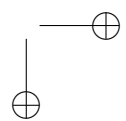
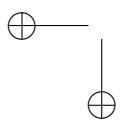
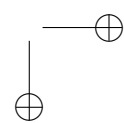
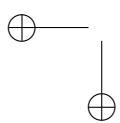
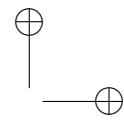
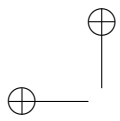
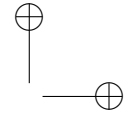
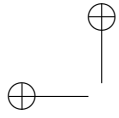


**PARAMOUNT POEMS**







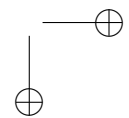
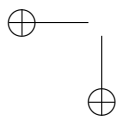
## PARAMOUNT POEMS

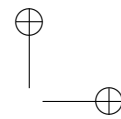
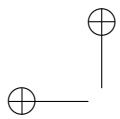
*Morris Bishop*

“If it isn’t a PARAMOUNT,  
it isn’t a poem.”

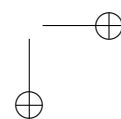
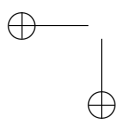
– *Morris Bishop*

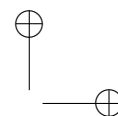
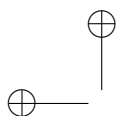
*IWP*





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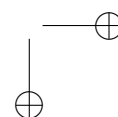
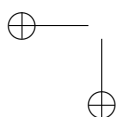


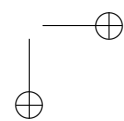
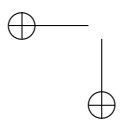
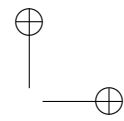
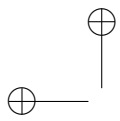
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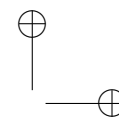
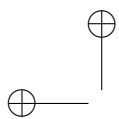
*We are the generation  
That is too early wise;  
We look upon creation  
With clear, untroubled eyes.  
We see the world's illusion,  
We know that we must bear,  
Deep in our minds, confusion,  
Deep in our hearts, despair.*

*Our dreary fathers bound us  
Apprentices to pain;  
The great machines impound us,  
Freedom and joy are vain;  
No light, and no interstice  
In the blind trackless wood.  
(What makes me feel the worst is  
I'm feeling pretty good.)*

*And sorrow's shafts in plenty  
Within us mortify;  
The ladies of one-and-twenty  
In sixty years must die.  
Agony is our master!  
We just surrender to  
Despair, death, doom, disaster!  
Toodle-y-oodle-y-oo!*

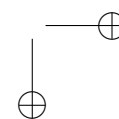
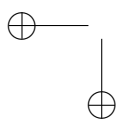


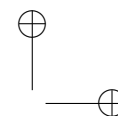
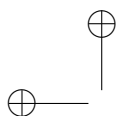




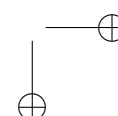
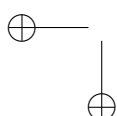
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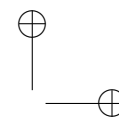
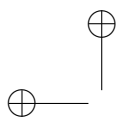
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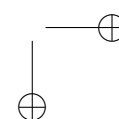
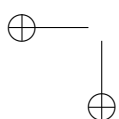


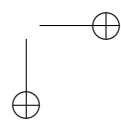
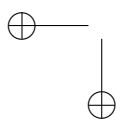
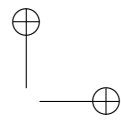
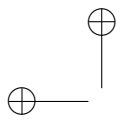
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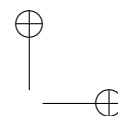
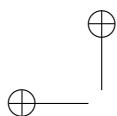




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## HOW TO TREAT ELVES

I met an elf-man in the woods,  
The wee-est little elf!  
Sitting under a mushroom tall –  
'Twas taller than himself!

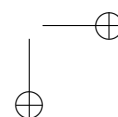
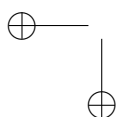
“How do you do, little elf,” I said,  
“And what do you do all day?”  
“I dance 'n fwolic about,” said he,  
”’N scuttle about and play;

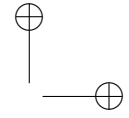
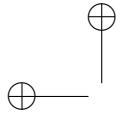
“I s’prise the butterflies, 'n when  
A katydid I see,  
'Katy didn't!' I say, and he  
Says 'Katy did!' to me!

“I hide behind my mushroom stalk  
When Mister Mole comes froo,  
'N only jus' to fwighten him  
I jump out 'n say 'Boo!

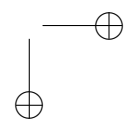
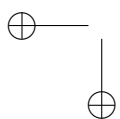
“’N then I swing on a cobweb swing  
Up in the air so high,  
'N the cwickets chirp to hear me sing  
'Upsy-daisy-die!

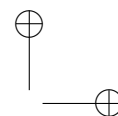
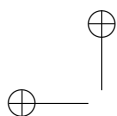
“’N then I play with the baby chicks,  
I call them, chick chick chick!  
'N what do you think of that?” said he.  
I said, “It makes me sick.





“It gives me sharp and shooting pains  
To listen to such drool.”  
I lifted up my foot, and squashed  
The God damn little fool.

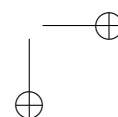
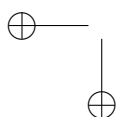


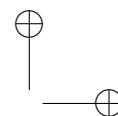
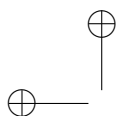


### **K. O. COOK OF KEOKUK**

K. O. Cook of Keokuk  
Had a bit of business luck,  
Bought a passage on a ship,  
Round the world he took a trip;  
At the world Cook took a look;  
The world took one at K. O. Cook.

K. O. Cook of Keokuk  
Was completely wonderstruck  
When he saw a London cabby,  
When he saw Westminster Abbey;  
In the Abbey laid to sleep  
Mortal tombs immortals keep;  
He saw among those holy spots  
The tomb of Mary Queen of Scots;  
He saw how rare Ben Jonson turns his  
Melancholy eyes to Burns's,  
And many a tomb of marble, such as is  
Occupied by Dukes and Duchesses;  
His eyes were large and round as saucers  
When he came to Geoffrey Chaucer's;  
Carven there were all the names  
Which the grateful world acclaim;  
Therefore, when he found some bad stone  
Just above the name of Gladstone,  
In his hand a nail he took  
And carved the name of K. O. Cook.

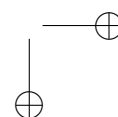
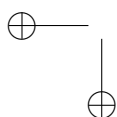


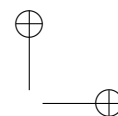
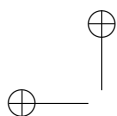


K. O. Cook of Keokuk  
When in Egypt ran amuck  
Carving on the Pyramids  
His name and his wife and kids';  
Many a humble Arab thinks  
K. O. Cook has bought the Sphinx;  
Learned scholars who examine  
The royal bed of Tut-ankh-amen  
By this fact are thunderstruck:  
The bed was made in Keokuk!

K. O. Cook of Keokuk  
Purchased quite a lot of truck;  
Notably a marble tomb  
Bigger than his dining-room,  
Which upon a hill he stuck  
Overlooking Keokuk,  
That Keokuk in awe might look  
At the tomb of K. O. Cook,  
While Cook would lie above the ruck  
Looking down on Keokuk.

The hand of death has come to pluck  
K. O. Cook of Keokuk;  
He lies upon his marble bier;  
On the tomb these words appear:  
"J. B. Thompson," "Joe Stecchelli,"  
"Toledo Skinny," "Mac and Nelly,"  
"Picknicked here with grandmamma;  
Emma Hay of Omaha."



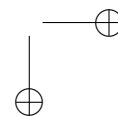
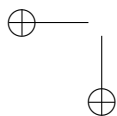


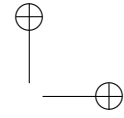
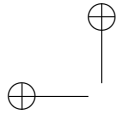
## THE GAY NINETIES

Ho! the comic Nineties!  
Ha! the funny skirts!  
Oho! Oho! the silly hats,  
The collars and the shirts!  
Weren't our fathers killing,  
Playing at croquet!  
Weren't the Nineties too absurd!  
But weren't they gay!

Ha! the architecture!  
Ho! the pointed shoes!  
Tee-hee! Tee-hee! the table-talk's  
Conventional taboos!  
The things that daddy didn't  
Do! And what was done!  
Nevertheless he seemed to have  
A lot of fun.

Isn't it a mercy  
That the nineties passed?  
That the frantic twenties move  
Forty times as fast?  
Don't you pity daddy  
For living long ago?  
Haven't we got all the luck?  
No.

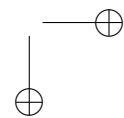
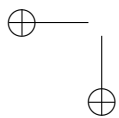


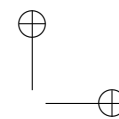
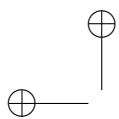


### **CORRECT SPORTS WEAR FOR JUNIORS**

Blessings on thee, little man,  
In outing kit with brogues of tan,  
In double-breasted coat of gray,  
Tailored in the proper way,  
Pinched a trifle at the waist  
With distinction, yet with taste.  
How my admiration flickers  
As I note thy linen knickers;  
Their design has just been seen  
In a recent magazine.  
("What the Well-Dressed Boy will Wear –  
Pants of Taste for Boys Who Care.")  
Ah! What symphony is better  
Than thy matching socks and sweater!  
Thy cravat so sweetly blends  
With the coyly-peeping ends  
Of thy futuristic hankie!  
Little man, I'll say you're swanky!

Blessings on thee, little brat,  
Soil not thy imported hat,  
Do not stain thy outing shirt,  
Touch not worms nor dogs nor dirt,  
Dig no caves and climb no tree,  
And don't associate with me.





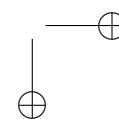
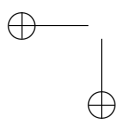
### **PUBLIC AID FOR NIAGARA FALLS**

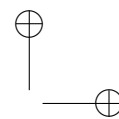
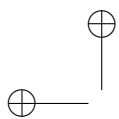
Upon the patch of earth that clings  
Near the very brink of doom,  
Where the frenzied water flings  
Downward to a misty gloom,

Where the earth in terror quakes  
And the water leaps in foam  
Plunging, frantic, from the Lakes,  
Hurrying seaward, hurrying home,

Where Man's little voice is vain,  
And his heart chills in his breast  
At the dreadful yell of pain  
Of the waters seeking rest;

There I stood, and humbly scanned  
The miracle that sense appalls,  
And I watched the tourists stand  
Spitting in Niagara Falls.

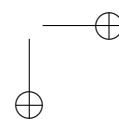
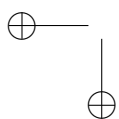


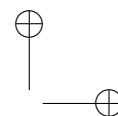
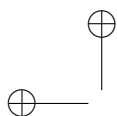


**COME, LET US MUSE  
A MOMENT ON THE PIG**

Come, let us muse a moment on the pig,  
Pitiful pig, whom Man elects to flout,  
Sneering and fleering at the shapely snout  
Which tells the truffle-hunter where to dig,  
Pickling the dainty feet so trim and trig,  
Casting him but the meats the diners scout  
Which he must eat in shame or go without;  
Oh Fate! How hardly whirls your whirligig!

Yet are the mockers mute, the jeerers dumb  
In that transfiguring hour when he appears  
As Whole Roast Pig, in mouth uplift an apple,  
And sausage garlanded about his ears;  
“Sweet Swine! O perfect porker!” whisper some.  
Yet some there be who love him best as scrapple.



