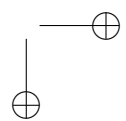
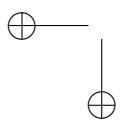
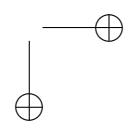
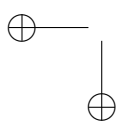
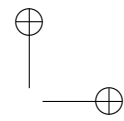
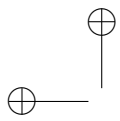
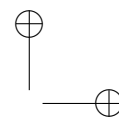


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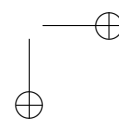
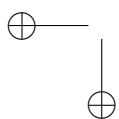


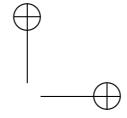
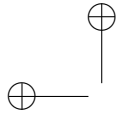


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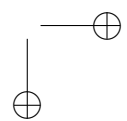
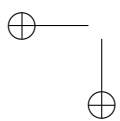
*Morris Bishop*

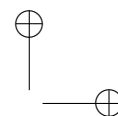
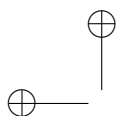
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First Published, 1942



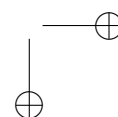
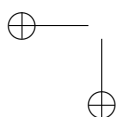


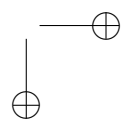
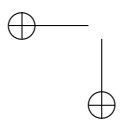
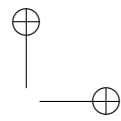
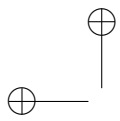
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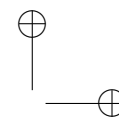
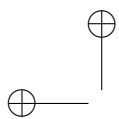
*We are the generation  
That is too early wise;  
We look upon creation  
With clear, untroubled eyes.  
We see the world's illusion,  
We know that we must bear,  
Deep in our minds, confusion,  
Deep in our hearts, despair.*

*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!*

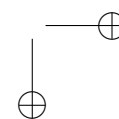
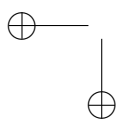


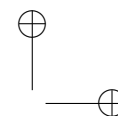
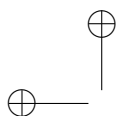




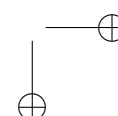
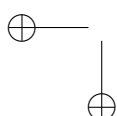
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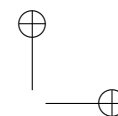
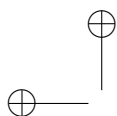
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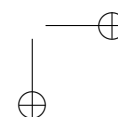
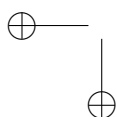


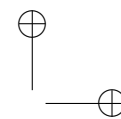
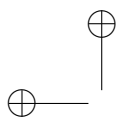
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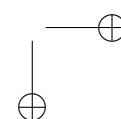
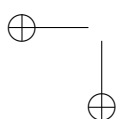


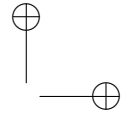
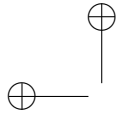
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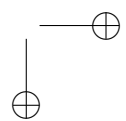
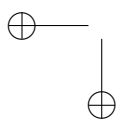


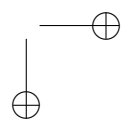
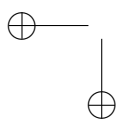
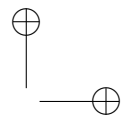
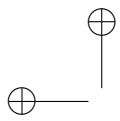
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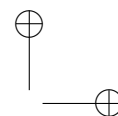
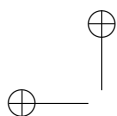




**SPILT MILK**







## 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!

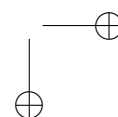
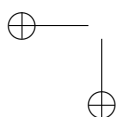
“How do you do, little elf,” I said,  
“And what do you do all day?”  
“I dance ’n fwolic about,” said he,  
”’N scuttle about and play;

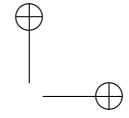
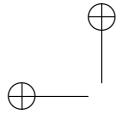
“I s’prise the butterflies, ’n when  
A katydid I see,  
‘Katy didn’t!’ I say, and he  
Says ‘Katy did!’ to me!

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

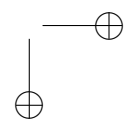
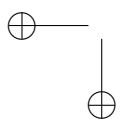
“’N then I swing on a cobweb swing  
Up in the air so high,  
’N the cwickets chirp to hear me sing  
‘Upsy-daisy-die!’

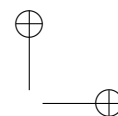
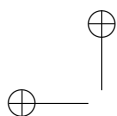
“’N then I play with the baby chicks,  
I call them, chick chick chick!  
’N what do you think of that?” said he.  
I said, “It makes me sick.





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

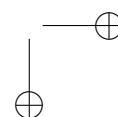
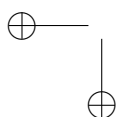


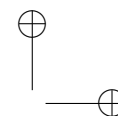
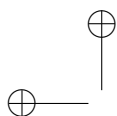


### **K. O. COOK OF KEOKUK**

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 acclaims;  
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.

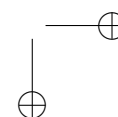
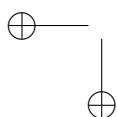


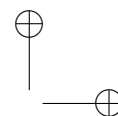
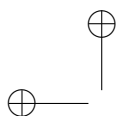


K. O. Cook of Keokuk  
When in Egypt ran amuck  
Carving on the Pyramids  
His name and his wife and kids';  
Many a humble Arab thinks  
K. O. Cook has bought the Sphinx;  
Learned scholars who examine  
The royal bed of Tut-ankh-amen  
By this fact are thunderstruck:  
The bed was made in Keokuk!

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."



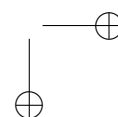
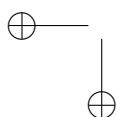


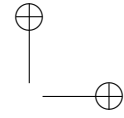
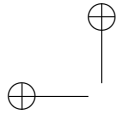
## THE GAY NINETIES

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.

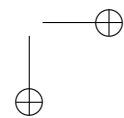
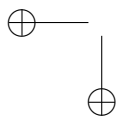


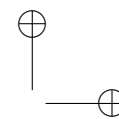
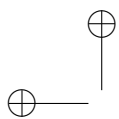


### **CORRECT SPORTS WEAR FOR JUNIORS**

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.





