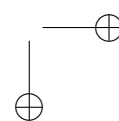
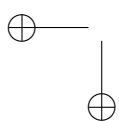
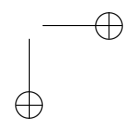
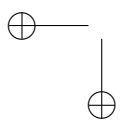
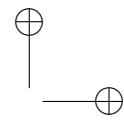
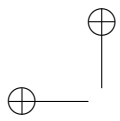
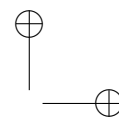


ONE TO A CUSTOMER
COLLECTED POEMS



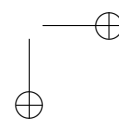
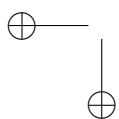


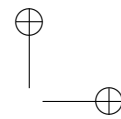
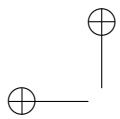


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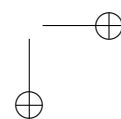
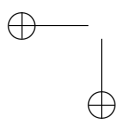
Margaret Fishback

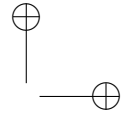
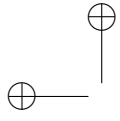
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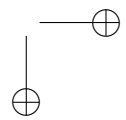
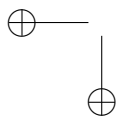


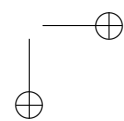
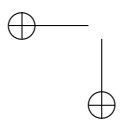
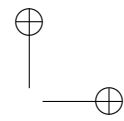
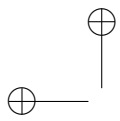
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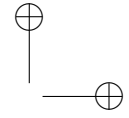
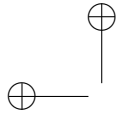




TO TONY

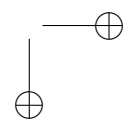
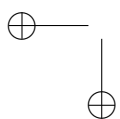


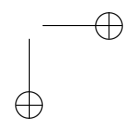
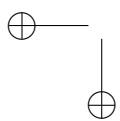
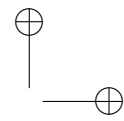
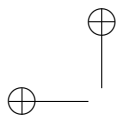


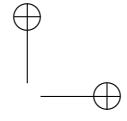
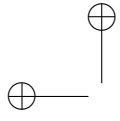


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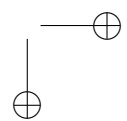
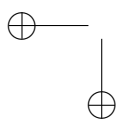
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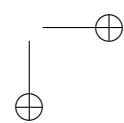
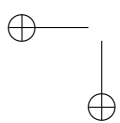
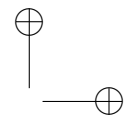
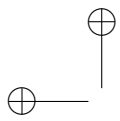


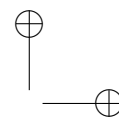
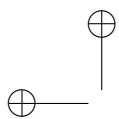




I FEEL BETTER NOW



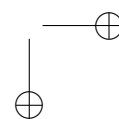
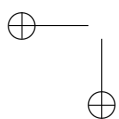


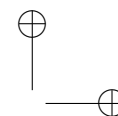
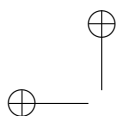


PACT

If I promise to sew on your buttons
And tenderly care for your socks,
And dust the piano each morning,
And water the pansies and phlox,

If I promise to love you forever,
Till they tuck me away in a vault,
Will you promise to take all I promise
With a grain of reliable salt?

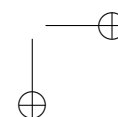
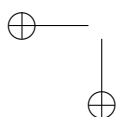


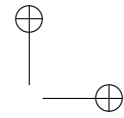
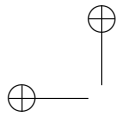


VIEW FROM A FIFTH-FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE

An underfed ailanthus tree
Contributes animatedly
One bright, intrepid splotch of green.
And here and there through the ravine
An enterprising ray of sun
Contrives to have a little fun
By wriggling through a window just
To call attention to the dust.

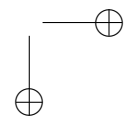
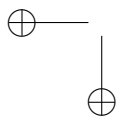
And though it's messy in the street,
The sky above is large and neat.
And from this fire escape of mine
The cloud effects are very fine
Along about this time of day
Despite the roof across the way
That harbors shirts hung out to dry
Against the valiant Gotham sky.

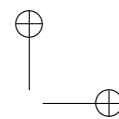
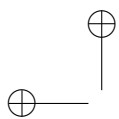




COMPLAINT TO THE MANAGEMENT

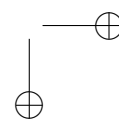
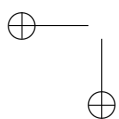
Oh, somewhere there are people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But sit upon the Pyrenees
And use the very special breeze
Provided for the people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But sit upon the Pyrenees
And use the...

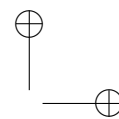
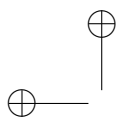




MORE PREYED UPON THAN PREYING

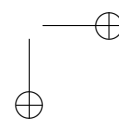
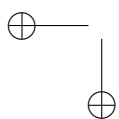
Bachelors should never be
Grudged their so-called liberty.

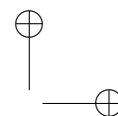
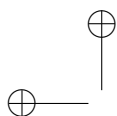




CHESTNUT MARKET A GAMBLE AS USUAL

A toasted chestnut can't be trusted,
For though the first be sweet and firm,
The next one, when it's been decrusted,
Will hold a snug, contented worm.



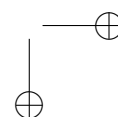
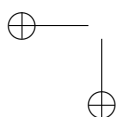


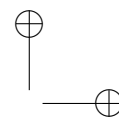
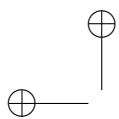
LINES TO A BAD HABIT

Oh, leave me now, and close the door
Irrevocably, dear, before
My self-sufficiency is gone.
I love you, but this can't go on,
For after all, I have to sleep
And eat – and there's my soul to keep,
In all of which you interfere,
So please abandon me, my dear.

It breaks my heart that we must end
It so, but hearts are on the mend
Almost before the fracture is
Apparent – so another kiss,
And then be on your way, for I
Am fond of you and when I try
To emulate a block of ice,
You seem unreasonably nice.

Good-bye. . . . But kiss me once again
Before the desolate amen. . . .
Ah, now I'm happier. Perhaps
It's silly to be sounding taps
So suddenly. I think it would
Be less distressing if we could
Be gradual about it. Do
You think that seems the thing to do?

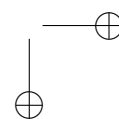
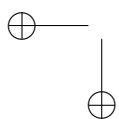


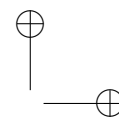
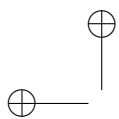


GETTING DOWN TO WORK

My pencil's dull; besides, I think
I've really got to have a drink,
And while I go to get the drink,
My pencil being dull, I think
I might as well go down the hall
And get it sharpened first of all.
In just one trip I'll do it all,
One little journey down the hall.

For how can anybody think
Or try to work, who needs a drink?
I'm positive that one and all
Would start by going down the hall.

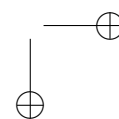
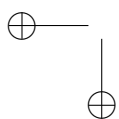


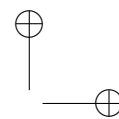
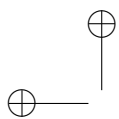


QUIET ZONE

I never ask him questions though
There's much that I should like to know
About his little mysteries. . . .
I can't help wondering whom he sees
And what he's doing when he stays
Away for days and days and days.

I miss him, and my feelings get
A trifle pained at times, and yet
I bravely manage to restrain
Myself, for after all it's plain
If I go in for questions, he
Is apt to ask me two or three.

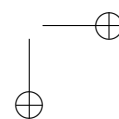
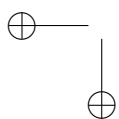


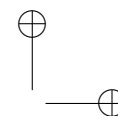
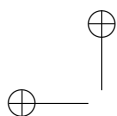


DIRECTIONS FOR REMODELLING OLD VERSE

A comma or so,
And a sinister row
Of periods there in the middle,
Might make it appear
Rather subtle and queer,
And give it the air of a riddle.

Italics are nice,
So I'll throw in a slice,
And leave off the capital letter,
With a dash for suspense –
If it doesn't make sense,
At least it may look a lot better.





MANHATTAN BY-PRODUCTS

Park Avenue

Pink babies in perambulators
Emerge from velvet elevators.

The Garlic Belt

On Bleecker Street the babies' noses
Aren't pampered by the scent of roses.

Society on Riverside Drive

Small babies blink up at the sun
While nurse maids get their chatting done.

Infancy Under the "L"

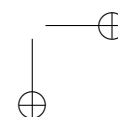
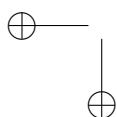
On Second Avenue the babies
Howl as if they had the rabies.

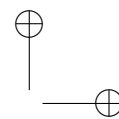
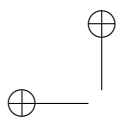
110th Street

Here in evidence prolific
Is the go-cart soporific.

The Younger Set of Macdougall Street

On baby legs that trip and wobble
A thousand infants play and squabble.



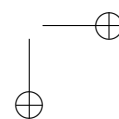
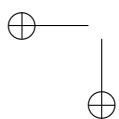


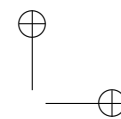
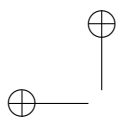
Black is Always Good

Harlem babies when they're tiny
Are ebon-hued and smooth and shiny.

Cosmopolitan Central Park

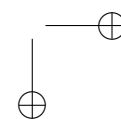
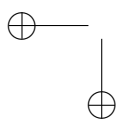
Here an infant league of nations
Carries on its operations.

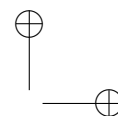
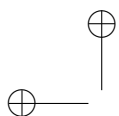




LOUD CRIES OF DISTRESS

In your inimitable way
You grow more charming every day,
Which naturally means for me
Increased susceptibility.



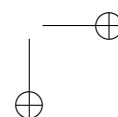
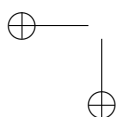


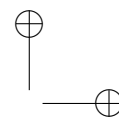
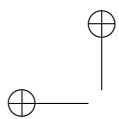
**LINES OF ENVY WRITTEN ON
CONTEMPLATING MR. ROCKEFELLER'S OWN
FIFTY-THIRD STREET TREES**

On Fifty-fourth he has a neat
Establishment with shrubs and trees
And space besides of smooth concrete,
Where operates his private breeze.

All overflowing is his cup –
For there on Fifty-third, regard
The trees he keeps to furbish up
His own particular back yard.

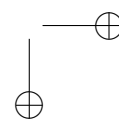
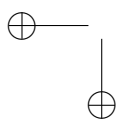
Oh, do not think my wish absurd
When I admit that if I had
A tree or two on Fifty-third,
I'd be immoderately glad.

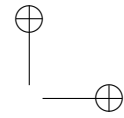
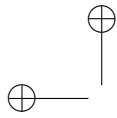




FORWARD MARCH

The sun is warm upon my face,
Soft breezes skip about my collar,
And I know of a lovely place
Where hyacinths are just a dollar.

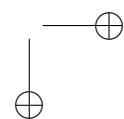
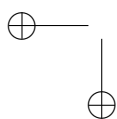


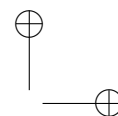
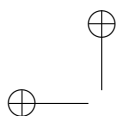


IT'S ALWAYS DARKEST BEFORE DAWN

My health is good – but when I die
And start for regions in the sky
And God inquires what He can do
For me, I'll answer with a few
Requests. . . . I'll ask Him please to make
You toss and turn and lie awake.
I'll ask Him very fervently,
“Please, God, arrange to let me be
A ghost, if You will be so kind,
Just long enough to ease my mind.”

A horrid little ghost – and there
I'll sit upon your bed and stare
Until your tortured eyelids prickle
And teardrops frantically trickle
Down your cheeks and down your nose,
Salt teardrops similar to those
I've shed because of you; and then,
My poor unhappy darling, when
I'm sure you're wide awake, I'll creep
Away, and sleep and sleep and sleep.



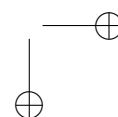
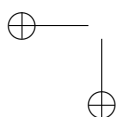


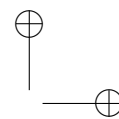
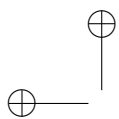
TAKING EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION

The problems of a working girl
Are more than meet the naked eye;
And life becomes a dizzy whirl
At times – and dizzy, too, am I.

I have not found the answer yet,
And this is just a working plan:
I shove along and do not fret,
Nor yet depend on any man.

To be a mother and a wife,
I'm often urged by all my kith
And kin – but as for husbands, life
Is easier without than with.



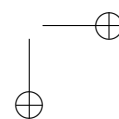
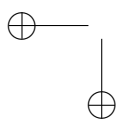


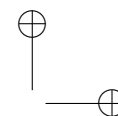
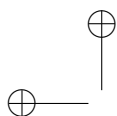
KEEP IN A COOL DRY PLACE

Darling, keep the upper hand
Always, if you want to be
Permanently worshipped and
Fully idolized by me.

Let me do the lion's share; –
I am more contented when
I am tortured by despair
At the captiousness of men.

Never let me feel your love
Is a safe, abiding thing,
Even from the day I shove
On the placid wedding ring.





**NOBODY'S DARLING – REFLECTIONS ON
READING THE SUNDAY ADVERTISEMENTS**

1

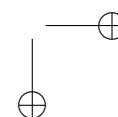
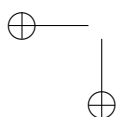
Those lounging pajamas
By Lucien Lelong
Might make a good woman
Content to go wrong.
But no one has offered
The outfit to me
So I can't say what
My reaction would be.

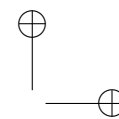
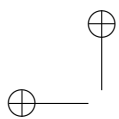
2

I wish I didn't give a damn
For sables, mink, or Persian lamb
But God made me a woman so
I do, in case you want to know.

3

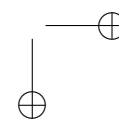
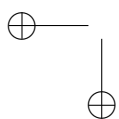
A rabbit bed jacket
At \$89.50
Would feel very cozy
And look very nifty;
But who in the world
Would be there to admire me?
Besides, if I'm late
To the office, they'll fire me.

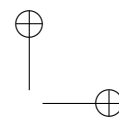
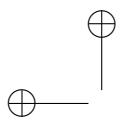




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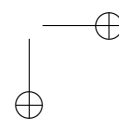
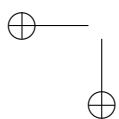
Antelope slip-ons
At \$8.94
May be attractive
But I must explore
For mittens much cheaper
To meet my demands
And if I can't find them
I'll sit on my hands.

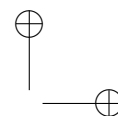
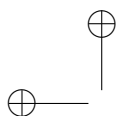




MAIDEN'S PRAYER

It's easy now to get a meal
From eager gentlemen and sporty;
But how will they be apt to feel
And who will feed me when I'm forty?

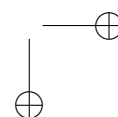
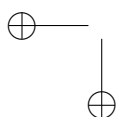


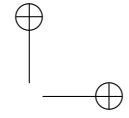
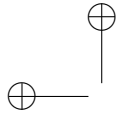


TO BE CONTINUED

Oh, do not ask for promises
To still the sweet uneasiness
Of never knowing whether this
Will be the last disturbing kiss.
Let's be afraid there's nothing in it
Beyond the current golden minute,
For if we seek a guarantee
Of love, we are no longer free.

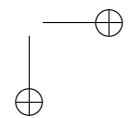
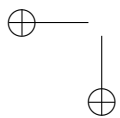
Devotion, though a pleasant trait,
Is likely to precipitate
A drought; and loving by a vow
Implies the shoulder at the plough.
So let us worry day by day
And wait and wonder life away,
Though where that's getting us, I do
Not know, my dear, nor yet do you.

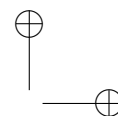
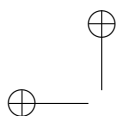




HELL'S BELLS

The ambulance flies at a furious gait
That registers utter defiance of Fate,
As clanging through traffic quite agile and supple,
It picks up one person and knocks down a couple.





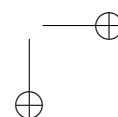
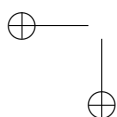
ORANGE JUICE AND A QUICK SWALLOW

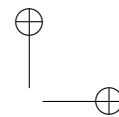
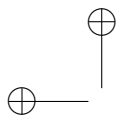
Matrimony is a state
Ominous to contemplate...
Single blessedness presents
Disadvantages immense.

Be a mother and a wife –
Then a complicated life
Mixes camphorated oil,
Spinach, prunes, and honest toil.

Remain a spinster – then the fare
Offers rapture and despair,
Blended by the process of
Falling in and out of love.

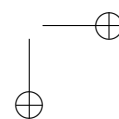
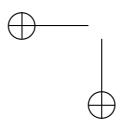
All the hazards life implies
Puzzle those who would be wise;
And there's no solution when
Law does not abolish men.

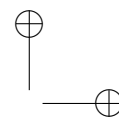
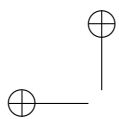




STANDING ROOM ONLY

General Sherman, move up.
I am ready to drop
With fatigue, and there's plenty
Of room at the top
Of that nag, so move up
That I, too, may embark
For a rest and a view
Of the Plaza and Park.

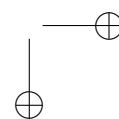
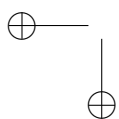


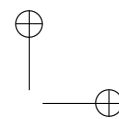
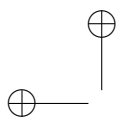


THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Anything is possible.
Love, and six-day bicycle
Races, and Manhattan gin
Have participated in
Opening my girlish eyes
To this rapturous surprise:
Anything can happen in
This delightful sink of sin.

Anything at all in this
Asinine metropolis
Seems completely possible.
Even such a miracle
As domestic happiness
Might develop, so I guess
Frequent wishing on the gracious
Moon may still be efficacious.





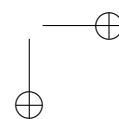
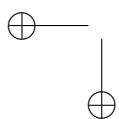
TENEMENT LIFE

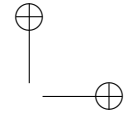
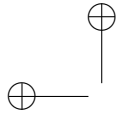
I wonder where,
I wonder where
I can hang up
My underwear.

For Gertie's got,
For Gertie's got
The only free
And breezy spot.

And how can I,
Oh, how can I
Be sure at all
That they will dry?

A constant care,
A constant care:
Tomorrow's shift
Of underwear!



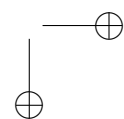
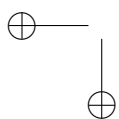


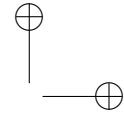
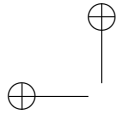
DEO VOLENTE

Melancholy is my prayer,
Uttered on a dismal pair
Of the most dejected knees:
God, make something happen please,
Something nice before the day
Limps upon its dreary way,
Making just another meek,
Pallid seventh of a week.

Give my unastonished eyes
One tumultuous surprise,
Specially for me, oh God,
Something beautiful or odd,
Something very bad or good –
Anything at all that would
Be a little different
From the way the twig was bent.

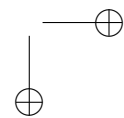
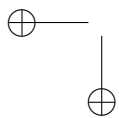
I am tired of all I do,
I am weary through and through
Of this happy medium.
Grant me just one brand-new crumb.
Make me fat or make me thin,
Let me steep a while in sin –
God, for one day, let me be
Anything at all but me.

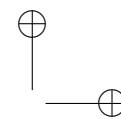
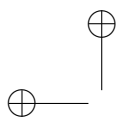




**AT THE LITTLE CHURCH
AROUND THE CORNER**

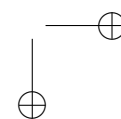
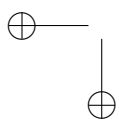
The fountain sings her little song
Through all the ruthless winter long.
Warm days on which a respite comes
And melts her icicles she hums
A gay, contented tune aloud
To cheer the passing subway crowd.
But then the sun goes down, and night
Inflicts an unrelenting blight
Of hostile winds; and with a proud,
Swift gesture throws an icy shroud
About the little fountain, so
Her voice is quavering and low.
And in the morning sparrows drink
Ice water from her frozen brink –
A diet which she fears is bad
For them, and so it makes her sad.
But, knowing winters pass, and springs
Return, she stoically sings.

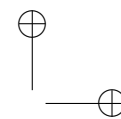
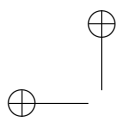




**TRIOLET ON THE APPEARANCE OF SPRING
IN TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET**

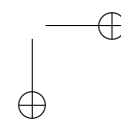
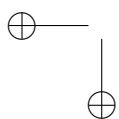
The smell of Spring gets in the air
For reasons that I do not know.
I would discover how and where
The smell of Spring gets in the air;
I look for crocuses but there
Are only ash cans, row on row –
The smell of Spring is in the air
For reasons that I do not know.

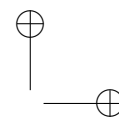
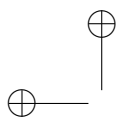




THE FIRE ALARM

The men who work the sirens on the engines as
they clatter
Up crowded thoroughfares where mobs of people
wildly scatter,
Must feel great satisfaction when they see the
costly clutter
Of high and mighty limousines parked humbly
in the gutter.



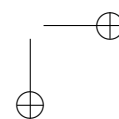
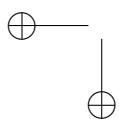


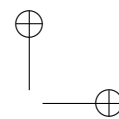
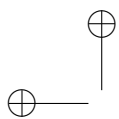
IN MEMORIAM

Forgive me, but if this be love,
I hanker for those loveless days,
When rain was rain regardless of
Who walked with me in its embrace;

When reeds and sand and wind and sea
And crocuses and morning dew
Existed of themselves for me
And did not come to life in you.

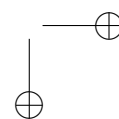
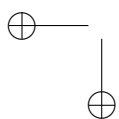
Oh, now I cannot cultivate
An interest even in the weather,
For all of nature has to wait
Till we approve of it together.

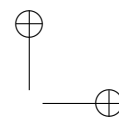
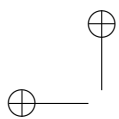




TRIOLET IN A MAINE BATHTUB

The view from here is quite divine;
A nicer tub I never knew.
Outside the window there's a pine.
The view from here is quite divine –
An etching that I wish were mine,
So sweet it is against the blue.
The view from here is quite divine;
A nicer tub I never knew.





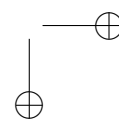
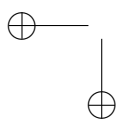
CHRISTMAS LIST

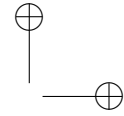
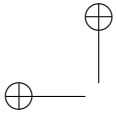
Some boxing gloves
For baby brother,
A feather fan
And beads for mother.

A florid tie
Or two for Joe,
A potted bulb
For Cousin Flo.

A handkerchief –
A pair of socks –
A neatly carved
Italian box.

For one young man
A kiss will do,
And he, perhaps,
Will give me two.





SALES RESISTANCE

“Riding Habits – Correct – English Authoritative”

What would I do,
Oh what would I do
With yellow suede pants
And an indigo blue
Flannel coat? Such a habit
I’d think it a shame
To possess, when I haven’t
A horse to my name.

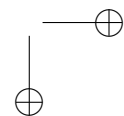
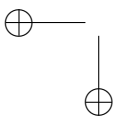
*“Delightful Little Hartz Mountain Canaries
to Fill Your House with Song, \$5.44”*

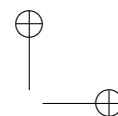
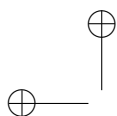
A healthy canary will yodel and sing
From dawn until midnight, from midnight till noon.
But I’m not so partial to that sort of thing –
A masculine creature, determined to sing.

I’m very much fonder of birds on the wing
(Regardless of whether they carry a tune)
Than healthy canaries that yodel and sing
From dawn until midnight, from midnight till noon.

“Summer Furnishings for Garden, Patio, and Beach”

Here is something I do not need –
A chair of metal and woven reed
At \$22.50. Nor do I rate
A bench to station beside the gate





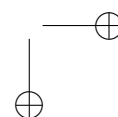
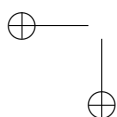
Of a little garden. I don't demand
An awning top or a hammock stand,
For none of these things is the proper shape
To use on a fifth-floor fire escape.

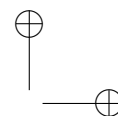
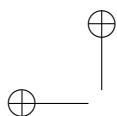
"Union Suits Reinforced at All Points of Strain"

Those seventy-nine-cent union suits
For gentlemen don't appeal to me,
And since there isn't one of the brutes
Who telies on me for his union suits
Or his daily spinach or citrus fruits
Or his household budget – that leaves me free
To shudder at masculine union suits
As long as they don't appeal to me.

"Rose Bushes 31c each. Sturdy, Field-grown Plants"

I'm aware I do not know
How to make a rose bush grow
But I'm confident I could
If the Rockefellers would
Lend me space enough to learn
In a corner of the urn
Which they harbor by the stoop
Of their Fifty-fourth Street coop.

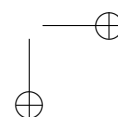
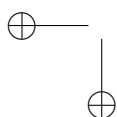


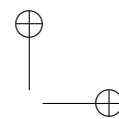
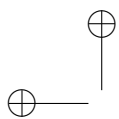


EVOLUTION OF A VALENTINE

When you are moved to plant a kiss
Upon my eager countenance,
My soul becomes a liquid bliss,
My heart begins to skip and prance,
And charming little flutters start
Careening up and down my spine,
So please, my darling, have a heart
And let me be your Valentine.

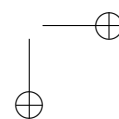
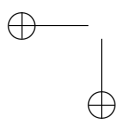
(I know eight lines are quite enough
For doggerel that deals with love,
But it is much more profitable
To lengthen verse if one is able.
And so I'll add a line or two
Or maybe three, to say that you,
If rhymed completely, would amount
To quite a tidy bank account.)

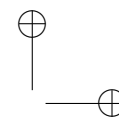
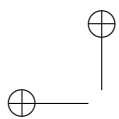




POEM FOR MOTHER'S DAY

My mother taught me to be good
At least as good as I was able;
Otherwise I think I could
Dress in ermine, mink or sable.



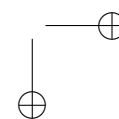
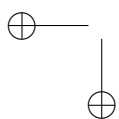


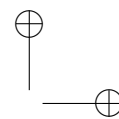
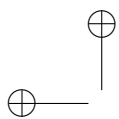
ANALGESIC DIAGNOSIS

Sometimes he's nice, sometimes he's horrid,
Sometimes his disposition's torrid,
And then again his sweetness makes
Me love him so my larynx aches.

It would be easier for me
If he were cross consistently,
For then I might achieve a grim
Capacity for hating him,

Instead of thinking maybe he's
An avalanche of miseries
Which have consigned him to a fate
Of sodium bicarbonate.

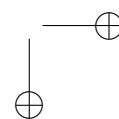
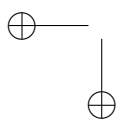


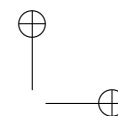
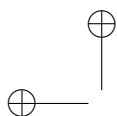


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MODE

Flowered chiffons, printed crêpes;
Dresses wallowing in capes;
Flounces, peplums, ruffles, frills,
Bouncing on corporeal hills.
Laces, scallops, tucks, and fussy
Collars, draggle-tailed and mussy.

Watch the languid ladies wilt –
All of them so amply built,
All so piteously hot,
Not a cool one in the lot.
God, be kind to them today;
Let them melt and run away.



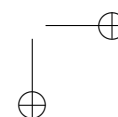
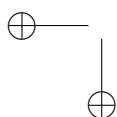


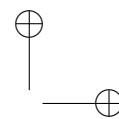
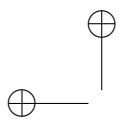
THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

I must read faster, faster still.
I must attend with sterner will.
Another murder quickly. Then
I'll work on Hemingway again.

For I'm determined to be good,
I am determined not to brood,
But with the help of some staunch book
To banish him from every nook
And cranny of my fretful mind.
I will not let my darling find
A single cell unoccupied
I will not let him come inside
And take possession of my brain
And heart again. I'll make it plain
That I can wipe him out with ease
Approximately when I please.

But here's the spot that's vulnerable –
Each novel, history and fable
Has moments that remind me of
My own incorrigible love.
So just when I'm arriving at
A crisis so absorbing that
I'm doing pretty well without him,
The book turns out to be about him.





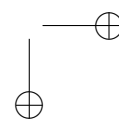
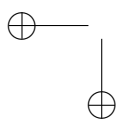
AMERICAN PLAN

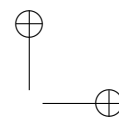
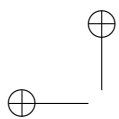
Put the baby's bottle on,
Two o'clock is here and gone!
Two and six and ten and two!
How so small a boy can do
Such a lot of eating, and
Live, I cannot understand.

Hurry, put the bottle on,
Six o'clock is here and gone!
Six and ten and two and six!
All that atom does is mix
Hours of milk with hours of deep,
Unimaginative sleep.

Time to put the bottle on,
Ten o'clock is here and gone!
Ten and two and six and ten!
Put the bottle on again.
Let another table d'hote
Trickle down his eager throat.