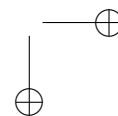
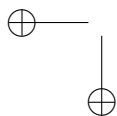


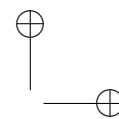
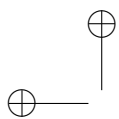
### THE PRACTICE BABY

He was a wee, wee baby, plucked from the heart  
of a rose,  
With tiny clutching hands and feet and a  
tiny snubbly nose,  
With the lips and eyes of a valentine, and a smile  
from the Sunday comics;  
He was the Practice Baby in a College of  
Home Economics.

And every day the Practice Class in Model Baby-  
Handling  
Would give him a Scientific Bath and do  
some Model Dandling,  
And dress him in Model Baby-Clothes and give  
him a Model Kiss,  
Or else a Practice Spanking if he behaved  
amiss.

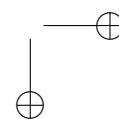
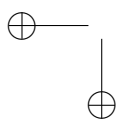
“Oh, what a lucky baby I am!” he often used to  
cry,  
“To have a hundred Mammias to make me  
hushaby!  
A hundred lovely Mammias, whose love is over-  
flowing!”  
The only difficulty was, the baby kept on  
growing.

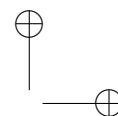
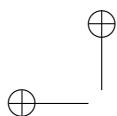




And now he's grown to be a man, and grievously  
he misses  
The care of his Model Mammās, their cud-  
dling and their kisses;  
And oft he murmurs to himself, with his scowl  
from the Sunday comics:  
“Do they need a Practice Husband in the  
College of Home Economics?”

(The “idea,” as it is called in the profession, suggested  
by J. F. Mason)





### A TONVERSATION WITH BABY

“Was it a little baby  
With wide, unwinking eyes,  
Propped in his baby carriage,  
Looking so wise?

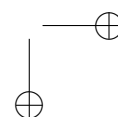
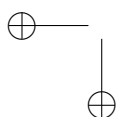
“Oh, what a pwitty baby!  
Oh, what a sweetie love!  
What is oo thinkin’, baby,  
And dweamin’ of?

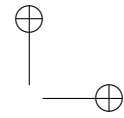
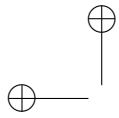
“Is oo wond’rin’ ’bout de doggie  
A-fwiskin’ here ’n dere?  
Is oo watchin’ de baby birdies  
Everywhere?

“’N all de funny peoples  
’N a funny sings oo sees?  
What is oo sinkin of, baby?  
Tell me, please.

“Z oo sinkin of tisses, tunnin,  
’N wannin ’n wannin for some?  
O tweety goo swummy doodle,  
O yummy yum!”

Then spoke that solemn baby,  
Wise as a little gnome:  
“You get in the baby carriage;  
I’ll push you home.”





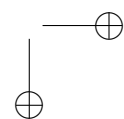
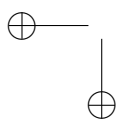
### A WINTER MADRIGAL

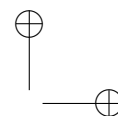
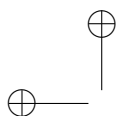
Chloris made my heart to stop  
And turn'd my joy to acid,  
For I was working in the shop  
And she was in Lake Placid.

In my despair I could not bear  
Her gladsome letters, prating  
Of frolic in the sparkling air,  
And skiing, sleighing, skating.  
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

It fill'd my soul with woe and hate  
To hear about her ski-jumps,  
For in proportion to her weight  
She jump'd far as a flea jumps;

But now the dart has ceas'd to smart,  
My pain has ceas'd to rankle,  
For though my Beauty broke my heart  
My Beauty broke her ankle.  
Hey nonny, nonny, etc.





### DO YOU REMEMBER, DEAREST —

Do you remember, dearest, the days we used to  
roam

About the summer meadows, hand in hand?  
The birds sang sweetly o'er us, the crickets joined  
the chorus,

Even the live-stock seemed to understand.  
Do you remember, dearest, the words I made  
you say

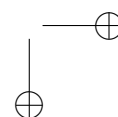
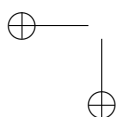
When first I dared to call you Little Pal?  
You promised you would ne'er forget that blue-  
and-golden day  
In Syracuse, beside the Barge Canal.

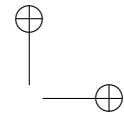
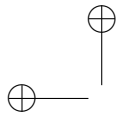
Do you remember, dearest, the ancient cider-mill  
Whose wheel turned still as in the days of  
yore?

And we filled a china pitcher with a drink, I  
swear, was richer  
Than the sweetest draught I'd ever known  
before.

Oft have I seen expensive wine at dinner-parties  
flow,

But naught has ever been so sweet to me  
As the jug we drained together in the days of  
long ago  
Where the Barge Canal goes dreaming to  
the sea.





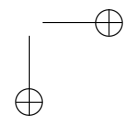
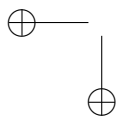
Alas, the ghosts of Memory grow dimmer day by  
day!

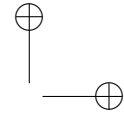
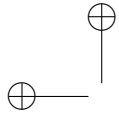
We summon up the past; it answers not.  
Though I'll ne'er forget the spider that was  
pressed out with the cider

I can't remember how we reached the spot.  
Do you remember, dearest, how we found that  
cider press?

And had it any name that you recall?  
If you remember, dearest, will you send me the  
address?

I'd like to buy a barrel in the fall.



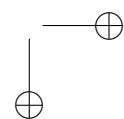
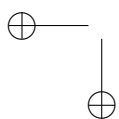


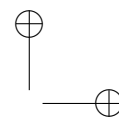
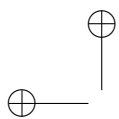
### **KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, DEAR**

Kiss me good night, dear,  
The night has graven  
And stippled with stars  
The heavens' dome;  
The white moon sails  
To its hidden haven;  
Kiss me good night, dear,  
And let me go home.

The katydid cheeps,  
Forever protesting,  
The blind mole creeps  
Through his catacomb,  
The cricket chirps  
Unwearied, unresting;  
I'm not a cricket,  
I've got to go home.

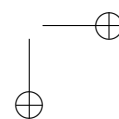
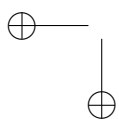
Midnight assails  
The guttering tapers;  
They flicker against  
The conquering gloam;  
I've not yet read  
The evening papers;  
Kiss me good night, dear,  
I want to go home.

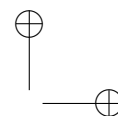
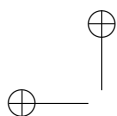




No, I'm not angry,  
No, I'm not surly;  
I have no wish  
From your side to roam;  
But I must get  
To the office early;  
Kiss me, damn it,  
I want to go home.

Ah, Cupid is  
A malicious bandit,  
He plays with us  
Like a spiteful gnome;  
Love gives women  
Insomnia; and it  
Makes me sleepy.  
I'm going home.





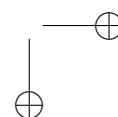
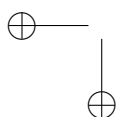
**ANSWERING YOURS OF (DATE ILLEGIBLE)**

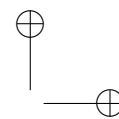
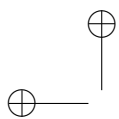
The morning mail is here; I have your charming  
letter;  
I kiss each word you penned, with ecstasy  
devout;  
I love each little word; I'd love them even better  
If I could make them out.

Your writing is as strange and dark as modern  
art is;  
A rippling, trembling line, with curls and  
whirls between;  
– Alas what news is this! “Flinty,” you say my  
heart is?  
Or “flirty” do you mean?

Inscrutable, the page yields not to my entreaty,  
You speak in covered words of Delphic mys-  
tery;  
It looks as though you think that I am “such a  
sweaty”;  
(Or “sweaty,” can it be?)

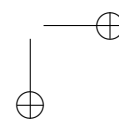
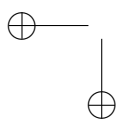
Can “deary” be the word? I trust it is not  
“beery,”  
My whispers, not my whiskers, that linger  
in your car;  
And do you find my verse so cheesy or so cheery?  
And am I deaf or dear?

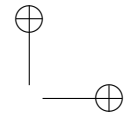
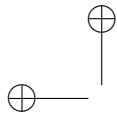




Your writing swoops and swirls, with no sugges-  
tion whether  
I am an Awful Slob or only Awful Slow;  
Do you perhaps suggest that we should “roam”  
together?  
Or is it double o?

My brain resembles now the Battle of Manila,  
Even your signature I study with dismay;  
Lola or Lena, Lisa, or Lina, Laura, Lilla –  
Who are you, anyway?



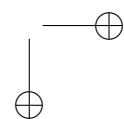
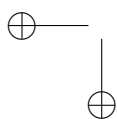


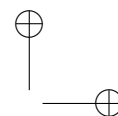
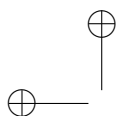
### VANITY OF VANITIES

“Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day!”  
Cried Juliet, in her glorious lover’s arms,  
Conjuring Time its progress to delay,  
And in love smothering the heart’s alarms,  
    Dreading the need to free  
    Her wedded deity,  
Guessing the imminent doom, and, I suppose,  
    Powdering her nose.

“Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me!” So did cry  
Mad Cleopatra to her tear-blind slave,  
And royally bedecked herself to die.  
    And, queenly-cold and firm,  
    She took the Nilus-worm,  
And, setting him against the bosom’s rose,  
    Powdered her nose.

And so, my dear, forgive my few remarks  
If, when your motor runs into a tree,  
Or when your joy makes music like the lark’s,  
You promptly open up your vanity.  
    Let Fortune turn her wheel,  
    Let her bring woe or weal,  
’Neath fate’s caresses or its cruel blows,  
    Powder your nose.



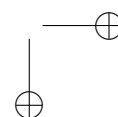
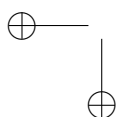


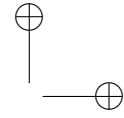
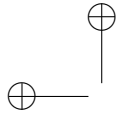
### REVERY OF A BACHELOR

Some girls marry in boredom,  
Some girls marry in haste,  
Some girls wed for their daily bread,  
Some, lest they be disgraced;  
Some girls wed on a wager,  
Some girls wed on a spree,  
Some girls marry to be contrary –  
They never will marry me!

Some girls marry on tug-boats,  
Some girls marry on trains,  
Some are light-headed enough to be wedded  
Swooping in aeroplanes;  
Some girls marry in swimming  
Or in submarines under the sea;  
Some girls marry from mere vagary –  
They never will marry me!

But some girls marry in earnest,  
Some girls marry for life,  
Willing to bear the load of care  
That so properly falls to a wife;  
They are married with all decorum  
In a church, by a dominie;  
And such a fairy I'm willing to marry –  
But they never will marry me!





### WHY AND HOW I KILLED MY WIFE

“Nancy,” I said, “I would not retail  
Your faults; and yet I cannot fail  
To make some mention of a detail —”  
But she corrected me – “detail!”

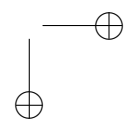
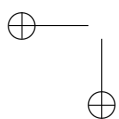
“My dear,” I said, “you’re mine, you’re my Nance,  
You may correct me when, by chance,  
I err, with reference to finance —”  
And Nancy smiled and said – “finance!”

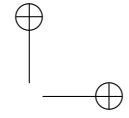
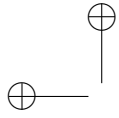
“Or when,” said I, “I fail to fill a straight,  
When undue odds my purpose frustrate,  
Correct me, if with oaths I illustrate —”  
She shook her head and said – “illustrate!”