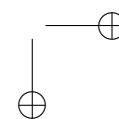
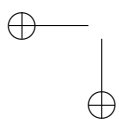
### **PUBLIC AID FOR NIAGARA FALLS**

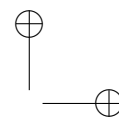
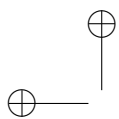
Upon the patch of earth that clings  
Near the very brink of doom,  
Where the frenzied water flings  
Downward to a misty gloom,

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.

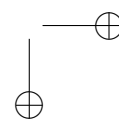
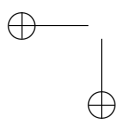


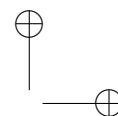
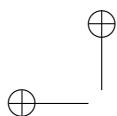


**COME, LET US MUSE  
A MOMENT ON THE PIG**

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.



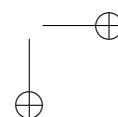
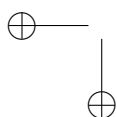


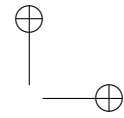
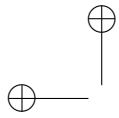
### THE PRACTICE BABY

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.

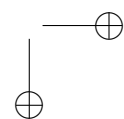
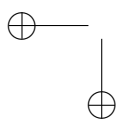
“Oh, what a lucky baby I am!” he often used to  
cry,  
“To have a hundred Mammias to make me  
hushaby!  
A hundred lovely Mammias, whose love is over-  
flowing!”  
The only difficulty was, the baby kept on  
growing.

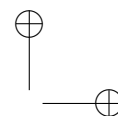
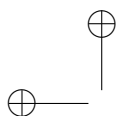




And now he's grown to be a man, and grievously  
he misses  
The care of his Model Mammās, their cud-  
dling and their kisses;  
And oft he murmurs to himself, with his scowl  
from the Sunday comics:  
“Do they need a Practice Husband in the  
College of Home Economics?”

(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?

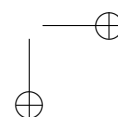
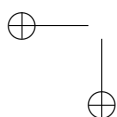
“Oh, what a pwitty baby!  
Oh, what a sweetie love!  
What is oo thinkin’, baby,  
And dweamin’ of?

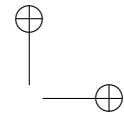
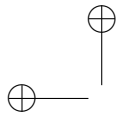
“Is oo wond’rin’ ’bout de doggie  
A-fwiskin’ here ’n dere?  
Is oo watchin’ de baby birdies  
Everywhere?

“’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.”





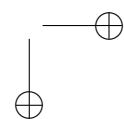
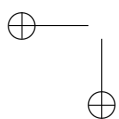
### A WINTER MADRIGAL

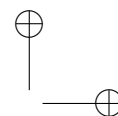
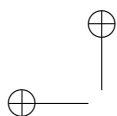
Chloris made my heart to stop  
And turn'd my joy to acid,  
For I was working in the shop  
And she was in Lake Placid.

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.





### A BOOKLOVERS' BARGAIN

“Shame!” said the writer’s wife, and her voice shook;  
“And would you put each intimate word and deed  
Of our common life in the pages of a book  
For all the world to read?”

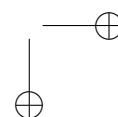
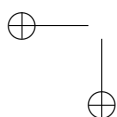
“All our sweet secrets, would you write them down?  
The murmured words of love’s confessional,  
Shall they be shouted to the gaping town?  
Have you no shame at all?”

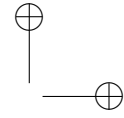
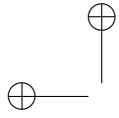
The writer fidgeted before his wife,  
And muttered from his overladen heart:  
”I got to get material from life!  
I got to think of Art!”

“Then think of Art!” she blazed; “No more of me!  
No more shall you abuse me to another!  
Offer my inmost life to your deity!  
I shall return to Mother!”

The writer wept; in vain did he beseech,  
In vain assail the cloak of wrath that wrapped her.  
He made some notes upon her farewell speech  
For his concluding chapter.

Ah well! Let the heart break – ’tis the world’s gain!  
Beauty from blood will grow, like Flanders poppies.  
The world, in gratitude for the author’s pain,  
Bought just three hundred copies.



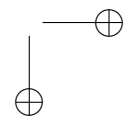
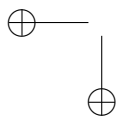


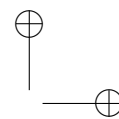
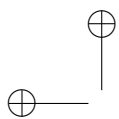
### **KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, DEAR**

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.

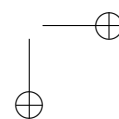
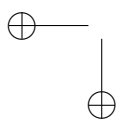
Midnight assails  
The guttering tapers;  
They flicker against  
The conquering gloam;  
I've not yet read  
The evening papers;  
Kiss me good night, dear,  
I want to go home.

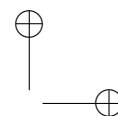
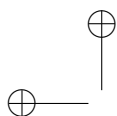




No, I'm not angry,  
No, I'm not surly;  
I have no wish  
From your side to roam;  
But I must get  
To the office early;  
Kiss me, damn it,  
I want to go home.

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.





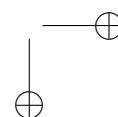
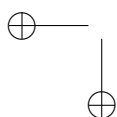
**ANSWERING YOURS OF (DATE ILLEGIBLE)**

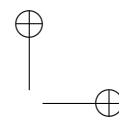
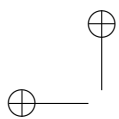
The morning mail is here; I have your charming  
letter;  
I kiss each word you penned, with ecstasy  
devout;  
I love each little word; I'd love them even better  
If I could make them out.

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  
sweety”;  
(Or “sweaty,” can it be?)

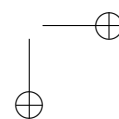
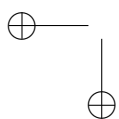
Can “deary” be the word? I trust it is not  
“beery,”  
My whispers, not my whiskers, that linger  
in your car;  
And do you find my verse so cheesy or so cheery?  
And am I deaf or dear?