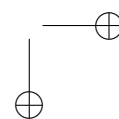
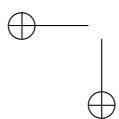
Why a greedy brat should be
So disarming puzzles me.

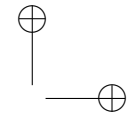
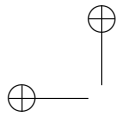




WELL-PRESERVED

A lady, out of sorts with Fate,
Grew weary and disconsolate,
And periodically tried
To find relief in suicide
From problems that involved her heart.
But every time she made a start
With gas or razor blades or dope
Or odd, assorted lengths of rope,
The telephone would ring, and then
She'd answer, full of hope again,
That her uncertain darling might
Perhaps be coming round that night.
And so between despair and rage
She lingered to a ripe old age.

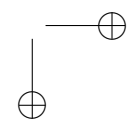
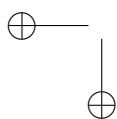


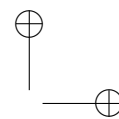
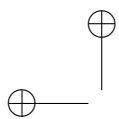


**LINES ON WATCHING A MOTHER
AT HER CROONING**

A baby must be rather nice
To have, for even if he cries
 And makes a most disgraceful din
 And is intractable as sin,
His mother still contrives to think
He is perfection's pinkest pink –
 A paragon divinely sweet
 From empty head to aimless feet.

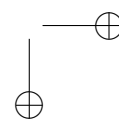
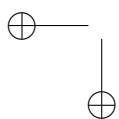
Though autocratic his demands
She ministers with loving hands
 And rapt unwavering constancy;
 Though spoiled and selfish he may be
His mother loves him just the same.
Oh what an enviable frame
 Of mind it is to love without
 A reservation or a doubt!

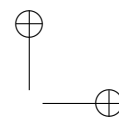
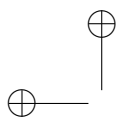




VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD

I wish my frank and open face
Held just one tiny little trace
Of something that approaches guile,
I'd like an enigmatic smile
And heavy-lidded eyes instead
Of just a regulation head.



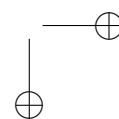
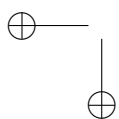


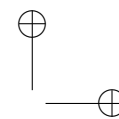
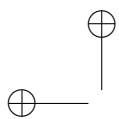
THE SAP ALSO RISES

You mangled autumn for me, dear,
And mutilated winter too;
But now I note that spring is here,
And doing well in spite of you.

The buds are getting under way,
The grass proceeds efficiently,
The sun is busy every day
Promoting sweet serenity.

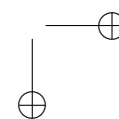
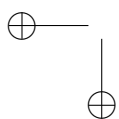
And all the pangs of love grow less
Acute, till now it looks as though
I'd be regaining consciousness
In just another week or so.

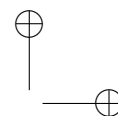
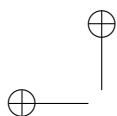




SALESLADY'S SPRING SONG

Polka dot, polka dot, printed foulard,
Thirty-five inches is almost a yard.
If it were wider, a remnant would do;
Here's the same print in a new shade of blue.
Wrap it about your anatomy. So . . .
Youthful, distinctive! You'll love it, I know.
Polka dot, polka dot, printed foulard,
Thirty-five inches is almost a yard.
(Make up your mind, will you, madam, and buy
Something before you get socked in the eye.)

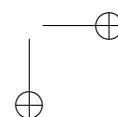
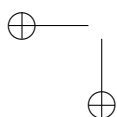


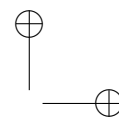
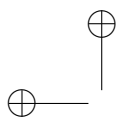


TIME OUT

Impressive promises I do
Not make myself, nor ask of you,
For eagerness I prize above
All other requisites of love.
So never try to tell me when
You'll want to be with me again,
Nor pledge your love for Saturday
While it is yet an hour away.
For even if you ever could
Be sure of Saturday, I would
Be loathe to lose that sweet suspense
Which dissipates indifference.

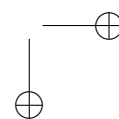
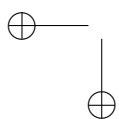
So, darling, if you'd rather be
With someone else than here with me,
I'll understand and sympathize
And stifle all my plaintive sighs,
And try to make you think I do
Not care too constantly for you.

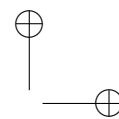
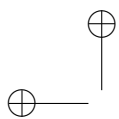




PRAYER

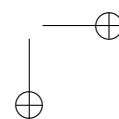
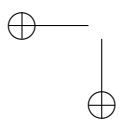
Now I lay me down to sleep –
Eighteen, nineteen, twenty sheep –
God, please try to make me grow
To like the next door radio
That blandly granulates the night,
For if I liked it, then I might
Contrive to get a little sleep
Before the ninety-seventh sheep.

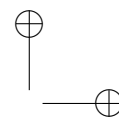
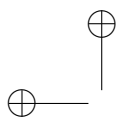




INVENTORY

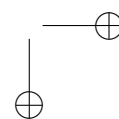
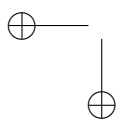
Oh, I am very fortunate –
I've friends and foes to love and hate,
I've books to read, a place to sleep,
And pans to scrub, and floors to sweep.
There's wind among the trees at night,
And warmth and wine and candlelight
And hats and huckleberry pie
And other fine young men – so why
My peace of mind should still depend
On you, I cannot comprehend.

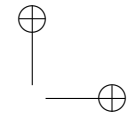
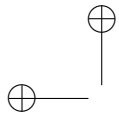




A TRIOLET FOR THOMAS

Our kitten's life is one of ease,
Involving frequent fish and cream,
Received without a single please
Or thank you. Thomas lives in ease
And luxury, except when fleas
Contrive to interrupt his dream.
Our kitten's life is one of ease,
Involving frequent fish and cream.



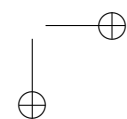
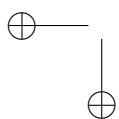


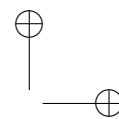
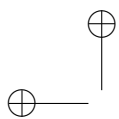
ARMED TO THE TEETH

I must never, never show
That I'm jealous through and through,
And I'll never let him know
That I see he's jealous too.

Oh, I'll let him think I find
Him impregnable – apart
From the rest of humankind
In the matters of the heart.

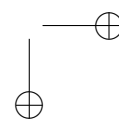
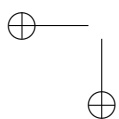
For his darling pride is such
That he never would believe
That he's Adam just as much
As his lady friend is Eve.

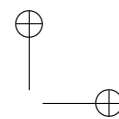
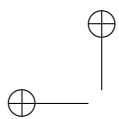




AD INFINITUM

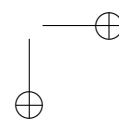
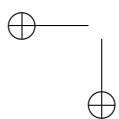
A garland of spinach and sprawling string beans,
With trailing potatoes ensconced in the greens,
And stray wisps of cabbage – this mixture presents
A meal always quoted at sixty-five cents.
Kingdoms may totter, unsettled by Fate,
But nothing can alter the Vegetable Plate.

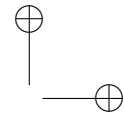
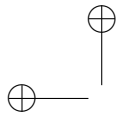




FIVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S SWELL

I've polished the silver
And laid out the tarts
And opened the strawberry jam,
I've plumped up the cushions
And powdered my nose
And struggled to work up a little repose.
But this is the sort of a nitwit I am –
I can't find composure in strawberry jam
Or dusting or prinking.
So what can I do
But stand on my head while I'm waiting for you?



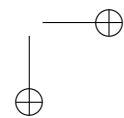
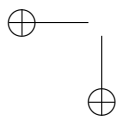


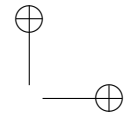
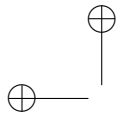
**NO DUELS, DRAMA, OR BLOODSHED
TO SPEAK OF**

If I were beautiful I would
Not bother much with being good,
For beauty seems sufficiently
Attractive in itself to me,
And righteousness a rather silly,
Calcuttining of the lily.

But if I were as good as gold
And wholly free from all the old
Familiar weaknesses, I guess
I'd curl my lip at comeliness,
And find my satisfaction in
The state of being free from sin.

But since I'm neither this nor that
Nor good nor bad nor thin nor fat
Nor beautiful nor plain as some,
But just a happy medium,
I have a very pleasant time
And never get involved in crime.

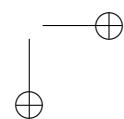
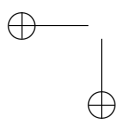


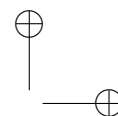
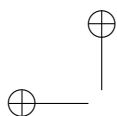


RUMBLINGS FROM A RUMBLE SEAT

Pray do not mock my plaintive whine;
I've tried each vertebra in turn
Until my poor protesting spine
Is sadly warped from stem to stern.

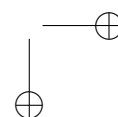
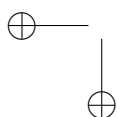
And that is why I'm frank to say
I would be happier than I am
If I could bend the other way
And sit upon my diaphragm.

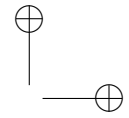
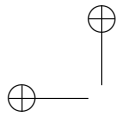




SOUR GRAPES FOR OCTOBER 1

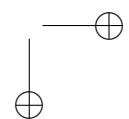
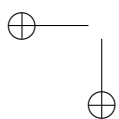
He who slumbers on a par
With infant moon and evening star
And looks with intimacy on
A mackerel sky, a misty dawn,
Must needs be cautious lest he grow
To take such things for granted. So
It may be just as well that I
Can't have a penthouse in the sky.
Perchance it's just as well to be
Where it's impossible to see
The rivers and the boats unless
I wash my face and change my dress
And hop a crosstown trolley car.
Perhaps it's better to be far
From all the radiance of the earth
And see the show for what it's worth.

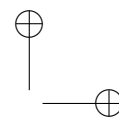
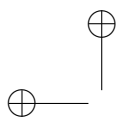




**TRIOLET IN RE SPRING
AND A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCIES**

O, to be indifferent
 Now that April's here.
Starting back in March I meant
To become indifferent,
But in spite of my intent
 I am on my ear.
O, to be indifferent
 Now that April's here.



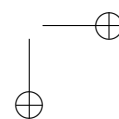
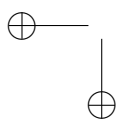


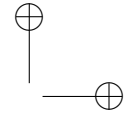
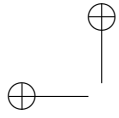
THE SPIRIT IS WILLING

I'd rather be thrilling than meek,
Provocative, rather than kind,
I'd rather be gracefully weak
Than always discreet and refined.

I'd give up a savings account
Any day, if I had it, for charm
Of the sort that made Ninon amount
To a genuine cause for alarm.

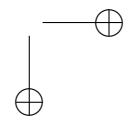
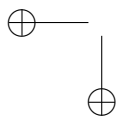
And that is the way things have stood,
But still I am just what I am;
Though I'd rather be wicked than good,
My sins don't amount to a damn.

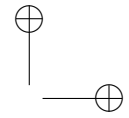
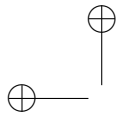




SONNET FROM THE BROOKLYNESE

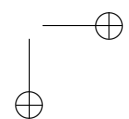
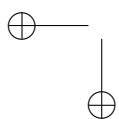
My heart is gayly purzed as if it wuy
Ra buyd about to dart in jeryous flight
To you; my darling, may it but alight
On vuygin surl. And may it not incuy
Your anger or disdain. 'Tis but a fleuy
D'amour, and if you spuyn it you will blight
Its life as if some purzon in the night
Had been instilled into its depths. You stuy
My soul into a tuymurl. If you've turyed
With me, I fain would hie me to a clurster,
Wherein my heart would never be annuryed
By thoughts of love. My eyes grow murst and murster
At contemplating such an aching vurd –
O grant me, then, the sang-froid of an urster.

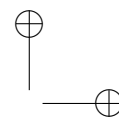
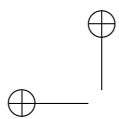




JANUARY CLEARANCE

It's a dark and dreary season –
Christmas trees are in the gutter –
That's the fundamental reason
It's a dark and dreary season.
Though I slip my skates or skis on,
Still I scowl and grimly mutter
"It's a dark and dreary season,"
Christmas trees are in the gutter.

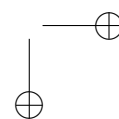
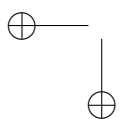


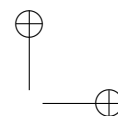
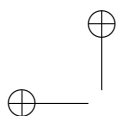


**CAPITULATION WITHIN
THE CITY LIMITS,
PREFERABLY THE EAST FIFTIES**

A modest little house designed
For just the two of us would be
A thing of beauty to my mind,
Conducive to felicity.

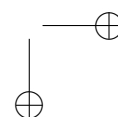
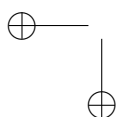
I shan't be difficult to suit –
A microscopic place will do
For me. . . . But I will not commute;
Not even, dear, to live with you.

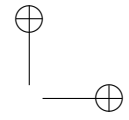
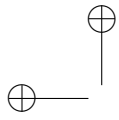




KINDERGARTEN

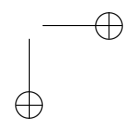
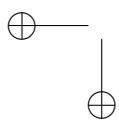
I'll dust a little while I guess,
To ease this ache of loneliness.
 I'll dust, I'll mop, I'll scrub the floor;
 I'll scrub and mop and dust some more,
And when at length I'm tired from head
To foot, I'll tuck myself in bed.
 I'll tuck myself away to sleep
 And leave it to the Lord to keep
My troubled soul in tow until
Another day, and then I will
 Attend to it myself. And when
 My darling telephones again
I'll be as calm as calm can be
And never will admit that he
 Can pulverize my peace of mind
 Whenever he feels so inclined.

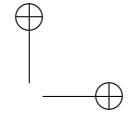
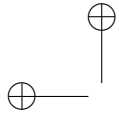




A STUDY IN DAZZLING ANATOMY

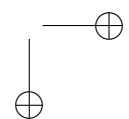
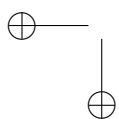
Resplendent Sherman sits on his steed,
A fiery nag of the finest breed,
But I can't make out to save my skin
Where the General stops and the horse starts in.

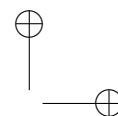
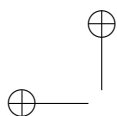




NEW BUSINESS

This is how utterly lovelorn I am:
I've given up beef because you prefer lamb;
I've taken to movies and tennis and tea
And other pursuits that were poison to me
Before it became my ambition to do
Exactly, my lord, what you wanted me to.





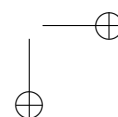
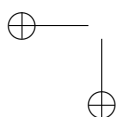
MOTHER KNOWS BEST

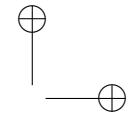
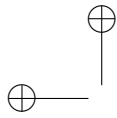
When I was young, my mother said
That I should never let my head
Be turned upon its axis by
A heaving chest or tender sigh
Or even by a lovesick gaze
Delivered with a honeyed phrase.

Said she: "My dear, if I were you,
I'd take them with a grain or two
Of honest salt, for it's a fact
That hearts are happier intact,
And nice serene indifference
Provides an excellent defence."

And that in short was her advice,
And very sound it was and wise. . . .
But in my youth she *made* me eat
My daily stint of Cream of Wheat.
She *made* me get my hours of rest.
She *made* me do as she thought best.

And now I rather wish that she
Had kept on sternly *making* me
Conform to her ideas instead
Of letting me go straight ahead
And rove deliberately from
Beneath that safe and prudent thumb.

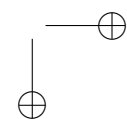
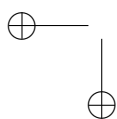


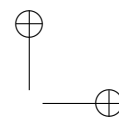
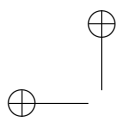


**REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DRIVE
TO SEABRIGHT AND BACK NEXT SUNDAY**

To sit and shimmer in the sun'll
Suit me. But the Holland Tunnel
Holds me back. The Jersey beach
Is pleasant, but too hard to reach.
I learned that on a summer Sunday.
We left at noon and got back Monday.

Although I love the ocean, and
Its rim of jellyfish and sand,
You'll need some ether to decoy
Me out through Perth and South Amboy.
I'd take the uphill road to Heaven
Before I'd try Route Thirty-seven.



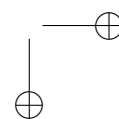
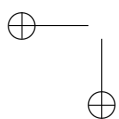


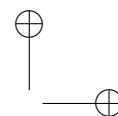
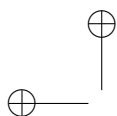
FLOWERS DELIVERED ANYWHERE

I do not choose to love you, dear,
For you are hard and arrogant,
And also just about as queer
As any gentleman extant.

You're full of whims and theories,
You think you know it all from soup
To nuts, from motorboats to trees,
From politics and books to croup.

I do not choose to love you, dear,
But since I do, and since I can't
Desist, I guess I'm just as queer
As you, though less intolerant.

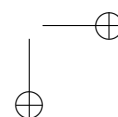
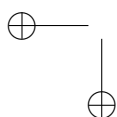


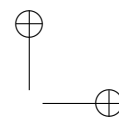
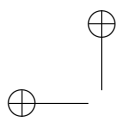


THE LAST OF THE MOHICAN

Take care, for she will chain you tight
With marmalade and candlelight,
And people coming in for tea
At five. And if she possibly
Can manage, she will have it so
You'll think you cannot come or go
Without apprising her of where
And why you want to take the air.

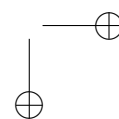
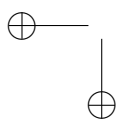
She'll fashion you a proper noose
Of pots and pans and orange juice
And rugs and furniture, until
She bends you to her velvet will
So utterly you'll quite forget
That you were once inclined to fret
At shackles. Peace will be your one
And only prayer from sun to sun.

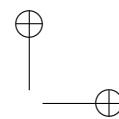
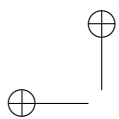




NO TRAFFIC TOWER TO GUIDE HER

I never wait for cab or truck,
But trust implicitly to luck
Because I'd rather dodge and run
Than wait. And furthermore it's fun
To see the big policemen glower –
It gives me such a sense of power.

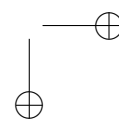
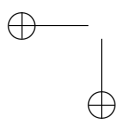


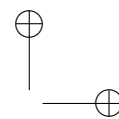
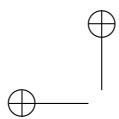


ANY CHANGE MUST BE FOR THE BETTER

I know that neither joy nor pain
Nor spring nor fall nor sun nor rain
Nor applesauce can last, and so
Eventually love must go,
And leave me absolute control
Of my so-called immortal soul.

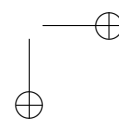
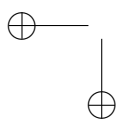
Oh happy day, when love will be
A tax upon my memory!

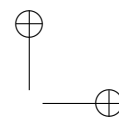
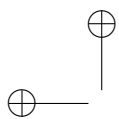




TRIOLET ON AN ENVIABLE EXISTENCE

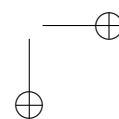
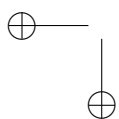
See the little chestnut worm
Busily engaged in being.
Watch him wiggle, watch him squirm;
See the little chestnut worm
Getting big and strong and firm.
Life is certainly agreeing
With the little chestnut worm
Busily engaged in being.

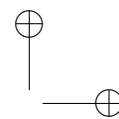
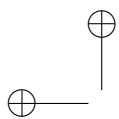




MORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER

To sit upon a sunny beach
And be completely out of reach
Of paper clips and desks and such
Would gratify me very much.
And though I've made it more than clear
That at this season of the year
A tranquil, balmy, southern sea
With beach attached appeals to me,
I'm grieved to be compelled to state
My boss does not cooperate.



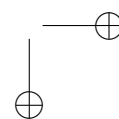
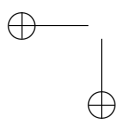


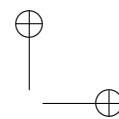
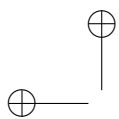
ROUGH SKETCH

He never says "Thank you,"
He never says "Please,"
He never gets down
On his elegant knees.

He's jealous and selfish,
And often inclined
To glower and sulk
And be very unkind.

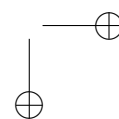
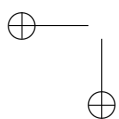
He's spoiled and he's captious,
He's peevish and vain,
And why he's so charming
I cannot explain.

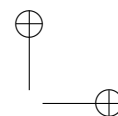
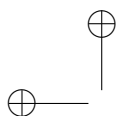




STRONG SILENT MEN

The doorman is a stirring sight –
He greets the lowly limousine
And helps the ladies to alight,
With haughty and majestic mien.



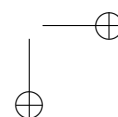
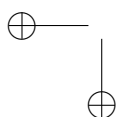


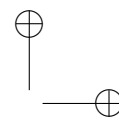
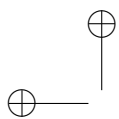
**TO A YOUNG MAN
SELECTING SIX ORCHIDS**

Tell me, brave young man, I pray,
Is she worth the price you pay?

You may think her quite sublime,
But take care while there is time.
Orchids lead to other things –
Satin ribbons, wedding rings,
Leases and refrigerators,
Apron strings, perambulators,
Cereal and safety pins,
Rice, and sometimes, even twins.

Tell me, brave young man, I pray,
Is she worth the price you pay?

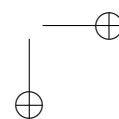
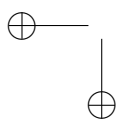


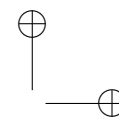
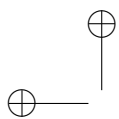


BEHIND THE TIMES

I flush with shame that I am stirred
So slightly by Rear Admiral Byrd.
But I have very little use
For all this wealth of Polar news.

Don't you agree it's dull to have your
Every Sunday's rotogravure
Such an everlasting mint
Of sights so very fit to print?



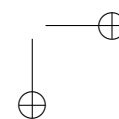
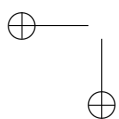


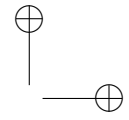
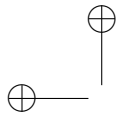
BIRD IN HAND

It's perfectly ridiculous
How frantically furious
He makes me. Why I tolerate
The man, I'm not prepared to state.

There are no chains, no prison bars,
No dynamite, no armored cars,
Nor arsenic to threaten me,
Were I to bolt for liberty.

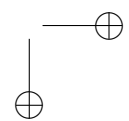
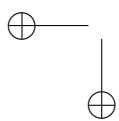
So why I suffer bondage is
A mystery to me. And this
Is still another baffling feature:
I idolize the monstrous creature.

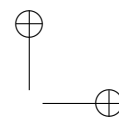
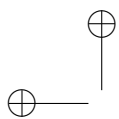




**THE FASHION COPYWRITER
TURNS NATURE LOVER**

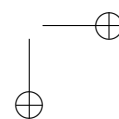
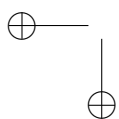
Gunmetal swallows
Flying here and there,
Honey-beige trees
And sunglo air,
Bronze-nude grass
And silversheen rain –
Beckon me down
A fragrant grege lane.

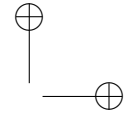
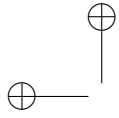




SIGNS OF LIFE

Joyous spring at last returns –
See the Rockefellers' urns
Laden to the very brim
With hyacinths sedate and prim;
While laughing English daisies fill
Each Gotham Hotel window sill,
And on the Plaza there are beds
Of tulips pushing up their heads.



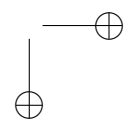
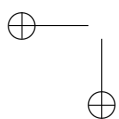


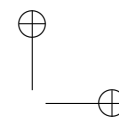
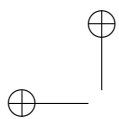
ODE TO A GRECIAN URN

If I could contrive to glance
Beneath that elegant expanse
Of starchy shirt and dinner coat
On which I so absurdly dote,
I wonder what I should discover –
Friend or enemy or lover?

Although I know him pretty well,
It's very difficult to tell;
It's quite impossible to sense
Exactly what his blandishments
Connote. Is all this charming fuss
He makes, remotely serious?

Occasionally I have guessed
That there's a heart beneath his vest;
Though I'm aware that doesn't follow
Just because he dwarfs Apollo
By his beauty. Still, the fact is
I might soften him with practice.

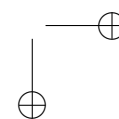
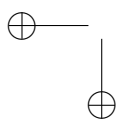


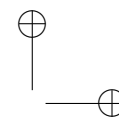
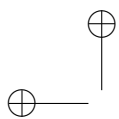


PICTURE AHEAD

Dainty, crisp, young, sprawly trees,
A new moon peering through,
A bird's nest hung in silhouette
Against the twilight blue –

You can see this if you go
A minute before it's dark,
And stand where Seventy-sixth Street East
Collides with Central Park.



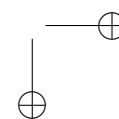
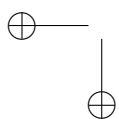


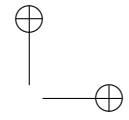
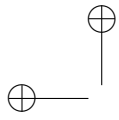
A TOMATO IS ALL RIGHT IN ITS PLACE

Though I do not think it pretty
To be disloyal to my city
I must admit Manhattan clam
Chowder isn't worth a damn.

When I say chowder, what I mean
Is something that I've never seen
Farther south than Boston, though
Why that should be I do not know.

But I protest they go too far
Who hitch a lone clam to a star
And call it chowder when it's not,
Even as vegetable soup, so hot.

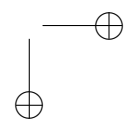
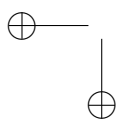


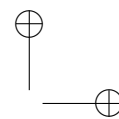
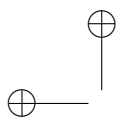


MERRY-GO-ROUND

No sooner do I make a start
Toward hardening my tender heart
Forevermore, than you contrive
Invariably to arrive

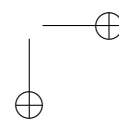
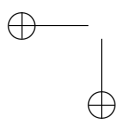
And then my heart begins to reel;
My heart, that would be stern as steel,
Reverts to putty at a rate
Prodigiously precipitate.

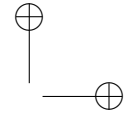
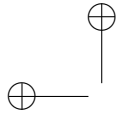




ATTENTION: SUNBURN ENTHUSIASTS

Blister your shoulders,
Blister your knees,
Blister yourself
Anywhere you damn please,
Turn yourself into
An ash or an ember,
But when you've done so
I hope you'll remember
I shall not feel
That my presence is vital,
No matter where
You may stage your recital.



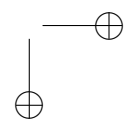
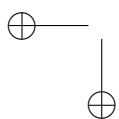


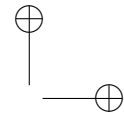
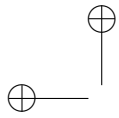
TIME WILL TELL

When I am old and calm and sane,
Will all this too familiar pain
That palpitates within my breast
Abandon ship and let me rest?

And shall I then recall how cruel
Is love, how feverish the fuel
On which the tender passion burns?
Will that be one of my concerns?

Or shall I, when I'm comfortable,
Forget the young and miserable,
And never even recognize
The desperation in their eyes?

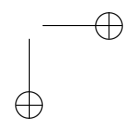
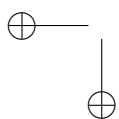


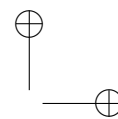
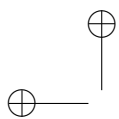


CANNED GOODS

You're taking up another course?
O God! My kingdom for a horse –
A swift one – that I may not be
Detained by archeology
And elocution, not to speak
Of novel-writing by the week.

It doesn't matter how you heave
Your brain about; I don't believe
A course by William Lyon Phelps
In Modern Drama really helps.
So why not spend your textbook fund
On some pursuit less moribund?

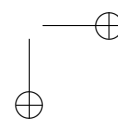
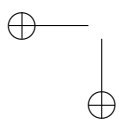


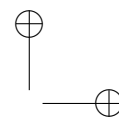
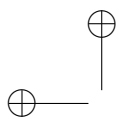


WISE GUISE

No one can tell you what to do.
No one told me. I can't tell you.
Kiss if you must. Kiss if you will.
Let him be starved or drink his fill.
No woman knows which way will get
The best results. No woman yet
Has found that out. What captures one
Man, sends another on the run.

Nor will you know what you have lost
In conquering. Success may cost
A more spectacular success,
A choicer brand of happiness.
Always the bitter with the sweet.
So if you can't enjoy defeat,
Better give up the merry chase
And spend your time crocheting lace.



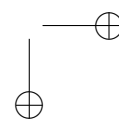
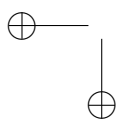


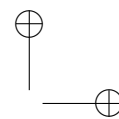
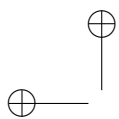
LINES IN A NON-EMPIRE STATE OF MIND

In place of dirigible masts
And chromium spires I'd like to see
White roses rambling heavenward
To vary the monotony

Of miracles so numerous
They almost drown each other out;
But though a back-to-nature change
Would be a joy, I rather doubt

If anyone could manage to
Persuade a decent morning-glory
Or honeysuckle vine to go
Beyond the eighty-second story.





