

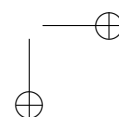
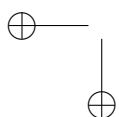
How different the desk today,  
Which, when it's five o'clock, you stay  
To straighten up and make all tidy  
Five times a week, and most on Friday.  
Back in the good old days, you'd slam  
The top, and leave the mess, and scam.

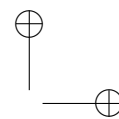
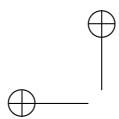




### IRON CONSTITUTION

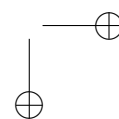
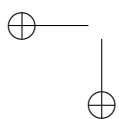
He's as hard as nails, I have heard it said,  
And also as sharp as a tack.  
I'm tempted to use a hammer when next  
I give him a pat on the back.

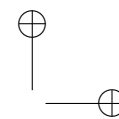
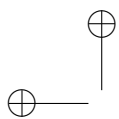




### INEXPLICABLE

It seems to me somewhat ironic  
That tender care, massage, and tonic  
Should be required of men who cherish  
A scalp that's adequately hairish,  
Whereas unwanted hair that's strewn  
Across the chin and cheeks, though hewn  
And levelled to the skin and thwarted  
When it is barely getting started,  
Despite mistreatment, curse, and scorning  
Returns augmented every morning.



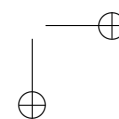
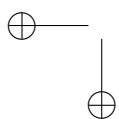


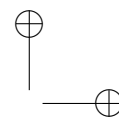
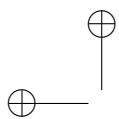
### MINCING NO WORDS

What's in the mincemeat  
That's in the mince pie?  
Can't tell with the tongue,  
Can't tell with the eye,

Can't tell by the taste,  
Can't tell by the look,  
Can't tell by the smile  
On the face of the cook.

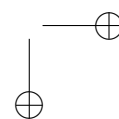
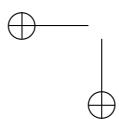
Can't tell by the scent  
Of the spiralling wraith. . . .  
There's this about mincemeat –  
You've got to have faith.

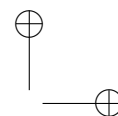
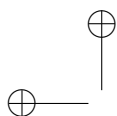




## DUST

This much you can trust about dust:  
It drops on the just and unjust.  
It sifts to the table  
Of the housekeeper able  
And forms a gray pattern,  
As well, for the slattern.  
It falls, much as manna,  
Upon the pianna  
Of skilled virtuoso,  
Non-player, and so-so.  
It dulls best mahogany  
And thus causes ogany;  
It makes birch and redwood  
Look deadened as deadwood.  
In rich home and poor home,  
In my home and your home,  
Things have to be dusted.  
With dust I'm disgusted.





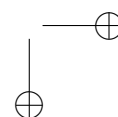
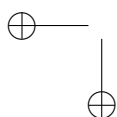
**ENTER JULIET, ABOVE**

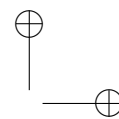
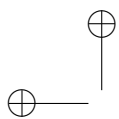
*A hall from a castle in Verona, Italy, incorporating the balcony  
on which Romeo wooed Juliet, is awaiting a purchaser. —  
NEWS ITEM*

The storied ledge where Juliet bade  
    (According to the scholars)  
Her fond good night, may now be had  
    By anyone with dollars.

And purchasers will doubtless rise,  
    Those who, ad infinitum,  
Could contemplate in rapt surmise  
    This rare collector's item.

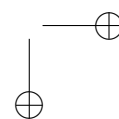
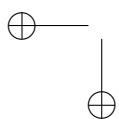
It's Juliet, though, who interests me,  
    Not where her lover wooed her —  
And purchase of this balcony  
    Would not, alas, include her.

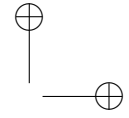
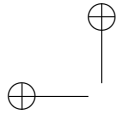




### LAMENT ON A LACK OF LETTERS

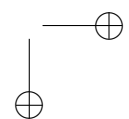
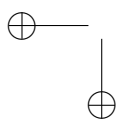
How I love to get a letter!  
I can think of nothing better  
Than perusing an epistolary item.  
But deep is my despondence,  
For I've found that correspondence  
Means that if you want to get 'em, you must write 'em!

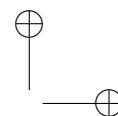
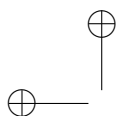




### **FAMILIAR NUMBER**

Comes the ice-cream vendor  
Along about noon,  
With fifteen flavors  
And only one tune.