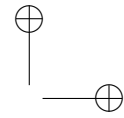
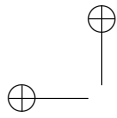




Your writing swoops and swirls, with no sugges-  
tion whether  
I am an Awful Slob or only Awful Slow;  
Do you perhaps suggest that we should “roam”  
together?  
Or is it double o?

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?



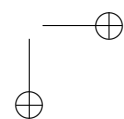
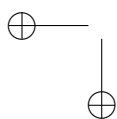


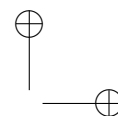
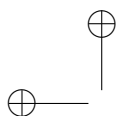
### VANITY OF VANITIES

“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.



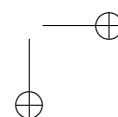
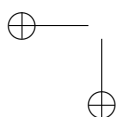


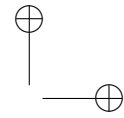
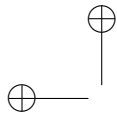
### REVERY OF A BACHELOR

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!”

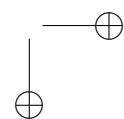
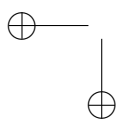
“My dear,” I said, “you’re mine, you’re my Nance,  
You may correct me when, by chance,  
I err, with reference to finance —”  
And Nancy smiled and said – “finance!”

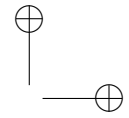
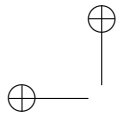
“Or when,” said I, “I fail to fill a straight,  
When undue odds my purpose frustrate,  
Correct me, if with oaths I illustrate —”  
She shook her head and said – “illustrate!”

“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!”

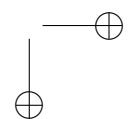
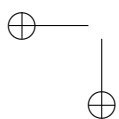
“Think! Every journey, every sea-tour  
Has end; and every ill its cure;  
It’s a long road that has no detour!”  
Her only comment was – “detour!”

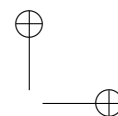
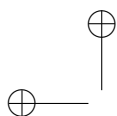




The blood within my veins ran riotous,  
I cried: "No more shall grammar cheat us!  
Take from my vengeful fist your quietus!"  
She moaned in agony – "quietus!"

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.

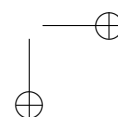
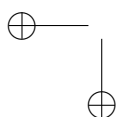
Her lips were blue and chilled,  
And down the frozen street  
The fierce-fanged tempest snarled and shrilled  
About her feet.

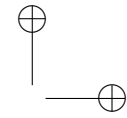
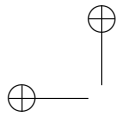
Against the savage cold  
Little she had to wear;  
She wore her pink silk stockings rolled,  
And her knees were bare.

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;





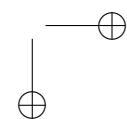
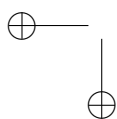
“Of virgin wool it’s knit,  
Some seven pounds it weighs,  
And gladly will I give you it,  
And ask no praise;

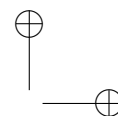
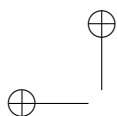
“Because my feelings bleed  
To see you there, so old,  
Woefully huddling, frozen-kneed,  
And cold – so cold.”

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.

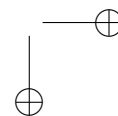
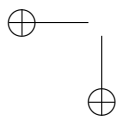
Now I am old and full of days  
    This Springtide business I do not  
(If I may use the current phrase  
    The young men fancy) find so hot.

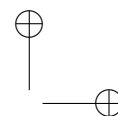
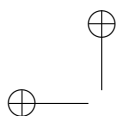
When I was young my heart would stir  
    And sing to Love upon its throne  
With noise of harp and dulcimer,  
    With sackbut and with saxophone.

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.

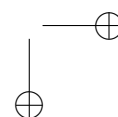
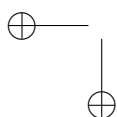
When I was young I used to scoff  
And jeer at aged gentlemen  
Pathetically showing off,  
Pretending to be young again.

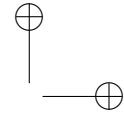
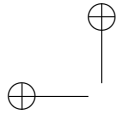
Now I am old, I sometimes think  
I'd best confess old age is here,  
When I surprise the guarded wink  
Or interrupt the covert sneer.

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 —



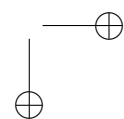
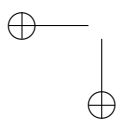


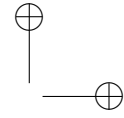
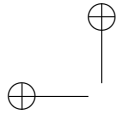
**DRINKING SONG FOR  
PRESENT-DAY GATHERINGS (1928)**

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.)



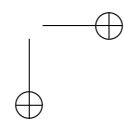
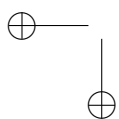


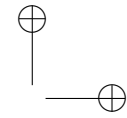
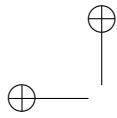
### POET FLAYS TEMPTATIONS OF CITY LIFE

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.



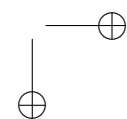
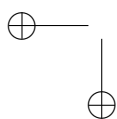


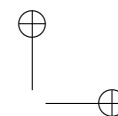
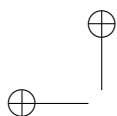
### THE MILKMAN'S HORSE

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,

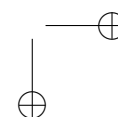
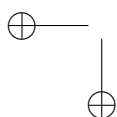


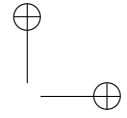
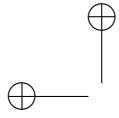


And I hardly dare suggest  
What he knows about Miss Best;  
She should have some deft reminders  
Milkmen's horses don't wear blinders;  
Ah, you hardly would suppose  
What a lot that old horse knows.

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!"

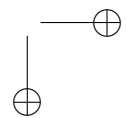
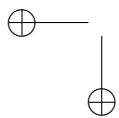
Down the street the milkman's horse  
Pushed the milk-cart on its course,  
Halting now at 37,  
Then proceeding to 11;  
In his teeth he took some bottles  
To the door of Mrs. Wattles,  
Grade A and a pint of cream  
To the door of Mrs. Bream;

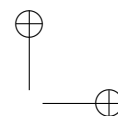
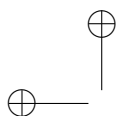




And he left the monthly bill  
At the door of Mrs. Hill;  
When he came to sweet Miss Best's  
(So at least the tale attests)  
Neighing in a manner pleasant  
He left some kumyss for a present!