“Correct my manners or my waggeries,  
But though my accent’s not the berries,  
Spare my pronunciation’s vagaries if —”  
To that she merely said – “vagaries!”

“Yes, when you dine,” I said, “or when you wine,  
And I grow talkative, why then you win,  
For you correct my words so genuine —”  
She said with condescension – “genuine!”

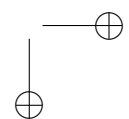
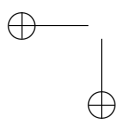
“Think! Every journey, every sea-tour  
Has end; and every ill its cure;  
It’s a long road that has no detour!”  
Her only comment was – “detour!”

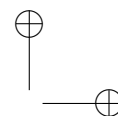
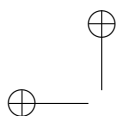




The blood within my veins ran riotous,  
I cried: "No more shall grammar cheat us!  
Take from my vengeful fist your quietus!"  
She moaned in agony – "quietus!"

I whammed her on the cerebellum  
Her beating brain to overwhelm;  
I hung her body on an elm –  
And as she died she whispered – "elm!"





### A WINTER VIGNETTE

The sky was overcast,  
The winter wind blew cold,  
She crouched against the bitter blast,  
For she was old.

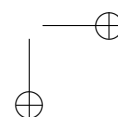
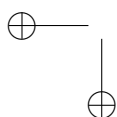
Her lips were blue and chilled,  
And down the frozen street  
The fierce-fanged tempest snarled and shrilled  
About her feet.

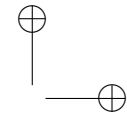
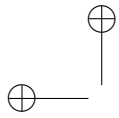
Against the savage cold  
Little she had to wear;  
She wore her pink silk stockings rolled,  
And her knees were bare.

My heart went out to her;  
I pointed to her knees:  
“Why do you stand on a street corner  
And rapidly freeze?”

“Is it some woman’s woe?  
Or does the heartless town  
Let poor old paupers suffer so  
From the knees down?”

“I have a union suit  
That my grandmother wore,  
It kept her warm from neck to boot  
Ten years or more;





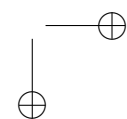
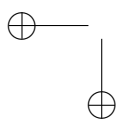
“Of virgin wool it’s knit,  
Some seven pounds it weighs,  
And gladly will I give you it,  
And ask no praise;

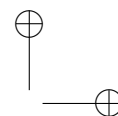
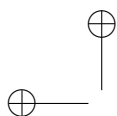
“Because my feelings bleed  
To see you there, so old,  
Woefully huddling, frozen-kneed,  
And cold – so cold.”

She hardly turned her head;  
Her lips with cold were gray;  
“Put on your union suit,” she said,  
“And shrink away!”

The north wind howled and bayed  
And shook the shuddering trees;  
Her fashionable coat displayed  
Her aged knees;

With icy whips the weather  
Assailed her, uncontrolled;  
I heard her old knees clack together,  
Cold – cold.





**IN THE SPRING THE OLD MAN'S FANCY —**

When I was young, and fervent Spring  
    Would gently kiss my ardent brow,  
I loved to hear the woodbirds sing  
    And gloop with love from bough to bough.

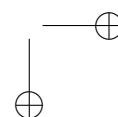
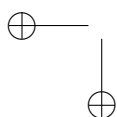
Now I am old and full of days  
    This Springtide business I do not  
(If I may use the current phrase  
    The young men fancy) find so hot.

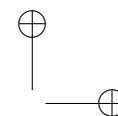
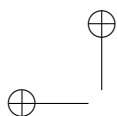
When I was young my heart would stir  
    And sing to Love upon its throne  
With noise of harp and dulcimer,  
    With sackbut and with saxophone.

Now I am old I still could sing  
    As lyric-sweet as any bird  
In praise of Love; the only thing,  
    I do not want to seem absurd.

When I was young, I had no store  
    Of riches, not a sou nor goat,  
But maidens gave affection for  
    A sixty-five cent table d'hote.

Now I am old, I find but guile  
    And gluttony and avarice;  
I spend ten dollars for a smile,  
    About a hundred for a kiss.





When I was young, my heart would pine  
For charms which Time had amplified;  
'Twas for a maid of thirty-nine  
I once attempted suicide.

Now I am old (indeed, it pains  
Me much this secret to confess)  
I hate them grown-up or with brains,  
I like them seventeen or less.

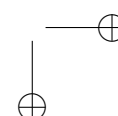
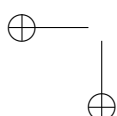
When I was young I used to scoff  
And jeer at aged gentlemen  
Pathetically showing off,  
Pretending to be young again.

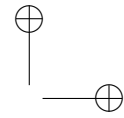
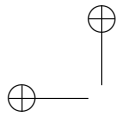
Now I am old, I sometimes think  
I'd best confess old age is here,  
When I surprise the guarded wink  
Or interrupt the covert sneer.

Well, I am old; and I suppose  
It's time I should admit the fact,  
And put away my courting clothes,  
And do the great-grandfather act.

Yes, I am old; too old to care  
For mating song-birds' carolling,  
For bursting buds and balmy air  
And all the lusty warmth of Spring.

All right, I'm old; why dwell on it?  
No older than a lot of chaps;  
I think I'll just dress up a bit  
And take a stroll; perhaps, perhaps —



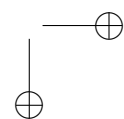
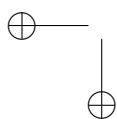


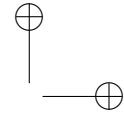
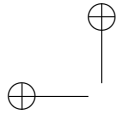
**DRINKING SONG FOR  
PRESENT-DAY GATHERINGS**

Now all good fellows, fill the bowl, fill the bowl,  
And put a little hard stuff in it,  
And take a big slug from the little brown jug,  
And another big slug in a minute;  
And troll a good song and tell a good tale,  
And have another drink, pretty quick;  
Not a worry we'll know for an hour or so,  
And then we'll all be sick.

Now every good fellow, gather round, gather round,  
For every good fellow must pitch in;  
Bill is mixing the gin, pouring alcohol in,  
And Joe's blending Scotch in the kitchen.  
A fig for the censor who'd banish our joy!  
Who cares if he shakes his head?  
We'll spend a happy hour under Bacchus's power,  
And the next three days in bed.

Then all good fellows, give a cheer, give a cheer,  
There's nothing like hootch for a chappie;  
Come, hip, hip, hurray, we're so joyful and gay,  
We're all of us so gol-darn happy!  
(Except the good fellows who are prone on the lawn,  
And the host, drinking healing emulsions,  
While the speaker of the evening has passed out cold,  
And the toastmaster's having convulsions.)



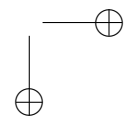
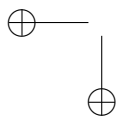


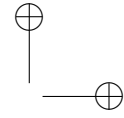
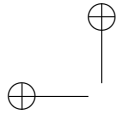
### POET FLAYS TEMPTATIONS OF CITY LIFE

Oh, abominable city!  
Home of Babylonian revels!  
Luring lights that know not pity!  
Fascinating female devils!  
Fell Temptation is a despot  
And his court assembles there,  
In the Wicked City – Yes, but  
Where?

I am proof against Temptation,  
I am clad in shining armor,  
I would spurn the fascination  
Of a fair but hellish charmer;  
From her wiles I am exempted;  
Still, it's strange as it can be  
That no charmer yet has tempted  
Me.

Oh, abominable city!  
Laughing Siren of seduction!  
Those unhappy men I pity  
Whom you tempted to destruction;  
Your Temptation won them; now they  
Cluster helplessly around it;  
– But at times I wonder how they  
Found it.



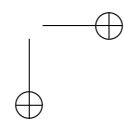
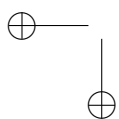


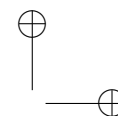
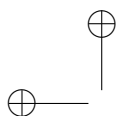
### THE MILKMAN'S HORSE

Down the street the milkman's horse  
Follows his peculiar course,  
Stopping now at 37,  
Then proceeding to 11,  
For his cunning ears obey  
The clink of bottles far away.  
No man on the driver's seat  
Sits to guide his errant feet,  
No one holds the abandoned reins,  
For he is a horse of brains.

The milkman's horse is old and wise,  
And with philosophic eyes  
Gazes on the passing shows –  
What a lot that old horse knows!

Thus, he knows that Mrs. Saby  
Feeds Grade B milk to the baby,  
And he knows that Mrs. Bream  
Sometimes steals her neighbor's cream,  
And he knows that Mrs. Wattles  
Does not wash her empty bottles,  
And that lovely Mrs. Tapper  
Is not lovely in a wrapper,  
And he knows that Mrs. Stutt  
Sleeps with all her windows shut,

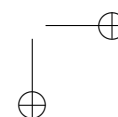
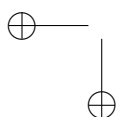


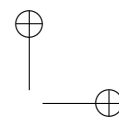
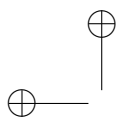


And I hardly dare suggest  
What he knows about Miss Best;  
She should have some deft reminders  
Milkmen's horses don't wear blinders;  
Ah, you hardly would suppose  
What a lot that old horse knows.

And he knows the traffic rules,  
Whinnies when approaching schools,  
And correctly turns his feet  
The right way of a one-way street,  
And he never fails to know  
Red means Stop and Green means Go;  
Ere he turns, with air aloof,  
Always he puts out his hoof.  
And the milkmen still relate  
How he once outwitted Fate,  
How the Milkman's Faith was kept  
When the Milkman overslept.  
The old horse snorted loud and clear,  
But the Master did not hear,  
The old horse whinnied for his chum,  
But the Master did not come.  
Then the old horse raised his head –  
"Duty must be done!" he said,  
"Danger looms," (thereat he shivered)  
"But the milk must be delivered!"

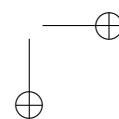
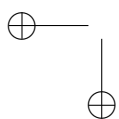
Down the street the milkman's horse  
Pushed the milk-cart on its course,  
Halting now at 37,  
Then proceeding to 11;  
In his teeth he took some bottles  
To the door of Mrs. Wattles,  
Grade A and a pint of cream  
To the door of Mrs. Bream;

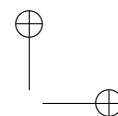
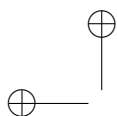




And he left the monthly bill  
At the door of Mrs. Hill;  
When he came to sweet Miss Best's  
(So at least the tale attests)  
Neighing in a manner pleasant  
He left some kumyss for a present!

This is the tale they tell us, when  
The Milkmen hear that Business Men  
Would overturn their craft by force  
And motorize the Milkman's Horse!



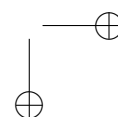
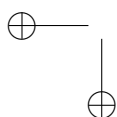


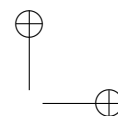
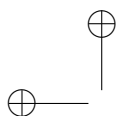
### THE FAITHFUL HEART

Our automobile, she is faithful and true,  
Our automobile is dependable;  
She answers my urging with vigor and zest,  
But acts with a prudence commendable.  
One day, hearing fire-bells, she started herself  
(With her self-starter); cool as an icicle  
She rushed right into a burning garage  
And rushed right out with a bicycle!

One night when a burglar came into the house  
Inspired with a purpose burglarious,  
Our automobile blew a blast on her horn  
To warn of intruders nefarious!  
He jumped in the car and he stepped on the gas,  
(Her warning, of course, had molested him)  
But she blew up her tires when in front of the jail,  
And backfired until they arrested him!