SPOOK

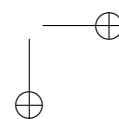
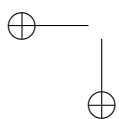
Get out of my soup,
Get out of my tea,
I asked you to please
Keep away from me.

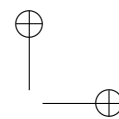
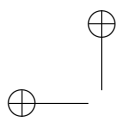
I want to forget
All about us two
But all over town
I encounter you.

It was here we dined,
It was there we sat
In a public lobby
For a private chat.

It was here we walked
In the leafy dark.
Go away. This isn't
Your personal park.

Stop haunting the streets.
It's a shame. It's a pity
To go on spoiling
The whole damn city.

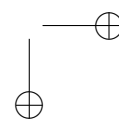
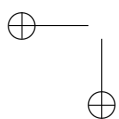


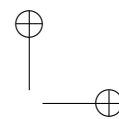
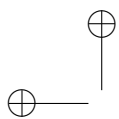


SO HELP ME!

I used to be as good as gold,
Or practically that.
My mother never had to scold
Her precious little brat.
And every evening at her knee
I prayed for further purity.

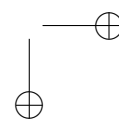
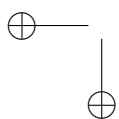
I wish that life could always stay
As simple and as neat
As in that enviable day
Of toast and Cream of Wheat.
And it could be that way again
By just eliminating men.

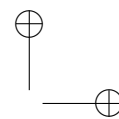
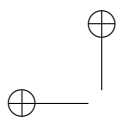




SAILOR, TAKE WARNING

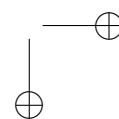
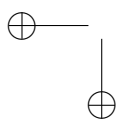
While you are gone I plan to be
As faithless as I possibly
Can manage to. My country right
Or wrong, when you are out of sight,
Will claim the bulk of my attention.
I'll call a masculine convention
Of all the forces I can muster
And then I'll circulate and cluster
Round the lot until I find
Someone who gives me peace of mind,
For I have had my quota of
Tornadoes in the name of love.

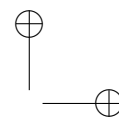
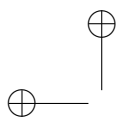




LINES ON THE BACK OF AN OLD ENVELOPE

Coffee, ginger ale, and tea.
Phone the dentist. Bank by three.
 Look at periwinkle-blue
 Evening dresses. Wave at two.
Ginger ale. A leather box.
Tommy's birthday. Woollen socks.
 Wanamaker's sweater sale.
 Theatre tickets. Ginger ale.

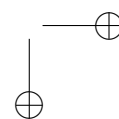
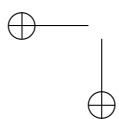


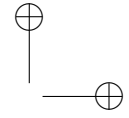
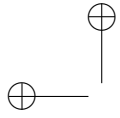


TO YOUR CORNER

Oh, yes, my fine young man, I do
Admit that I am fond of you.
But not so fond I cannot see
That you are also fond of me,
Despite the fine indifference
You dabble in at my expense.

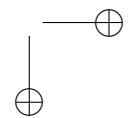
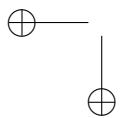
So may I venture to suggest
Your way, though nice, is not the best.
Indifference would cost me more
And be a somewhat lesser chore
For you, if first you made me see
I love you more than you love me.

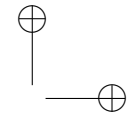
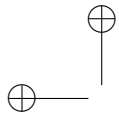




CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?

How do I know that winter relents?
Arbutus is down to seventy cents.

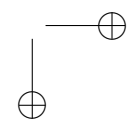
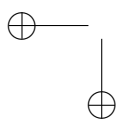


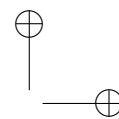
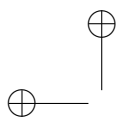


QUAKE WELL BEFORE LOSING

I wish my pious little soul
Were just as black as jet black coal,
As black as ink, as black as night,
For then, my dear, perhaps it might
Not fetter me in heavy chains
And give me horrid shooting pains
For just a slight indulgence in
The tiniest approach to sin.

I wonder why I was equipped
With such a conscience that it's nipped
Each happy impulse in the bud.
Is Cotton Mather in my blood
That I should rigidly eschew
The pleasures I'm entitled to?
Oh, kiss me quickly dear before
I get a chance to close the door.

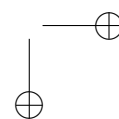
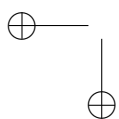


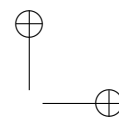
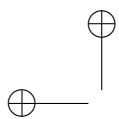


P.S. – SHE WENT TO NEW JERSEY

Summertime's the time to run
Amuck upon a Tyrol peak,
But that's a special sort of fun
That can't be managed in a week

And since I cannot go so far,
I'll settle for an inky slice
Of ocean and a misty star,
For that is also very nice.



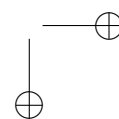
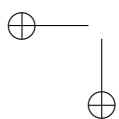


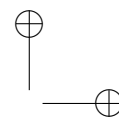
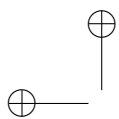
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

For you, my sweet, my lordly scourge,
I have prepared this final dirge:
The end has come, you've lost control
Of my emaciated soul.

And though your agitation to
Ensnare it in your retinue
Persists, I think the danger's past
And I am free of you at last.

But candidly I must admit
That this is how I've managed it –
I've found somebody even more
Incorrigible to adore.

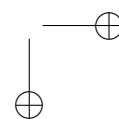
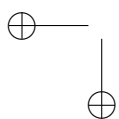


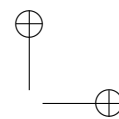
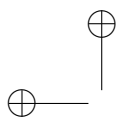


SOLILOQUY ON A FIFTH AVENUE CORNER

When you're waiting
For the green light
Is anything as slow
As the red light? If
There is I'm sure
Its name I do not know.

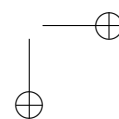
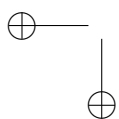
I can't suggest a
Rival though I
Search my weary head,
Unless it be the
Green light when you're
Waiting for the red.

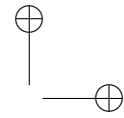
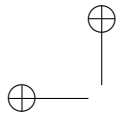




YOU HAVE ONLY YOURSELF TO BLAME

Of course I love you, but I find
That very pleasant state of mind
And heart somehow encourages
A warm, expansive happiness
That makes me, in adoring you,
Susceptible to others too.





REVOLT IN THE DESERT

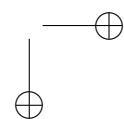
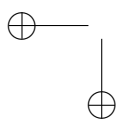
Oh, to be dangerous,
Ravishing, wild,
And never again
An adorable child!

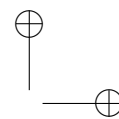
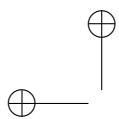
It's all very pleasant
To be a delight,
But that doesn't keep you
From sleeping at night.

And chuckles are all
Very well in their place,
But I want old-fashioned
Desire on your face.

My soul isn't gingham,
My heart's not a rattle;
I want a struggle,
A conflict, a battle.

Oh, to be dangerous,
Ravishing, wild,
And never again
An adorable child.





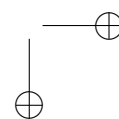
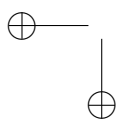
VALENTINE

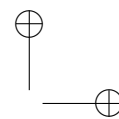
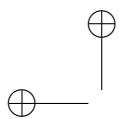
Never let your spirit be
Mournful on account of me.

Never let me think that I
Make you even want to sigh.

Always laugh at me and make
Me the one whose heart shall ache.

If you'll see this program through,
I will do the same for you.

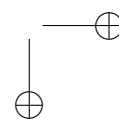
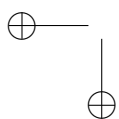


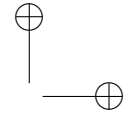
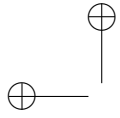


THE ITCH TO HITCH

Every married woman of
My acquaintance thinks the love
Of a good man is a thing
Every girl should want. . . A ring,
Bridesmaids, licenses, and such
Interest them, alas, too much.

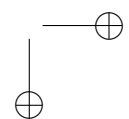
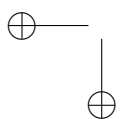
They're forever sniping for
Some defenseless bachelor,
Fiercely bent on mating. . . I
Often fall to wondering why
They should be so utterly
Crazed at sight of liberty.

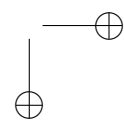
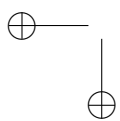
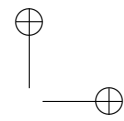
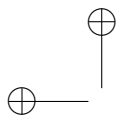


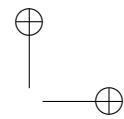
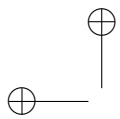


HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW

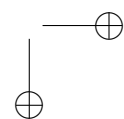
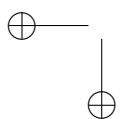
Unfortunately happiness
Depends a little more than less
On undependable, and hence
Absurdly charming elements.

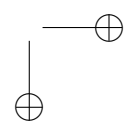
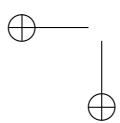
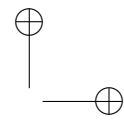
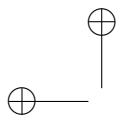


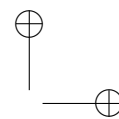
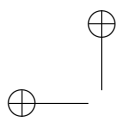




OUT OF MY HEAD

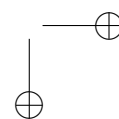
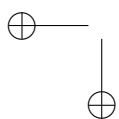


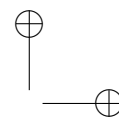
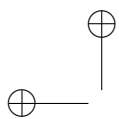




MUTINY IN THE OFFING

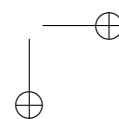
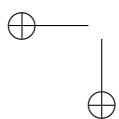
It's hard to know just what to do,
I dress in green, I dress in blue,
I wave my hair, I wear it straight,
I'm gay or pensive or sedate,
According to my darling's whim.
And I am glad to humor him
Except at moments when I get
Impatient, and am prone to fret
And wonder why I should arrange
To stage another lightning change
And constitutionally be
Somebody else instead of me.

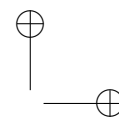
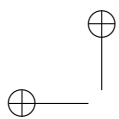




POT LUCK AT A FIFTH AVENUE FLORIST'S

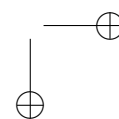
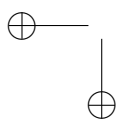
I never witnessed such a thing
As potted four-leaf clovers till
I saw them stocked by Mr. Schling,
Each ornamented with a frill
Labelled "Good Luck." How glib, how bold
Of him to think that luck's a thing
That can be snared and reared and sold.
How impudent of Mr. Schling!

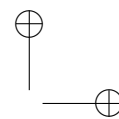
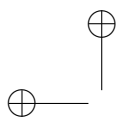




HIGH SPOTS

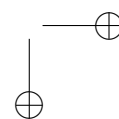
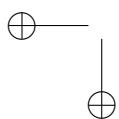
One patch of sunlight in the city
Seems to me more intensely pretty
Than acres in the country, where
That sort of thing is not so rare.
Patches of sunlight clinging high
On chromium steeples in the sky –
Slivers that wedge themselves between
Apartment houses – I have seen
Thousands of just such bright oases
Shimmering in the oddest places.

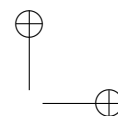
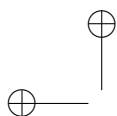




VALENTINE

No matter what you do or say
Or do not say or do not do,
You have a most alarming way
Of keeping me attached to you.

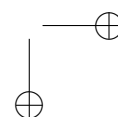
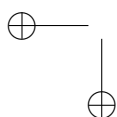


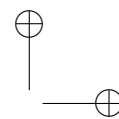
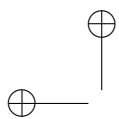


THE COVERT WAGON

Sweet land of prohibition! Why
Should friends persist in heaping high
Abuse upon the heads of those
Given to periodic “no”s
When drinks appear? Though I delight
In *joie de vivre*, my appetite
At moments is inclined to stall
And quake at sight of alcohol.

Now why should anyone be made
To drink highballs or lemonade
Against his whim? Why should he be
Questioned? How grim that secrecy
And guile provide the only chance
Of wallowing in temperance
When one needs rest and respite from
Indulgence in the demon rum.



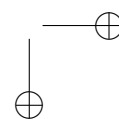
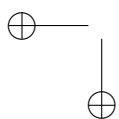


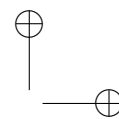
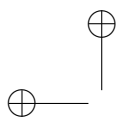
THE EARLY WORM GETS THE BIRD

It's only seven-forty-five,
And you informed me you'd arrive
At eight. And I am in the shower
And need that quarter of an hour.

So I'll not hear the shrilling of
My door bell till I'm through, my love.
Which means you'll simply have to wait
Outside until my clock strikes eight.

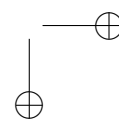
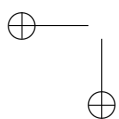
For though we women hate to be
Kept waiting, we would all agree
That nothing makes us feel so surly
As suitors who arrive too early.

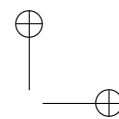
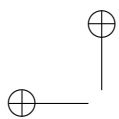




ATTENTION: POSTMASTER-GENERAL

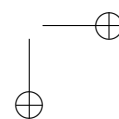
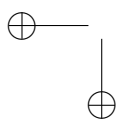
A letter box is always on
The other corner. How or why
You manage this phenomenon
Is just a little more than I
Can understand. But there it is
As usual, across the street,
So if I'm bent on mailing this
I must detour some thirty feet.

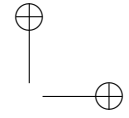
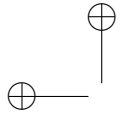




THE LOST BATTALION

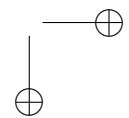
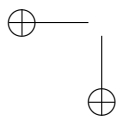
The potted palms directly north
Of Rockefeller's Fifty-fourth
Street residence are healthy plants.
A rather bustling elegance
Is theirs. Each frond gleams bright and bold
And puts me in a mind to scold
The sullen ivy which, God wot,
I try to nurture in its pot
Upon my mantelpiece. Now why
Should all the frantic efforts I
Lavish upon my slothful weed
Go so consistently to seed?

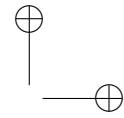
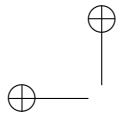




AN UNBIASED POINT OF VIEW

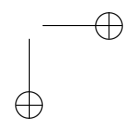
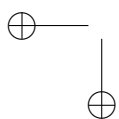
My wakefulness last night was due
To dear, insistent thoughts of you;
Though I'll concede it might have been
The lobster Newburg or the gin.

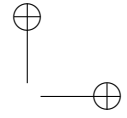
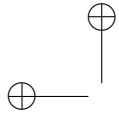




NATURE IN THE RAW

The raw raccoon in Central Park
Slumbers indoors from dawn till dark.
The antlered deer wades in his tub,
His flanks aquake. The sun-bear cub
Smiles timidly behind his bars,
Thanking whatever lucky stars
There be, that he is where he can
Count on his daily dish of bran
Sans bloodshed, argument, or taxes.
In short, the whole landscape relaxes.

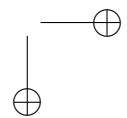
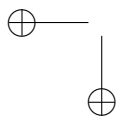


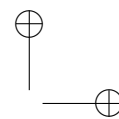
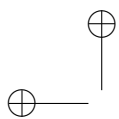


DIPLOMAT

How beautifully unaware
My lord and master is, that I
Occasionally do not care
Either to argue or comply.

How pleasant that he has not found
That just because I may agree,
It doesn't follow that I'm bound
To literal conformity.

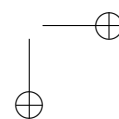
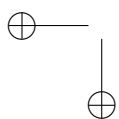


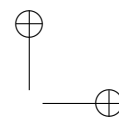
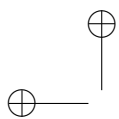


JUST LOOKING

Momentarily your glance
Rests upon yon rayon pants,
Then you leave the bargain table
For a session with the sable
Tippets; whereupon you trot
To the hats. But you do not
Purchase anything. Now why
Do you look, but never buy?

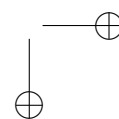
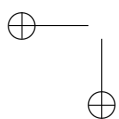
Tell me, Madam, how it is
You devote your life to this
Indefatigable mission
Of pursuing indecision.
How can you continue to
Hesitate between a blue
And a yellow parasol
When you don't want one at all?

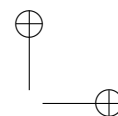
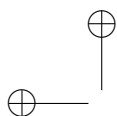




FERRY TALE

The little tugs go struggling back
And forth, but never manage to
Get out to sea. – The beaten track
For them the same as me and you!

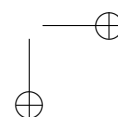
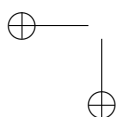


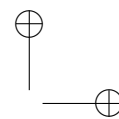
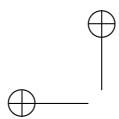


**SENTIMENTAL LINES TO A YOUNG MAN
WHO FAVORS PINK WALL PAPER,
WHILE I PERSONALLY LEAN
TO THE BLUE**

Frankly, I prefer the blue,
But if you sincerely do
Like the Turner sunset pink
Better, and you really think
You'll be happier with that,
I can manage with the flat
Done in any shade that seems
Quite consistent with your dreams.

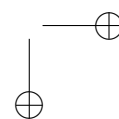
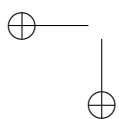
Curtains, colors, meat, or fish –
Tell me each and every wish,
So that I may then devise,
Anyway, a compromise.
Dear, I love you. Don't you see
That's the biggest thing to me?
Let me kiss you, darling, do –
Now do you prefer the blue?





**ON VIEWING A FLORIST'S WHIMSY
AT FIFTY-NINTH AND MADISON**

Consider, if you can, the heads
That conjured up those grisly packs
Of elephants and dogs with beds
Of pansies belching from their backs.



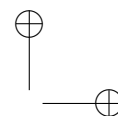
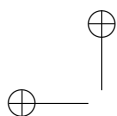
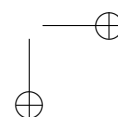
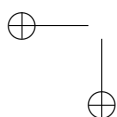
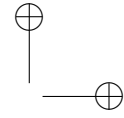
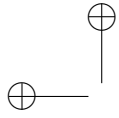


TABLE D'HOTE

Now we're wed, and you are mine,
And I am yours, and we will dine
At seven every night together,
And it will not matter whether
We are eager to or not.
It will be our daily lot
To invariably share
One another's bill of fare.

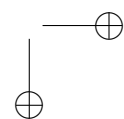
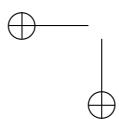
And there may be lawless days
When I weary of your face;
There may come some hapless night
When you hanker for a sight
Of a different pair of eyes
Just to constitute surprise. . . .
Still, we may preserve our love
If the cook is good enough.

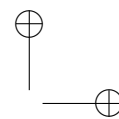
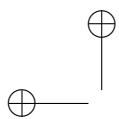




AUTUMN WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY

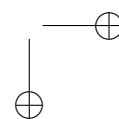
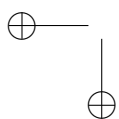
To get away from the noise and strife
And agitation of city life
I came to this super-rural plot
Of virgin forest – this frenzied spot
Where truculent birds and strident frogs
(That operate in the near-by bogs)
Disturb the peace with a shameless din,
And impudent sunbeams scramble in
At crack of dawn to demolish rest.
And how I long for my city nest,
That dim and shadowy place where one
Can't even look at the morning sun
Except by balancing, calm and still,
And peering up from the window sill –
Where various noises wafted high
Are merged in a throbbing lullaby.
Oh, sweet indeed is the humming El
Compared to this raucous rural dell!

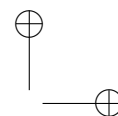
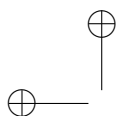




REMORSE UNDER THE EL

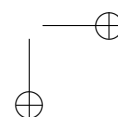
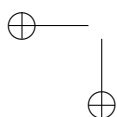
Chicken and peas,
Salad and cheese,
Why in the world did I ask those people?
Lemons and gin,
Oh to be in
A padded cell on the Chrysler steeple!

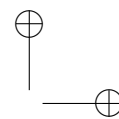
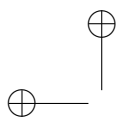




THIS WAY OUT

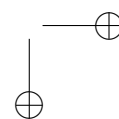
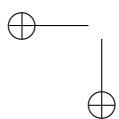
Now that it doesn't matter so much any longer,
Now that my little wings are decidedly stronger,
Now that I've ceased to regard you as wholly essential,
Now that my attitude's ceased to be so reverential,
Why must you bring your heart tardily cracking in pieces?
Why must you come with your forehead in piteous creases,
Asking me painfully why I grow colder and colder,
Begging to stake out a permanent claim on my shoulder,
Whispering wanly of love and reminding me sadly
Of days when I welcomed your casual kisses so gladly?
Darling, if I had the sense of a baby I'd let you
Continue to think that I really intend to forget you.

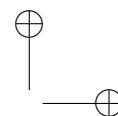
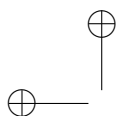




THE CRUSH HOUR

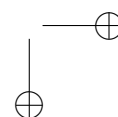
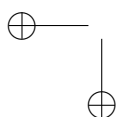
Will I ever get a seat
So my interurban feet
Can enjoy a little rest
In their travels east and west,
Not to mention south and north?
As I'm bandied back and forth
Every day, I often yearn
Feverishly to return
To some smaller, milder town
And go in for sitting down.

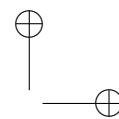
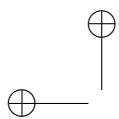




**YOUNG UPSTARTS DEFY DEPRESSION
IN HEART OF CITY**

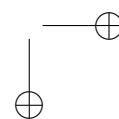
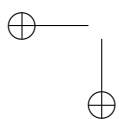
The Morgan crocuses are out!
Have they no sense of decency?
This is no year for them to flout
Their carefree stripes. It seems to me
They ought to shrink back in the earth
Through which they popped the other day.
What right have they to joyous birth
With all creation wan and gray?
They ought to shut up shop and wait
To flaunt their darling petals till
Some season more appropriate
For showing off on Murray Hill.

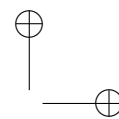
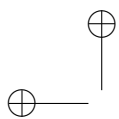




PROTEST FROM THE WORKING CLASSES

I think the Deity should save
The arched eyebrow and natural wave
For slaveys like the undersigned
Committed to a daily grind
That means no lunch on days when beauty
Intrudes upon the path of duty.

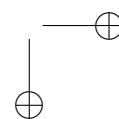
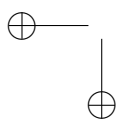


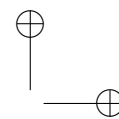
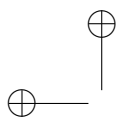


**QUESTIONNAIRE FOR A LIGHTNING BUG
OPERATING IN EAST FIFTIETH STREET**

What brought *you* here, I wonder? Why
Have you abandoned trees and sky
And lilac bushes for a spot
So unequivocally hot?

What makes you seek your fortune here
In Gotham? You must be as queer
As I am, and a million other
Insects far from home and Mother.

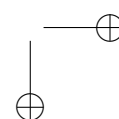
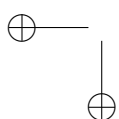


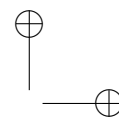
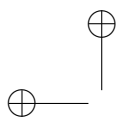


O HAPPY DAY

Confetti and satin,
A shower of rice –
Oh, weddings can really
Be ever so nice.

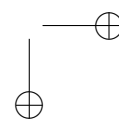
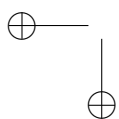
But brides mustn't worry
Nor weddings be spoiled
By thinking of years when
The rice will be boiled.

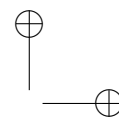
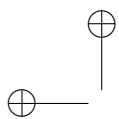




**LINES TO A MISGUIDED FRIEND
GIVEN TO INTERIOR DECORATING**

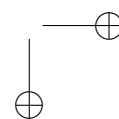
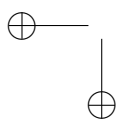
Oh, lady, button up your face
And let your chatter be more frugal.
Abandon Art, for I can trace
It all to Alice Foote MacDougall.

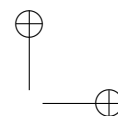
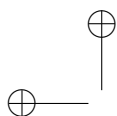




A HOT TIP FROM A COLD EDITOR

Have done with unrequited love.
This country's even sicker of
The aching heart and lorn confession
Than hearing tales of the depression.

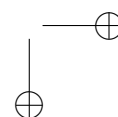
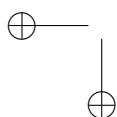


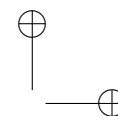
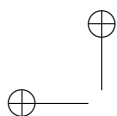


CIVIC PRIDE AT THIRTY-FOURTH

The Bowery Bank has plump green trees
Abreast of its new Fifth Avenue stoop,
A whole quartet of them if you please,
Which makes a very attractive group.

O Empire State, incline your head,
O Altman's, listen: why not compete?
A window box or a modest bed
Of juniper would improve the street.

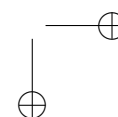
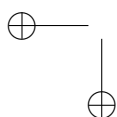


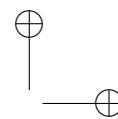
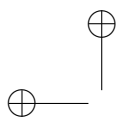


RESOLUTIONS WITH RESERVATIONS

I've had enough of sweet suspense,
I'm going in for common sense
 And make my life a rigid diet
 Of early hours and peace and quiet
And nice fresh air and Cream of Wheat
And books, and exercise, and sweet
 Reposeful thoughts – oh, I shall be
 The essence of tranquillity.
For I have grown too weary of
This agitation known as love.

So when you come to see me, dear,
I'll ask you not to interfere
 With my determination to
 Be wholly undisturbed by you.
I'll ask you to be quite sedate
And calm and very temperate.
 And that will be my rule unless
 I find such sober happiness
Does not appeal to you – and then
I'll just revert to type again.



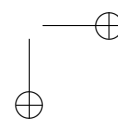
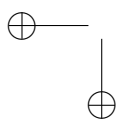


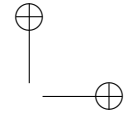
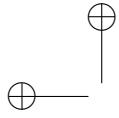
OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS, PLEASE COPY

I thought that when he went away
I could forget him, but I find
It grows more difficult each day
To get him off my doting mind.

And when I conscientiously
Attempt to love another, it
Is lamentably clear to me
I do not get ahead a bit.

For every kiss is meant for him,
And I but wait the moment when
It suits my lord's uncertain whim
To think of coming home again.





SPRIG FEVER

Parsley, parsley, everywhere
On my daily bill of fare.

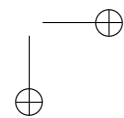
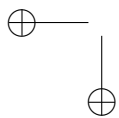
See that kippered herring staring
At the silly sprig he's wearing.

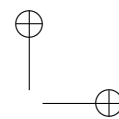
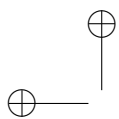
Be it steak or creamed potatoes,
Oyster plant or grilled tomatoes,

Squash or scrambled eggs or scrod –
Each must wear its little wad;

Each must huddle underneath
Its accursed parsley wreath.

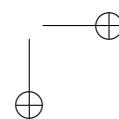
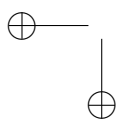
Parsley, parsley, everywhere.
Damn! I want my victuals bare.

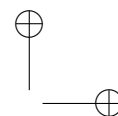
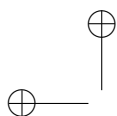




A NEST OF ROBINS IN THEIR BELFRIES

I think that I shall never be
Resigned to hearing that a tree
Is made in heaven. Why must every band
And concert singer in this foolish land
Depend on Trees? Can't someone show 'em
The merits of another poem?

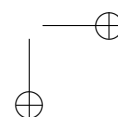
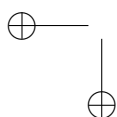


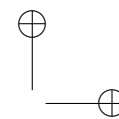
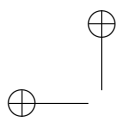


SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING

Neglect me for a day or two,
And I shall be in love with you,
So helplessly that you will be
The sun and moon and stars to me.
Persuade me, darling, that my score
Is low – that I'm a frightful bore.
Convince me that you can forget
Me easily, without regret.
Then I shall be the one to mope
And sit around and dimly hope
That you will deign to think me just
A little better than the dust.

I'll eagerly absorb each crumb
You tender me, and when you come,
Reluctant, to my humble nest,
I'll wear the blue dress you like best,
And laugh at all your jokes, and drink
In all the gorgeous thoughts you think.
I'll strive and strive and strive to please,
If you'll but keep me on my knees,
For that's the system best for me.
But absolute monopoly
Is indispensable, so you
Must see that I don't use it too.