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!



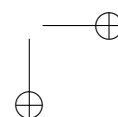
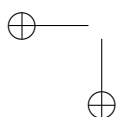


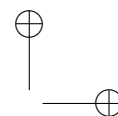
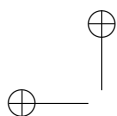
### THE FAITHFUL HEART

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!



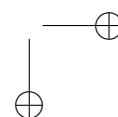
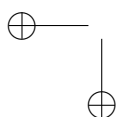


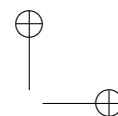
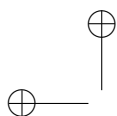
## GAS AND HOT AIR

“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!

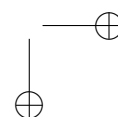
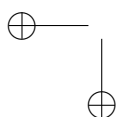


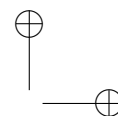
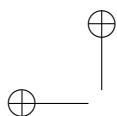


Throttled and choked by furious Choke and Throttle,  
By Butterfly valves a-flutter, pet cocks clucking,  
Came Gasoline, with gurgling epiglottal  
To the float-chamber, D, the thirsty-sucking;  
And to the mixing-chamber came in spray  
Where evermore the gusty air is blowing  
And jets of gasoline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



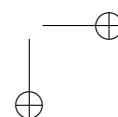
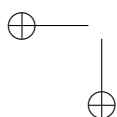


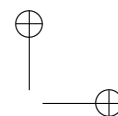
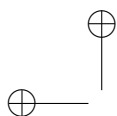
### MEDICAL WARNINGS

“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!”



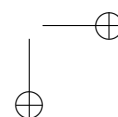
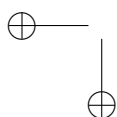


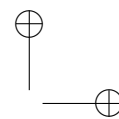
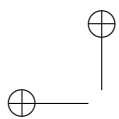
**THE WRECK OF  
“THE RUMHOUND OF THE SEAS”**

Our gallant ship was sailing,  
Sailing o'er the sea,  
The tourists were regaling  
Themselves regrettably;  
The water leaking in the hold  
Was rising notch by notch,  
So while the tourists watched the wake,  
I went and waked the watch.

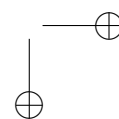
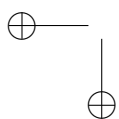
Our gallant ship was sinking,  
And in the water poured!  
I could not keep from thinking  
Some Jonah was aboard!  
And then I saw a stowaway!  
Out of the hold he ran!  
So while the sailors manned the pumps,  
I went and pumped the man.

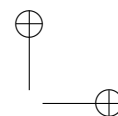
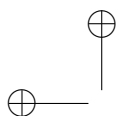
“Your gallant ship is sinking,”  
Replied that man bizarre,  
“Because the folk were drinking  
Openly, in the bar!  
So I have sunk the ship to teach  
Them more enlightened views.  
The Volstead Act taboos the bar;  
And why? To bar the booze!”





The passengers were raving;  
    Into the bar they burst,  
All eager to be saving  
    The wines and brandies first.  
They disciplined that stowaway  
    Ten minutes by the watch.  
In vain! They could but scotch the snake,  
    For he had snaked the Scotch!





### NEW LIGHT ON THE HEN

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

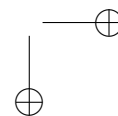
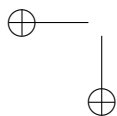
The hen's ferocious cackle  
Stilled the woods with fear;  
And scholars say she did not lay  
A dozen eggs a year.

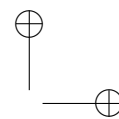
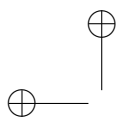
But aboriginal man  
(The scholars do aver)  
Entrapped the hen, and patient men  
Domesticated her.

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.

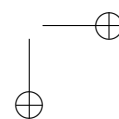
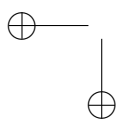
With artificial sun  
A hen will volunteer  
(I understand) three hundred and  
Forty eggs a year!

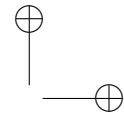
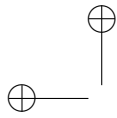




But what is this I read?  
Now all physicians say  
That you and I have got to try  
The ultra-violet ray!

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





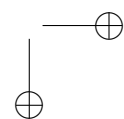
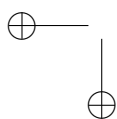
## THE LEGEND OF THE LOGANBERRY

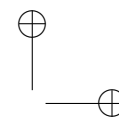
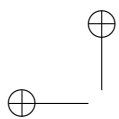
*(From "The Seamy Side of Vegetable Life")*

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.

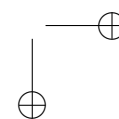
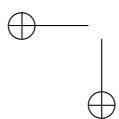
"Be mine, be mine, O maiden rose!"  
The wicked raspberry cried;  
But the rose was brave and cried, "Behave!  
Begone to your raspberry bride;  
The rose may only woo the rose,  
The cherry espouse the cherry,  
The gypsy maid gets the gypsy blade,  
The raspberry gets the berry!"

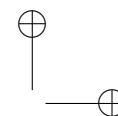
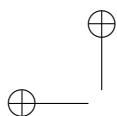




“Rose, you have torn in tatters  
A raspberry heart today;  
To make you share my own despair  
I’ll throw myself away;  
And maybe you’ll be sorry  
And cease to be so merry  
When it is said that I have wed  
A horrid black blackberry!”

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!



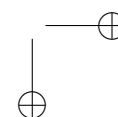
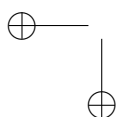


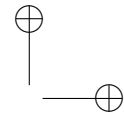
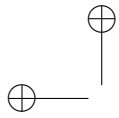
### BACKING DOWN ON THE LONG TRAIL

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?





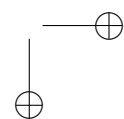
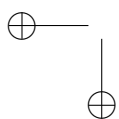
### AH, TO BE IN

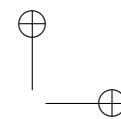
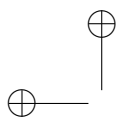
Ah to be in Rarotonga, 'neath the languor-laden  
breeze,  
Or to be in Erromango, in the far New Hebrides!  
Ah, to drowse beneath the palm trees on a green  
Pacific isle,  
Where every prospect pleases and where man,  
besides, is vile!