But alas, she is old; and alas, so am I;  
I am almost as old as the missis is;  
And soon, I foresee, to a land I must go  
Which far from terrestrial blisses is.  
Yet I know that our auto will seek out our tomb,  
Though her motor be wheezy and ruinous,  
And her old carbureter will weep on our grave,  
And the last of her gas will bedew on us!



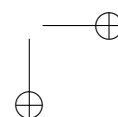
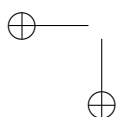


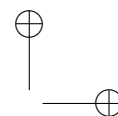
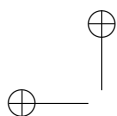
### GAS AND HOT AIR

“Why should not an ingenious and erudite poet take some such pregnant subject as architecture, the garden, or the evolution of religion, or, if he have the knowledge and the boldness, machinery, medicine, or economics, and dispute Virgil’s supremacy in this field, as Virgil once did Hesiod’s?” — R. C. Trevelyan: *Thamyris, or Is There a Future for Poetry?*

Brooding upon its unexerted power,  
Deep in the gas-tank lay the gasoline  
Awaiting the inevitable hour  
When from the inward soul of the machine  
Would come the Call. Ah, hark! Man’s touch awakes  
Th’ ignition switch! The starting-motor hums;  
A sound of meshing gears, releasing brakes!  
The call of Duty to the gas-tank comes!

“Vacuum pulls me; and I come! I come!”  
The Gas cried, down the hidden arteries going;  
It plashed within the tank of vacuum,  
From th’ upper chamber to the lower flowing,  
And past the Flapper Valve, which cried, “Ah, stay!  
Stay with the Flapper Valve, the noted petter!”  
Heedless, the Gas went grimly on its way  
To fiery nuptials with the carbureter!

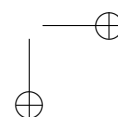
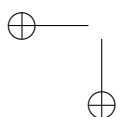


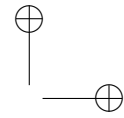
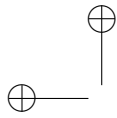


Throttled and choked by furious Choke and Throttle,  
By Butterfly valves a-flutter, pet cocks clucking,  
Came Gasoline, with gurgling epiglottal  
To the float-chamber, D, the thirsty-sucking;  
And to the mixing-chamber came in spray  
Where evermore the gusty air is blowing  
And jets of gasoline forever play –  
Of course, provided that the motor's going.

This is the secret bridal chamber where  
The earth-born gas first comes to kiss its bride,  
The heaven-born and yet inviolate air  
Which is, on this year's models, purified.  
The air, then, enters at the air valve, E,  
The gas is sucked through nozzles from below  
(The extra nozzle, J; the normal, C).  
What happens then the picture does not show.

And it is well; for wrapped in close embrace,  
Maddened, they hasten from the bridal room  
To that steel-jacketed combustion space  
Where passion bursts against the walls of Doom. . . .  
Now frenzy's dead; young frenzy's strength is lost;  
And the exhaust-port gapes for passion's shard;  
The ghost of gas wails down the dark exhaust,  
Outworn, burnt out, exhausted – like the bard.



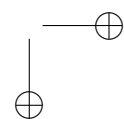
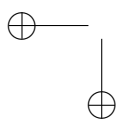


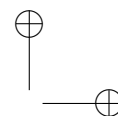
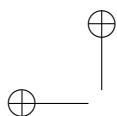
### MEDICAL WARNINGS

“It’s getting you,” the Doctor said,  
“I warn you for your sake,  
It makes the liver quake and quiver,  
Muscles twitch and shake,  
It makes the brain grow dull and numb,  
The heart backfire and shirk!”  
Said I, “I think you must mean Rum.”  
“No,” said the Doctor; “Work!”

“You cannot cut it out,” he said,  
“But cut it down, I pray;  
It burns and gripes your tender pipes  
And takes your wind away;  
Heartburn and poison it begets  
And gloom and lassitude.”  
Said I, “You must mean Cigarettes.”  
“No,” said the Doctor; “Food!”

“The normal, careful folk,” he said,  
“Most quickly pass away;  
You aren’t robust; I’ll give you just  
A month before you pay  
The debt that no man may evade!”  
Then I, in agony,  
“You mean that Nature must be paid?”  
“No,” said the Doctor; “Me!”





### WALL MOTTOES FOR THE GUEST ROOM

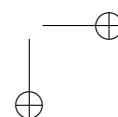
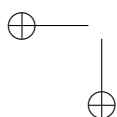
Welcome to this quiet room,  
O thou, whoe'er thou art,  
And let no thoughts of woe and gloom  
Disturb thy peaceful heart;  
And kindly disregard the din  
That lasts till after four –  
The autos honking to get in  
To the garage next door.

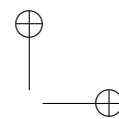
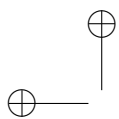
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In the angels' keeping  
May repose our guest;  
Angels guard his sleeping,  
Angels watch his rest;  
May their sweet consoling  
Make his troubles short,  
And keep our guest from rolling  
Off the davenport.

---

Love in the household dwells,  
By Love our home is blest,  
Love shall enweave its spells  
Over our well-loved guest;

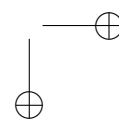
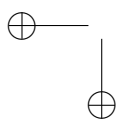


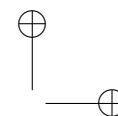
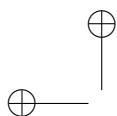


We hope so, anyway;  
We hope Love stays alive  
When Baby comes in to play  
Shortly after five.

*For a Tall Guest*

Under the covers,  
Cozy and warm,  
Happiness hovers  
To keep thee from harm.  
(Pull down the covers,  
Thy chest will freeze;  
Pull up the covers  
And freeze thy knees.)





### NEW LIGHT ON THE HEN

The aboriginal hen  
Was a wild and fearsome beast;  
She lived in trees with chimpanzees  
In the mysterious East;

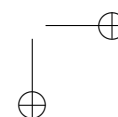
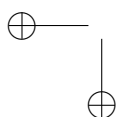
The hen's ferocious cackle  
Stilled the woods with fear;  
And scholars say she did not lay  
A dozen eggs a year.

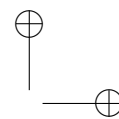
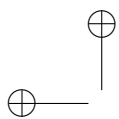
But aboriginal man  
(The scholars do aver)  
Entrapped the hen, and patient men  
Domesticated her.

They brought her out of the woods  
Into the sunshine clear,  
And were repaid, because she laid  
Some sixty eggs a year.

And now we've gone and found  
The ultra-violet ray;  
The hens blaspheme its constant gleam,  
But lay and lay and lay.

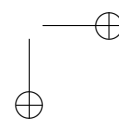
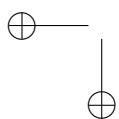
With artificial sun  
A hen will volunteer  
(I understand) three hundred and  
Forty eggs a year!

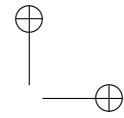
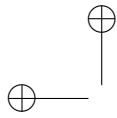




But what is this I read?  
Now all physicians say  
That you and I have got to try  
The ultra-violet ray!

We've got to strip and sit  
In the ultra-violet glare!  
O fellow-men, remember the hen!  
Beware! Beware! Beware!





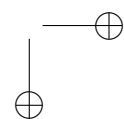
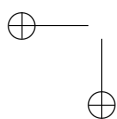
## THE LEGEND OF THE LOGANBERRY

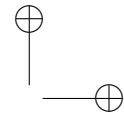
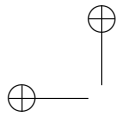
*(From "The Seamy Side of Vegetable Life")*

A rose once bloomed in a garden,  
    White and dainty and fair,  
By the garden wall at evenfall  
    It dreamed and nodded there;  
And a raspberry-bush climbed over the wall  
    And hung in a rakish pose;  
"Haven't we met somewhere, my pet?"  
    The Raspberry said to the Rose.

The pure white rose turns whiter,  
    And trembles upon its stalk;  
One of its petals slowly settles  
    Down on the garden walk;  
"I'm not the kind of a rose," she said,  
    "That blossoms in studios;  
You're wicked, very, you red raspberry!"  
    To the Raspberry said the Rose.

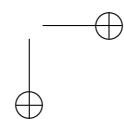
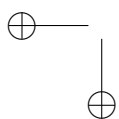
"Be mine, be mine, O maiden rose!"  
    The wicked raspberry cried;  
But the rose was brave and cried, "Behave!  
    Begone to your raspberry bride;  
The rose may only woo the rose,  
    The cherry espouse the cherry,  
The gypsy maid gets the gypsy blade,  
    The raspberry gets the berry!"

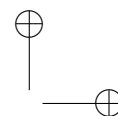
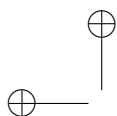




“Rose, you have torn in tatters  
A raspberry heart today;  
To make you share my own despair  
I’ll throw myself away;  
And maybe you’ll be sorry  
And cease to be so merry  
When it is said that I have wed  
A horrid black blackberry!”

And just to pain a sweet little rose  
(Lovers are very queer)  
He made a match in the blackberry patch  
And ruined his own career;  
And from that shameful mating  
(’Twas only temporary)  
Was born that wild, alluring child,  
The lovely Loganberry!



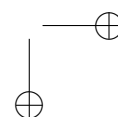
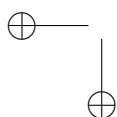


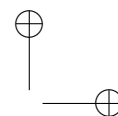
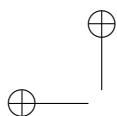
### BACKING DOWN ON THE LONG TRAIL

Who's for the open road with me?  
Who's for a holiday  
Trudging the high road over the lea,  
Over the hills away?  
God's good green earth shall be our inn,  
And honest hearts our guard!  
(See if the open road has been  
Recently tarred.)

The feet of the young men feel the goad  
To be forth on a highway cruise.  
(And the motor oil on the open road  
Ruins the young men's shoes.)  
Little we care what the yokels say  
As we hit the outward trail!  
(There's a pretty good chance the yokels may  
Put us in jail.)

Who will defy the mocking tongues?  
Who's for the Road's romance?  
(Wind in the hair – gas in the lungs –  
Tar all over the pants –)  
And who will stroll where the motors flit  
On a race-course twelve feet wide?  
Who, in short, desires to commit  
Suicide?





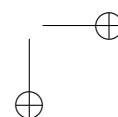
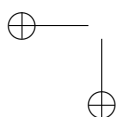
### AH, TO BE IN

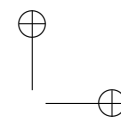
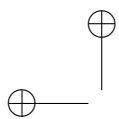
Ah to be in Rarotonga, 'neath the languor-laden  
breeze,  
Or to be in Erromango, in the far New Hebrides!  
Ah, to drowse beneath the palm trees on a green  
Pacific isle,  
Where every prospect pleases and where man,  
besides, is vile!

There is magic in the atlas; how the names allure  
my eyes!  
Ah, to be in Hiddi Birra, where the Jam-jam  
Mountains rise!  
Or Kasongo on the Kongo, where Kibombo gleams  
afar!  
Or in Kilwa Kisiwami, looking north to Zanzibar!

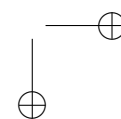
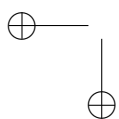
Oh, this life is dull and dreary; I would journey  
far away  
To Jalalabad and Lhasa, to Kabul and Mandalay!  
Ah, the Runn of Cutch! Rajpipla! and that dim  
and ancient land  
Where the caravans come shuffling into silken  
Samarkand!