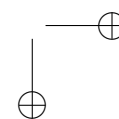
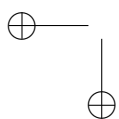


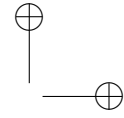
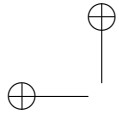


THOUGHTS OF LOVED ONES

WHILE EATING CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A RESTAURANT FAR
FROM HOME AND MOTHER

Will lightning strike me if I take
Some mushrooms and a juicy steak
Instead of turkey? Probably
If I can keep the family
From hearing how depraved I am
The gods won't give a tinker's dam
About my Christmas bill of fare.
I'll have the steak and have it rare.
But Mother. . . she must never know
That I have sunk to depths so low.





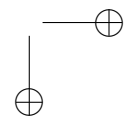
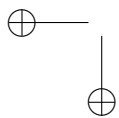
PROGRESS

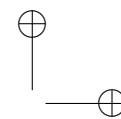
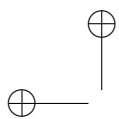
When I was young I was among
The brightest in the class;
My marks were high and brilliant; I
Was always sure to pass.

I nimbly went my way, intent
On knowing black from white,
Adhering tooth and nail to truth –
And wrong was never right.

But that was when the problems men
Precipitate were not
A subject that I studied at,
Or cared about a jot.

And now with age I've reached the stage
When I am not so sure
Of what is sweet and good and neat,
And quite correct and pure.

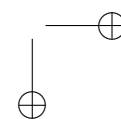
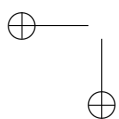


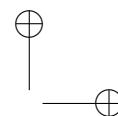
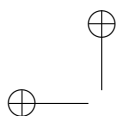


**A TRUCULENT STOCKHOLDER
SPEAKS HER MIND**

Don't mail me any more proxies, please.
Tell me, incorporated tease,
Why don't you save the stamps and send,
Once in a while, a dividend?

You ought to know by now that I
Never, by any chance, reply.
I wouldn't squander the spit to seal
Your envelopes. That's the way *I* feel.

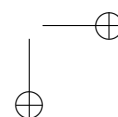
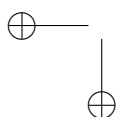


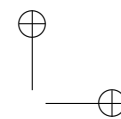
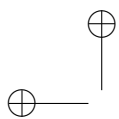


SAFETY MATCH

When he has little aches and pains,
I listen while my lord complains,
I feel his pulse and smooth his head
And give him sugar on his bread,
And find it very sweet to be
A reservoir of sympathy.

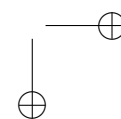
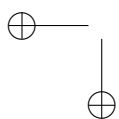
But I'm afraid the day may come
When I shall find it wearisome
To register solicitude
Because he's cross or tired or rude
Or melancholy, so I guess
I'll stick to single blessedness.

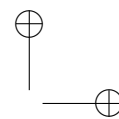
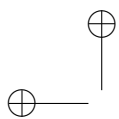




THE SUGAR-LUMP SCOURGE

Please don't wrap my sugar up.
Let me fling it in the cup
Quickly. Give me nudity
Now and then. It seems to me
This sanitary business goes
Too far at times. I'm sick of those
Cellophane kimonos too.
Whiskbrooms, bottles of shampoo,
Hairpins, cigarettes, and soap –
All are wrapped to make us grope
Wanly through a needless waste
Of paper, labels, seals, and paste.



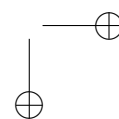
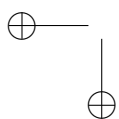


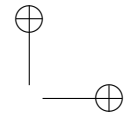
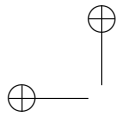
COMPARATIVE VALUES

There's one sends me flowers
And takes me to tea;
He's handsome and clever
And nice as can be.

I'm fond of another
Who's thoughtful and true
And does just exactly
What I want to do.

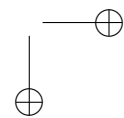
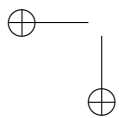
But one who's uncertain
In good health and ill
Is oddly the one who
Produces the thrill.

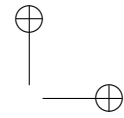
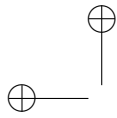




**DILEMMA OF A DOG FANCIER
WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS**

Although inordinately fond
Of hot dogs, I must say the bond
Has never been sufficiently
Compelling to enable me
To eat one in broad daylight all
Alone. Quite frequently I haul
A couple home and wrestle with
Them there, surrounded by my kith
And kin. But I should never dare
To munch one out in public where
I might be stared at. Oh, how clear it
Is that I'm devoid of spirit!





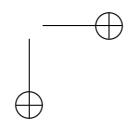
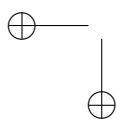
THE SUN SETS OVER MANHATTAN

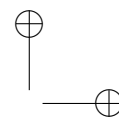
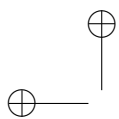
Upon the Plaza left from some parade
Dead wreaths are kissed to life by dying beams,
And Sherman on his prancing steed is made
Resplendent by the dazzling fiery gleams.

The cock atop the Heckscher Building preens
His golden feathers, shining in the sun,
And loftily regards the deep ravines
With restive human beings overrun.

Great derricks beat their heads against the sky,
The sun slants sweetly through the gay green park,
St. Patrick's ghostly steeples catch the high
Last fleeting gleams of pink before the dark.

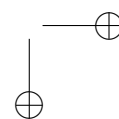
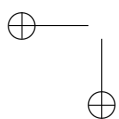
Across the deepening sky behind the hills
Of stone and brick, soft lustrous white clouds sweep
And disappear. The warm, fair city thrills
And drifts into a dreamy, throbbing sleep.

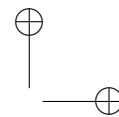
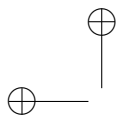




SITTING PRETTY

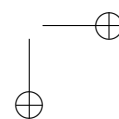
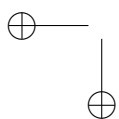
How nice to be a local swan
With quarters in the Park upon
That pond close to the Plaza where,
Despite the lack of rural air
And sun, there's such a lovely view,
It gives a bird plenty to do
Just lolling back and looking. . . .
That's
A program for aristocrats!

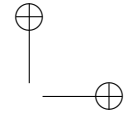
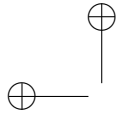




SELF-PRESERVATION

Of rumble seat rides I grow steadily wearier
Due to the strain on my aging posterior.



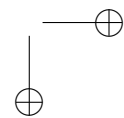
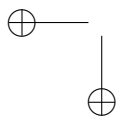


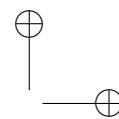
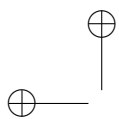
DEADLOCK

The perils of propinquity
Have practically done for me.
So keep away a day or two
Or I'll become so fond of you
That I shall lose my bearings and
Get absolutely out of hand.

I cannot, unprotesting, wait
While, blandly, you obliterate
My spirit. Oh, it's plain to see
I'm losing my identity
In yours, so leave me, dear, until
I have my balance and my will.

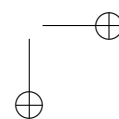
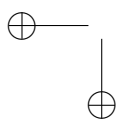
But if you do not come I know
I'll be disconsolate, for though
I struggle so to be severe
In dealing with myself, it's clear
If I don't see you every day
I'll think about you anyway.

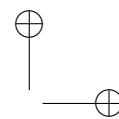
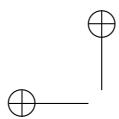




MISER

I've found that a spinster's
Life's too sunny
To change it for either
Love or money.
But if I could get
A mixture which
Would make me happy
And also rich –
That would give me joy
And a little whipped cream –
I'd take a chance
On a new régime.

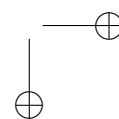
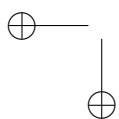


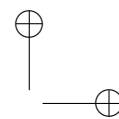
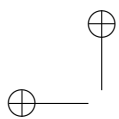


**APOSTROPHE TO A SPARROW LOAFING
OUTSIDE MY OFFICE WINDOW**

Please tell me just one reason why
A sparrow should elect to fly
Up to the thirteenth floor. I do
Not know what birds are coming to.

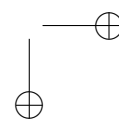
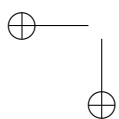
This is an office, foolish bird.
Can't you imagine how absurd
It sounds to stage a chirping session
Right in the midst of this depression?

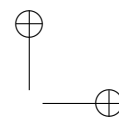
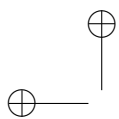




**AS THE WAGE SLAVE PANTETH
AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS**

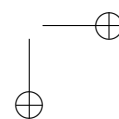
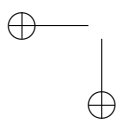
When I am rich, it will not be
Emeralds that will interest me.
Nor shall I aim my swollen purse
At glowing silks or precious furs.
The only luxury I yearn
To snare is having time to burn –
Time to devote to idleness,
Time between work and play to dress
In peace. Oh, I am tired to death
Of always being out of breath.

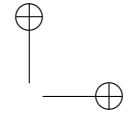
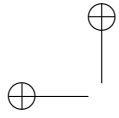




**THE SWIFT COMPLETION
OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS**

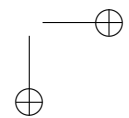
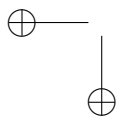
In spite of chilblains, colds, and croup,
In spite of fogs as thick as soup,
In spite of rain and snow and sleet,
A postman must propel his feet
Innumerable distances
Throughout the winter, though I guess
That more than half of every pound
Of all the bilge he lugs around
Might well be filed sooner than later
In some remote incinerator.

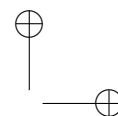
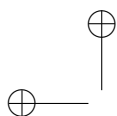




LORDS OF CREATION

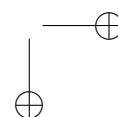
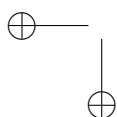
Men take to illness easily,
 Grunting and whimpering on just
The slightest pretext. . . I should be
 Delighted if I had the crust
To crouch dejectedly in bed
 And dolorously dramatize
A snuffle or an aching head
 With piteous, heart-rending sighs.

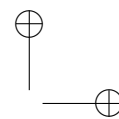
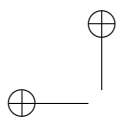




MORE IN ANGER THAN IN SORROW

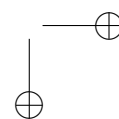
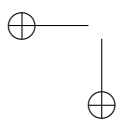
The winter will pass and the grass will grow,
And the sun will melt all the ice and snow,
And March will come, and April and May...
And then will we feel as we do today,
When you have been scolding me black and blue?
I probably will, and so will you.
You'll still be chiding me scornfully,
And pointing out what is wrong with me,
And getting excessively fierce, and then
Berating yourself for unkindness, when
I snarl and try to retaliate.
We'll probably be in this selfsame state
In June, my dear, unless I contrive
To start right now and skin you alive.

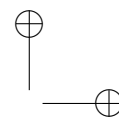
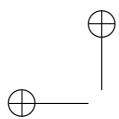




SUMMER SUNDAYS IN NEW YORK

Assorted babies thin and fat
Appear in flocks so ample that
They cover all the parks in town,
And turn the foliage upside down.
They spring up overnight, it seems,
Like mushrooms; till the island teems
With them. Their source I cannot say
I understand at all, for they
Erupt for no apparent reason
Like daisies in the daisy season.

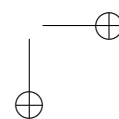
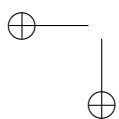


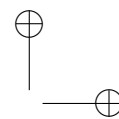
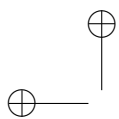


THE COMPLACENT CLIFF-DWELLER

I have a little home amidst the city's din
With kitchenette and shower bath and tub thrown in,
With fresh milk and vegetables and taxis close at hand –
The country can't beat that though Nature is grand.

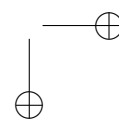
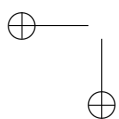
The garbage is collected and I am not concerned
With where the men take it to be drowned or burned.
There are lots of different places that I can go for lunch
And autumn leaves are selling at fifty cents a bunch.

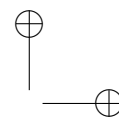
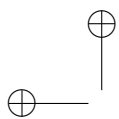




THE FISHING SEASON IN CENTRAL PARK

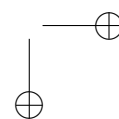
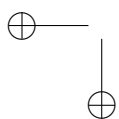
Small urchins angle gravely,
With ecstatic twists and squirms,
Intent on luring minnows
With emaciated worms.

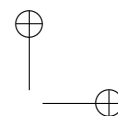
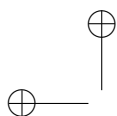




THE WARY COLLABORATORS

If we could write a novel, maybe
We'd earn enough to have a baby.
Though even small ones cost a pretty
Penny in this bandit city.

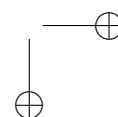
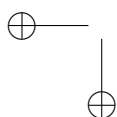


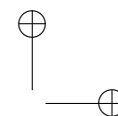
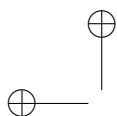


PROTEST OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN

Are you ready to accept
every formal invitation
of a big social season?
A Chesterfield
A 'Tuck'
(with new dull lapels)
Full Dress
will be needed
— *Sign in a window at Best's.*

Must I, Best's, accept them all?
Can't I, Best's, oh can't I please
Stay at home some time this fall?
Look, how wobbly are my knees!
See, how doubtful my digestive
Juices! Best's, your program spells
Disaster. Must I be so restive?
Can't I keep my dull lapels
In the closet now and then?
Won't you ever let me creep
Home, and so to bed at ten?
Don't I rate a little sleep?



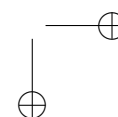
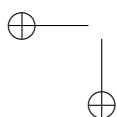


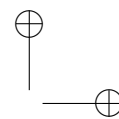
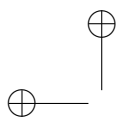
**SHORT INSPIRATIONAL TALK
FOR YOUNG WOMEN**

Paint your lips and curl your hair,
And when he telephones, be there.
Sympathize with every ill;
Never doubt a single chill.
If he says his head is hot,
Though you're pretty sure it's not,
Let him think you're worried too,
Worried almost black and blue.

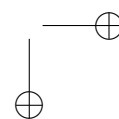
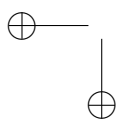
Wear his favorite evening dress,
And be glad he notices
What you wear. And as for his
Suits and neckties, never miss
Any opportunity
To remark how tastefully
He depicts from hat to pants
Real sartorial elegance.

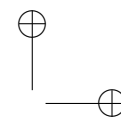
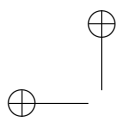
Don't begrudge a merry roar
At the jokes you've heard before.
Listen, wide-eyed, to each myth
He elects to tempt you with;
Hang on every word and wish;
Take to lima beans and fish
If that diet suits his whim –
Anything to humor him.





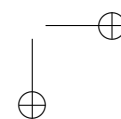
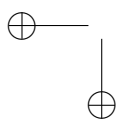
Make him feel you think he's just
Thrilling, as indeed you must.
Otherwise, why bother, when
There are other supermen,
And besides, you know you'd be
Much more advantageously
Occupied, in sewing seams,
Reading books, or dreaming dreams.

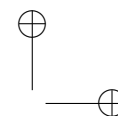
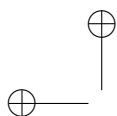




MAN THE LIFEBOATS

Of all the millionaires extant,
I don't know one who plans to leave
Me anything, although a scant
Bequest would help me to achieve
What I desire – to wit, to woo
Sweet hours of indolence without
A worry as to what or who
Will pay my rent, nor yet a doubt
From whence will come the coddled egg,
The toothsome steak, the cherry tart,
With now and then a portly keg
Of applejack to ease the heart.





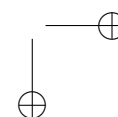
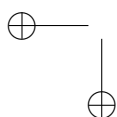
ON REACHING YEARS OF DISCRETION

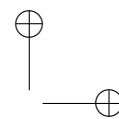
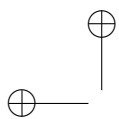
'Tis sweet to see a bud unfold –
Once I was young, now I am old.

When I was just a child, and silly,
A chocolate soda, rich and chilly,
I found, had much more magnetism
Than spinach or a syllogism;
While summers by the broad Atlantic
Provided me with joy gigantic;
And kissing games I did not veto,
But was inclined to holler, “Me too.”

And now that I have left behind
The days when I was young, I find
A soda sweeter and more tooth-
Some than I found it in my youth;
And as for lolling at the shore,
I've come to like that more and more;
My other failings don't diminish,
I have them still from start to finish.

'Tis sweet to see a bud unfold –
Once I was young, now I am old.

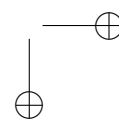
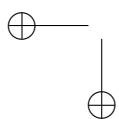


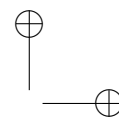
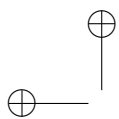


FRIENDS IN NEED

The shifting sands of dividends
Make me appreciate my friends
Who never change, who always may
Be fondly counted on to stay
About the same, who're what they are,
Whose characters remain at par –
Wicked or good, cruel or kind,
Vulgar or violently refined.

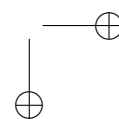
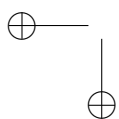
How fortunate that we can be
Assured of this stability
In life! Oh, truly I am blest,
Or else I must be Eddie Guest.

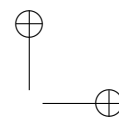
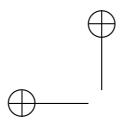




**TO AN ACQUAINTANCE APPROACHING
IN FULL CRY**

Yes. I am lurching all alone.
Is it a criminal offense
To grapple with a chicken bone
Solo? Have you no common sense?
Can't you discern this magazine
That I am bolting with my food?
Aren't you aware I do not mean
To let you blast my solitude?

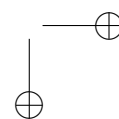
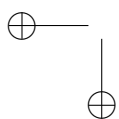


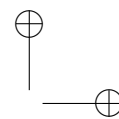
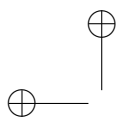


SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES

When I am weltering in woe,
It's time to bake or sweep or sew.
When I am bothered by the ache
Within my breast, it's time to bake
Or sew. And when I cannot sleep,
It's best to get right up and sweep.

For I can keep my tears from flowing
By seizing on a bit of sewing.
I can dissuade my heart from breaking
If I but singe my fingers baking.
I can forego a fit of weeping
By getting up and at my sweeping.

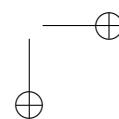
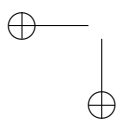


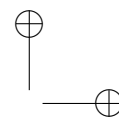
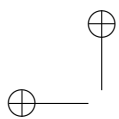


**THE LONGEST WAY ROUND
IS THE SHORTEST WAY HOME**

My treasured friend, I do not mean
 To grow continually colder.
I'd honestly prefer to lean
 Upon your reassuring shoulder.

But I'm afraid you've yet to learn
 That gentleness is quite a factor
In love – that women do not yearn
 To kiss a caterpillar tractor.

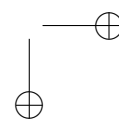
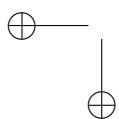


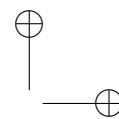
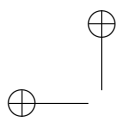


THE STOCKING INDUSTRY

Dresses may be longer, but
Even though designers cut
Them to flap about our toes
Still we manage to disclose
Every now and then a knee
And allied anatomy.

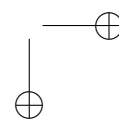
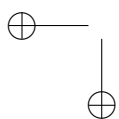
So let them go ahead and cut
Our dresses long, and longer, but
We'll manage, for a woman knows,
Unless completely comatose,
That some discreet publicity
Is due a prepossessing knee.

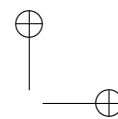
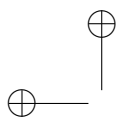




POP GOES THE WEASEL

I love my love and he loves me,
So obviously there must be
An office safe about to drop
Upon the unsuspecting top
Of one or both of us, and mash
Our triumph into so much hash.



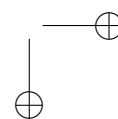
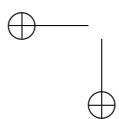


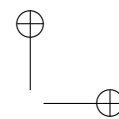
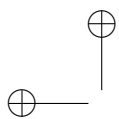
FLIGHTS OF FANCY INDEED!

Up near a tender moon that peers
Brightly through shoals of shifting clouds,
Far from the world's small hopes and fears,
Far from the restless, groping crowds;

That's where I live in my snug, sweet tower,
And amorous winds caress my brow
With the cool vague kiss of a lotus Hower.
But I'd like to remark right here and now:

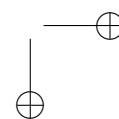
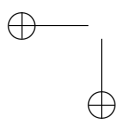
It's all very well to dwell like a star,
There by the pale moon's lustrous face;
But four flights up is a bit too far
To travel by foot to any place.

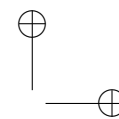
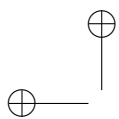




INTERMENT PRIVATE

Here I will hide my sorrow and my fear,
Shades drawn, the front door locked, no one to hear
My plaintive sighs, no one to watch my face
For any silly, glistening telltale trace
Of tears. I'll weep alone, if weeping seems
Essential. And on lucky nights my dreams
Will be of you, my erstwhile love, until
I can forget, which will be luckier still.

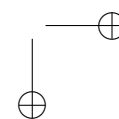
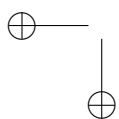


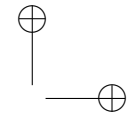
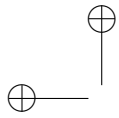


THE COCKTAIL SEASON

Forty people in a flat,
Forty people, mostly fat,
Stuffed inside two very small
Rooms, embalmed in alcohol,
Smoke, and bitter grapefruit juice
Out of cans. The local zoos
Have accommodations which
In comparison seem rich
And as airy as can be. . . .
Akbar,* save a place for me!

*Central Park lion whose office commands an unrestricted view of
young lady hippopotamus.

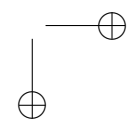
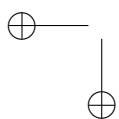


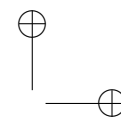
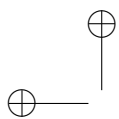


A COPYWRITER'S CHRISTMAS

The Twenty-fifth is imminent
And every known expedient
Designed for making Christmas pay
Is getting swiftly under way.
Observe the people swarming to
And fro, somnambulating through
The stores in search of ties and shirts
And gloves to give until it hurts.

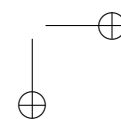
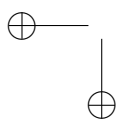
They're eyeing gifts in Saks' and Hearn's
And Macy's, not to mention Stern's,
While earnest copywriters are
Hitching their copy to the star
Of Bethlehem quite shamelessly,
For they are duty bound to see
That Peace On Earth Good Will To Men
Gets adequate results again.

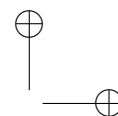
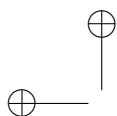




INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL

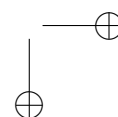
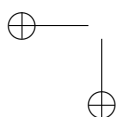
Sometimes I wish that I were dead
As dead can be, but then again
At times when I've been nicely fed
On caviar or guinea hen
And I am wearing something new
And reassuring, I decide
It might be better to eschew
My tendency to cyanide.

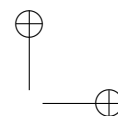
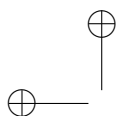




BABIES: JUST BABIES

Like apoplectic fur balloons,
The three diminutive raccoons
In Central Park go scrambling round
Their little patch of wintry ground
In search of toothsome dividends –
Peanuts and sundry odds and ends
Proffered by casual passers-by,
Though why the little rascals try
To bag their share I cannot see.
Their luck would soon discourage me,
What with two portly parents who,
Though roly-poly, manage to
Snare almost all the crackerjack,
Bread crumbs, and nuts. They hurtle back
And forth, batting the babes about,
Leaving no vestige of a doubt
In re the younger generation's
Privileges and dispensations.
And I am happy to behold
So fine a job done by the old
Folks, putting children in their place.
The raccoons are a splendid race!



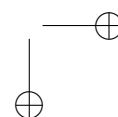
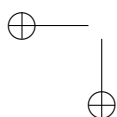


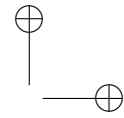
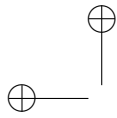
**TO A TAXI-DRIVER INTENT
ON HAVING THE ISLAND TO HIMSELF**

Run me down and there will be
One less opportunity
For the likes of you to snare
This potential lady fare.

Toot and scramble as you go,
Make the common census show
One less customer at large
For your ostentatious barge.

Mow us down, relentless fool,
Mow us down in droves, and you'll
Find yourself alone at last
With your checkered taxi past.



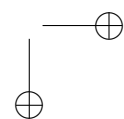
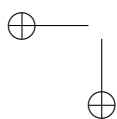


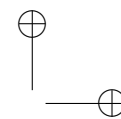
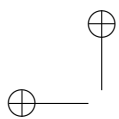
BE YOURSELF, LOTHARIO

If either of us has to be
Addicted to monogamy,
Then let that lamentable lot
Be mine alone, for I should not
Be happy if you thought that you
Would always love me as you do
Today. A too consistent yes
Is dull. The vagabond caress
That's here and may be gone again
By Tuesday night at half-past ten,
I must admit I always find
Is much more happily designed
Than daily protestations of
Affection, confidence and love.

So if you think that there must be
An order of monogamy,
Then let it be my cross to bear.
Don't rob me of the sweet despair
Of fearing you have slipped away
And left me in a yesterday.

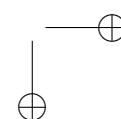
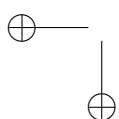
But it would be so much more fun
For both of us, if neither one
Of us would ever have to be
Restricted by monogamy.

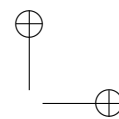
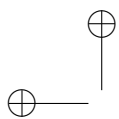




**MYSTERY AT THE LITTLE CHURCH
AROUND THE CORNER**

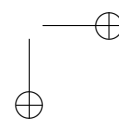
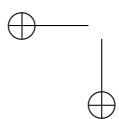
A homely groom, a homely bride,
Embarking on a taxi ride –
And which will be the first to guess
The other's lack of comeliness?
And which will be the first to show
What both are some day bound to know?
Or has each one decided that
The other, though a little fat
And rather plain, is on the whole
A very satisfying soul?

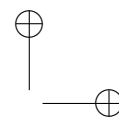
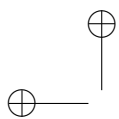




WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

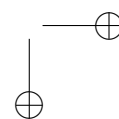
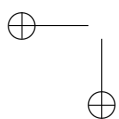
A cop beneath a traffic tower
With earnest hand deters a
Lady – color-blind – who thinks
Red's green and vice versa.

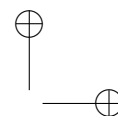
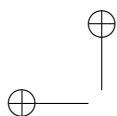




CUTTING DOWN

When oranges are six for forty-two
And each anemic grapefruit costs a dime,
There's practically nothing left to do
But mix the cocktails stronger all the time.

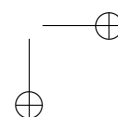
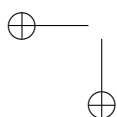


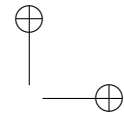
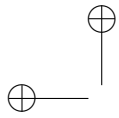


LINES TO AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE

Both predatory and prehensile
Of nature is the eyebrow pencil.
And perfume and mascara too –
Their tentacles are meant for you.

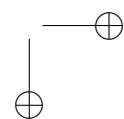
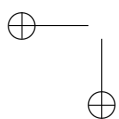
Indeed, my love, no tissue creams
Or curlers would delay my dreams
If it were not for you. I'd cope
With face and neck by way of soap
And God's own simple H₂O.
Nor should I bother, dear, to go
And steam and stew and fuss and fret
And sacrifice my lunch to get
A wave. . . . And though I'm well aware
This may not get me anywhere;
Although there are occasional days
When I'm not sure devotion pays,
I'm not yet willing to refrain
From venturing to ascertain
Whether deliberate cosmetics
Won't lead in time to dietetics.

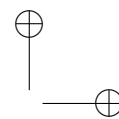
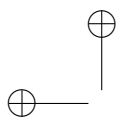




**TO A CAT LOITERING
AT TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET
AND SIXTH AVENUE**

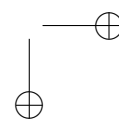
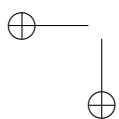
Oh, slender kitten, if you prize
Your scrawny life, take my advice
 And use those nimble velvet paws
 To leave this neighborhood, because
With summer soon i-cumen in
Your all too shabby little skin
 Is apt to go from bad to worse
 And be a set of summer furs.