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!

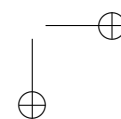
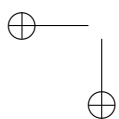
Oh, this life is dull and dreary; I would journey  
far away  
To Jalalabad and Lhasa, to Kabul and Mandalay!  
Ah, the Runn of Cutch! Rajpipla! and that dim  
and ancient land  
Where the caravans come shuffling into silken  
Samarkand!

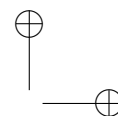
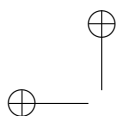
(There's a lad in old Rajpipla with an atlas in  
his clutch,





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!’”)





## UNITED WE SIT

In an era  
Long since dead,  
Man was here, a  
Quadruped.

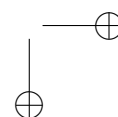
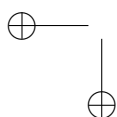
Spry enough on  
His all fours,  
He was rough on  
Dinosaurs.

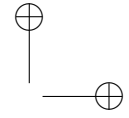
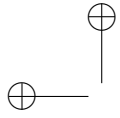
He got good and  
Sore and gripéd;  
So he stood and  
Was a biped;

Trained his grimy,  
Clumsy hand.  
All the time he  
Had to stand.

Now he drinks from  
Wisdom's cup,  
But he shrinks from  
Standing up.

Rodin's *Penseur*  
Sits and broods;  
He's the sponsor  
For our moods.

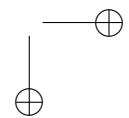
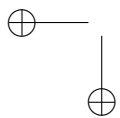


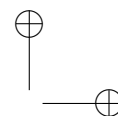
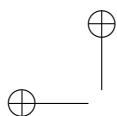


We inherit  
Reason's crown;  
But we wear it  
Sitting down.

In our vigil  
We proclaim  
Feet vestigial;  
They became

Obsolete and  
We forgot 'em.  
Farewell, feet, and  
Flourish, bottom!

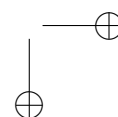
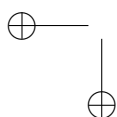


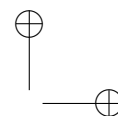
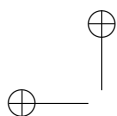


## POETIC FIVE-FINGER EXERCISES

### 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!

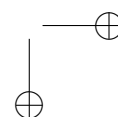
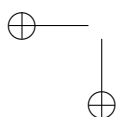
But he has to let her prattle,  
And he dares make no rebuttal;  
He would be, if he should tattle,  
Titled “Tittle-Tattle Tuttle”!

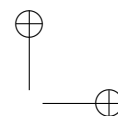
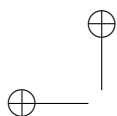
### 3. NOT MUCH SENSE IN THIS

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

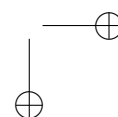
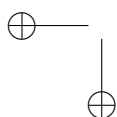
Once a tutor, Peter Potter,  
Tutored Tomasita Sautter;  
And his love grew hot or hotter  
Than the boiling point of water.

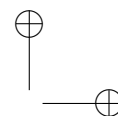
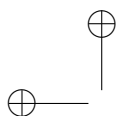
Peter sought to be a suitor;  
When his proffered hand he brought her  
Tomasita taught her tutor  
More than e'er the tutor taught her.

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!"





**LINES WRITTEN IN A MOMENT  
OF VIBRANT ILL-HEALTH**

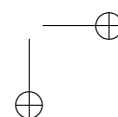
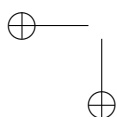
Things did not vibrate so when I was young;  
Nature preferred the steady note and long:  
Wind among leaves, the yarded hounds at tongue,  
Suburban voices lift in sacred song,

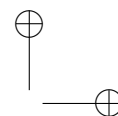
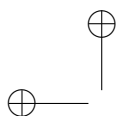
And the submissive street-car's starting groan,  
The fishman's horn, the cry of the vegetable vendor,  
The roll of iron-bound wheels, the screaming stone  
Of the knife-sharpener and umbrella-mender.

But now all rattles, beats, drums, bombinates.  
My ears are shaken with an incessant whirl.  
The air-drill chatters, the riveter palpitates.  
"Brrr!" goes the world; "Brr-rrr-rrr!"

Over my head the motors snore in space,  
Motors nose about on the parlor floor,  
A motor crawls and mutters over my face;  
I don't think I can stand this very much more.

For after a while the clinching-nail unclinchs,  
The gasket shudders on its uneasy bed,  
The tie-plate ties no more, and the bolt finches,  
And the nut tinily turns upon its thread.



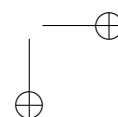
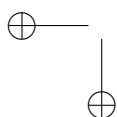


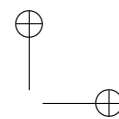
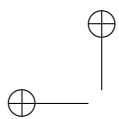
### ONE OF OUR MENACES (1926)

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.

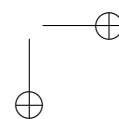
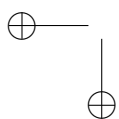
Life is very pleasant  
    And always just the same;  
I can call the mayor  
    By his first name;  
As a golf-player  
    I've a low score;  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
    I wish there was a war.

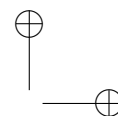
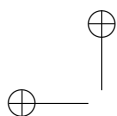
My wife gives a party,  
    It's really very nice,  
We have a little salad,  
    Coffee and an ice;  
I sing a funny ballad,  
    The folks yell for more –  
Ho hum, ho hum,  
    I wish there was a war.





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**

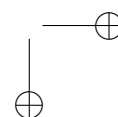
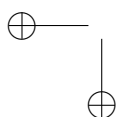
“Be Thrifty,” say the sages,  
“And put away your rocks,  
For thus one’s green old age is  
Secure from wrecks and shocks;  
Do not, of course, be sordid,  
But build against mischance;  
Thrift always is rewarded!”

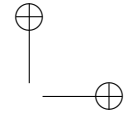
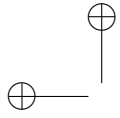
(Except in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-  
Slovakia, Russia and France.)