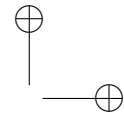
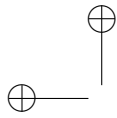
(There's a lad in old Rajpipla with an atlas in  
his clutch,





And his dreaming eyes are gazing far beyond the  
Runn of Cutch,  
And mysterious music lures him, and he murmurs  
soft and low,  
“Cincinnati! Cincinnati! Buffalo, ah, Buffalo!  
“Ah, to be in that far city, blooming like a tropic  
rose,  
Where by golden Allegheny the Monongahela  
flows;  
How sweet the limpid syllables that stir my heart  
to Joy,  
As I whisper, ‘Ah, Chicago! Fair Chicago, Illi-  
nois!’”)



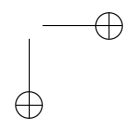
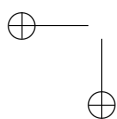


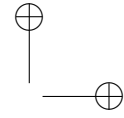
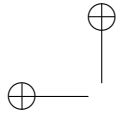
### HELEN, THY BEAUTY IS TO ME —

Helen of Troy, thy hair and eyes and lips  
Comfort us still; for down the ages come  
Tales of that face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.  
(The last two lines are Marlowe's, and not mine,  
But, Editor, two dollars yet are due me.  
A dollar is my normal rate per line;  
If Marlowe's heirs make trouble, let them sue me.)

Ay, Helen, as the moon draws up the sea,  
Whelming her lovers in a watery tomb,  
So did thy beauty draw relentlessly  
A myriad well-greaved heroes to their doom  
What was the secret of thy beauty rare?  
Was it a secret advertised today?  
Elimination of superfluous hair?  
Or incrustation of the face with clay?

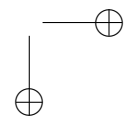
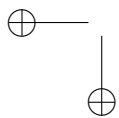
Ah, did thy face so moonlight-exquisite  
Summon thy hapless lovers from afar  
Because the soap with which thou washed'st it  
Was properly combined of oil and tar?  
Or did'st thou learn that secret none confides  
Save innocent children, in their murmurs low,  
To them who oft are bridesmaids, never brides,  
Because they did not know, they did not know?

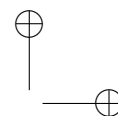
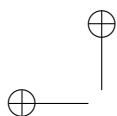




Or did'st thou learn that secret yet more dark,  
    Why friendships wither and why loves decay:  
That healthy glow afflicting, we remark,  
    Maud Muller, raking all a summer's day?  
Or does thy beauty triumph o'er the years  
    Because, when Priam's stalwart sons would feast  
On bullocks roasted whole, and sheep and steers,  
    Thou would'st restrict thyself to cakes of yeast?

Alas, we do not know, we do not know;  
    Thy beauty now is dust on Mysian plains,  
Blown with thy lovers' ashes to and fro,  
    And only Homer's deathless word remains;  
And Homer tells us not the beauty hints  
    Of Helen, in his poet's heart enshrined;  
I'd like to bet that Helen was a quince –  
    For good old Homer, you recall, was blind.

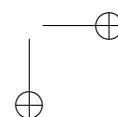
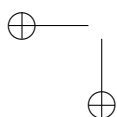


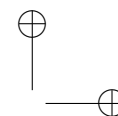
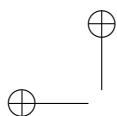


## POETIC FIVE-FINGER EXERCISES

### 1. UNORTHODOX SMOCK-FROCKS

Wilhelmina Meany has a funny sort of smock-  
frock  
Which the other ladies living up and down the  
block knock,  
Calling it unsightly and a loud and garish hodge-  
podge  
In which all atrocities that you and I would dodge  
lodge.  
So I sought the studio where she among her  
works lurks;  
She was sitting in her smock and reading Ed-  
mund Burke's works.  
Wondering I gazed upon that paragon of smock-  
frocks,  
Which was advantageously exhibiting her socks'  
clocks.  
"Please," I said, "Miss Meany, though my query  
may appear queer,  
Did the inspiration come exclusively from near-  
beer?  
For the madhouse colors and designs assembled  
pell-mell  
Look a little boozy; (sniff!) it surely has a swell  
smell!"





“What care I,” she answered, “if the populace  
my smock mock!  
Though it shocks the orthodox, I’ll never hock a  
smock-frock!”

### 2. THE INFELICITY OF RICHARD TUTTLE

Mary Tuttle cares for knick-knacks,  
And it gives her dreadful shocks  
That her coarse-grained husband, Dick, lacks  
Taste, and all her knick-knacks knocks.

He objects to foolish gew-gaws,  
Snorting when she proudly shows  
Bits of tin and glass and blue gauze –  
All his gold for gew-gaws goes!

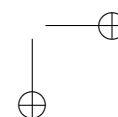
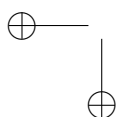
But he has to let her prattle,  
And he dares make no rebuttal;  
He would be, if he should tattle,  
Titled “Tittle-Tattle Tuttle”!

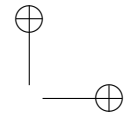
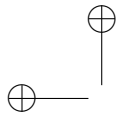
### 3. NOT MUCH SENSE IN THIS

Said Hatch the fish-etcher  
To Fitch the fish-hatcher,  
“I’ve thought up, I’ll betcher,  
A wish which’ll catch yer!”

He made his old switch swish,  
And said, “How I wish Fitch  
Would hatch in a ditch fish  
Untroubled by fish-itch!”

Said Fitch, “If you dish fish  
Into ditches, they’ll twitch, which  
Is just what ditch-fish wish.  
Pish! Ditch-fish which itch twitch!”





#### 4. WHAT TOMASITA TAUGHT HER TUTOR

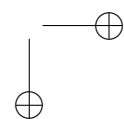
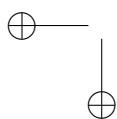
Once a tutor, Peter Potter,  
Tutored Tomasita Sautter;  
And his love grew hot or hotter  
Than the boiling point of water.

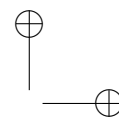
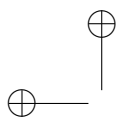
Peter sought to be a suitor;  
When his proffered hand he brought her  
Tomasita taught her tutor  
More than e'er the tutor taught her.

For she fled when he besought her,  
Lying hid where none would note her;  
So a waste of winter water  
Would obliterate a bloater.

Tomasita's suitor sought her;  
Just in time he chanced to spot her  
Ere the Latin quarter caught her,  
Ere, perchance, the gutter got her.

Ah, what joy when Tomasita,  
Yielding utterly to Potter,  
Twittered, "I'm a rotter, Peter!  
I reiterate, a Rotter!"



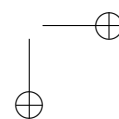
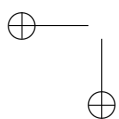


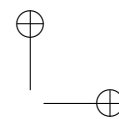
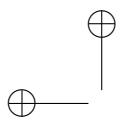
### THIS JAZZ AGE

Days of haste and hurry,  
    Filled with agitation,  
Nights of strain and worry,  
    Seeking cheap sensation;  
Sanity may call, but  
    All men flout her plea;  
Or evidently all but  
    Me.

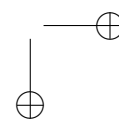
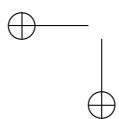
Overwork has got us  
    Chattering and nervous;  
Overstrain has shot us,  
    Nothing can preserve us;  
Especially it's irksome  
    When the Boss gets sore,  
Urging me to work some  
    More.

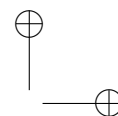
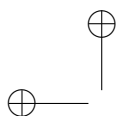
Speed has made us frantic;  
    Ruin soon will smite us;  
Life is but an antic,  
    Nor could good Saint Vitus  
Loosen Jazz's clutches!  
    (Hardly dare I peep:  
"What bothers *me* so much is  
    Sleep!")





Soon our fevered nation  
Will by Haste be maddened;  
By the situation  
Editors are saddened;  
And I too would weep a  
Little for their sake,  
If I could but keep a-  
wake.



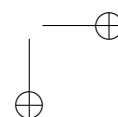
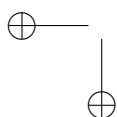


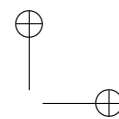
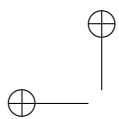
### ONE OF OUR MENACES

Ho hum, ho hum,  
I've a happy life,  
I've a little sonny,  
A nice little wife;  
I've a little money  
From a nice little store;  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
I wish there was a war.

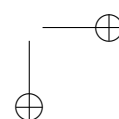
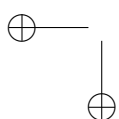
Life is very pleasant  
And always just the same;  
I can call the mayor  
By his first name;  
As a golf-player  
I've a low score;  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
I wish there was a war.

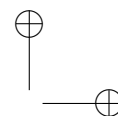
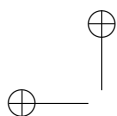
My wife gives a party,  
It's really very nice,  
We have a little salad,  
Coffee and an ice;  
I sing a funny ballad,  
The folks yell for more –  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
I wish there was a war.





I'd like to loot cathedrals  
And hang men to trees,  
I'd like to have a try at  
A few atrocities;  
I'd like world-wide riot,  
I don't care what it's for –  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
Let's have a war!





**THE WISE MEN  
A WISECRACK**

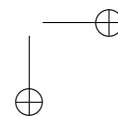
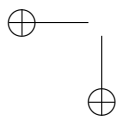
“Be Thrifty,” say the sages,  
“And put away your rocks,  
For thus one’s green old age is  
Secure from wrecks and shocks;  
Do not, of course, be sordid,  
But build against mischance;  
Thrift always is rewarded!”

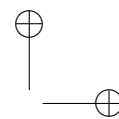
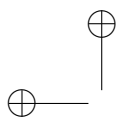
(Except in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-  
Slovakia, Russia and France.)

“Be Loyal,” say the wise men,  
“To what we say you should;  
The time may come that tries men,  
But all is to the good;  
Though War is quite a burden,  
Prosperity and peace  
Are loyal peoples’ guerdon!”

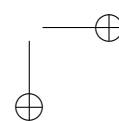
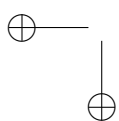
(Except in Italy, Belgium, Poland, Jugo-  
Slavia, Turkey and Greece.)

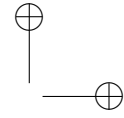
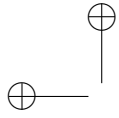
I may not be so clever,  
But when the Wise Men crow:  
“Always, forever, never,  
This thing or that is so;  
The Truth is what I utter,  
World-wide, unchanging, whole!”





Well, I'm afraid I mutter:  
"Except in Africa, Asia, America, Europe,  
Australia, and the North Pole!"



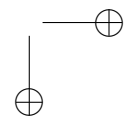
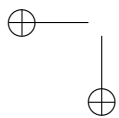


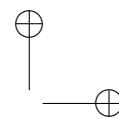
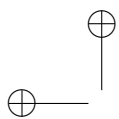
### THE EXILE'S CHRISTMAS

Today the sky is gray with snow  
Over a town I used to know,  
And memories on the snow drift down  
Over an unforgotten town.

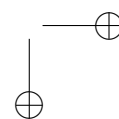
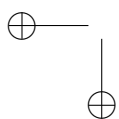
Ah, heaven, might I see once more  
The dear paternal grocery store!  
I hear, in wistful make-believe,  
The merry din of Christmas Eve;  
Again resound the shouts and sallies  
Of voices tuned to windy valleys;  
A sleigh stops in the village street,  
And, stamping on his frozen feet,  
Red Sim comes in, shakes snow from collar,  
And tells the news from Pony Hollow.  
Then silence, as we turn our chaws  
In the slow orbit of the jaws.