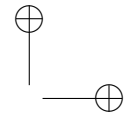
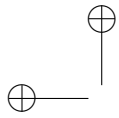




ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

The world is full of monstrous pests
At whom I long to thumb my nose.
And people who expect their guests
To talk while raucous radios
Go blatting on; they are the worst
Of all the scourges I must bear.
They are the positively first
Upon the list of those I care
The least about. They give me spells
Of frenzy, when I would dispatch
Them one and all to padded cells
In some relentless booby hatch.





BAD NEWS FOR A BETTER HALF

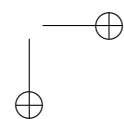
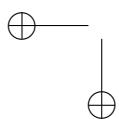
My last spring's evening wrap will do
But I am starved for something new.

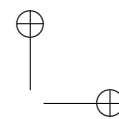
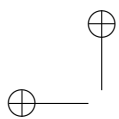
I'm sick of makeshifts, tired of thrift.
My moral fibre needs a lift.

The sort of lift that comes with hats
And smart new frocks, my dear, and that's

My ultimatum. So, prepare
For trouble. Spring is in the air

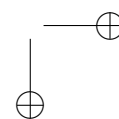
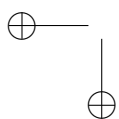
And if we do go on the rocks
I shall be wearing chiffon socks.

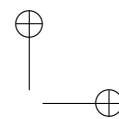
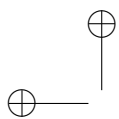




**MENTAL RESERVATION
ON REFUSING AN INVITATION TO DINNER**

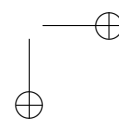
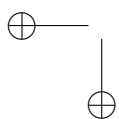
I'd love to dine with you tonight;
I'd like to join you in a bite
Wherever and whenever you
Invite me. But it wouldn't do,
For you must think that now and then
I'd rather be with other men.
You must continue to regard
Me as someone who's very hard
To corner for a steady diet,
And then perhaps you'll really try it.

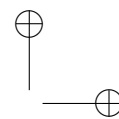
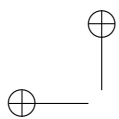




COMPLAINT TO THE MANAGEMENT

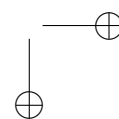
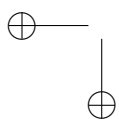
Oh, somewhere there are people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But travel in a private car
And dine on Russian caviar
Concocted for the people who
Have nothing in the world to do
But travel in a private car
And dine on. . . .

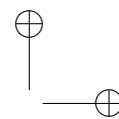
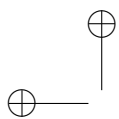




DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEED

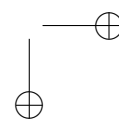
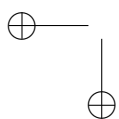
I hope you'll always love me just
A little less than I love you.
At any rate, my dear, you must
Contrive to make me think you do.

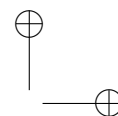
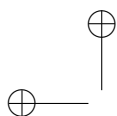




TOAST

A thing conspicuous this fall
Is that one individual
Alone has managed to maintain
His very comfortable plane
Of living. So I take my hat
Off to that wily plutocrat
Whose standards still continue firm –
I give you, gents, the Chestnut Worm!

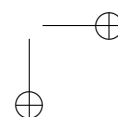
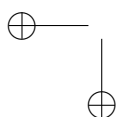


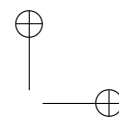
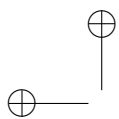


TO AN INSURANCE SOLICITOR

A niggardly annuity
At fifty doesn't seem to me
Sufficiently compelling to
Involve me now in letting you
Accommodate my shiftless nose
With any nonsense such as those
Insurance grindstones. I must say
If I'm to have a rainy day
I'd just as lief get good and soggy
As only damp and mildly groggy.

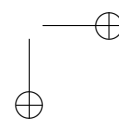
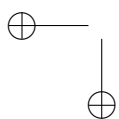
I'd rather have a fur coat now
Than crumbs at fifty anyhow.
I'd much prefer to join the dance
Right now, today, while I've the chance,
Than cling to last year's clothes, and wait
For some remote and dubious date
When I may have no place to go
Nor yet the inclination. . . . Oh,
I'm sure it would be far from thrifty
To save my fun until I'm fifty.

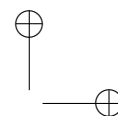
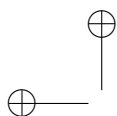




**TRIOLET ON DEPARTING
FROM AN OLD CUSTOM**

I shall leave you gently, dear,
 I shall leave you tenderly.
With an unobtrusive tear
I shall leave you gently, dear.
While you're sitting blandly here,
 Brimming with complacency,
I shall leave you gently, dear,
 I shall leave you tenderly.





HOME, JAMES, HOME

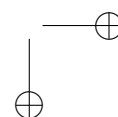
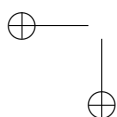
When orchestras pipe down at three
And everyone is pleasantly
Exhilarated, I contend
That's a good time for things to end.

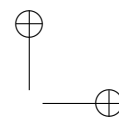
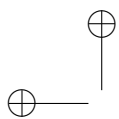
Instead of which, there's always some
Determined reveller who's come
To the conclusion that we must
Prolong festivities or bust;

Who will not suffer others to
Leave when they've seen a party through,
Whose loud insistence hugs the dregs
Of music, drinks, and scrambled eggs.

Why must there always be that one
Diehard, who will not let the sun
Come up alone, who lumbers on
His elephantine way till dawn?

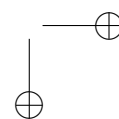
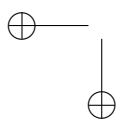
I may be militantly prim,
But God! When people get so grim
About their merrymaking, I
Feel less inclined to laugh than cry.

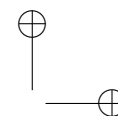
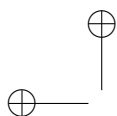




SUMMER SCENE IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

The fatter the lady
The harder she fans,
And the harder she fans
The hotter
She rapidly gets,
Till the shining expanse
Of her face needs the aid
Of a blotter.

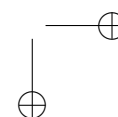
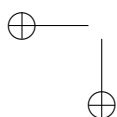


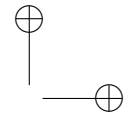
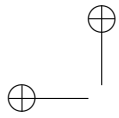


**THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH
FOR THE BETTER**

When I was very young and wore
A crisp and starchy pinafore,
Each little duty faithfully
Performed meant something nice for me.
So when I went to bed at seven
And kept in constant touch with heaven,
And ate my cereal without
A single protest or a pout,
And did my lessons with a smile,
My mother made it worth my while.

But life has ceased to work that way
And now nobody wants to pay
Me anything for being good
And doing all the things I should.
And so I naturally find
That I am frequently inclined
To evildoing; and the net
Results have made me quite regret
My wasted youth, for I'm afraid
That I was grossly underpaid.

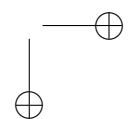
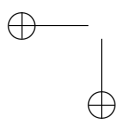


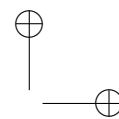
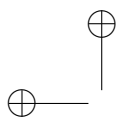


SPOKEN LIKE A WOMAN

The most engaging thing about
Attractive men whom girls adore
Is their surprise when they find out
We do not love them any more.

A bomb so unexpected shakes
The spirits of the strongest men
To such dismay it almost makes
Us fall in love with them again.

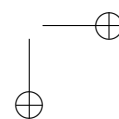
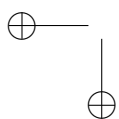


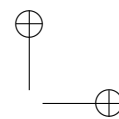
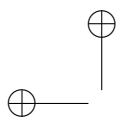


NO THOROUGHFARE

I used to have a fragile heart,
But now I have acquired the art
Of amputating from my brain
And soul the source of any pain
As soon as ever I'm aware
Unhappiness is in the air.

Before he's had a chance to do
Much damage, out he goes, and you,
My darling, will be on your way
The very second that you say
A single word that seems unkind
Or menaces my peace of mind.

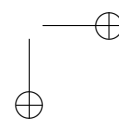
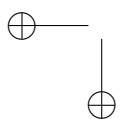


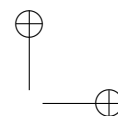
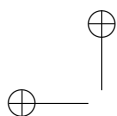


A MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

High above my window the stars
Are flinging across a sapphire sky,
And far below the garrulous cars
On Lexington Avenue rumble by.

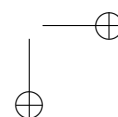
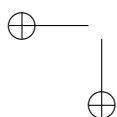
Through my window come vagabond ends
Of moist winds wandering from the sea,
While steadily from below ascends
The reek of Armenian cookery.

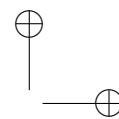
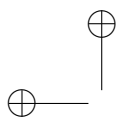




**ON HELPING A YOUNG MAN
SELECT A NECKTIE FOR A PARTY
TO WHICH I, UNFORTUNATELY,
AM NOT INVITED**

“I like the fitful polka dot
But feel the small design is not
The most becoming style for you.”
(What is the young man going to do
And where does he expect to go
Tonight, that he must dally so,
Deciding what to wear?) “Oh yes,
I have a weakness, I’ll confess,
For solid colors; still, I think
That there are better shades than pink
For boys as big as you. The green
Is quite the nicest we have seen.”
(I’d like to slip a tie about
The maiden’s neck who’s going out
With him tonight.) “Yes, take the red
Effect.” (I’d love to punch her head!)
“The modernistic stripes are fine.”
(The little crook! – This man is mine!)



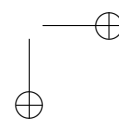
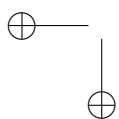


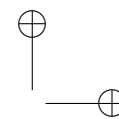
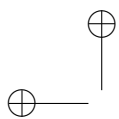
THE EMPLOYMENT SITUATION

Each day at nine o'clock I must
 Arrange my glum, protesting feet
Beneath my desk among the dust
 And look both diligent and neat.

Sometimes this seems a bitter thing
 And envy fills my little soul
Toward maids who chose the wedding ring.
 However, on the well-known whole,

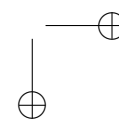
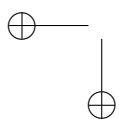
This blessing I remember when
 I contemplate the fatal dive –
That while I work for many men
 I shut up shop at half-past five.

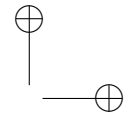
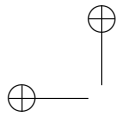




ON THE LIKELIHOOD OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL

My spinal column's cold and clammy,
But though I hanker for Miami,
And Southern suns, and sand, and tropic
Moonlight – in my misanthropic
Way I look for no such favors.
The South compiled by the engravers,
Typographers, and artists in
The steamship booklets, fat and thin,
Is all I see in store for me,
Unless I count the Battery.





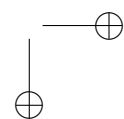
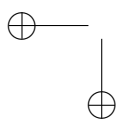
**LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS
ON DISCOVERING THAT CHRISTMAS
COMES ON A WEDNESDAY**

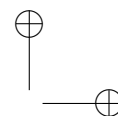
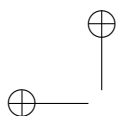
I'd like a Mediterranean cruise
And a sable coat
And some velvet shoes.

I'd love a couple of million dollars
And some silk nightgowns
With real lace collars.

I'd like a touch of spring in the air
And a brand-new face
And coal-black hair,

But most of all a convincing cough
That will get me Monday
And Tuesday off.



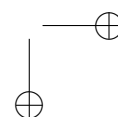
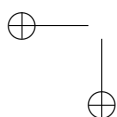


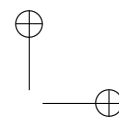
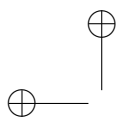
AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU

Don't count on him to sympathize
With scarlet nose and streaming eyes.
 If you must weep, if you must moan,
 You'd better weep and moan alone.
For no one wants to see a heart
When it's about to fall apart;
 And don't assume that just because
 He started all the pain that gnaws
And stings and burns within your breast
He'll be more comfort than the rest.

So if you're wise you'll smooth your hair
And get some exercise and air
And buy yourself a nice new hat
And leave your precious darling flat.

But don't recuperate too fast
If you expect the cure to last;
And don't forget too soon, for then
You'll only fall in love again.

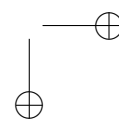


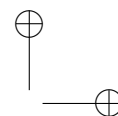
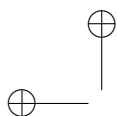


BROOKLYNESE CHAMPION

I thought the winner had been found
The day I heard a woman make
The butcher cut her off a pound
Of fine and juicy soylern steak.

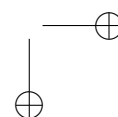
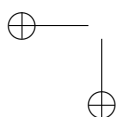
Imagine then the dizzy whirl
That through my head did swiftly surge
The day I heard the gifted girl
Who wished departing friends "Bon Verge."

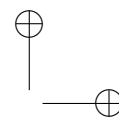
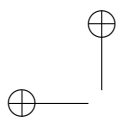




**LINES ON DECLARING AN EXTRA
DIVIDEND OR TWO**

With gold certificates a-quiver,
With all the universe a-shiver,
I feel disposed to offer thanks
For blessings unallied with banks.
In which connection I am much
Obliged to God for favors such
As adequate digestive juices
Which suffer manifold abuses
Without complaint. I'm furthermore
Indebted to my Maker for
A pair of eyes with which to see
It's twenty minutes after three,
Which means I'll soon be on my way
To meet my love, who (I may say)
Makes me forget in half a minute
The world, and all the trouble in it.

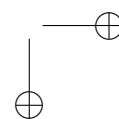
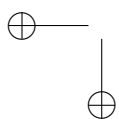


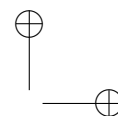
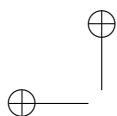


THE CHILDREN'S QUARTER OF AN HOUR

Excuse me while I run upstairs
To supervise the babies' prayers
And see what's ailing little Ned –
Amanda, come along to bed.
You know you can't have Roquefort cheese,
Now come along with Mother, please.

You put that cocktail down this minute,
It won't improve with fingers in it.
Amanda, come! I want to hear
You sing your bedtime hymn, my dear.
Oh naughty girl! I shouldn't think
You'd want to spoil your mother's drink.



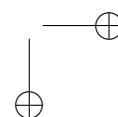
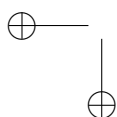


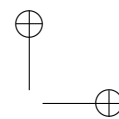
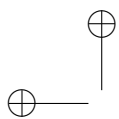
HOME, SWEET HOME

Rank sentimentalists maintain
That rudeness in the bosom of
The family is a wicked stain
Upon the gentle name of love.

But I protest a person must
Have some ungrudging haven where
She may indulge her natural lust
For growling like a grizzly bear

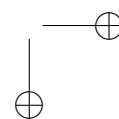
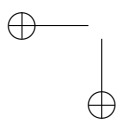
Or sulking silently. And since
Mere friends can't be imposed upon,
It's best to make the family wince
When there is wincing to be done.

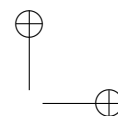
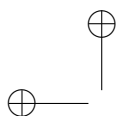




LIGHTER-THAN-AIR-MINDED

I never have possessed the kind
Of eager, scientific mind
Required of one in order to
Enjoy accounts of flyers who
Go flying furiously round
And round the universe. I've found
A hatchet murder in the street
Is more than able to compete
With any stories I have read
Of heroes far above my head.

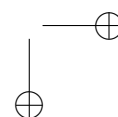
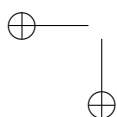


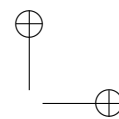
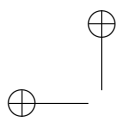


“COELUM NON ANIMUM”

I am going to get my thrills
By communing with the hills
And the reassuring trees.
I shall specialize on these,
With some satisfaction in
Getting fat or getting thin,
Concentrating on my looks,
Reading all the latest books,
Seeing all the latest plays.
Beautifully balanced days
Will be mine if I am firm
And contrive to serve my term.

This is what I hope to do
That I may dispense with you.
But my trouble seems to be
That no matter what I see,
Where I go or what I read,
I continually need
You along to pass upon
Mountains, sandwiches and sun,
Evening wraps and rain-drenched air;
Otherwise I do not care
Even one small tinker's dam
What they are or where I am.



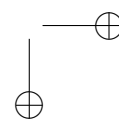
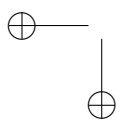


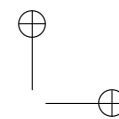
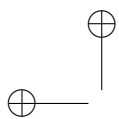
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

William's head is thatched with fuzz,
William's eyes are suave and bright,
William's bigger than he was,
Due to his mighty appetite.

William sups at six and ten
And falls asleep the minute he's through,
Only to pop awake again
In time for another meal at two.

William lies serene and bland,
William's satisfied and smiley,
William seems to understand
That William leads the life of Riley.



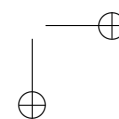
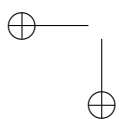


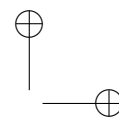
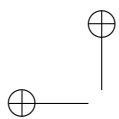
**COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK
TELEPHONE COMPANY**

The walls around my office go
Just part way to the ceiling, so
All day I hear the steady drone
Of life, via the telephone.

Sometimes my colleagues rant and rave,
Sometimes they're calm, restrained, and brave
In dealing with the problems of
The day. But when they turn to love,

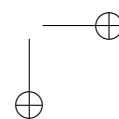
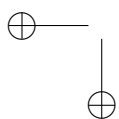
And talk to husbands or to beaux,
Their voices doff their daytime woes
And drip and purl with all their might,
Which sometimes spoils my appetite.

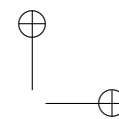
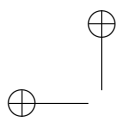




STRANGE INTERLUDE

I went to tea at Elizabeth's house,
And what did she serve but tea!
I sat as still as a well-bred mouse
When I went to tea at Elizabeth's house.
I didn't snarl and I didn't grouse
Though I was distressed to see
That tea at my friend Elizabeth's house
Meant absolutely tea.

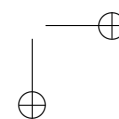
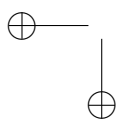


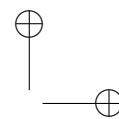
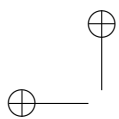


PIPINGS FROM THE PROLETARIAT

Might I prescribe a Micky Finn
For people spoiled by money in
The bulk? This scrubby universe
Should not condone the further curse
Of arrogance, which seems to be
Fostered by supersolvency.

Now wouldn't it be splendid if
Those of God's creatures prone to sniff
And strut and order people round
Imperiously should be bound
To make their money over to
Affable souls like me and you?

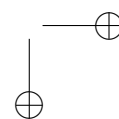
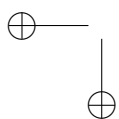


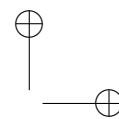
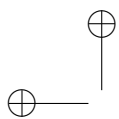


A CHANGE IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL

My mother taught me to beware
Of boys who'd hold my hand,
And I must give each one the air
Who failed to understand
That little girls who would be nice
Must be like unresponsive ice.

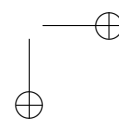
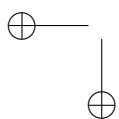
So sternly grew my girlish pride
I never quite forgot
That girls should always turn aside –
Though often they do not.
And to this day I frown on such,
Although I do not frown as much.

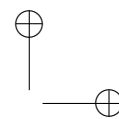
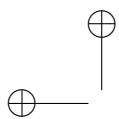




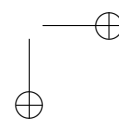
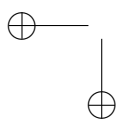
NO REST FOR THE WEARY

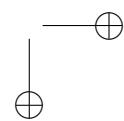
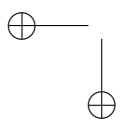
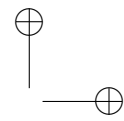
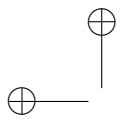
It's my unmanageable fate
That you should so persistently
Continue to increase your rate
Of itresistibility.

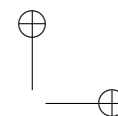
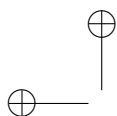




I TAKE IT BACK



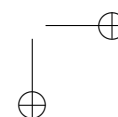
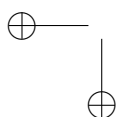


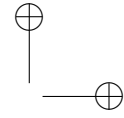
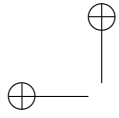


SUBURBAPHOBIA

My spirits sink. My heart deflates
As through the Pennsylvania gates
(Or New York Central) I propel
My sullen feet. Nor can I tell
Why this may be, for I am fond
Of many friends who live beyond
The city limits. Still I go
With grim reluctance – that I know.

What meagre charm I had before
Expires the moment that the door
Of any suburb-going train
Clangs shut. And I do not regain
My normal *joie de vivre* until
I leave each flagrant daffodil
And buttercup behind, hell-bent
On getting back to God's cement.



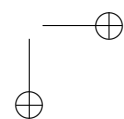
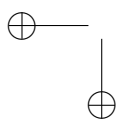


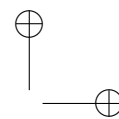
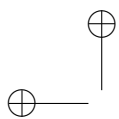
RIVER, STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR

The world is crammed with superior souls,
 Embodying every virtue.
All of them aim at lofty goals,
 And nary a one would hurt you.
All of their ilk are good and kind,
 Magnanimous, noble people,
Who turn the thoughts of the mundane mind
 To the peak of a high church steeple.
Thousands of these exist who are
Honest and bright, and better by far
Than you and I. But the fact remains
That often they give us shooting pains.

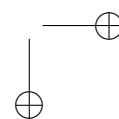
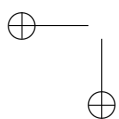
Many's the person I do not
 Hanker to see, although I
Am quick to acknowledge they have got
 Characters pure and snowy.
Many's the mortal I admire
 But do not prefer to be with.
Many's the man whom I aspire
 Not to live in a tree with.
I like so many, and yet it's true
The ones that I want for pals are few –
A half a dozen or so, not more,
To slide with me down my cellar door.

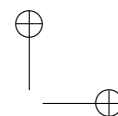
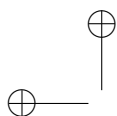
The rest – well, I wish them luck and health
 And flagons of fine old brandy.
I wish them joy and I wish them wealth
 And the best assorted candy.





But what I wish the most to achieve,
And what I persist in hoping,
Is that at length the herd may leave
Me to my misanthroping.
For I am a hermit mean as mud.
My heart was nipped in the well-known bud.
And I want the people I want. And never
The rest, no matter how fine and clever.



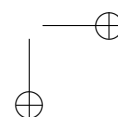
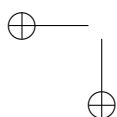


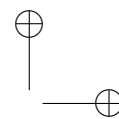
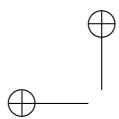
FISH COURSE

Friday, February 8, 1935 – 8:30 P.M.
OUR FACE FROM FISH TO MAN
by Professor William K. Gregory
— *From the lecture schedule of the Explorers Club.*

Professor G., with slides, will dish
Us up a few ancestral fish
To show us how and when the face
Descended on the human race,
Which once was fish, but now is man;
Complete with arms and legs and pan.

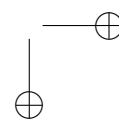
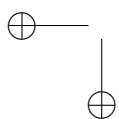
An ichthyologist is he,
Well versed in anthropology
To boot, so maybe he will know
Why God or nature bothered so
To give us beards and shiny noses
While fish still live on beds of roses.

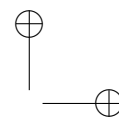
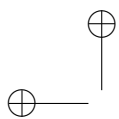




MERCY ON US!

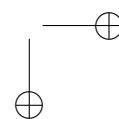
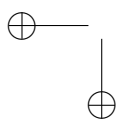
It would be easier for me
To oust you from my harassed mind
And gain my old tranquillity,
If you were also thus inclined.

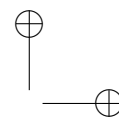
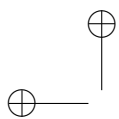




OBJECT LESSON

Poor little naked Christmas trees,
Thrown mercilessly out to freeze!
Their scrawny limbs so bald, so bare,
So shorn of all their recent share
Of glory. Gone their tinsel dress
And shining stars. In bleak distress
They lie abandoned in the street,
Mute evidence that life is sweet
And short, and should be hastily
Savored before eternity
Sets in. For anything's more fun
Than organized oblivion.

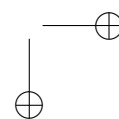
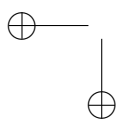


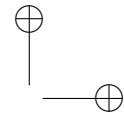
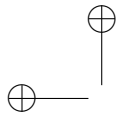


SLOW DOWN ROUNDING CURVE

Occasionally, when I choose
To take it easy, and refuse
Martinis, leopard sweat and rye
Alike, it's really more than I
Can understand that I should be
Coerced so conscientiously.

Why is it that one has to drink?
Why is it that one's hosts should think
It queer these days if guests prefer
A respite? Doesn't it occur
To anyone that no offense
Is meant by harmless abstinence?



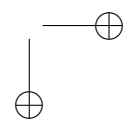
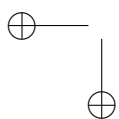


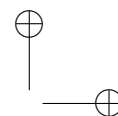
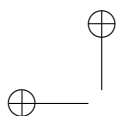
THIRD AVENUE DRIZZLE

The lettuce looks weary,
The cabbages worn,
The parsley is limp,
And the spinach forlorn.

The sloppy old pavement
Has wilted my shoes
So really there isn't
The slightest excuse

For feeling so gay
And lighthearted tonight
Unless it's because
Of the gent on my right.



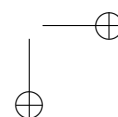
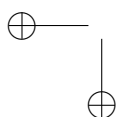


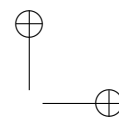
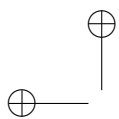
SHOP GIRL'S COMPLAINT

From New Year's to the Twenty-second
Of February there is reckoned
No holiday in which to ease
This set of retail dry-goods knees.

And from the Twenty-second till
The Thirtieth of May there will
No other holiday be brewed
For wormlets of my magnitude.

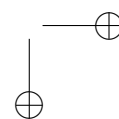
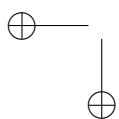
Nor Lincoln nor Saint Patrick can
Prevail. Indeed, the only plan
I've thought of, which would free us weasels,
Would be an orgy of the measles.

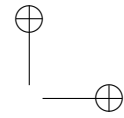
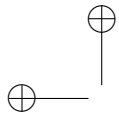




PROTEST ALONG VEGETARIAN LINES

Parsley is too much with us; watercress
Likewise. And may I furthermore confess
A like aversion to the lowly leek,
The parsnip, and the turnip, too. I seek,
But find no reason for reserving places
At dinner, for their tiresome little faces.

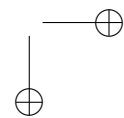
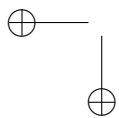


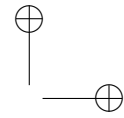
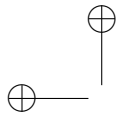


RETORT COURTEOUS

GENTLEMAN, 40, solvent, bored with leisure, will work free —
Public notice in the New York Herald Tribune.

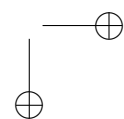
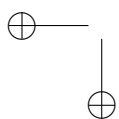
Gentleman, 40, bored with leisure,
Fed to the very gills with pleasure,
Gentleman, solvent, tell me, pray,
What can you do? Make beds? Make hay?
How are you, please, on mops and brooms,
What is your stand on dusty rooms,
Coffee, and bacon? How's your speed
Answering letters? What I need
Most in the world, it seems to me,
Is someone to handle such things free.

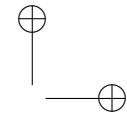
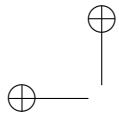




ONE MAN'S FISH

Day in and out she leaves the house
At eight o'clock to drive her spouse
Complete with brief case to his train.
Then back she speeds to ascertain
Whether her three assorted tots
Have wrestled with their apricots
And milk and cereal and eggs.
Then having scrubbed the little yeggs,
She herds them into coats and hats
And drives them off to school. And that's
The breathless calendar which she
Presumes to recommend to me
In place of paper clips and ink.
And now and then I'm prone to think –
Beguiled by rash, romantic dreams –
She's not as nutty as she seems.





FLASHBACK

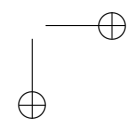
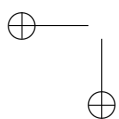
Owing to sentimentality,
Blueberry muffins appeal to me.

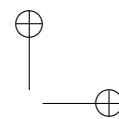
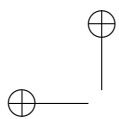
It isn't their taste I like at all.
It's only the summers they recall –

Summers of adolescent ease,
Gingham dresses and scrubby knees.

The muffins repelled me even then,
But holidays and the age of ten

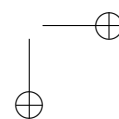
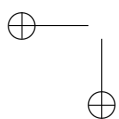
Are very pleasant to munch on now,
So pass me another anyhow.