“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!”

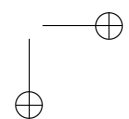
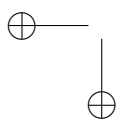
(Except in Italy, Belgium, Poland, Jugo-  
Slavia, Turkey and Greece.)

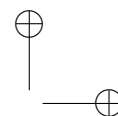
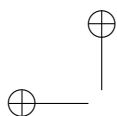
I may not be so clever,  
But when the Wise Men crow:  
“Always, forever, never,  
This thing or that is so;  
The Truth is what I utter,  
World-wide, unchanging, whole!”





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



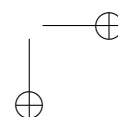
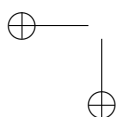


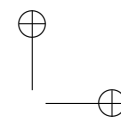
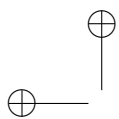
### THE EXILE'S CHRISTMAS

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.

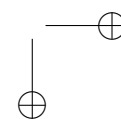
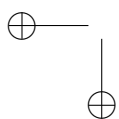
Ah, heaven, might I see once more  
The dear paternal grocery store!  
I hear, in wistful make-believe,  
The merry din of Christmas Eve;  
Again resound the shouts and sallies  
Of voices tuned to windy valleys;  
A sleigh stops in the village street,  
And, stamping on his frozen feet,  
Red Sim comes 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.

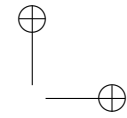
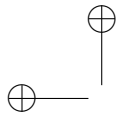
Alas! I am condemned to dwell  
High in an arrogant hotel;  
I sit in my palatial suite  
And hunger once again to eat  
Beans and brown bread, black and hard,  
Buckwheat pancakes fried in lard,  
And dour plum puddings, citron-crested,  
Indigestible, undigested.  
Why can I not arise and flee  
From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

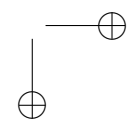
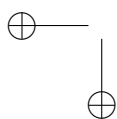
“Ah, set no store by money,  
For wealth lasts but a day;  
The bees who garner honey  
Soon see it reft away;

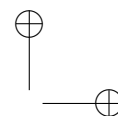
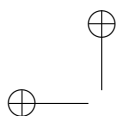
“And greed and grief besmirch us  
When Lucre is our goal;  
And Money cannot purchase  
A pure and happy soul,

“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.





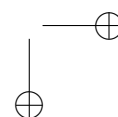
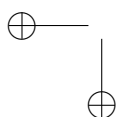
“You speak well; but the hitch is  
That all I ever knew  
Who sneered and jeered at riches  
Were millionaires like you!”

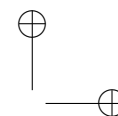
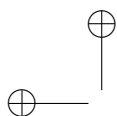
His counsels I neglected;  
I slaved and strained for pelf  
Until I had collected  
A million bones myself.

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 —”



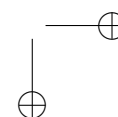
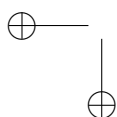


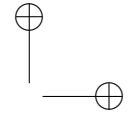
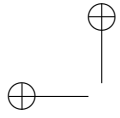
### THE HOME I'LL NEVER SEE

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.

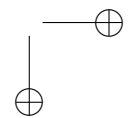
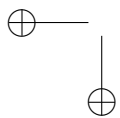
And Memory reveals  
    The quaint old kitchenette  
Where Mother got the meals  
    By opening a can,  
The quaint old fire-escape  
    With quaint milk-bottles set;  
Quaintest of all in shape,  
    The elevator-man.

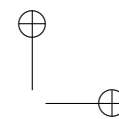
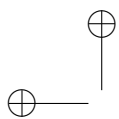
Alas, I wonder if  
    The house where I was born  
Still stands, a frowning cliff,  
    In a far northern land?  
Does the Hungarian Grill  
    The ground-floor still adorn?  
And on the corner still  
    Does the red hydrant stand?





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

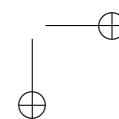
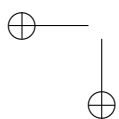
It is the Sabbath day,  
The golden sun on greening earth is glancing,  
The snow has fled away  
At Nature's necromancing,  
And Spring has come to kiss the spires of Lansing.

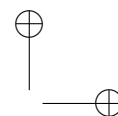
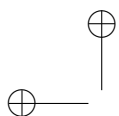
The dinner-hour is o'er,  
And in the sinks the dishes lie a-purging,  
And forth from every door  
The citizens come surging,  
Driven as if by some supernal urging.

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,





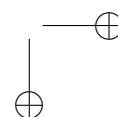
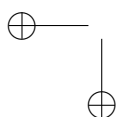
Each engine feels its master  
Lashing it onward, faster, faster, faster!

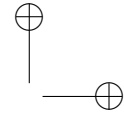
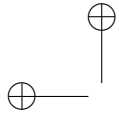
What seek they thus afar?  
Is it a doom on Jackson they are wreaking?  
Is it a natal star  
These spellbound men are seeking  
With boiling motors, radiators leaking?

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.





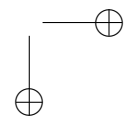
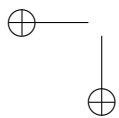
## THOUGHT FOR TODAY

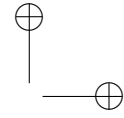
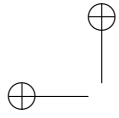
*(Reproduction prohibited)*

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!”



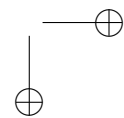
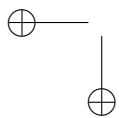


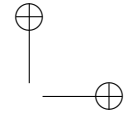
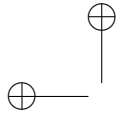
### THE WOMAN OF THE DENTIST'S DREAMS

“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.

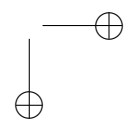
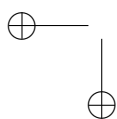


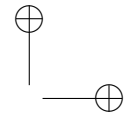
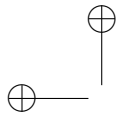


### THE CONTORTIONISTS' TRAGEDY

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.