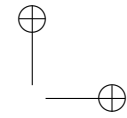
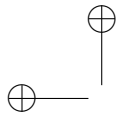
Alas! I am condemned to dwell  
High in an arrogant hotel;  
I sit in my palatial suite  
And hunger once again to eat  
Beans and brown bread, black and hard,  
Buckwheat pancakes fried in lard,  
And dour plum puddings, citron-crested,  
Indigestible, undigested.  
Why can I not arise and flee  
From all this sickly luxury?





Why can I not go home again?  
It's only seven hours by train.  
Can I not bridge that little span?  
To be quite frank, of course I can.  
Instead, I join the band that sits  
In the bright caverns of the Ritz  
Gazing upon the Christmas folly  
With sick and wayward melancholy;  
We go to dine, lugubrious;  
The dining-room is full of us;  
In the rose-glimmering catacomb  
We yearn for the rude walls of home.  
"Go home, for heaven's sake!" say you.  
We never did, we never do.  
The burdened memories crowd and troop.  
A tear drops in the turtle soup.





### ON PELF, OR LUCRE

When I was young and hearty  
And full of sap and glee,  
I knew a wise old party  
Who used to say to me:

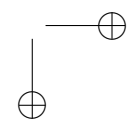
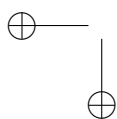
“Ah, set no store by money,  
For wealth lasts but a day;  
The bees who garner honey  
Soon see it reft away;

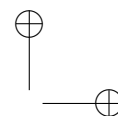
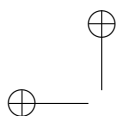
“And greed and grief besmirch us  
When Lucre is our goal;  
And Money cannot purchase  
A pure and happy soul,

“Or Peace beyond our guessing,  
Or Love that will not die;  
There’s many and many a blessing  
That Money will not buy.”

“Money, no doubt, is grimy,”  
I answered with a bow,  
“However, it would buy me  
All that I need right now.

“’Twould buy the landlord, maybe,  
Peace; and Peace for us,  
Belly-bands for the baby,  
And brake-bands for the bus.





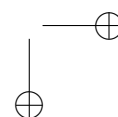
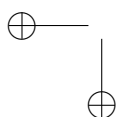
“You speak well; but the hitch is  
That all I ever knew  
Who sneered and jeered at riches  
Were millionaires like you!”

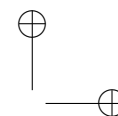
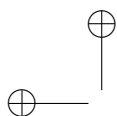
His counsels I neglected;  
I slaved and strained for pelf  
Until I had collected  
A million bones myself.

I bear to him no ill-will,  
For I have noticed how  
My million dollars still will  
Buy what I need right now;

And Money brings the right to  
Proclaim both near and far  
(While someone holds a light to  
My fifty-cent cigar):

“Ah, set no store by money —”



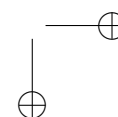
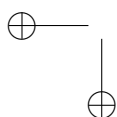


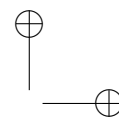
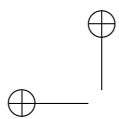
### THE HOME I'LL NEVER SEE

The firelight flickers low;  
    I picture in the gloom  
The home I used to know;  
    Again I seem to see  
The hall I used to love,  
    The cramped reception-room,  
The dining-alcove of  
    Apartment 7-D.

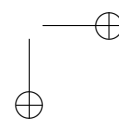
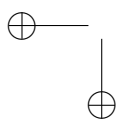
And Memory reveals  
    The quaint old kitchenette  
Where Mother got the meals  
    By opening a can,  
The quaint old fire-escape  
    With quaint milk-bottles set;  
Quaintest of all in shape,  
    The elevator-man.

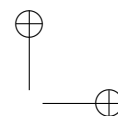
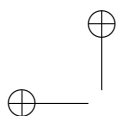
Alas, I wonder if  
    The house where I was born  
Still stands, a frowning cliff,  
    In a far northern land?  
Does the Hungarian Grill  
    The ground-floor still adorn?  
And on the corner still  
    Does the red hydrant stand?





I know these eyes shall ne'er  
Gaze on that home; these feet  
Shall never journey where  
My budding life was nursed;  
For it's located on  
207th Street;  
And now we live upon  
141st.





## MILEAGE

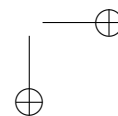
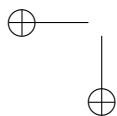
It is the Sabbath day,  
The golden sun on greening earth is glancing,  
The snow has fled away  
At Nature's necromancing,  
And Spring has come to kiss the spires of Lansing.

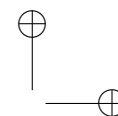
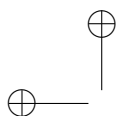
The dinner-hour is o'er,  
And in the sinks the dishes lie a-purging,  
And forth from every door  
The citizens come surging,  
Driven as if by some supernal urging.

They get them in their cars,  
Ten thousand feet depress ten thousand starters;  
Like Slavic Hospodars  
Proceeding 'gainst the Tartars,  
Like marching throngs of early Christian martyrs,

Or like those wand'ring bands  
Of Celt and Hun and Visigoth and Saxon  
Who sought for promised lands –  
So, with great cry of Klaxon,  
The host advances on the road to Jackson.

Fiercely the drivers goad  
Their steeds, unheeding danger or disaster;





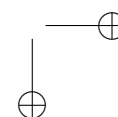
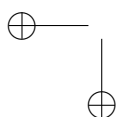
They hurtle down the road,  
Each engine feels its master  
Lashing it onward, faster, faster, faster!

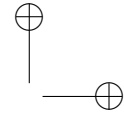
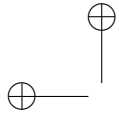
What seek they thus afar?  
Is it a doom on Jackson they are wreaking?  
Is it a natal star  
These spellbound men are seeking  
With boiling motors, radiators leaking?

Is it the trump of war  
That draws them onward, heart and mind entrancing?  
It seems unlikely, for  
On reaching Jackson, glancing  
Nor left nor right, they head right back to Lansing.

And meanwhile, all the lads  
Of Jackson, seize their babes whose hair is flaxen  
And their gray-bearded dads  
With faces blanched and waxen,  
And speed to Lansing, then return to Jackson.

And so, each Sabbath day,  
The country's population has departed,  
Hurrying far away  
So that, impatient-hearted,  
It may come hurrying back to where it started.





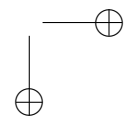
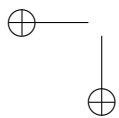
## THOUGHT FOR TODAY

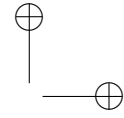
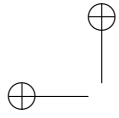
*(Reproduction prohibited)*

The Preacher spoke of Modern Life,  
In blasting words he blighted it,  
He cursed our economic strife,  
He bombed and dynamited it.  
“My Word,” he cried, “will rock the state,  
'Twill far and wide reverberate;  
The Fancy Feature Syndicate  
Has kindly copyrighted it.”

Sin was obliged to toe the line,  
Iniquity was gibbeted;  
He prayed a prayer; it sounded fine  
(Perhaps a bit too glib, it did).  
You'll find his little daily prayer  
Is syndicated here and there –  
But note the “Copyright – Beware!  
Illegal Use Prohibited!”

Of course I know that labor's hire  
The Preacher well could vindicate,  
But certain saints whom I admire  
(Their names I will not indicate)  
Would have regretted much to see  
Their revelation, for a fee,  
“Exclusively the Property  
Of Fancy Feature Syndicate!”



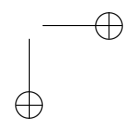
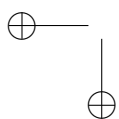


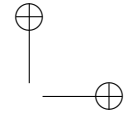
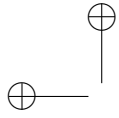
### THE WOMAN OF THE DENTIST'S DREAMS

“Women!” the dentist cried, “They are to me  
The mystical far creatures of my dreams,  
More pure and fair than earthy men can be,  
Woven of gossamer and pale moonbeams –  
Open a little wider, please, the jaw.”  
He thrust six fingers in the lady’s maw.

“‘Are you quite real, angelic one,’ I say  
To her who is to be ere long my bride,  
‘Or some dim vision, not of mortal clay?’  
Don’t bite, please. Here, the basin at your side.  
Woman, our heaven-sent guide, our sweet consoler!  
Extreme decay about the second molar.

“Woman, who leaves the skies, a happy martyr,  
With trailing clouds of glory still begirt,  
Half elf, half spirit – um, a lot of tartar.  
It looks to me like trench mouth. This will hurt —”  
He felt her tongue and epiglottis flutter  
Forming fierce curses which she could not utter.

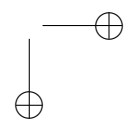
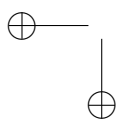


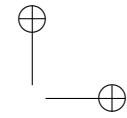
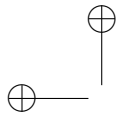


### THE CONTORTIONISTS' TRAGEDY

The Artist sits alone upon a pinnacle  
Where to the vulgar world may not attain.  
The Artist often gets extremely cynical  
Regarding human passion, human pain;  
Or so, at least, would frequently insist  
The winsome Artist, Angela Tremaine,  
Who, at the age of twenty, was unkissed,  
For to her Art her life was dedicated.  
She was an eminent contortionist.

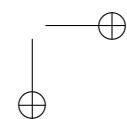
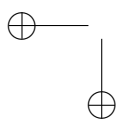
But on a day above all others fated  
She met a youth with burning eyes aglow.  
"So pleased to meet you!" he politely stated,  
And swiftly took his hat off with his toe.  
'Twas the contortionist, McDowell Biddle.  
Angela's pulses hammered; bowing low,  
She wound herself into a human riddle;  
Her head passed 'twixt her legs, and then appeared,  
Smiling self-consciously, above her middle.  
Their hands clasped, winding in a manner weird.  
"You are the girl I've sought since babyhood!"  
He cried; and suddenly their lips adhered  
(As well as, in their tanglement, they could)  
And Life and Art for them were reconciled,  
Both understanding, and both understood.

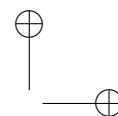
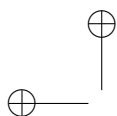




So they were wedded, and the heavens smiled,  
And for a space they lived in fairyland.  
With many a frolic was their life beguiled;  
Coquettishly she'd flee his petful hand  
And twine herself about the chandelier,  
While he would jackknife in th' umbrella stand,  
Or from the icebox would he quaintly peer.  
Ah, firstling happiness, too fond, too fleeting!  
Angela, insufficiently austere,  
Listened too calmly to the soft entreating  
Of virtuosos on the melodious saw,  
Or to the amorous piccolo-player's bleating.

And jealousy in Biddle's heart did gnaw,  
Suspecting, reconciled, again suspicious;  
And Angela would fleck him on the raw,  
Salting his wounds with mockery malicious,  
Until his smould'ring heart could brook no more.  
He sprang upon her, and his snarl was vicious!  
She struck at him; they struggled on the floor,  
Twined like the famed Laocoön of stone.  
He seized a dagger; and he poised it o'er  
Her bosom; and he cried in horrid tone:  
"Now drink of death, thy final loving-cup!"  
But plunged the blade, by error, in his own  
Bosom! Contortionists get so mixed up.