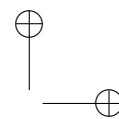
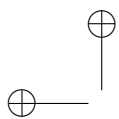




I STAND CORRECTED

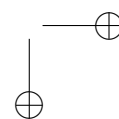
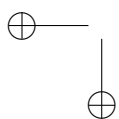
When I was happy in my youth
I laid my state of mind to love,
But now, to tell the dismal truth,
I see I didn't know whereof
I spoke. For I have lately found –
With great dissatisfaction – that
Though love can make the world go round,
It often makes the world go flat.

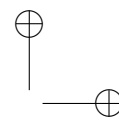
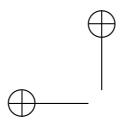




ADVANCE NOTICE

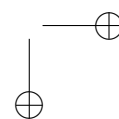
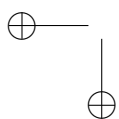
It isn't dark. It isn't light.
It isn't day. It isn't night.
It's five o'clock, and I am through
With work, and still the sky is blue –
A rather solemn indigo
Perhaps, but in a month or so
It may be light enough for me
To see a possibility
Of spring; and even take some stock
In sunshine after five o'clock.

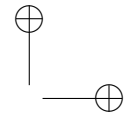
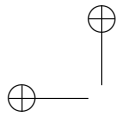




SAD DEMISE OF THE LAW OF AVERAGES

Whenever I go
 To the theatre I find
That I am ensconced
 In a seat just behind
A head that approaches
 The Paramount globe
In magnitude. Truly
 The patience of Job
Would never endure
 So depressing a score.
I might just as well
 Be asleep on the floor.

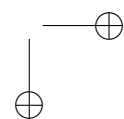
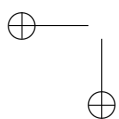


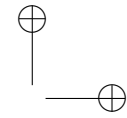
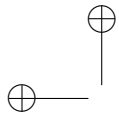


PARADISE PURSUED

(With apologies to Mr. Milton.)

With thee conversing I forget
Whether the weather's dry or wet.
Sweet is the rain, likewise the sun,
Everything in the world is fun.
Weariness leaves my dynamo,
Worries disintegrate like snow,
Ambition ceases, peace descends,
My spine unknots and joy attends
Each moment in your company,
Which should explain my urge to be
Near you, my darling, just as often
As I can make your old heart soften.

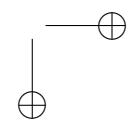
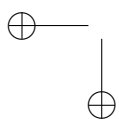


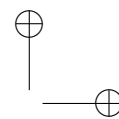
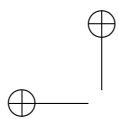


**TO A GRASSHOPPER
IN A VICE-PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

Look here, young fellow, have you no
Respect for station? Are you so
Abandoned that you cannot see
These walls expect humility
With genuflections? Furthermore,
How hopped you to this fourteenth floor?

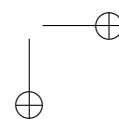
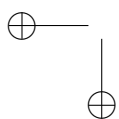
Such reckless monkey business stumps
Me. Why these Brobdingnagian jumps
Here in our urban midst? Does not
The country seem a likelier spot
For executing échappés
Like these? Oh, insect, change your ways, –
Go seek some kindlier, greener nook
Where you may leap before you look.

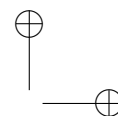
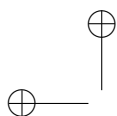




TRIOLET IN THE LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Outside a cotton batting cloud
Sails impudently through the sky.
The air is clear. The sun is proud.
Outside a cotton batting cloud
Turns up its nose at all this loud
Neurotic retail hue and cry.
Outside a cotton batting cloud
Sails impudently through the sky.



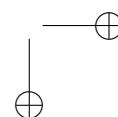
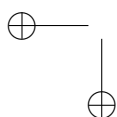


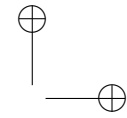
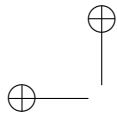
EASY COME, EASY GO

I grow increasingly suspicious
Of aspirations, fine or vicious.
So nimbly do they disappear
What seemed desirable last year
Is wholly insignificant
Today, when I am prone to pant
In feverish excitement over
Some new or distant field of clover.

In youth I yearned to be Pavlowa,
One year, I hankered for Samoa,
Again, I loved the violin
And punished it beneath my chin
For hours each day. Now all of that
Excites me less than last year's hat.
My prejudices and my passions
Are shorter-lived than last year's fashions.

Which ought to help me to remember
That though I've loved you since November,
It's now, astonishingly, June,
And consequently I should soon
Evolve some brand-new heart's desire
That would expose this current fire
As just another false alarm
Which augurs neither good nor harm.





IDYLLS OF THE ZOO

Rapid Transit

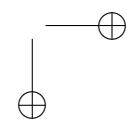
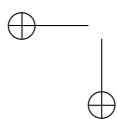
The camel's plush reminds me that
I never gave my knitted hat
And bouclé dress their intravenous
Moth ball injections. And between us
I'm very much afraid that spring
Will find my wardrobe on the wing.

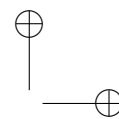
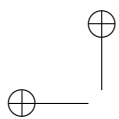
On His Gun Metal

I wish my wing chair grew its own
Upholstery, like yonder deer,
So uninhibitedly prone,
Yet so enormously austere.

Lines on the Zebra

The zebra's fanciful design
Puts your façade and likewise mine
Completely in the shade. . . . Indeed,
Even those indices of greed
That trace the daily rise and fall
Of stocks and bonds – *their* lines are all
Quite uninspired compared to those
That canter from the zebra's nose
To points north, south, and east, as well
As west. . . . The neatest villanelle
Extant is also at a loss

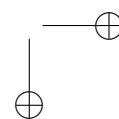
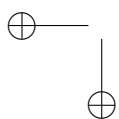


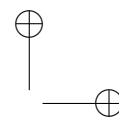
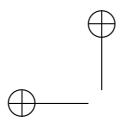


For lines to make the zebra toss
And turn with envy. Take a look
Next time you pass the zebra's nook
Behind the monkey house, and you
Will venerate his pattern, too.

Overstuffed

The hippopotamus could be
A useful beast, it seems to me,
With ash trays fore and aft. Oh, I've an
Idea he'd make a lovely divan.

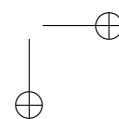
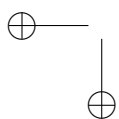


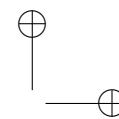
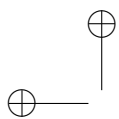


HANDS OFF, THE FLAG IS PASSING BY

I'd like to know why men are prone
To think that they, and they alone
Can handle such delightful things
As tricky locks and broken springs.

It seems preposterous that we
Women must all pretend to be
Inept and helpless. Why, I wonder,
Is female competence a blunder?

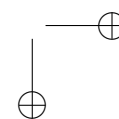
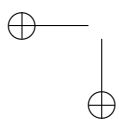


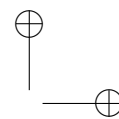
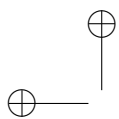


APARTMENT MULES

Below, the buses screech and rattle,
While taxis furiously battle
To beat the lights. Yet none of these
Is any pestilence of fleas
Compared to that procession of
Brisk mules residing just above.

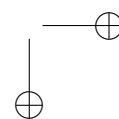
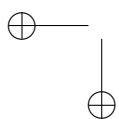
They whip about like high-heeled mice,
Their canter captious, yet precise,
Now here, now there, in nervous leaps,
Until my system gets the creeps,
Wondering how the prey below
Endures my mules when on the go.

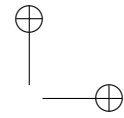
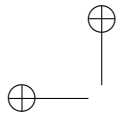




I TAKE 'EM AND LIKE 'EM

I'm fonder of carats than carrots,
And orchids are nicer than beans,
But life in a series of garrets
Has made me receptive to greens.





THANK YOU FOR NOTHING

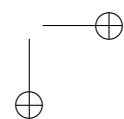
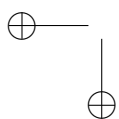
The sun would never seem so bright
Again, if God abolished night;

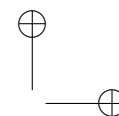
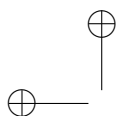
Nor could one fully savor spring
If there were constant burgeoning;

And pheasant, served at every meal,
Would cease to make the senses reel;

While sleep is loveliest to him
Who knows insomnia is grim.

By tokens such as these I take it
My heart is richer if you break it.





CHANT

ON SEEING SO-CALLED FRIENDS DEPART FOR POINTS NORTH
AND SOUTH WHILE MY HOURS CONTINUE FROM NINE TO FIVE

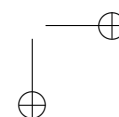
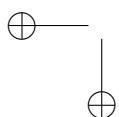
Off to Miami
Up to Quebec
I stay behind
Up to the neck

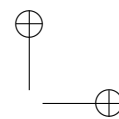
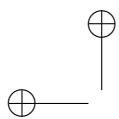
Up to the neck
Hours on end
Never a single
Penny to spend

Penny to spend
Traveling where
There's a complete
Lungful of air

Lungful of air
Tasty and fresh
Never for me
Caught in life's mesh

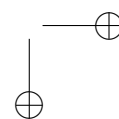
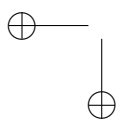
Caught in life's mesh
Always a slave
No rest in sight
Short of the grave

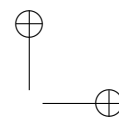
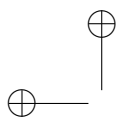




TRUST FUND

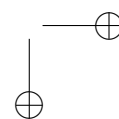
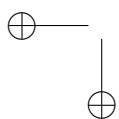
Forgive me, but that peaked star
 Trembling above the restless sea,
Is more reliable by far
 Than you, my love, in making me
Happy. The steely dune grass, too,
 Glistening in the wintry sun,
Is stauncher, kindlier, too, than you,
 And more to be relied upon.

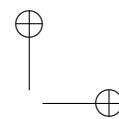
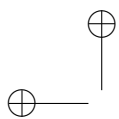




THURSDAY THOUGHT

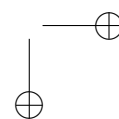
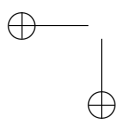
When I go out to lunch at one,
Aware that I must eat, and run
Back to the desk from whence I sprang,
The moodiest orang-outang
Alive is sweet compared to me.
For every time I'm forced to see
Coveys of females on their way
To view a mid-week matinée,
My inclination is to tear
Them limb from limb and hair from hair.

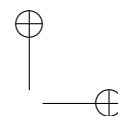
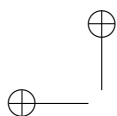




OLD MAN RIVETER

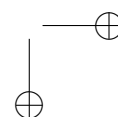
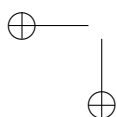
Start in the morning at half-past eight.
Hurry! The neighbors can hardly wait.
Pick at your holes with a raucous drill.
Pluck at the pitiful asphale till
All Fifth Avenue starts to give
And falls apart like a rusty sieve.

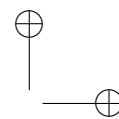
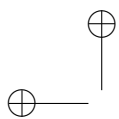




BIRDS OF A FEATHER

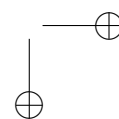
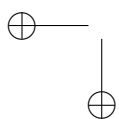
Enthusiasms which are quite
Worldly and juvenile delight
Me when I view them in my friends.
Like unexpected dividends,
They warm the cockles of my heart. . . .
I love to watch a comrade's start
Of pleasure when he sees that there
Is corned beef on the bill of fare.
I like to hear his snorts of glee
At Mickey Mousian fantasy.
I love his fierce insistence that
I bow and scrape and doff my hat
At Joe Cook's every antic. It
Amuses me that we must sit
Through miles of movies for a touch
Of Mr. Fields – to whom I'm much
Attached myself. Which may be why
I look with sympathetic eye
On that enthusiasm. Come
To think of it, I'll own to some
Weakness for Mickey Mouse myself
And corned beef on the pantry shelf,
While as for Cook, each time I view him
I grow still more devoted to him.

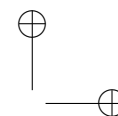
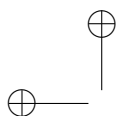




NOTHING VENTURED

He who weds for love may find
The tender passion disinclined
To last; while he who leaps without it
Will never have to fret about it.

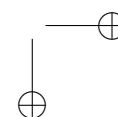
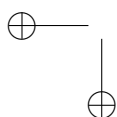


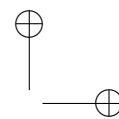
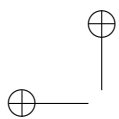


ATTENTION: BUREAU OF ADJUSTMENTS

As part of the backbone of our nation
I'd like to emerge from my humble station
And say quite candidly I'd admire
To leave the vertebrate class and hire
Out as a butterfly in good standing,
With breakfast in bed and a way of landing
Plush chaise-longues, in the movie manner,
And sable coats and a grand pianner.

I crave both money and time to burn, -
And clothes which I didn't have to earn.
I long for a permanent bed of roses,
Fraught with elegant quelque-choses.
I yearn to be bored for once by leisure,
I lust for a life consigned to pleasure,
With all the world distinctly pliable,
For I'm sick and tired of being reliable.

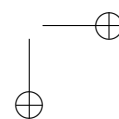
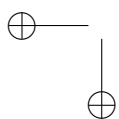


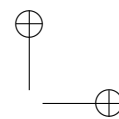
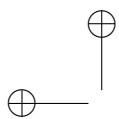


SUMMING UP

“I do not know what Mr. Darrow is trying to say. . . . It sounds like a proposal to have white blackbirds, flying cats, and whales that walk.” — *Walter Lippmann on the Darrow Report on the NRA.*

Snowy blackbirds, flying cats,
Whales that walk, and feathered rats,
Mewing dogs, and barking birds,
Lowing doves, and cooing herds,
Walter Lippmann boop-a-dooping,
Helen Kane consigned to snooping
In the field of politics. . . .
There would be a bag of tricks.

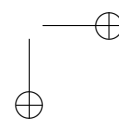
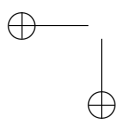


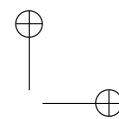
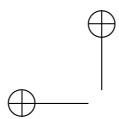


TRY, TRY AGAIN

Ten hours of sleep and I remark
The future seems no longer dark.
Add coffee, toast, a pair of eggs,
And I've a brand-new set of legs,
A tranquil heart, an eager eye,
My spirits and my head are high.

The moral is, it's far from bright
To waste the wee small hours of night
In roistering, when one must pay
With spiritual blight next day.
But still I hope, as many do,
To eat my cake and have it too.





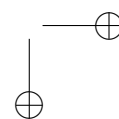
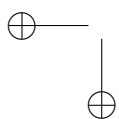
THE GOOD COMPANIONS

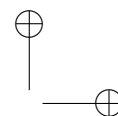
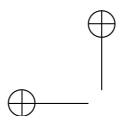
An English Stilton soaked in wine
Is strong and beautiful and fine.

I also like a doubleheader
Composed of Worcestershire and Cheddar,

And though I could not eat one whole, a
Fragment's nice of Gorgonzola,

While Camembert, when soft and runny,
Is clearly worth its weight in money.



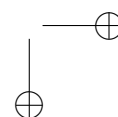
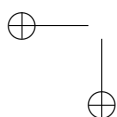


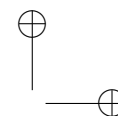
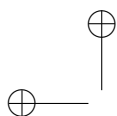
A FAREWELL TO WINDBAGS

I'd rather be a hellion than a martyr,
I'd rather be a harpy than a saint,
I'd rather be a teapot tempest starter,
Than operate with obvious restraint.

Nobility in large and steady doses
Is hard for either friend or foe to take,
And spiritual thumbing of the nose is
The sort of thing that follows in its wake.

So darling, you need never doubt caresses
Or smiles or pleasantries that get their start
In this devoted sector. My addresses,
Such as they are, I mean with all my heart.



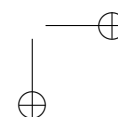
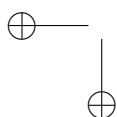


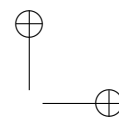
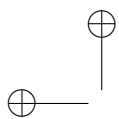
**“WHERE DO YOU KEEP
YOUR SECURITIES
AND OTHER VALUABLES?”**

*From a leaflet issued by The Guaranty Trust Company of
New York*

I keep my rubber plant upon
The radiator in the sun.
And when I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
I keep my liverwurst and beer
And Camembert and Roquefort here
Inside the ice box, which is not
A foolish or unlikely spot
You must admit. . . . My wanton wiles,
My nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as they are, I keep on tap
For use when I ascend the lap
Of this, the apple of my eye.
And him I keep as often by
My side as I can get him there. . . .
My teeth, my nails, my health, my hair,
I keep in shape as best I can,
Which seems a reasonable plan.

And though it's possible I've missed
Some items from this modest list
Of valuables with which I'm blest,
You needn't fret about the rest.

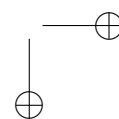
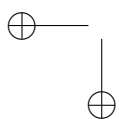


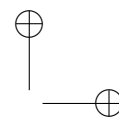
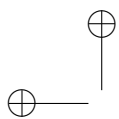


UNREQUITED LOVE ON THE BACK PIAZZA

I bow, I scrape, I doff my hat,
And tenderly revere
The cool and distant alley cat
Who takes his breakfast here.

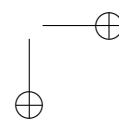
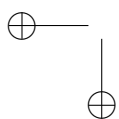
I never yet have seen him make
A gesture of affection.
All mine the give, all his the take,
With not one genuflection.

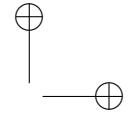
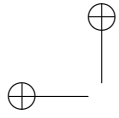




BIRD THOU NEVER WERT

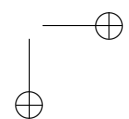
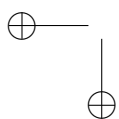
When I go walking down the street
And hear the irritating bleat
Of radios in roadsters, I
Consider seriously my
Attachment for Bermuda where
There is no music in the air
Thanks to the fact that in that port
The horse contrives to hold the fort.

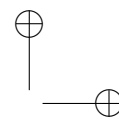
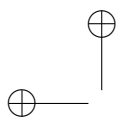




NO SLEEVES ON EVE

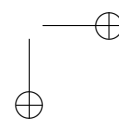
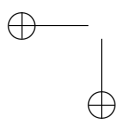
The while I envy Mother Eve
Her gala dress and finished tact,
I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
Although I know it for a fact
That simple-minded girls who do so
Are apt to live the life of Crusoe.

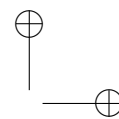
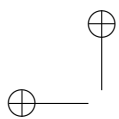




RING OUT, WILD BELL

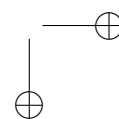
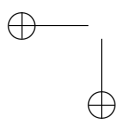
I've learned to let the telephone
Scream out its little heart alone.
I've schooled myself to let it ring
When I am busy skirmishing
With work or play or bed or board.
But some day I shall rip the cord
Out by its roots because I do
Occasionally think it's you
And answer, only to be caught
By some one who stacks up to naught.

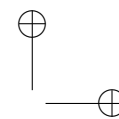
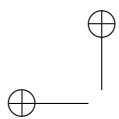




TRIOLET ON A MANHATTAN GARDEN

My garden is a potted plant
That hesitates to bloom at all –
Its attitude is arrogant.
My garden is a potted plant
Whose opportunities are scant
In summer, winter, spring, and fall.
My garden is a potted plant
That hesitates to bloom at all.



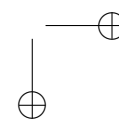
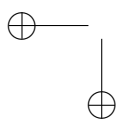


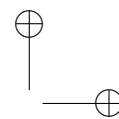
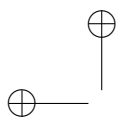
THE DEMON HOST

Dear God, why can't the man relax?
Must he continue thus to tax
His helpless guests' mentalities
With energetic games like these?

A party used to be for fun,
But now a docile guest must run
From bridge to bagatelle, to chess,
Her arches flat with weariness.

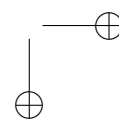
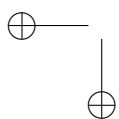
And when I've worked hard all day long,
I can't help thinking he is wrong
Who drives me, in the name of pleasure,
To labor through my hours of leisure.

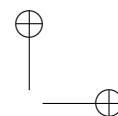
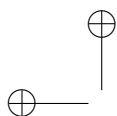




TRIOLET ON THE MATING SEASON

I wish that people would not mix
The carrot with the pea.
To such a union I say Nix.
I wish that people would not mix
Such issues. Culinary tricks
Like that are not for me.
I wish that people would not mix
The carrot with the pea.





THE WORM'S TURN

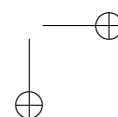
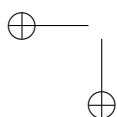
For years I have obliged with gifts
From silver spoons to silken shifts,
From rattles to Bon Voyage candy.
Oh, life for all my friends is dandy.

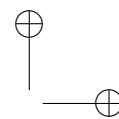
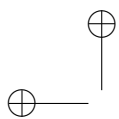
They go abroad, they wed, they spawn.
They have appendicitis on
The slightest provocation, while
I constitute the rank and file.

And now, although I hate to fuss,
It seems to me preposterous
That grubs should never have their day.
It's time things went the other way.

It's time philanthropists like me
Were pensioned off and tenderly
Put out to pasture with a shoal
Of gifts to titillate the soul.

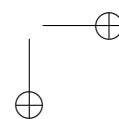
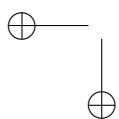
But I'm afraid I'll never find
My good companions of a mind
To see that this new deal begins
On any pretext short of twins.

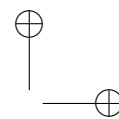
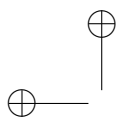




DEMAND AND SUPPLY

I've noticed that the girls who make
The most exorbitant demands
On men, have armies in their wake
And no time on their hands.

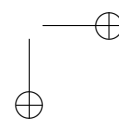
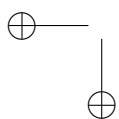


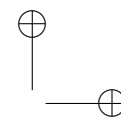
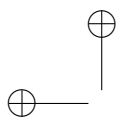


ATTENTION: DOVES

Feeding of Pigeons Is Prohibited Except around Lowell Fountain. — *Sign in Bryant Park.*

Poultry on the grass, alas!
You must starve unless you pass
Over to the flagstones there
Round the Lowell Fountain, where
Local pigeons may be fed,
Tamed, cajoled, and cosseted
By admirers given to
Succoring the bill and coo.

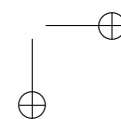
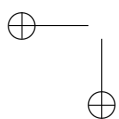


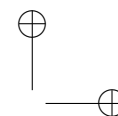
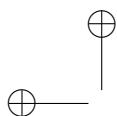


DANGER – MEN WORKING

I must not heed this urge to call
Him up. It wouldn't do at all.
For female interruptions irk
These master intellects at work.

Nor can I even hope that he
Will think of telephoning me
While there is business to be done.
For work is work and fun is fun
And never the twain shall meet.

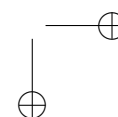
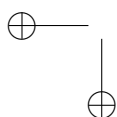


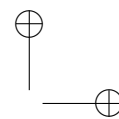
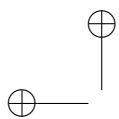


AFTER THE BRAWL IS OVER

Mrs. de Peyster's almost fed
Up to the gills with raincoats.
Mrs. de P. is off her head
With velvets and tweeds and plain coats,
With tennis rackets, and bathing shoes,
Pajama bottoms and sweaters.
Mrs. de Peyster's tracing clues,
And writing a raft of letters: –
“Bill, my dear, did you leave your pants?”
“Kate, I wonder, by any chance,
Have I gloves that belong to you,
And maybe a set of golf clubs too?”

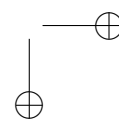
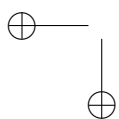
Mrs. de Peyster's tired of guests
Who dribble their traps behind them,
Vandals who leave suburban nests
Never the way they find them.
Mrs. de Peyster's maids are mad,
Hunting for string and boxes.
Gone is the friendly glow they had
For lambs who have turned out foxes.
They jerk their paper, they yank their twine.
They bare their fangs; and their blood is brine,
As they wrap and address the odds and ends
Left by Mrs. de Peyster's friends.

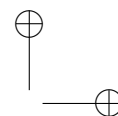
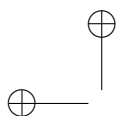




ON A SPRING COAT IN THE LATE FALL

A steamer chair, a coat, a grip,
A simple transatlantic ship
Upon a super-sapphire sea
And, in perspective, Italy;
With glowing wines to cheer the heart
While southern sunshine does its part
To thaw a frozen northern soul!
Such thoughts disturb my self-control
As, gulping coffee, out I rush
To join the morning subway crush.





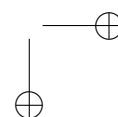
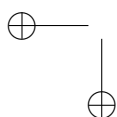
PAGING MISTER FOX!

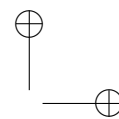
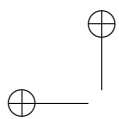
“Silver Fox Made to Sell for \$95.” — From a department store advertisement.

This silver fox was made to sell
For five and ninety dollars!
Did God’s assistant angels tell
The man who made the collars?

Or did each fox with furrowed brow
Announce the facts concerning
His raison d’être? I wonder how
He felt about his earning

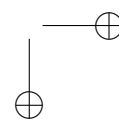
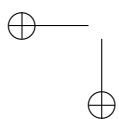
Capacity. Did he object
To tail and retail fusing,
I wonder. Or did he elect
To think his fate amusing?

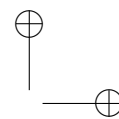
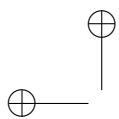




ON MY TOES

I'm the pronunciation snob who knows
How to cope with the Ballet Jooss.
Nor does the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe
Stagger me as it may do youse.

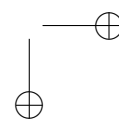
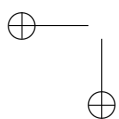


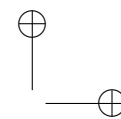
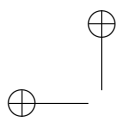


TO AN EARLY WANDERER

What brings you out at 5 A.M.?
The Empire State's bright diadem?
A heavy heart, an aching head,
That won't subside in a tumbled bed?

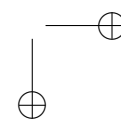
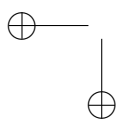
What brings you out, I'd like to know?
Is it to hear the rooster crow
His greetings to the barnyard zoo
In Central Park, as the sky turns blue?

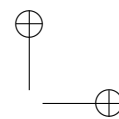
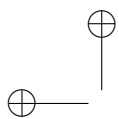




OFFICE VIEW

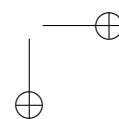
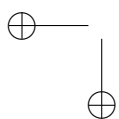
From where I sit
I can descry
A horizontal
Slice of sky
And if I stretch
My neck a bit
I can make out
From where I sit
A brief but valiant
Silver sliver
That is, I wot,
The Hudson River.

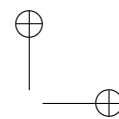
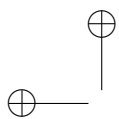




NATURA IN URBE

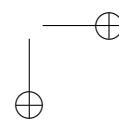
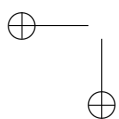
I like my trees complete with railings,
I like my grass encompassed by
Park fences. And my other failings
Include a preference for sky
Well steeple-chased and tower-dissected,
Though rural friends adjudge it droll,
If not inscrutably affected,
To stay in town to till the soul.

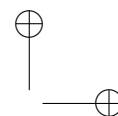
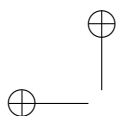




THE TRUTH ABOUT BLADES

Cosmetics help. But love is more
Effective as a beautifier
Than facials, which are quite a bore
And also come a good deal higher.





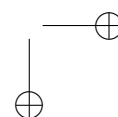
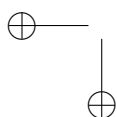
CROPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

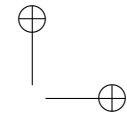
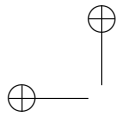
At the Little Church Around the Corner

One day in passing by I note
How graciously the churchyard fills
The city air with fragrance from
Sweet hyacinths and daffodils.

Again, I hasten by and see
That they have vanished overnight,
While in their places daisies sway
And tulips nod with shy delight.

So every day I turn my steps
That way and glance across the fence,
Which gives my morning walk to work
An element of nice suspense.

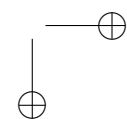
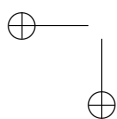


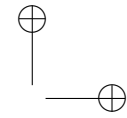
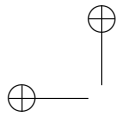


TO A BEE IN A BONNET

Rule 17 from the Proposed Supplemental Code of Fair Competition for the Fly Swatters Manufacturing Industry: – “No member of the Industry shall directly or indirectly exchange, promote, or encourage in any way, the exchange of fly swatters other than those manufactured by him or bought by him for resale.”

How doth the little busy bee
Of regimented Industry
Conceive such stimulating bits
Of prose as this fair morsel? It's
Beyond my comprehension how
So bright a gem is mined. And now
What I impatiently await
Is that illuminating date
When I shall see and duly prize
A Supplemental Code for Flies.