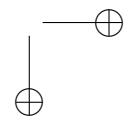
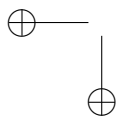
But on a day above all others fated  
She met a youth with burning eyes aglow.  
"So pleased to meet you!" he politely stated,  
And swiftly took his hat off with his toe.  
'Twas the contortionist, McDowell Biddle.  
Angela's pulses hammered; bowing low,  
She wound herself into a human riddle;  
Her 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.

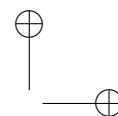
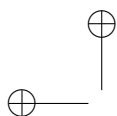




So they were wedded, and the heavens smiled,  
And for a space they lived in fairyland.  
With many a frolic was their life beguiled;  
Coquettishly she'd flee his petful hand  
And twine herself about the chandelier,  
While he would jackknife in th' umbrella stand,  
Or from the icebox would he quaintly 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.



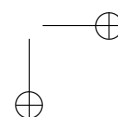
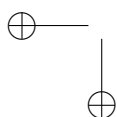


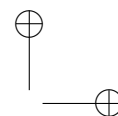
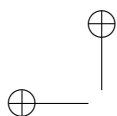
### **DRAT THE BOYS AND GIRLS!**

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!





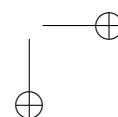
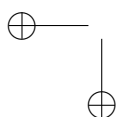
### THE TALES THE BARBERS TELL

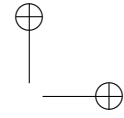
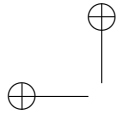
After the day is over  
And the passers-by are rare  
The lights burn low in the barber-shop  
And the shades are drawn with care  
To hide the haughty barbers  
Cutting each other's hair.

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.





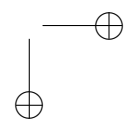
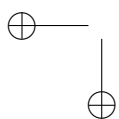
“I used the shears and clippers,  
The whisk and air-blast too,  
And then I whispered in his ear:  
‘Excuse me, sir, but you  
Urgently need our Special  
Egg Gasoline Shampoo.’

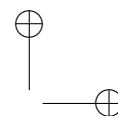
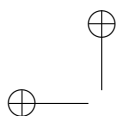
“I think I heard him murmur,  
I think that he agreed;  
I soaped and beat and ground his head  
Till it began to bleed;  
‘A face massage?’ His silence  
Signified, ‘Proceed!’

“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

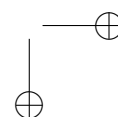
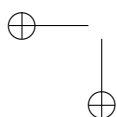
Rain, wind, and rain!  
The heavens are of ashen hue,  
They kiss with their celestial dew  
Walks of cement, and flagstone too –  
Rain, wind, and rain!

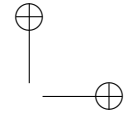
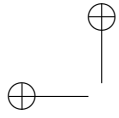
Spring, joy of Spring!  
Let's break the prison where we're pent  
And heed the Spring's admonishment  
To bask upon the wet cement!  
Spring, joy of Spring!

– 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!

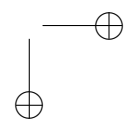
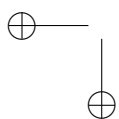
– Pooh, old worms' tales!  
E'en were their drowsy mumbling sooth

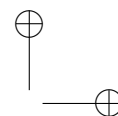
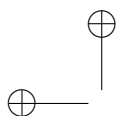




(And old worms rarely speak the truth)  
Death cannot daunt the heart of youth!  
Faugh, old worms' tales!

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!





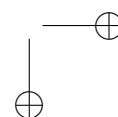
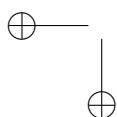
### AN IDYLL OF THE YOSEMITE

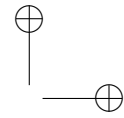
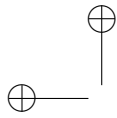
“Up! Up!” we cried; the dawn dew-diamonded  
Came singing down the valley cheerily;  
“Up! Up!” we cried, and took the path which led  
Up the dread wall of the Yosemite.

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!

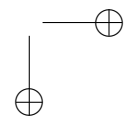
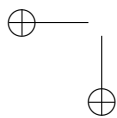
*Wre.* Thou'rt a saucy rogue. Anon, cauliflower; anon, waste-basket.

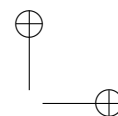
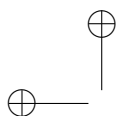
*Whee.* Anon, anon. (*Exeunt*)

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.

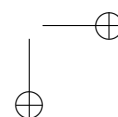
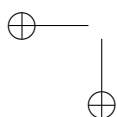
*North.* Break, glass! Crash, china! All shall pass away,  
And Man himself on his last Moving Day. (*Exeunt*)

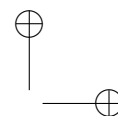
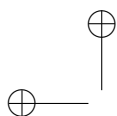
SCENE III. ANOTHER APARTMENT.

*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.)

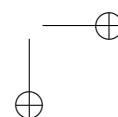
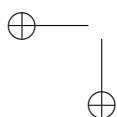
Why, how now, carcass! How now, grisly shell!  
Thy inner tube is pierced, and the shoe punctured,  
Yet still I hear thee cry, "Thine is the fault!"  
Peace, cry no more! I come to join thee, egg!

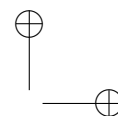
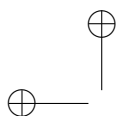
(*Falls on umbrella and dies.*)

(*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.*)



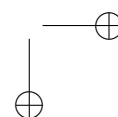
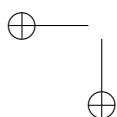


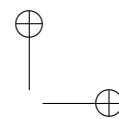
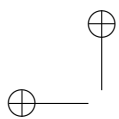
### THE ARTISTS ARE EAVESDROPPING

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.)

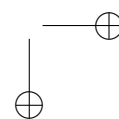
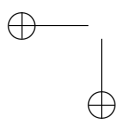
They showed me a novel, the bible  
Of all that are leading the way  
From an art which is local and tribal  
To the glorious art of today.  
"Just look at the phrase he has printed!"  
They cried, "What a masterpiece!"  
('Twas the very same phrase the barkeep used  
To describe the Chief of Police.)

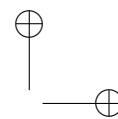
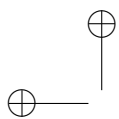
I met a dear lady, adhering  
To a deep intellectual band;  
Her manner was scornful and sneering  
Toward everything I understand.  
Without any urging, however,  
A comical ballad she sang.  
('Twas the very same song the teamster trolled  
To amuse the construction gang.)