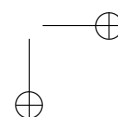
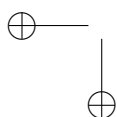


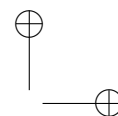
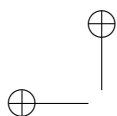
### **DRAT THE BOYS AND GIRLS!**

The modern boys are bold and bad,  
The modern girls are worse,  
They run around about half clad,  
And smoke and dance and curse,  
They treat life like a pantomime,  
No serious things are heeded;  
They have a whole lot better time  
Than we did.

I rage and ramp and roar and stamp  
About the modern youth,  
And when they say, "What makes you damp?"  
I say, "In simple truth  
Such silly gayety's a crime!"  
"In short," so one concluded,  
"We have a whole lot better time  
Than you did!"

But they'll grow old, and then, I pray  
That they will sweat and suffer;  
They'll find it harder to be gay  
As the long road grows rougher.  
Curse them! I can't be certain! I'm  
Afraid they'll keep their credo,  
And have a whole lot better time  
Than we do!





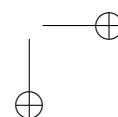
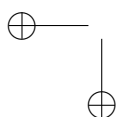
### THE TALES THE BARBERS TELL

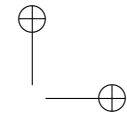
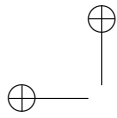
After the day is over  
And the passers-by are rare  
The lights burn low in the barber-shop  
And the shades are drawn with care  
To hide the haughty barbers  
Cutting each other's hair.

And dreadful tales they whisper  
To the music of the shears,  
How even the deftest razor slips  
And cleaves the client's ears;  
And here is the dreadfulest story  
The seated barber hears:

“A customer came to the Parlor  
And sank in the barber's chair  
As a tired child sinks in his mother's arms  
And rests and huddles there;  
His beard was lank and tangled,  
And burrs were in his hair.

“‘A shave!’ I heard him mutter  
In accents soft and low;  
I shaved him twice; and then I said,  
‘A hair-cut, sir, also?’  
A red-hot towel enswathed him,  
He could not answer no.





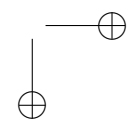
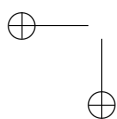
“I used the shears and clippers,  
The whisk and air-blast too,  
And then I whispered in his ear:  
‘Excuse me, sir, but you  
Urgently need our Special  
Egg Gasoline Shampoo.’

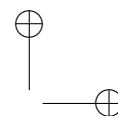
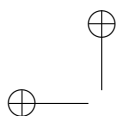
“I think I heard him murmur,  
I think that he agreed;  
I soaped and beat and ground his head  
Till it began to bleed;  
‘A face massage?’ His silence  
Signified, ‘Proceed!’

“I cured his hair of dandruff  
With all the cures there are,  
I rubbed his scalp with alcohol,  
I scrubbed his face with tar,  
I singed his hair and dressed it  
With oil and vinegar.

“All of my art I lavished  
On that unworthy head;  
‘Rise up, rise up, go kingly forth,  
For I have done!’ I said.  
But never a word he answered;  
My customer was dead!”

This is the dreadful story  
That barber tells whene’er  
The shades are drawn in the barber-shop  
And the midnight Mazdas flare  
On the hushed and haughty barbers  
Cutting each other’s hair.





### A WORM-CHORUS

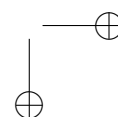
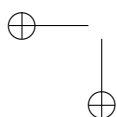
Rain, wind, and rain!  
The heavens are of ashen hue,  
They kiss with their celestial dew  
Walks of cement, and flagstone too –  
Rain, wind, and rain!

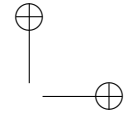
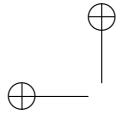
Spring, joy of Spring!  
Let's break the prison where we're pent  
And heed the Spring's admonishment  
To bask upon the wet cement!  
Spring, joy of Spring!

– Stay yet a while!  
Ye know the song the old worms sing  
Of them that went adventuring,  
Their long abdomens mad with Spring;  
Stay yet a while!

Oh, wise old worms!  
For home they brought the rovers, dead,  
Smit by a Herculean tread,  
Their long abdomens all outspread!  
Oh, wise old worms!

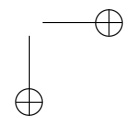
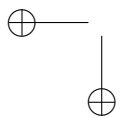
– Pooh, old worms' tales!  
E'en were their drowsy mumbling sooth

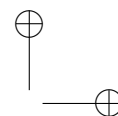
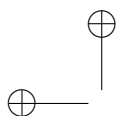




(And old worms rarely speak the truth)  
Death cannot daunt the heart of youth!  
Faugh, old worms' tales!

Rain, wind, and rain!  
The asphalt calls us, let us fly;  
Forward! We urge with purpose high  
Our long abdomens forth to die!  
Rain, wind, and rain!





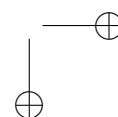
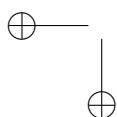
### AN IDYLL OF THE YOSEMITE

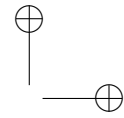
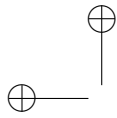
“Up! Up!” we cried; the dawn dew-diamonded  
Came singing down the valley cheerily;  
“Up! Up!” we cried, and took the path which led  
Up the dread wall of the Yosemite.

The vast sequoia and the sugar-pine  
Dwindled to scrub-oak and cleft-hunting thorn,  
And so we came to Earth’s tremendous shrine,  
El Capitan, triumphant in the morn.

We saw the stream from springs of Heaven flowing  
Casting itself to Earth with a glad cry;  
Far, far below, the water-mists were blowing,  
Far, far below, we saw an eagle fly.

We saw the valley winding like a snake  
Three thousand dreadful feet below us, sheer;  
We threw banana-peels in Mirror Lake,  
And empty bottles in the Maiden’s Tear.





## MOVING DAY IN SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND

SCENE I. A STREET.

*Enter* WHEEZE, a mover, and WRENCH, a Mechanick

*Wrench.* How now, untimely knave! What cheer, cheese?

*Wheeze.* Peace, cat's meat; peace, good ash-can. Know you not that today is moving day, and I must to Signior Bolonio's for the moving? (*Sings*)

Then heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, the gooseberry's red,  
Wise men are hungry when lovers are fed.

Bow-wow! Bow-wow!

Ding-dong!

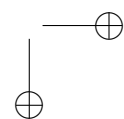
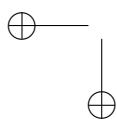
*Wre.* Thou'rt a saucy rogue. Anon, cauliflower; anon, waste-basket.

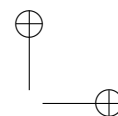
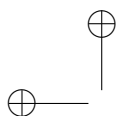
*Whee.* Anon, anon. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE II. AN APARTMENT.

*Enter* SIGNIOR BOLONIO

*Sig. Bol.* Now the darksome night is fled,  
Folded is the folding bed,  
Crated are the drawers and dressers,  
Nought is left for our successors;  
Snuggling in the baby's pram  
Lies the evening leg of lamb;  
Baby lies, the darling soul,





In the scuttle with the coal;  
All, it seems, is ready then  
For the stalwart moving-men.

(*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, a master mover, with WHEEZE,  
CROWBAR, BELCH, and LAUNCELOT, movers.)

*North.* Now twice two hours the laggard-footed sun  
Hath climbed the difficult staircase of the sky,  
And we, the moving-men, have come to move  
The few poor wares of thy mortality.  
So hoist, my sturdy buckos, hoist and heave,  
And let your furious hooks beclaw and bite  
The varnished chiffoniers' mahogany,  
Let the piano, fiercely crowded by  
The vengeful hinges of the narrow door,  
Roll on reluctant castors down the hall!

*Sig. Bol.* Softly, softly.

*North.* On the van's floor let the great mirror lie,  
And stand the ice-box on the baby-carriage.

*Sig. Bol.* Softly, I say, softly.

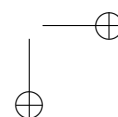
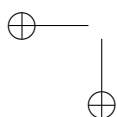
*North.* Break, glass! Crash, china! All shall pass away,  
And Man himself on his last Moving Day. (*Exeunt*)

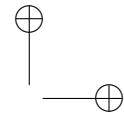
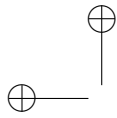
SCENE III. ANOTHER APARTMENT.

*Enter* SIGNIOR BOLONIO

*Sig. Bol.* Is this a teapot that I see before me  
Or shattered relic of an ancient age  
Dug from the kitchen-midden of past time?  
The dinner-plates have shuddered into dust,  
The guest room bed hath sprained its dainty sides,  
Showing its dowels in unseemly guise.  
What, all my furniture is wreck'd? All? All?  
Is all unhing'd? Then unhinge too, poor brain!

(*He goes mad.*)





They say 'twas the mover's daughter broke the ten commandments twixt cock-crow and the noon whistle. Soap-bubbles are ill to mend, and derby hats likewise. Halloo, halloo! Poor Tom's a-cold, sessa! Ho, a paper-cutter, perdy! What will cut paper will cut thread, though 'twere thread spun by the three divine Greek dressmakers. O happy paper-cutter! This be thy sheath! (*Falls on paper-cutter and dies.*)

(*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.)

*North.* I seek the good Signior Bolonio  
That he may pay the guerdon for our toil.

(*Perceives* SIG. BOL.)

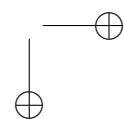
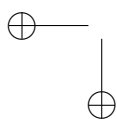
Why, how now, carcass! How now, grisly shell!  
Thy inner tube is pierced, and the shoe punctured,  
Yet still I hear thee cry, "Thine is the fault!"  
Peace, cry no more! I come to join thee, egg!

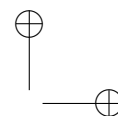
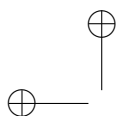
(*Falls on umbrella and dies.*)

(*Enter* WHEEZE.)

*Whee.* This was the noblest mover of them all  
Who to his client's fate conjoined his own.  
Ah, life is little worth without a boss,  
I'll not survive, nor long lament, his loss.

(*Falls on whisk-broom, but survives.*)



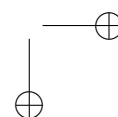
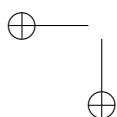


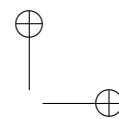
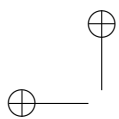
### THE ARTISTS ARE EAVESDROPPING

I've been to the play of the moment,  
The ultimate essence of Art;  
The critics averred that the show meant  
That Life has fallen apart.  
At the word constituting the climax  
The plaudits increased to a gale.  
('Twas the very same word the farmhand used  
When the cow kicked over the pail.)

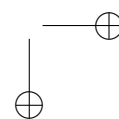
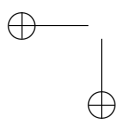
They showed me a novel, the bible  
Of all that are leading the way  
From an art which is local and tribal  
To the glorious art of today.  
"Just look at the phrase he has printed!"  
They cried, "What a masterpiece!"  
('Twas the very same phrase the barkeep used  
To describe the Chief of Police.)

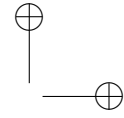
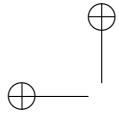
I met a dear lady, adhering  
To a deep intellectual band;  
Her manner was scornful and sneering  
Toward everything I understand.  
Without any urging, however,  
A comical ballad she sang.  
('Twas the very same song the teamster trolled  
To amuse the construction gang.)