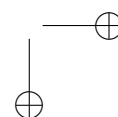
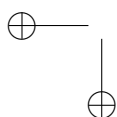


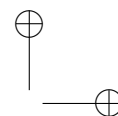
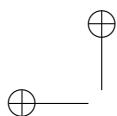
### INSTRUCTIONS TO AN OVERNIGHT GUEST

Before you go to bed, dear guest,  
Before you close your eyes in rest,  
Please let me take you, first, in tow,  
And teach you what you need to know.

Here is a door that will not lock –  
You keep it shut with this small rock.  
These drawers stick – just grip them tightly  
And lift them up, while twisting slightly.  
Beware this light switch – do not touch;  
Unscrew the bulb, but not too much.  
This clock gains half an hour each night;  
Subtract the same to tell time right.  
I think I also should explain  
The tub is rather slow to drain,  
And if this faucet drips, you'll find  
The cutoff valve (and wrench) behind.

Before you come again, we'll mend  
The faucet, drawers, and switch, my friend;  
The door, the drain, the half-hour-fast time –  
Or did I tell you this the last time?





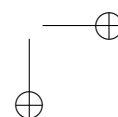
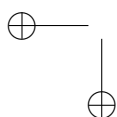
### WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

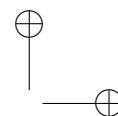
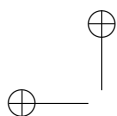
*Photographic research reveals three main types of winks. The natural, or reflex, takes from one-eighth to one-quarter of a second; that used to begin a flirtation lasts from three-eighths to half a second; and that expressing boredom takes from three-quarters to one whole second. — NEWS ITEM*

The wink that takes  
The smallest fraction  
Is nothing but  
A reflex action.

The wink of less  
Than half a second  
Implies that you  
Are being beckoned.

The longest wink,  
It's well worth knowing,  
Suggests that you  
Had best be going.





### HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

I wonder why there's nothing done  
With all the human hair  
That slowly sifts and falls in drifts  
Beside the barber's chair,

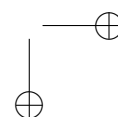
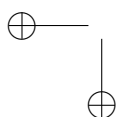
That gravitates like winter's snow  
And with as little noise:  
The childish curls of little girls,  
The stubborn spikes of boys,

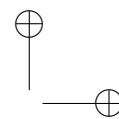
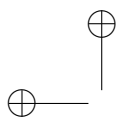
The heavy locks of manly men  
That sink in lanky parcels,  
The tiny trim of bald-pates' rim  
That flutters down in morsels,

The black, the brown, the in-between,  
The blonde, the red, the hoar  
That slowly waft from up aloft  
And settle on the floor.

By-products there must surely be,  
If modern men of science  
Will sagely view the residue  
Left by the barber's clients,

Oh, must it all be swept away,  
Can't someone put a stop  
To throwing out what's just about  
Man's only home-grown crop?



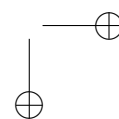
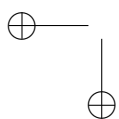


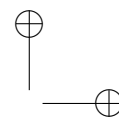
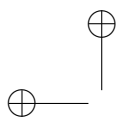
### DIPLOMAT OF THE DINNER TABLE

My father ate my mother's food  
And praised it to the skies.  
No word he said was ever rude;  
My father, he was wise.

Oh, there were days my father ate  
What didn't please his palate,  
But father didn't deprecate  
Or call for saw and mallet.

My father always was a star,  
At mealtimes wondrous graced.  
He lit himself a big cigar  
And soon had killed the taste.

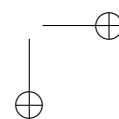
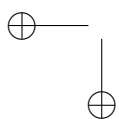


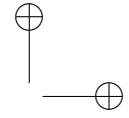
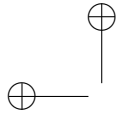


### **CROWD GATHERER**

What caused the vacant Sunday street  
In no more than a twinkling  
To fill with cars and busy feet  
Like this? Have you an inkling?

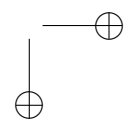
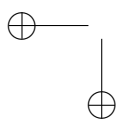
Was it a fire? A crash? A shout?  
A madman's crazy caper?  
No, I, pajama-clad, stepped out  
To fetch the morning paper.

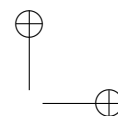
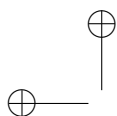




### ANATOMICAL OBSERVATION

The stomach is, in each creature,  
An interesting sort of feature:  
When it works well, you're not aware  
That you have any organ there,  
But when it gets to working ill you  
Are quite convinced it's going to kill you.