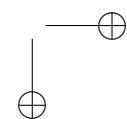
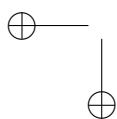
**LINES ON THOSE WHO GET
THEIR CLAUS IN EARLY**

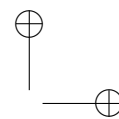
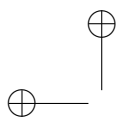
List to the beating of their hearts,
The snapping of their arteries,
As in the eager retail marts
The merchants milk their Christmas trees.

Each year the season's earlier,
And I, a nature-loving dole,
Am troubled lest the pine and fir
Shall lose their grip and start to molt

Before the Twenty-fifth is here.
For how can they survive December
When they were launched on their career
So prematurely, in November?

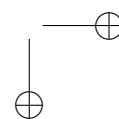
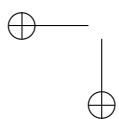
Eventually, I believe,
Our merchants, each an up-and-comer,
Will be promoting Christmas Eve
In the preceding spring and summer.

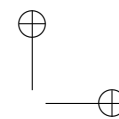
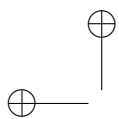




WANTED: ONE CAVE MAN WITH CLUB

Oh, for a man to take me out
And feed me fowl *or* sauerkraut
Without first asking *where* to dine.
If such there be, would he were mine!



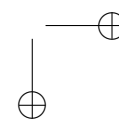
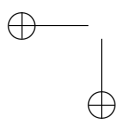


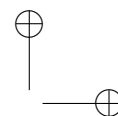
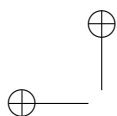
COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS

“Only Hawes originals are sold at 21 East 67th Street.

“Hats custom-made from \$30, ready-made from \$18.50...”

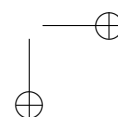
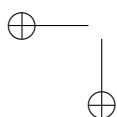
Hats, “ready-made from \$18.50”
Must be, indubitably, nifty.
But I can go to Friendship, Maine,
For fifteen dollars, on the train,
And loll beside the ocean where
A hat would just get in my hair.

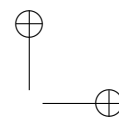
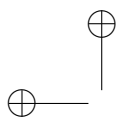




MENIALS ALL

My independence I assert,
My soul I call my own,
Yet frequently I gobble dirt
And take a mildish tone.
In which respect, if I'm to face
The facts, I note a striking
Resemblance to the human race
From Hottentot to Viking.
It matters not how big one grows,
There's always someone bigger,
And though 'twere sweet to thumb the nose
And arrogantly snigger
At stupidity and politics
And ostentatious prattle,
I would be in a pretty fix
If I resolved to battle
And do exactly what I feel
Is fine and large and tasty.
It makes my very senses reel
To ponder on so hasty
A program. For with rent to pay,
And clothes, and other crises
To settle, there can be no day
Without its compromises.





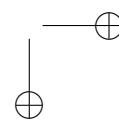
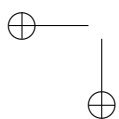
ABRACADABRA

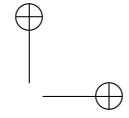
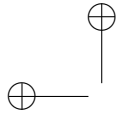
Look on me with favor, sweet,
And you'll have me at your feet.

Turn the other way, and you'll
Find me every bit as cool.

Here's the secret of my peace:
I can love, and I can cease

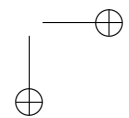
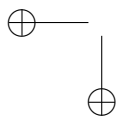
Loving, too, if I am not
Noticed, darling, quite a lot.

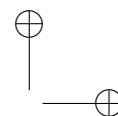
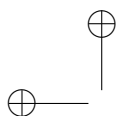




HIS NIBS THE CAT

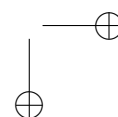
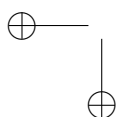
He dines on squabs and sparrows' wings
And sneers contemptuously when
We offer less Lucullian things.
For milk he's not the slightest yen;
Considering it so much pap,
He turns upon his velvet heel
And arrogantly sets his cap
For some more rare and savory meal.

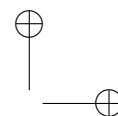
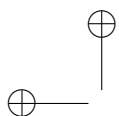




IN EXTREMIS

It wouldn't be so bad if he
Confined himself to boring me,
But I have found his manner so
Intensely deadening that, though
I try with all my might and main
To keep a grip upon what brain
I have, his subtle anæsthesia –
As heavy as the scent of freesia –
Pervades the atmosphere, and I
Not only bore him, too, but, by
The gods, I bore myself as well.
And that is nothing short of hell.



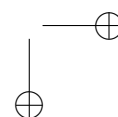
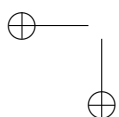


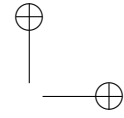
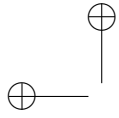
FLORA GOES HAYWIRE

After Reading a Nursery-man's Folder

E. G. Hill is a scarlet rose;
Frau Karl Drushki matures in June;
Max Krause lingers when summer goes;
Rubra's a tree and not a tune.

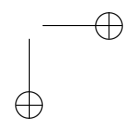
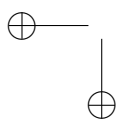
Mrs. Rowena Thom is pink;
And don't forget, as your garden's plotted,
If you want blooms as quick as a wink,
The Countess Vandal is Fertil-Potted.

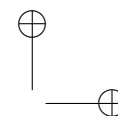
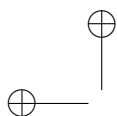




MATRIMONY, AMERICAN STYLE

She is a genius at making
Her husband feel that he is breaking
Her tender, loving little heart.
Consistently she plays the part
Of martyred virtue and devotion.
And I should like to make a motion –
While great compassion fills my breast
On viewing their embattled nest –
That he, though baffled and remorseful,
Be less downtrodden, more resourceful,
And cease apologizing when
He's innocence itself. And then,
Should she persist in inundating
The wretch in furtive tears, and baiting
Him periodically with
That noble smile, and stubborn myth
Of searing spiritual bruises,
He ought, with suitable excuses,
To clip her smartly on the ear
In hope of just one honest tear.

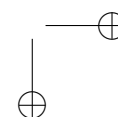
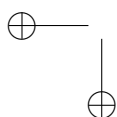


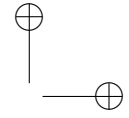
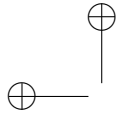


SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

Article 11, Section 1 of the Supplemental Code of Fair Competition for the Hog Ring and Ringer Manufacturing Industry:
– “The term *Hog Ring and Ringer Manufacturing Industry* is defined to mean the manufacture for sale of Hog Rings and Ringers.”

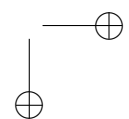
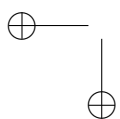
I envy Johnson, Hughie S.
He meets such interesting codes.
The ones I've seen make me confess
An appetite for more, that goads
Me on to petty thievery
In office files which don't concern
My work as far as I can see.
And yet of course, one lives to learn.

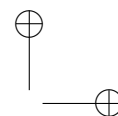
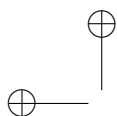




TO A BABY ONE DAY OLD

It seems a sweet absurdity
To call so small a morsel "he."

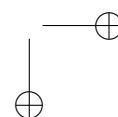
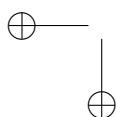


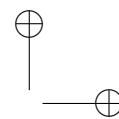
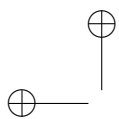


GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS?

Real estate will soar, they say,
If inflation has its day.
“Buy a little farm and cow,
Put your shoulder to the plough,
Dig yourself a modest furrow,
Have yourself a place to burrow
Into, so that you may live,
When your bank becomes a sieve.”

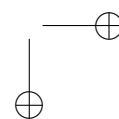
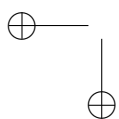
That’s the sort of free advice
I’ve been offered once or twice.
But since I do not admire
Rural life, I must acquire
Acreage in Central Park,
Or be satisfied to mark
Time, until the currency
Gains some real authority.

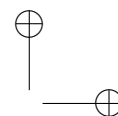
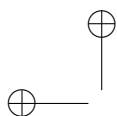




THE SPIRITUAL TYPE

I cannot steal. I cannot lie.
Indeed, my sins amount to naught,
Though candidly, the reason why
Is, I'm afraid of getting caught.

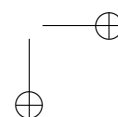
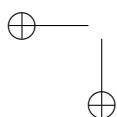


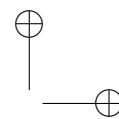
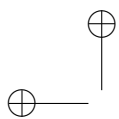


IT'S A LONG WORM THAT HAS NO TURNING

When pals from distant parts suggest
A week-end visit in my nest,
I shudder, having watched a neighbor
Resort at length to manual labor,
When tact and cunning failed to send
His too appreciative friend
Back to the soil from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unwanted, and unsung.

In March he asked if he could stay
The night. And he was there till May,
Despite the fact that he is one
Of those who claim Manhattan's fun
For brief sojourns, but not for living. . .
We Gothamites can be forgiving
Of graft and waste and social evil,
But how we hate the human weevil!

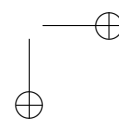
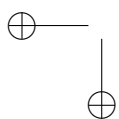


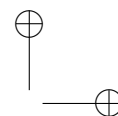
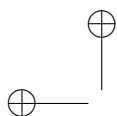


**WICKED THOUGHTS
OF A MIDWEEK MORNING**

A pickle by the name of Dill,
 Flanked by a pair of hard boiled eggs
To crack against a rock, would thrill
 This rebel heart straight to the dregs.

A set of sandwiches complete,
 With mustard and a spot of rye,
Would taste incomparably sweet
 Beneath a stretch of rural sky.



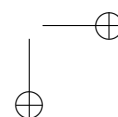
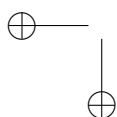


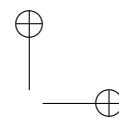
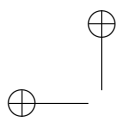
SUMMER DAZE

Born beneath a lucky star,
I thank whatever gods there are,
For blessings which are mine – to wit:
The fact that I delight to sit
At home, while others rush for boats,
Bowed down by hats and shoes and coats.

I needn't pack a single bag,
Nor dumbly leap from crag to crag,
Nor lurch from Cannes to Unterach,
Nor view the native heath of Bach,
Nor change my dollars into francs
At condescending foreign banks,
Nor wonder if the table water
Will rob my mother of her daughter.

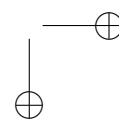
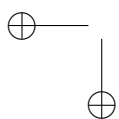
Of course, I ought to add, it would
Be honest of me if I should
Confess I'd glory in Peru,
Or Zanzibar or Timbuctoo,
Or any place, if taken by
The apple of my dotting eye.
But while *he* lingers in Manhattan,
I'll stay, and think it so much satin.

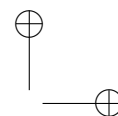
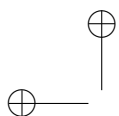




HIGH TIED

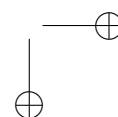
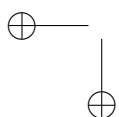
Where *is* the Goodyear blimpkin's nest?
Has he no home, no place to rest?
Each time I lift my pitying eyes
Up to peruse the local skies,
His stomach's gleaming in the sun
As usual. Likely it is fun
To loll about the city, but
He's getting in a frightful rut.

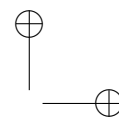
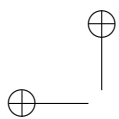




THE STATIC QUO

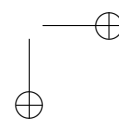
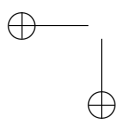
I find it very far from easy
To learn what AC means, or DC.
This radio would work, while that,
You say, would languish in my flat,
Unless assisted by a good
“Converter,” which I’m certain would
But complicate the split-pea fog
Already threatening to bog
My limited cerebrum down.
I think perhaps, before I drown
In wave lengths, I shall quickly go
To points remote from radio –
If such there be – and mark them well
While you your minstrel raptures swell.

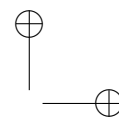
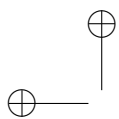




FIRE BALL

I am a poor but honest clerk,
And daily to my stint I scuff,
Either feeling too good to work,
Or else not nearly good enough.

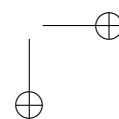
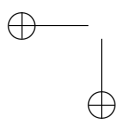


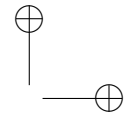
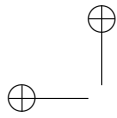


TRAVEL

If I could select from earth's lavish array
Whatever I wanted of all her display,
My choice this particular moment would be
A sail on the Mediterranean Sea.

At present, however, my travels are very
Long rides on the subway, the El, and the ferry.



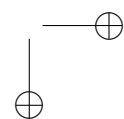
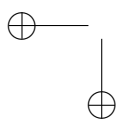


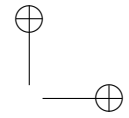
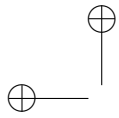
**REPLY TO AN INVITATION
TO COME TO TEA AND
SEE THE BABY BEDDED DOWN**

Thank you for offering to share
Your pride and joy, your son and heir,
With one whose life does not include
The highly spiritual food
Available to those who rear
A child from its initial year.

Although I may be, on the whole,
Exceptionally short of soul,
Unmitigated infancy,
As such, does not appeal to me.
I have no deep conviction that
Association with a brat
(No matter how absurdly small)
Improves the character at all.
Nor do I think that little ones
Mix well with tea and toast and buns.

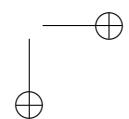
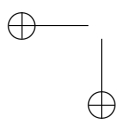
A baby's place is in his bed –
Not drooling 'round a grown-up's head,
Nor grabbing at a sugar bowl,
Nor squawking for a buttered roll.
The fact that he can walk does not
Astound or thrill me. Many a tot
Has done the same all in good time.
I do not yearn to watch him climb

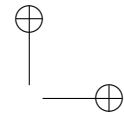
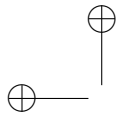




Nor view his one incipient tooth.
Indeed, my friend, the horrid truth
Is this: I simply do not like
One thing about your little tike.

Why should I, just because he's small,
Salaam and smirk and coo and crawl?
Why should I, just because of size,
Consider him a noble prize?
Forgive me, but I choose my friends
For other reasons, other ends,
For subtler charms along the lines
Of fun or love or monkeyshines,
Or conversational astuteness,
And not for pure and simple cuteness.



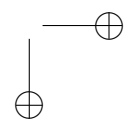
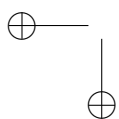


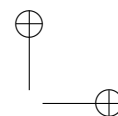
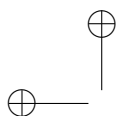
MAN ABOUT TOWN, PERHAPS?

“He’ll be a perfect panorama in silk pajamas.” — *Sign in an Altman window.*

A panorama, I should think,
Would make a lady stop and think –
And hesitate. A panorama
Implies, of course, a dash of drama,
And yet (though I may well be crazy)
I feel it lacks in intimacy.

Does panorama in this sense
Mean high and wide and handsome gents?
Does panorama mean, perhaps,
Those blithe but undeserving chaps,
Who lurk about the city to
Ensnare the likes of me and you?





AVERSE TO VALLÉE

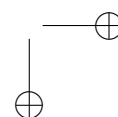
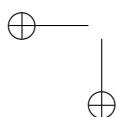
Am I too young
Or else too old
And tough, that he
Should leave me cold?

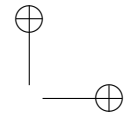
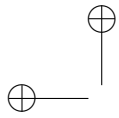
Is it the sort
Of life I lead?
I blame myself,
I do indeed

That I should un-
arous-ed sit
And be immune
To Rudy's *it*...

That I should be
Depriv-ed of
The pangs of un-
requited love.

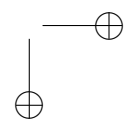
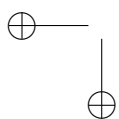
It baffles me,
But person-ally
I do not care
For Rudy Vallée.

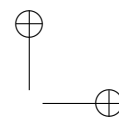
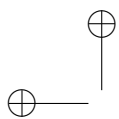




INSIDE DOPE

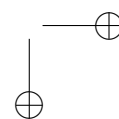
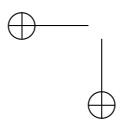
Why is it that no woman can
Approach the finished skill of man
In dealing with the demon rum
And kindred pandemonium?
No female lives but makes a botch
Of rye or Bacardi or Scotch,
The minute she attempts to make
A cocktail. Each is a mistake,
A waste, a travesty, a sin.
Vermouth as well, and likewise gin
Are ruined with compelling ease.
I know, for my depravities
Have run the gamut of them all,
And ravaged quarts of alcohol.

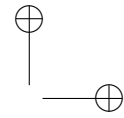
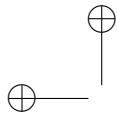




GO LOVELY ROSE

The rosebush sales are under way
And ramblers, rooted well in sod,
Will be available till May
At local stores in league with God.

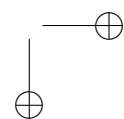
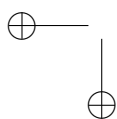


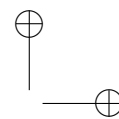
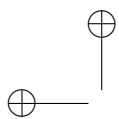


QUEEN OF THE MAYHEM

Would that my love would grow a wen
Or wart on his comely forehead,
To change the man from a prince of men
To somebody mildly horrid.
Would that my sweet would rage and snap
And sulk in a manner hateful,
Instead of being a lovely chap,
Affectionate, gay, and grateful.
For then perhaps I might cease to be
So eaten up with the itch to see
This *rara avis*, by night and day,
As is my current greedy way.

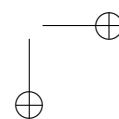
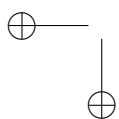
Would that my love would rob the poor,
Or trip an innocent cripple,
Behave in short like a grade-A boor,
Guzzle and curse and tipple.
Would that I could contrive to find
Something ratty about him,
A trait so mean that I'd be inclined
To shuffle along without him.
But no. He's a thorough sugar bun,
Perfect in every respect but one,
To wit – the brute is as nice, you see,
To everyone else, as he is to me.

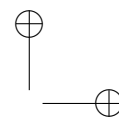
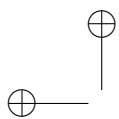




ASSOCIATED PRESS AGENTS

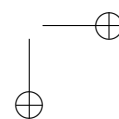
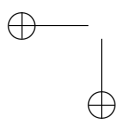
I note a reassuring group
Of infant weeds about my stoop,
And in the air, a siren touch
Of warmth. It's true it isn't much,
All told, yet I'm prepared to state
That spring is just outside the gate.

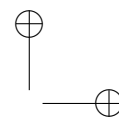
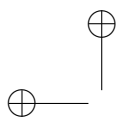




IN MEMORIAM

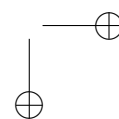
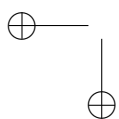
Ice cubes seem very dull to me,
For I prefer variety
And personally do deplore
The fact that icepicks are no more.

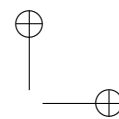
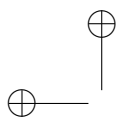




ELYSIAN FIELDS

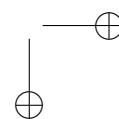
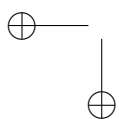
Of all the actors I have seen
Upon the stage or on the screen –
Of all the Thespians extant
For whom I am disposed to pant
With admiration, he who yields
Me most delight, is Mr. Fields.

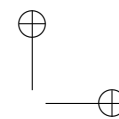
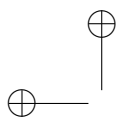




TRIOLET ON A RE-EMERGING SKYLINE

My heart leaps up when I behold
Manhattan in the sky.
On Gotham I'm completely sold, –
My heart leaps up when I behold
Her spires of chromium and gold.
But darling, that's not why
My heart leaps up when I behold
Manhattan in the sky.



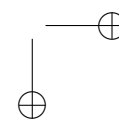
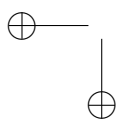


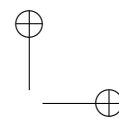
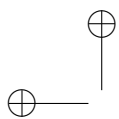
MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM

Why male and female minds are so
Dissimilar I do not know.
Why *they* can keep their heads, and we
Cannot, is more than I can see.

But there it is. *We* fall in love
And never hesitate to shove
All else into the background while
Mankind proceeds in normal style,

Turning love off and on again
As it's convenient. Men are men!
While women, poor and likewise rich,
Are mice or worms, I don't know which.



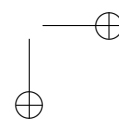
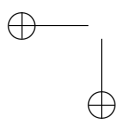


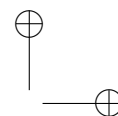
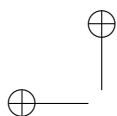
THE PURIST TO HER LOVE

Whatever its function,
Like's not a conjunction.

And if you continue
Committing that sin, you

Will drive me to Reno's
Consoling casinos.





NO PARKING

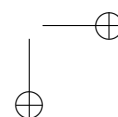
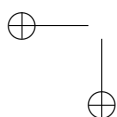
We're always in a hurry,
We subway hangers-on.
We tush about till midnight
From a little after dawn.

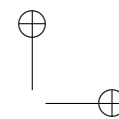
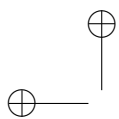
No sleeping in the morning.
No slow, serene shampoo
With finger wave and manicure
At half-past two.

We have no lien on leisure,
We have no time for beauty,
For facials and massage are in-
compatible with duty.

And how we hate the women
Who've time enough for naps,
Who sit at Wednesday matinées
With candy in their laps,

While we must keep on scrambling
To get to work and play,
Though our idea of Heaven
Is to loiter in the hay.



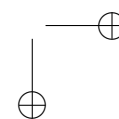
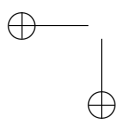


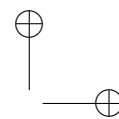
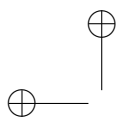
LINES ON STAR GAZING

I like his suits. I like his smile.
I like his cocktails and his face.
I like the cool, astringent style
With which he puts me in my place.

I like his strong, decisive hands,
His shoes, his shirts, his knowing eyes.
But do I dare to make demands
Upon this superhuman prize?

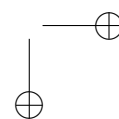
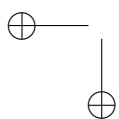
Ah, no. He terrifies me far
Too much to mutter out of turn.
Instead, quite perpendicular
With awe, I simply sit and yearn.

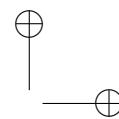
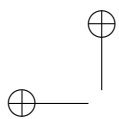




FREE FOR ALL

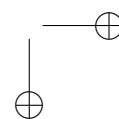
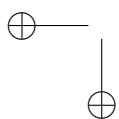
The sunlit sidewalk on the Plaza
Round General Sherman strikes me as a
Particularly lovely thing
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

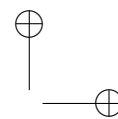
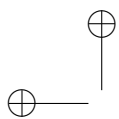




TRIOLET ON A DOWNHILL ROAD

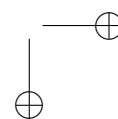
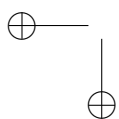
The older I grow
 The meaner I get.
Don't tell *me*. I *know*
The older I grow.
Like peanuts and snow,
 Like gossip and debt,
The older I grow
 The meaner I get

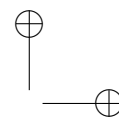
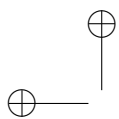




HIGH TIDE IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

The prematurely blooming trees
Are here again, their tinsel stars
Aflame, as merchants strive to please
The dowager, the Man from Mars,
The fat, the thin, the Bronx, the Ritz. . . .
He reaps success, who charms both swells
And peasants. Winnowing his wits,
He garners merchandise that sells,
That he may buy again, and yet
Again. No peace on earth for him
Till Christmas comes. He's in a sweat
Lest he be caught out on a limb
Of his own energetic weaving –
A situation most bereaving.



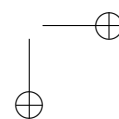
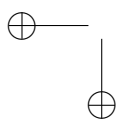


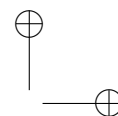
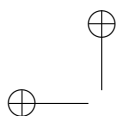
QUOTH THE CRAVEN

Lock the door and throw the key
Away, my friend, thus leaving me
No possibility of flight,
No loophole out into the night.

I want no bridge across your moat.
Your voice, your smile, your table d'hote,
Are all that I could ever ask.
Yet still my spirit bids me mask

My weakness. Still my conscience seeks
Safe-conduct to forbidden peaks,
Basely hoping that in due course
You'll cease to ask and take to force.



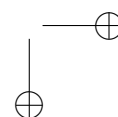
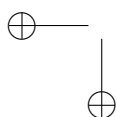


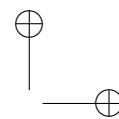
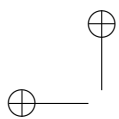
ATTENTION: GENERAL JOHNSON

“Macaroni products shall not be packed for sale in colored wrappers or containers which give the product the appearance of containing more egg-yolk solids than are present in the product.” — *From the Code of Fair Competition for the Macaroni Industry.*

Powder and rouge and vanishing cream
Have painted many a lily.
Powder and rouge are a fine old team,
Designed to enhance the filly.
Eyebrow pencils and lipsticks, too,
Permanent waves, and so on –
Each of these benedictions do
Give us the fuel to go on.
Give us the fuel, the roseate glasses,
Needed to make us spurious lasses
Register youth and health and beauty,
Which is clearly our bounden duty.

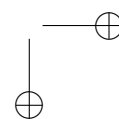
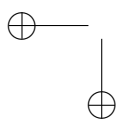
“Colored containers” such as these,
With which we bemuse our suitors,
Are but the fruit of an urge to please
City chaps and commuters.
And everyone’s happier far because
Of art conniving with nature,
So have a care as you bandy laws
About in the legislature.
Have a care as you wage your war
On unfair methods in loft and store.
Have a care as you wield your knife,
And keep your codes out of private life.

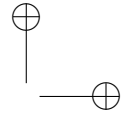
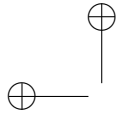




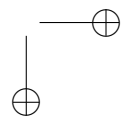
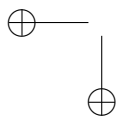
THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET

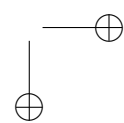
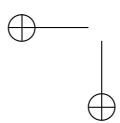
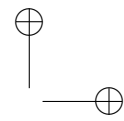
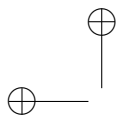
Responding to the current thaw
Induced by nature in the raw,
The bushes have begun to bud,
And spring is here, complete with mud.

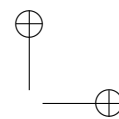
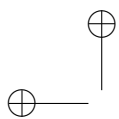




POEMS MADE UP TO TAKE OUT





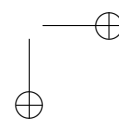
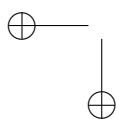


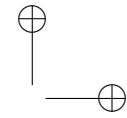
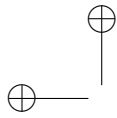
**SPRING DEFINITELY SIGHTED
ON THIRD AVENUE**

Spring comes on tiptoe, so I've heard
A hundred learned poets say.
Accompanied by bud and bird,
She enters with a roundelay.

Although appurtenances such
As those are absent, I'm aware
That Spring is throwing in the clutch,
For hints of her are in the air.

I know, because above the "L"
I heard that cadence which elates
The city dweller, who will tell
You Spring arrives on roller skates.





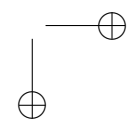
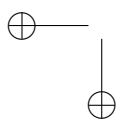
DREAM MEN OF FAIR WOMEN

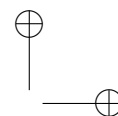
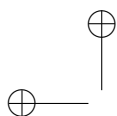
A Lady Sophisticate Leans to Leslie

Ethereal Howard, as wistful and white
As moonbeams on cosmos or snow in the night. . . .
My heart, which is bitter, my soul, which is gall
Are held in a most unaccountable thrall
Whenever I witness the purity which
Envelops his acting. He stifles the witch
And brings out the best in me which is no mean feat
For mortal to manage in time, space, or screen feet.

The Chorus Girl's Matinée Idol

The actor whom I most admire,
Who sets my girlish heart on fire,
Is one whose spirit never fails.
When trouble threatens, in he sails.
He's often down but never out –
Just bobs up for another bout,
With valiant protests, fierce and martial.
Though Fate to him is far from partial,
He takes it on the well known chin
With spunk. He simply won't give in,
Since I admire such fighting pluck,
My Ideal is Donald Duck.





Fields Gets the Matron's Vote

His voice sounds as my husband's does –
Pretentious yet despairing –
The fumbling, rhapsodizing cuss!
Such pompousness is wearing
When every cocksure scheme and act
Proves nobly ineffective.
And yet I love him, for a fact;
I feel so damn protective.

Sweet Sixteen Picks Gary Cooper

He's an admirable actor,
Ornamental too, and funny,
While another thrilling factor
Is: The guy's Got Money!