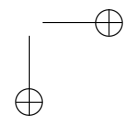
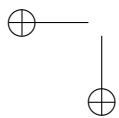
The Vanguard impresses me greatly,  
But somehow it seems as though  
They've only discovered lately  
What all the rest of us know.  
They make me feel like exclaiming:  
(Here you will please insert  
The same remark the truckdriver makes  
When a wheel settles deep in the dirt.)

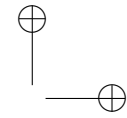
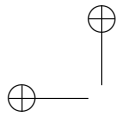




### OZYMANDIAS REVISITED

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Also the names of Emory P. Gray,  
Mr. and Mrs. Dukes, and Oscar Baer  
Of 17 West 4th St., Oyster Bay.





### THEY DON'T DO RIGHT BY LADY POETS

When the wind screeches,  
By the fire-light  
I love to read the poems  
The lady poets write,

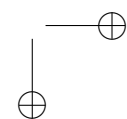
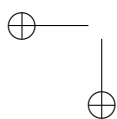
Of the gallant lovers  
With witching eyes,  
On their lips, hunger,  
In their hearts, lies.

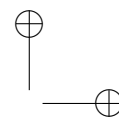
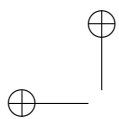
Rains of roses  
Curtained the day;  
But deep 'mid the petals  
Agony lay.

Beauty drowned the singers  
A little hour; thereat  
All the gallant lovers  
Left them flat.

Now in the cold house  
Where love was slain  
The singers are hugging  
Their cruel sweet pain.

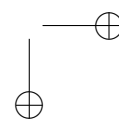
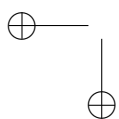
By the lovers forgotten  
(Who misbehave)  
Their heart's blood drips –  
Brave – brave –

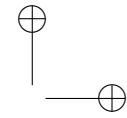
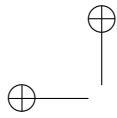




O faithless gallants  
Who loved long ago,  
How can you treat all  
The lady poets so?

Hear you not the strains of woe  
The stricken ones chant?  
– I'd like to meet the lovers  
And get their slant.



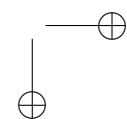
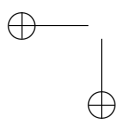


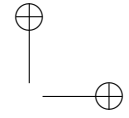
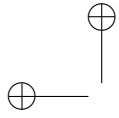
### THE MORALITY OF THE VILLAIN

What has become of the villain  
Who swaggered through all the old plays,  
Who used to put most of the thrill in  
The drama of earlier days?  
The plays of today have reformed him,  
He tries to behave as he should;  
The villain is not very bad any more,  
And the hero is not very good!

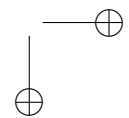
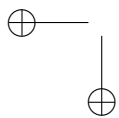
The villain of old would not wrestle  
With scruples that tortured his brain  
As he tied a fair maid to a trestle  
In the path of a limited train;  
He would laugh with a laugh diabolic  
As he sandbagged his prey from behind;  
But the villain is not very cruel any more,  
And the hero is not very kind!

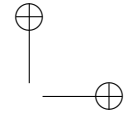
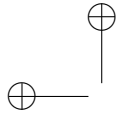
The villain was thoroughly evil,  
And wicked as long as awake;  
His morals were those of a weevil,  
His manners were those of a snake;  
To death and despair and disaster  
His innocent victims he'd lure –  
But the villain is not very foul any more,  
And the hero is not very pure!





Alas, he is gone; for our time is  
Too wise for such simple demands;  
We now have discovered that crime is  
The result of malfunctioning glands;  
But still I regret the old villain  
And the hero's damfoolhardihood –  
For Vice doesn't seem very bad any more,  
And Virtue is not very good!





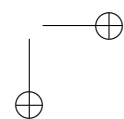
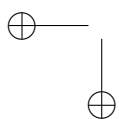
### NOCTURNE IN BLUE AND SILVER

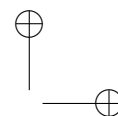
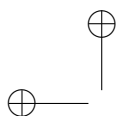
'Tis the dark day's dim ending  
In the old town,  
And with the night descending  
Snow drifts down.

The gray of the day surrenders  
To gray of night;  
Ah, seek no colored splendors  
In this twilight.

See only the gray snow cover  
With silken shroud  
The city, the quiet lover,  
Quiet, proud.

The night dreams long above it,  
Snow falls slow.  
"What of it?" you ask, "what of it?"  
I don't know.





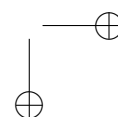
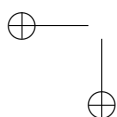
**ON THE ADMISSION OF  
THE WORD GALUMPH  
TO THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY**

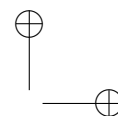
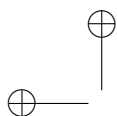
What is this word here, in the dictionary,  
Juicy great fat word, full of taste and savor,  
Strange to Will Shakespeare, and to Matthew Arnold,  
After “galoshes”?

'Tis GALUMPH, see, friends, see the definition!  
'Tis a coined word, friends, made by Lewis Carroll,  
And the word means, friends, by the dictionary:  
“Prancing in triumph!”

When the great charmer of our childhood fancy  
Wrote for sweet Alice once a Jabberwocky  
Had he but thought 'twould make his name immortal,  
How he'd have chortled!

For a child's pleasure was his idle trifling;  
Mighty word-playboy, his reward is deathless;  
Through the long night-time will his words continue  
Prancing in triumph!

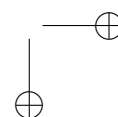
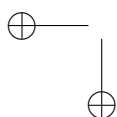


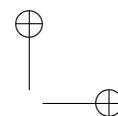
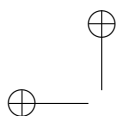


### FOR THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON

See, see the mighty hunter, fiercely bland,  
Who grimly girds him in his hunting habit,  
With naught but knife and shotgun to withstand  
Savage attacks by partridge, grouse, and rabbit.  
Danger affrights him not; with unconcern  
He risks wet feet, and colds in chest or head,  
For he has vowed that he will not return  
Without a wild and woodland creature, dead!

O mighty hunter! He has found a pheasant  
Pecking oblivious in a roadside ditch.  
The bird, shot-riddled, makes a noise unpleasant,  
His legs and wings fantastically twitch;  
Blood streaks his shimmering beauty; in his eyes  
Lingers incredulous and shocked surprise.

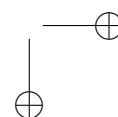
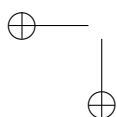


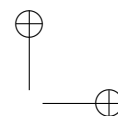
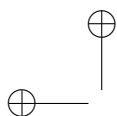


### THE CULTURE OF TRAVEL

So! You are back from Europe, Mr. Green!  
Tell me, what storied marvels met your eyes?  
What age-old spires and battlements that rise  
Defying time? And what far-fabled scenes  
Where destiny was made? What colored towns  
Hemming the southern sea in jeweled fringes?  
What ancient glass whose radiance still tinges  
Forgotten kings beneath forgotten crowns?

Ah, you are back from Europe, Mr. Green!  
Tell us of what you've seen, ay, that you shall –  
You saw a fist-fight in a Paris bar,  
In Rome you saw a novel motor-car,  
And Venice? Why, in Venice you have seen  
A dead cat floating in the Grand Canal.





### EMOTIONS IN THE TIERGARTEN

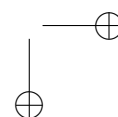
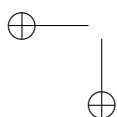
In Hagenbeck's palatial zoo  
The military music played,  
Till half of Hamburg trembled to  
The blasts of Schubert's Serenade.

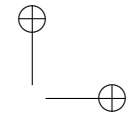
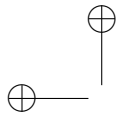
The flying birds with wings well clipped  
Beat vainly on their breasts to flight,  
The beer-born tears of burghers dripped  
With Schwärmerei and Innigkeit.

With hopeless paw the polar bear  
Tested again his barricade,  
A lion's roaring grieved the air,  
Disturbing Schubert's Serenade.

And on their concrete mountain ledge  
Thibetan tahrs posed figurant,  
And round and round his puddle's edge  
Blubbered the vast sea-elephant.

"Escape! Escape!" was all I heard  
Behind each certain palisade.  
I really never felt so stirred  
On hearing Schubert's Serenade.



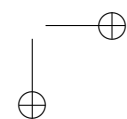
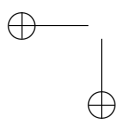


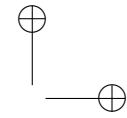
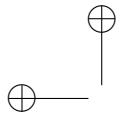
### THE POINT OF VIEW

Love hunted him; he was love's happy quarry;  
The hounds of love tore at his offered flesh;  
The glorious victim in love's long safari,  
He shouted to be sacrificed afresh.

Love lit his heart with unimagined splendor,  
Love sang in yet-unapprehended strains.  
Ah, welcome conqueror! Ah, sweet surrender!  
What joyful bondage in what nestling chains!

He could not hide the transformation wrought in  
His being; for he heard a neighbor say,  
Smirking the while: "I hear that John is caught in  
A hell of an affair with Mrs. J."



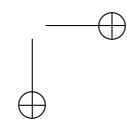
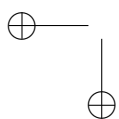


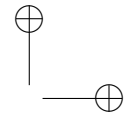
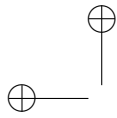
## TO A GREAT COMIC

(Molière, 1622–1922)

Molière, your gusty laughter shouted down  
The strumming lutanists about Love's throne;  
The shepherdesses scuttled back to town  
And left poor Cupid blubbering alone.  
The ribboned gallants, finical-fantastick,  
Sighing with tuneful ardor day by day,  
Could bear their ladies' scorn with hearts elastic  
But not the furnace-sighs of Jodelet.

The game went flat; the players stood ashamed  
Hearing your chuckle at their mimeries;  
They packed away the painted moon that flamed  
O'er Cythera, beside its tinsel seas.  
... Molière, we need you now, we need you so!  
For Cupid is dethroned by Libido.



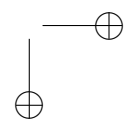
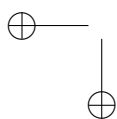


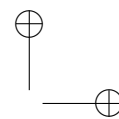
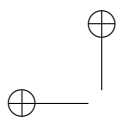
### BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB IN ST. PRAXED'S

What, in the Register of Doom, is writ  
In that one fateful entry under B?  
What say the Angels of the Book, who sit  
Recording good and ill relentlessly?  
Alas! No saintly guerdon I foresee;  
I've no pretension to apotheosis;  
But when I pass, may this be said of me:  
"He made no reference to halitosis."

Since early youth I longed to be a wit  
And gain a name for charming *jeux d'esprit*,  
And many a dreadful joke would I commit,  
Turning on subjects like the female knee,  
The stinginess of Scots, the repartee  
Of colored men pursued by "ha'nts" and "ohos'es."  
Yea, I have sinned; but of one sin I'm free;  
I've made no reference to halitosis.

Great are my sins; for once I wrote a skit  
On missionaries in a fricassee.  
Must I tell all? I've even tried to twit  
Girls walking homeward o'er the midnight lea.  
Gibes, to send shudders down the vertebra,  
I've made about the Bolshevik neurosis.  
Oh, mercy, mercy! This my only plea –  
I've made no reference to halitosis!





*Envoy*

Angel, you smile; you grant no benefit  
For the one virtue of my diagnosis;  
You write the lines that plunge me in the pit –  
I've made this reference to halitosis!