## ASSORTMENT

*Well-Dressed Man Must Have 12 Hats.* — NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINE

The first is a topper, which one never fails  
To wear when out swanking in white tie and tails;

The second, the same – a collapsible model  
Compressed at the opera, sprung on the noddle;

The third and the fourth, quite essential because  
Of the sun in the summer, a couple of straws;

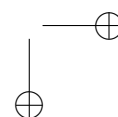
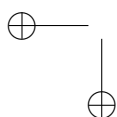
The fifth, a Tirolean job with a feather  
And maybe a band made of counterfeit leather;

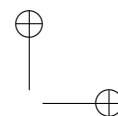
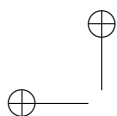
The sixth and the seventh, two Homburgs, the style  
That prominent statesmen wear most of the while;

The eighth, a conservative derby (or bowler),  
The kind that when doffed by the wind is a roller:

Ninth, tenth, and eleventh, three felts with snap brims  
To be shaped in accordance with personal whims;

And last, since today life is earnest and real,  
The twelfth one had best be a helmet of steel.





## THINK OF IT

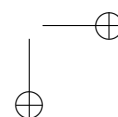
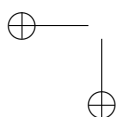
*A new digital computer has been built that will think like a man, even making human errors. — NEWS ITEM*

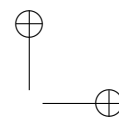
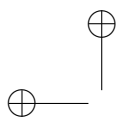
Comes now a digital computer  
Astute as man, but not astuter,  
That thinks a complex problem through  
Precisely as we humans do.

They've built such think machines before,  
To do, and quick, some highbrow chore,  
But never one whose thinking bordered  
Upon the fuzzy and disordered,

One that grows tired, a second-rater  
That puts things off till sometime later,  
That tends to daydream, idly blinking,  
And think up ways to keep from thinking.

We should, I guess, give praise to science  
For making such a fine appliance,  
Though I'm inclined to feel, somehow,  
We're overstocked on these things now.





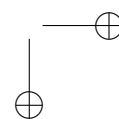
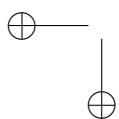
### **THE AARDVARK**

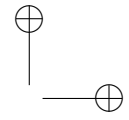
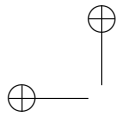
The aardvark is, to say the least,  
A seldom seen or heard of beast,

And yet a certain sort of fame  
Attaches to this creature's name,

For with its double-barreled a's  
In proud pre-eminence it stays

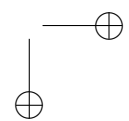
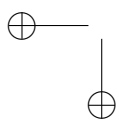
Year after year up at the very  
Beginning of the dictionary.

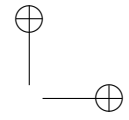
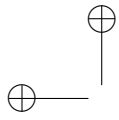




### SEQUENCE

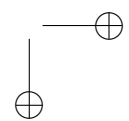
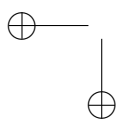
The nocturnal life  
Of a man and his wife  
This pattern quite often assumes:  
First two in a bed,  
Then each in a bed,  
Then sleeping in separate rooms.

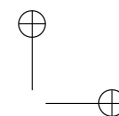
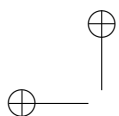




### **PASTURES NEW**

There is no balm of Gilead,  
No salve, no soothing ointment  
To stay the pain of one who's had  
In love a disappointment –  
Unless it be that healing lotion  
Of fixing on a new devotion.





### CONSUMED WITHOUT CURIOSITY

The milk we drink is graded A  
And purified, the labels say;

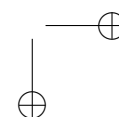
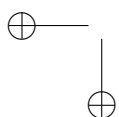
It is, moreover, pasteurized  
And, oftentimes, homogenized,

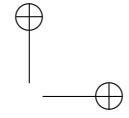
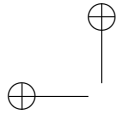
And measured into divers sorts  
Of small containers, pints and quarts,

By some means that we know is very  
Dependable and sanitary.

In fact it's so reworked before  
It's placed each morn beside our door

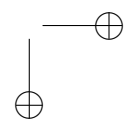
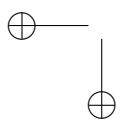
That we forget just when and how  
It was connected with a cow.

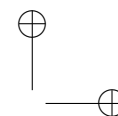
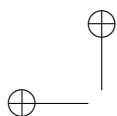




**ARGUMENT**

If you convinced me  
And I convinced you,  
Would there not still be  
Two points of view?