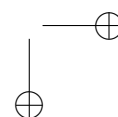
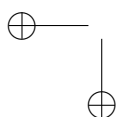
Grandma's Boy

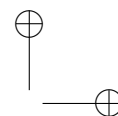
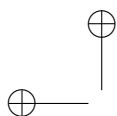
My pet is Fred, the pretty dear –
His every picture is a treat.
Don't you agree it's fun to hear
The patter of his little feet?

His gaiety and grace imbue
My creaking chassis with a share
Of life... No, not Bartholomew!
The Fred I mean is Fred Astaire.

The Cleaning Woman Chooses Charles

He whisks me far away from brooms
And topsy-turvy living rooms
And bathroom floors and kitchen sinks.
In something less than forty winks





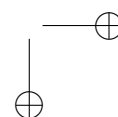
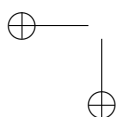
I'm off to strange new lands and ways,
To foreign sights and distant days,
And life grows dangerous and free. . .
Oh, Laughton thrills the likes of me!

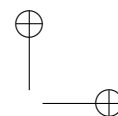
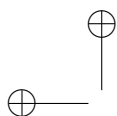
Collegiate Kate Gives Out a Statement

Over-active custard pies
Bore me to the very eyes.

Slapstick *always* left me cold
In my youth. Now that I'm old,
Still I cannot make a fuss
Over what's too obvious.
Suave and subtle comedy –
That is what appeals to me.

Hence I sing, with heart and lung,
Eulogies to Roland Young.





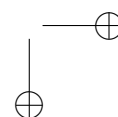
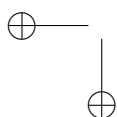
MOTHER OF ALL OUTDOORS

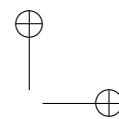
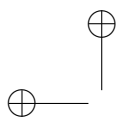
It was Chanel who made the outdoors chic. . . . — *From a perfume adv. in Stage.*

Chanel, who made the outdoors chic,
Pray, don't forget your helper, God,
Who worked six-sevenths of a week
On herb and fowl and sea and sod

And fruit tree yielding fruit whose seed
Was "in itself" (a neat trick, that!)
And beasts and whales (with power to breed)
And day and night with stars as pat

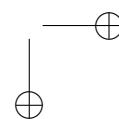
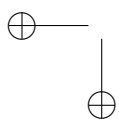
As all outdoors. That first design
Perhaps lacked style, but still I vow
You ought to give a credit line
To God for trying, anyhow.

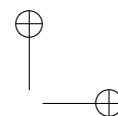
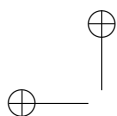




THE HOLD-UP

The undersigned is at a loss
To understand the genus, *boss*,
Or plumb his demon depths when he
Confers at five, instead of three,
And makes us minions late for dinner –
The tough, uncompromising sinner!





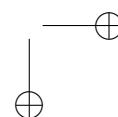
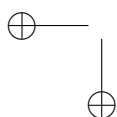
CHEAP AT THE PRICE

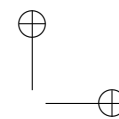
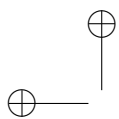
The air is clogged with ancient smoke,
Packed tables swarm against each other,
An expert on the fossil joke
Tells one, and then its older brother.

The show goes on with nudgy song
And dance, unstintingly disbursed
While all the grimly merry throng
Fights hard to slake its precious thirst.

Who are our neighbors here tonight –
Shrill refugees from solitude –
Have they no homes, no place to light,
No rat hole, less completely crude?

The hours trudge on. It's one. It's two.
Come, comrades, bring your wilted collars
Outside. We've seen the evening through,
We six, for only eighty dollars!





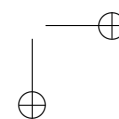
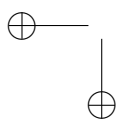
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

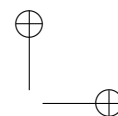
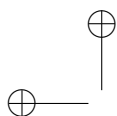
1927

“Goody! Papa’s at the door –
 Raise the flag, he’s home from work!”
Sister, on the nursery floor,
 Practically goes berserk
Trying not to be outdone
 By the bigger children, racing
To begin their evening fun
 With a round of wild embracing.

1937

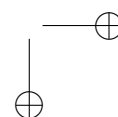
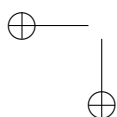
“Hello, kids.” . . . “Ssh, Papa, please
 Wait ’till Uncle Don is through;
Later we will hug your knees,
 Later we will play with you.
Don’t be sorry for yourself,
 Don’t protest that parents counted
Once. . . . Today they’re on the shelf,
 Thanks to Renfrew of the Mounted.”

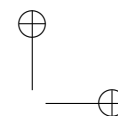
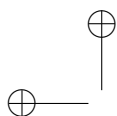




TRIOLET ON PLEASURE BENT

My lipstick tolls the knell of parting day,
I've washed my hands and punched the time
clock's face.
Eight hours of work, and now by God I'll play.
My lipstick tolls the knell of parting day.
Though worn and weary all my vertebrae,
I'll join the lowing herd and spin in space.
My lipstick tolls the knell of parting day,
I've washed mw hands and punched the time
clock's face.

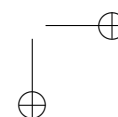
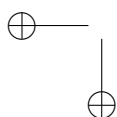


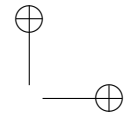
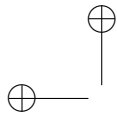


CHACUN À SON GOÛT

Codfish, in itself, has never appealed to the finer instincts of the chef. But set him to dressing it as sole, and his pride is aroused – you will never taste better sole. — *From “Table Talk” in the New York American.*

The cod, per se, does not appeal
To chefs remote from rod and reel,
But in a more patrician role,
Disguised as fashionable sole,
It kindles their artistic fire,
Which angers me, for I admire
The cod direct, and hate their gall
For sneering at the codfish ball.

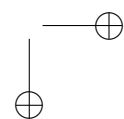
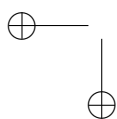


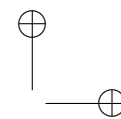
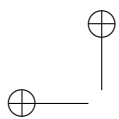


FAREWELL TO DIVANS

Sell me a love seat, if you will,
 Too little, too short for slumber,
For I am a shrew who's had her fill
 Of guests who like to encumber
The living-room for a "night in town" –
 A night that too often stretches
To days, then weeks. Oh, they get me down,
 These bland, presumptuous wretches.
Sell me a love seat flat and short
And hard as a concrete tennis court,
Or I shall resort to the carving knife
To end this type of tenement life.

Take my davenport! Burn the thing!
 And proffer no further symbol
Of felt or kapok or inner spring
 From Macy or Stern or Gimbel.
Give me a couch of brick or cork.
 Banish this bed of roses
That draws these fakers who "hate New York"
 And thumb their sensitive noses
At noise and soot and monoxide gas,
Who sing the praises of sun and grass
And fine fresh air and the life bucolic
As over our urban toes they frolic.

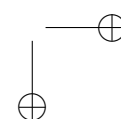
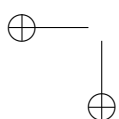


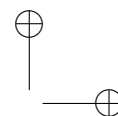
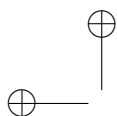


SPRING FEVER

That I should want things which I do
Not need, is lamentably true,
Viz., new spring frocks of silk or tweed,
And costly coats. I do not need
A single garment to deflect
The vernal breezes, or protect
My modesty, yet still I note
The urge to buy a dress and coat.

Ah, naughty parasitic stores,
Your much too hospitable doors
Entice weak women in, who then
Extort the money from their men
To pay for wanton vanity.
I know from scrutinizing me.





NOTES ON MATRIMONY

Marine View

His wash cloth is a humid wad,
His Turkish towels hang out of line,
But do they make me squawk, "Oh, God!" —?
No *ma'am*. They just proclaim he's mine.

Sailor's Snug Harbor

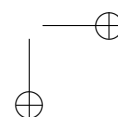
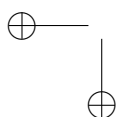
He leaves the cushions in a mess
When disembarking from the sofa.
I plump their bellies and confess
I don't consider him an oaf, a
Loller, or a knave. Instead
My heart gets flutters coursing through it
As I regard his tousled head
And gloat that he is here to do it.

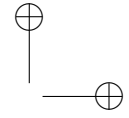
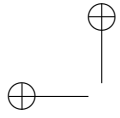
Finders Keepers

The wild, connubial toothpaste cap
Adrift, evokes no frenzied yap
From me. So harmless an erratum
Reminds me only that I've got him.

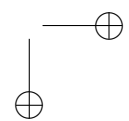
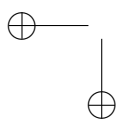
Home Is the Sailor

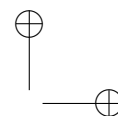
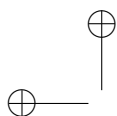
A dozen ash trays, each one with
Its tiny cargo, makes me see
There's truth a-plenty in the myth
That men will use whatever we





Provide, not stick to eight or nine. . .
A restless, roving nature theirs.
Oh, may he always thus confine
His rambles here among the chairs.





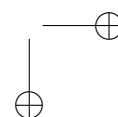
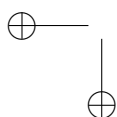
TO HER LADYSHIP

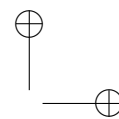
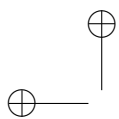
All of these shops are run by clothes experts who have taste and breeding and background. For instance, our sports things are styled by a member of the Piping Rock crowd, who plays tennis at the Women's National, golfs at Pine Valley, skis at Placid, swims at The Creek, and hunts with the Meadow Brook Hounds. — *From a Wanamaker adv. in the Times.*

Member of the Piping Rock
Crowd, you come from dazzling stock!
I salute you from my alley,
Far from Placid and Pine Valley.

Pray relieve my groping mind —
Tell me, Miss, how do you find
Moments from the upper brackets
For those lowly retail jackets?

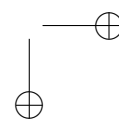
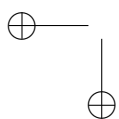
I, too, work, but have not found
Time for meadow, brook, or hound. . . .
And should you suspect I covet
Your estate, *I do*. I'd love it!

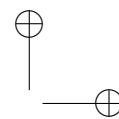
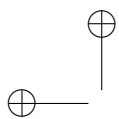




COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

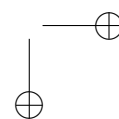
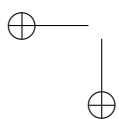
Mrs. Morgan points with pride
To her oft-recurring sinus
Troubles. Headaches high and wide
Leave her temperature at minus
Ninety-seven. Mrs. Smith
Parries with accounts dramatic
Of the years she's suffered with
Root canals and nerves sciatic.
Horrid bores! I'm going to balk.
Neither of the two will let *me*
Give my fascinating talk
On the ailments that upset *me*.

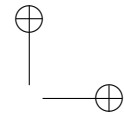
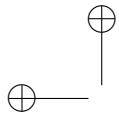




LITTLE ORPHAN OLIVES

Why should the spirit of mortal be cowed?
Why doesn't somebody register loud
Protests at all of our local Martinis?
"Who," we should ask, "are the tight-fisted meanies
Given to giving us only the runts?
Why," we should query, with suitable grunts,
"Always such piteous, woefully small
Olives awash in our alcohol?"



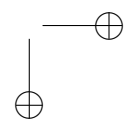
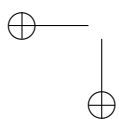


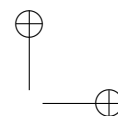
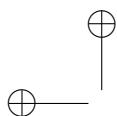
THE SHIRT OFF OUR BACK

Our last maid took size forty-two
And favored uniforms of green.
Her predecessor fancied blue
And was a tall but spare sixteen.

The one who summered with us felt
Her sprightliest in dark maroon.
I hope our next will have a pelt
In tint and magnitude attune

With something now on hand, instead
Of stipulating puce or pearl,
Or we shall have to stay in bed,
Au naturel, to clothe the girl.



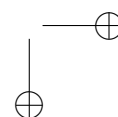
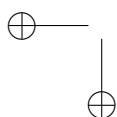


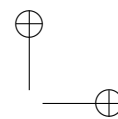
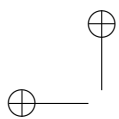
RETURN OF THE NATIVE

After a Pastoral Interlude

New York is so full of a number of freaks
I am sure it will take us a matter of weeks
To even begin to get used to the faces
And manners and moods of the polyglot races
That live in this crowded, preposterous city,
Where everything's noisy and sooty and gritty.

I know it will seem very strange and uncouth
To rush and be rushed in the scenes of our youth.
I know that the nights will be far from seraphic
With stars doused by lights and our ears dimmed by traffic.
I'm also aware that my bosom is burning
With frenzied delight at the thought of returning.



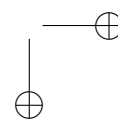
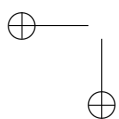


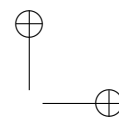
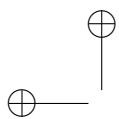
CRESCENDO

After applying a tape measure to thousands Dr. Hrdlicka says that the human nose gets longer and broader, the ears get larger and the mouth wider as a person grows older — *From the New York Herald Tribune.*

How you have grown, my pretty,
How nosy you've become!
Your mouth, like Jersey City,
Is looking large and glum!

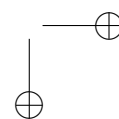
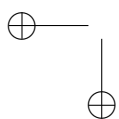
Your ears are quite colossal,
You've changed somehow, I see.
And now, unwieldy fossil,
What do you think of me?

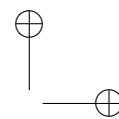
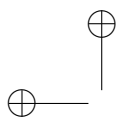




THE SEPTEMBER TREK

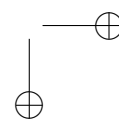
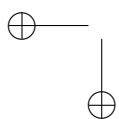
Now this has no kitchen and that has no place
For parties, and this lacks enough closet space.
Just one radiator could never succeed
In warming five rooms; and we certainly need
A bath tub; so let's not waste any more time
On this one. Five flights is too much of a climb –
So on to the next though we cannot know whether
We'll save in the rent what we waste in shoe leather.

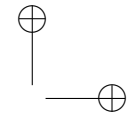
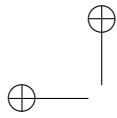




TRIOLET FOR A HUSBAND IN TRANSIT

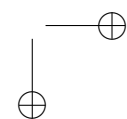
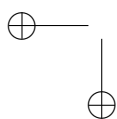
The bathroom is neat as a pin,
 Each towel on its personal rack.
As housekeeper rampant, I grin.
The bathroom is neat as a pin,
But, darling, I miss you like sin,
 Oh, please, King of Chaos, come back.
The bathroom is neat as a pin,
 Each towel on its personal rack.

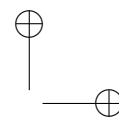
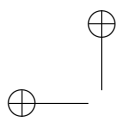




HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

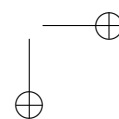
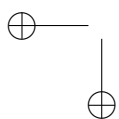
How now! What have we here? Perchance
'Tis Spring, complete with riding pants
And printed frocks and pleated frills
And evanescent daffodils.
In view of which my weary bones
Recoil from Winter's neutral tones,
Seeking relief in Paris greens
And reds, and dizzy crepe de chines,
And bright, contentious aqua blues.
Indeed, with Nature on the loose,
My heart leaps up, and I aspire
To set my Winter clothes on fire,
And garb myself in plumage so
Compelling that my lofty beau,
(A hermit-crab of sorts) will cease
To rest so blatantly in peace,
And yearn instead, with noisy sighs,
To win approval in my eyes. . . .
Ah Spring, if you could wangle that
With the assistance of my hat
And this, my Schiaparelli suit,
I'd buy myself a golden flute
And forge a eulogistic tune
In praise of April, May, and June!

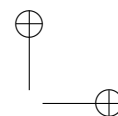
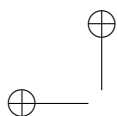




TRAP SHOOTERS

Women who are violent
In speech, in love, in work, in play,
Are apt to have to pay their rent
Themselves, forever and a day.





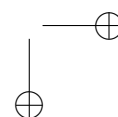
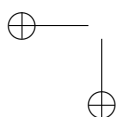
SPRING IN COPYLAND

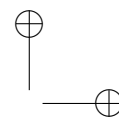
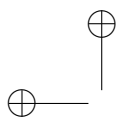
Windows by Wanamaker's give you a new outlook on life, an outlook framed by curtains, chic as a promenade in the Bois. . . . As delicate as drifting mountain mist, our chiffon organdies will give your boudoir the elegance you give yourself.
— *From a Wanamaker advertisement.*

If you cannot promenade
On the fashionable sod
Of the Bois, pray do not grouse,
Simply stay inside your house;
Peering up into the sky
Through a window curtained by
Wanamaker. . . . Don't despair
When you're short of mountain air
Either, since upon the list
Is a retail-dry-goods mist
Made of chiffon organdie
Which you will undoubtedly
Find a splendid substitute,
Yielding elegance to boot.

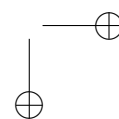
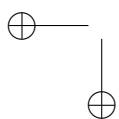
Pound of savage rhythms, prance of pagan feet, strange muted clamor of awakened earth – translated by Saks Fifth Avenue designers into a dissonance of color as flagrant and compelling as the restless passages of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*.
— *From a Saks advertisement.*

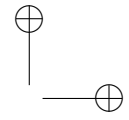
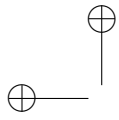
Pound of savage rhythms,
Prance of pagan feet?





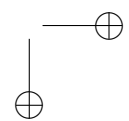
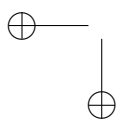
Give me just a hint, please,
From the driver's seat,
Where is fashion heading?
What am I to wear,
I, a simple maiden,
With unpagan hair,
And a soul as tailored
As the navy serge
Suit for which I frankly
Have a printemps urge?

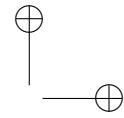
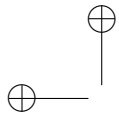




'T WAS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

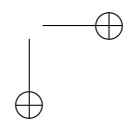
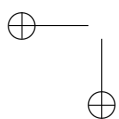
In restaurant and humble trolley
The city wears synthetic holly
And Santa Clauses fill each street
With rapidly congealing feet.

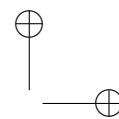
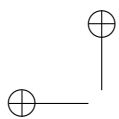




PRAYER ON SKIS

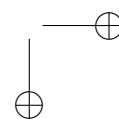
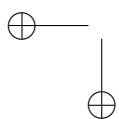
If I could manage not to break
 My neck upon this demon hill,
I would survive to undertake
 The rearing of a daffodil
And all its little sisters, now
 Asleep beneath the glittering snow.
We planted bulbs enough, I vow
 Some twelve or fourteen weeks ago
To guarantee results, come Spring,
 Wherefore I do beseech Thee, Lord,
For quarters underneath Your wing
 In view of giving bed and board.
To hyacinths, and tulips too.
 It's clear I'm not a reprobate,
But should be spared to see them through
 In state.

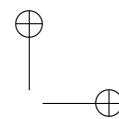
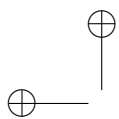




WHY HOSTESSES LEAVE HOME

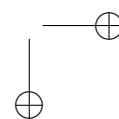
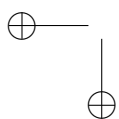
The rye is for Alice, who doesn't like gin;
The White Rock's for William, who likes to begin
With good resolutions. . . . Won't somebody squeeze
Some lemons, or tackle the celery and cheese?
For Stacy, a stuffed celery lover, if ever
I've known one. . . . Good heavens, I hope I shall never
Forget this occasion and try to be nice
To anyone. Mercy! We've run out of ice!

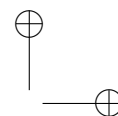
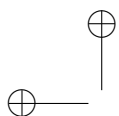




STRANGLE HOLD

Bachelors who live alone
Years before a mate invades
House and lot and telephone,
Buy their soap and razor blades,
Tooth paste too, all by themselves.
But the moment that a wife
Takes the helm, the bathroom shelves
Switch, and cleave to her for life.





NOT FOR PUBLICATION?

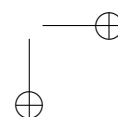
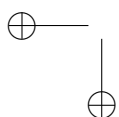
LOVELY — The best things may be free but how do you get them. — Lou. *From "Public Notices" in the New York Herald Tribune.*

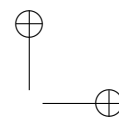
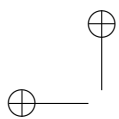
Lovely, won't you answer Lou?
Tell him, pretty maiden, do.
Tell *me* how to get them too.

We are eager for the light,
Tell us, Lovely, tell us right.
Help us in our current plight.

Tell us, first, what are the best
Things. What is the acid test
That divides them from the rest?

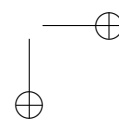
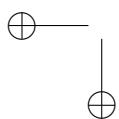
Are they eyes, or love, or sun,
Peace of mind, or good clean fun,
Or hope of getting something done?

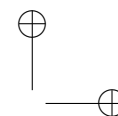
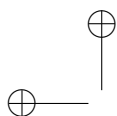




CHRISTMAS GUIDE

Give a bracelet, not a ring.
Rings can be so misconstrued.
Hark, the herald angels sing,
“Give a bracelet, not a ring.
Beaux who’d do the handsome thing,
But who would not be pursued,
Give a bracelet, not a ring.
Rings can be so misconstrued.”

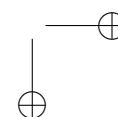
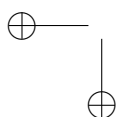


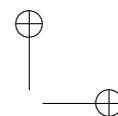
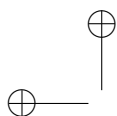


PAPA SEES RED

Put your shoulder to the plough,
Mama. Pop will show you how.
Papa wants his gal to be
In on this equality
Program. Let her wheeze and puff
As prescribed by Litvinoff,
Who contends a woman should
Labor for the common good.

That's the way that Papa feels.
Let the women man the wheels.
Let them shift the gears for Stalin.
Pop'll go and gather pollen.
Papa's got a date for pool.
Papa isn't any fool.
And if Mama takes to working,
Pop can concentrate on shirking.





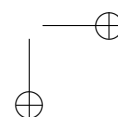
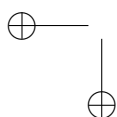
A GOOD PROVIDER

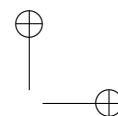
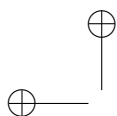
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett whose husband sang in “Traviata” wore a white matelassé taffeta gown, lovely pearls, diamond pendant earrings, a diamond hair clip, bracelet, and five pale orchids. — *From June Hamilton Rhodes’ fashion release on an evening at the Metropolitan.*

Five pale orchids on her shoulder,
Diamonds in her ears and hair. . . .
Pardon, Madam, if I’m bolder
Than I should be as I stare

At that noble inventory.
Pray forgive my testy frown
As I contemplate the glory
Of your bracelet, pearls, and gown.

Ladies, doff your hats to Tibbett
When appraising local lords
He’s a Grade A One exhibit
Even to his vocal cords.



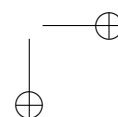
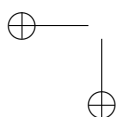


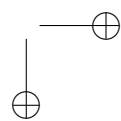
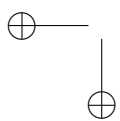
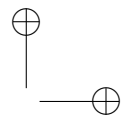
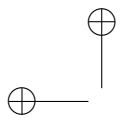
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

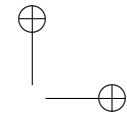
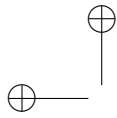
What alchemy is in the air
That even shirts and shorts ensnare
My heart? How strange, yet pleasant that
A simple, brown fedora hat
Should radiate so warm a glow.
It may be silly, but to know
That I possess the right to touch
These things, excites me very much.

The socks you wreck, the books you read,
Your closet, redolent of tweed,
The grass you mow, the sun you love,
The ties you knot, the shoes you scuff,
The new fall suit wherein you prance,
The venerable tennis pants
Now bagging at your busy knees –
They one and all contrive to please.

Of such is matrimony, which
Explains, perhaps, the itch to hitch.

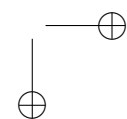
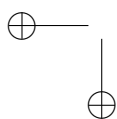


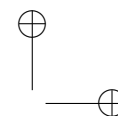
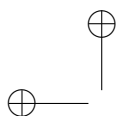




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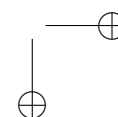
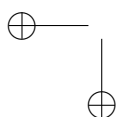


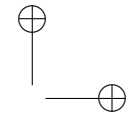
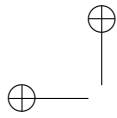
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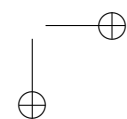
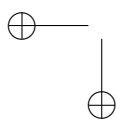
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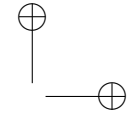
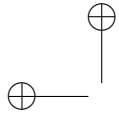
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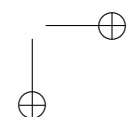
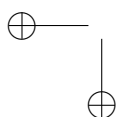
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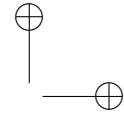
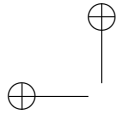
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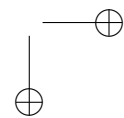
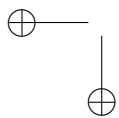


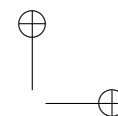
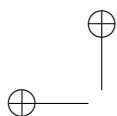
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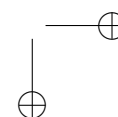
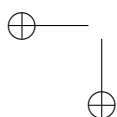


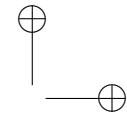
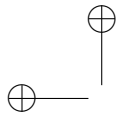
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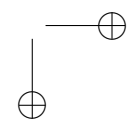
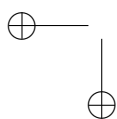
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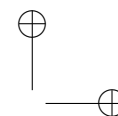
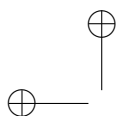




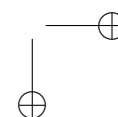
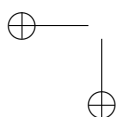
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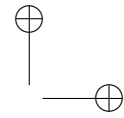
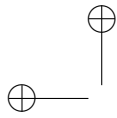
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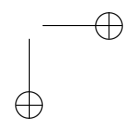
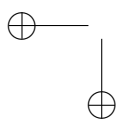


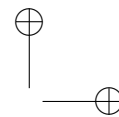
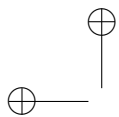
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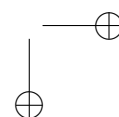
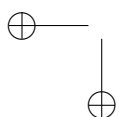
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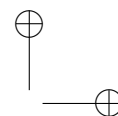
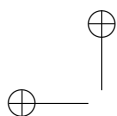
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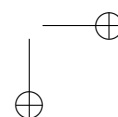
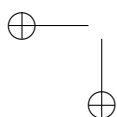


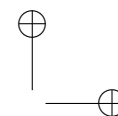
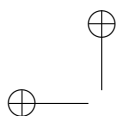
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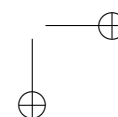
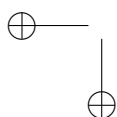
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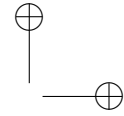
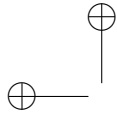
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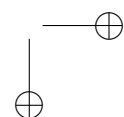
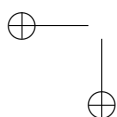
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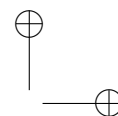
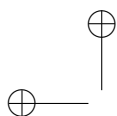




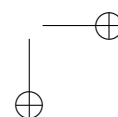
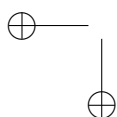
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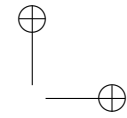
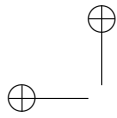
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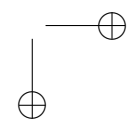
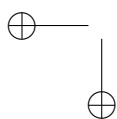


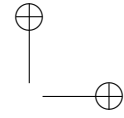
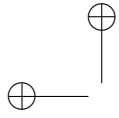
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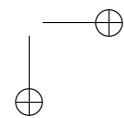
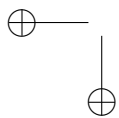


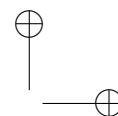
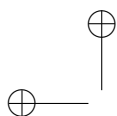


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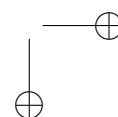
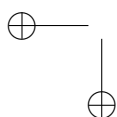


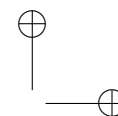
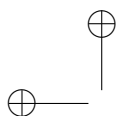
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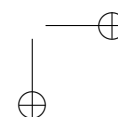
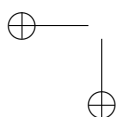
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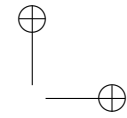
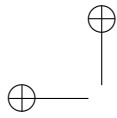




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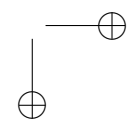
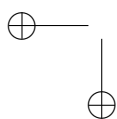


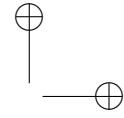
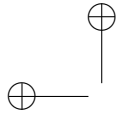


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