## ASSORTED RELISHES

### CELERY

When forced to wait and wait for luncheon,  
A stalk or two will serve to munch on,  
A use which would, indeed, be laudable,  
If only it weren't quite so audible.

### OLIVES

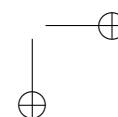
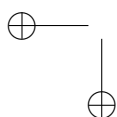
Unless its innards are pimento,  
Each olive leaves its own memento,  
And therefore, should you nibble any,  
The seeds will testify how many.

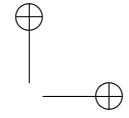
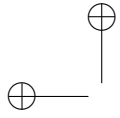
### RADISHES

Though pretty things, they like as not  
Are either pithy or too hot,  
Nor do you know, till you have bitten,  
If you've a tiger or a kitten.

### PICKLES

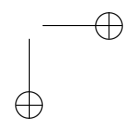
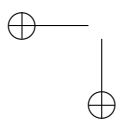
Since people are of many minds  
About the sundry sorts and kinds,  
Some way is needed to empower one  
To tell a sweet one from a sour one.

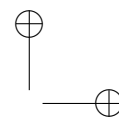
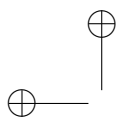




ONIONS

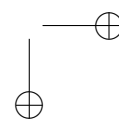
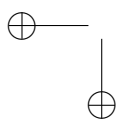
The onion eater and his brother,  
Though inoffensive to each other,  
Are by their diet alienated  
From those who've not participated.

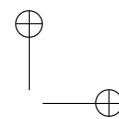
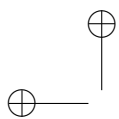




## LURE

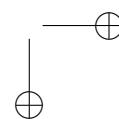
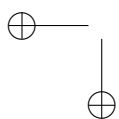
The hat check girl and cloakroom boy  
Are fond of leaving as decoy,  
Expressive of a pious wish,  
A lonely quarter in a dish,  
Which is, for me, a waste of time,  
Since I don't go above a dime.

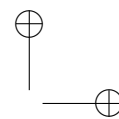
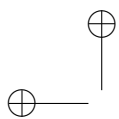




**LINES WRITTEN IN A SHOE STORE**

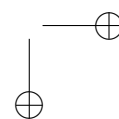
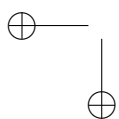
Old shoes always look their worst  
When set beside the new,  
But new shoes never feel so good  
As the old ones do.

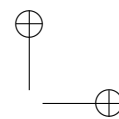
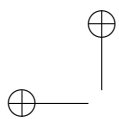




### BOX OF CHOCOLATES

I've never met the person who  
Unerringly can pick a chew  
Or without faltering tell what  
Identifies the lurking nut  
Within what otherwise would seem  
A plain and unexciting cream.  
In fact it's not until you bite  
That you know if you've chosen right,  
Then when, as often, you have not,  
There's no returning what you've got.





### LOWER MATHEMATICS

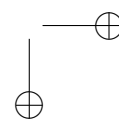
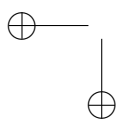
A dollar ninety-eight, it's true,  
Is very little short of two;

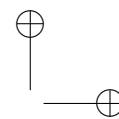
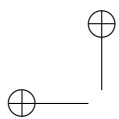
Two ninety-eight, it's plain to see,  
Is similarly close to three;

Three ninety-eight is almost four;  
Four ninety-eight – but why say more?

What seems a very simple trick  
That even my arithmetic

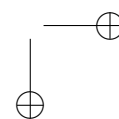
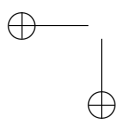
Should handle with but half a try,  
Defeats me every time I buy.

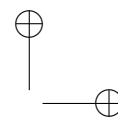
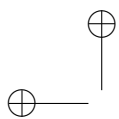




### ALL EARS

You're flat on your back,  
And so can't get near it,  
You catch a few words  
But don't really hear it:  
A word... and a whisper...  
A word... and a mumble...  
A laugh... and a giggle...  
And then some more jumble.  
Oh, the hospital hasn't  
A torture that's horrider  
Than trying to hear  
What is said in the corridor!





### LIFE EXPECTANCY

*John Masefield, the poet laureate, placed the "fatal age" for poets at thirty-six, saying it was surprising the number who had died about that age. — NEWS ITEM*

The poet who is thirty-five  
May not much longer be alive;

The poet who is thirty-six  
Had best get in his final licks;

The poet who is thirty-seven  
Is overdue in hell or heaven.