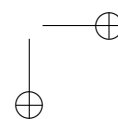
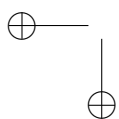
The Vanguard impresses me greatly,  
But somehow it seems as though  
They've only discovered lately  
What all the rest of us know.  
They make me feel like exclaiming:  
(Here you will please insert  
The same remark the truckdriver makes  
When a wheel settles deep in the dirt.)

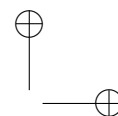
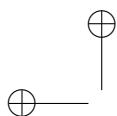




### OZYMANDIAS REVISITED

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,

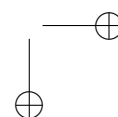
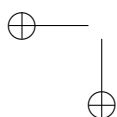
Of the gallant lovers  
With witching eyes,  
On their lips, hunger,  
In their hearts, lies.

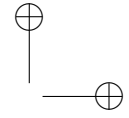
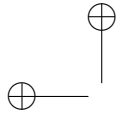
Rains of roses  
Curtained the day;  
But deep 'mid the petals  
Agony lay.

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.

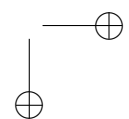
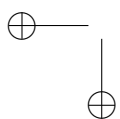
By the lovers forgotten  
(Who misbehave)  
Their heart's blood drips –  
Brave – brave –

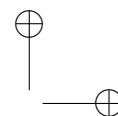
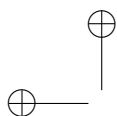




O faithless gallants  
Who loved long ago,  
How can you treat all  
The lady poets so?

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



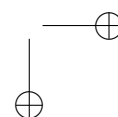
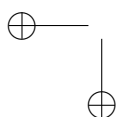


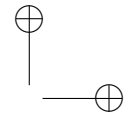
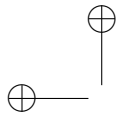
### THE MORALITY OF THE VILLAIN

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!

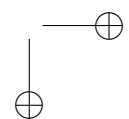
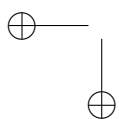
The villain of old would not wrestle  
With scruples that tortured his brain  
As he tied a fair maid to a trestle  
In the path of a limited train;  
He would laugh with a laugh diabolic  
As he sandbagged his prey from behind;  
But the villain is not very cruel any more,  
And the hero is not very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

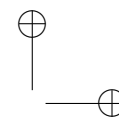
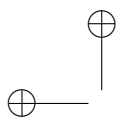
The villain was thoroughly evil,  
And wicked as long as awake;  
His morals were those of a weevil,  
His manners were those of a snake;  
To death and despair and disaster  
His innocent victims he'd lure –  
But the villain is not very foul any more,  
And the hero is not very pure!





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!





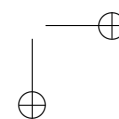
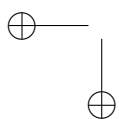
### NOCTURNE IN BLUE AND SILVER

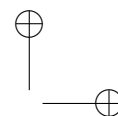
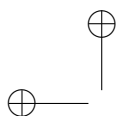
'Tis the dark day's dim ending  
In the old town,  
And with the night descending  
Snow drifts down.

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.





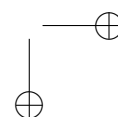
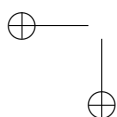
**ON THE ADMISSION OF  
THE WORD GALUMPH  
TO THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY**

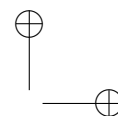
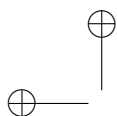
What is this word here, in the dictionary,  
Juicy great fat word, full of taste and savor,  
Strange to Will Shakespeare, and to Matthew Arnold,  
After "galoshes"?

'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!





### EMOTIONS IN THE TIERGARTEN

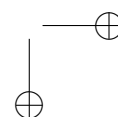
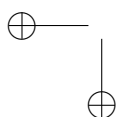
In Hagenbeck's palatial zoo  
The military music played,  
Till half of Hamburg trembled to  
The blasts of Schubert's Serenade.

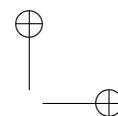
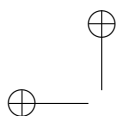
The flying birds with wings well clipped  
Beat vainly on their breasts to flight,  
The beer-born tears of burghers dripped  
With Schwärmerei and Innigkeit.

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.





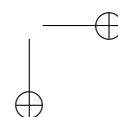
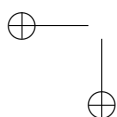
### THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE RULES

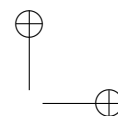
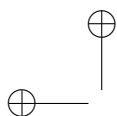
In muddle and mess and dire distress,  
Ere man's dumb anger cools,  
Who is the man who saves the day?  
The Man Who Knows the Rules!

When the Game halts at challenge of faults,  
And venom invades the schools,  
Who is it bids us Play the Game?  
The Man Who Knows the Rules!

And its just the same in Life's Great Game;  
Who is it ridicules  
Our jars and feuds, and peace concludes?  
The Man Who Knows the Rules!

Who is it brings the Truth to things,  
Making us look like fools?  
Who is it gives us a pain in the neck?  
The Man Who Knows the Rules!





### IF MEMORY SERVES

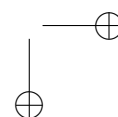
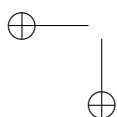
Forgotten, forgotten, forgotten,  
Are the facts that I fain would recall;  
My memory always was rotten,  
But now it holds nothing at all.

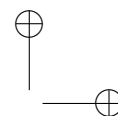
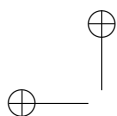
I always forget what the date is,  
And whom I'm presenting to whom,  
What the size of my shirt and my weight is;  
I think I am under a doom.

I forget if I've taken the brake off.  
In a deal, in the brokerage game,  
I forgot my legitimate rake-off.  
I'll soon be forgetting my name.

They picked up a chap with amnesia,  
I read in the paper today;  
He knew he had been in Rhodesia,  
He talked in a scholarly way;

He knew a few phrases of Finnish;  
He was wearing a little goatee;  
His hair was inclined to be thinnish –  
Good gracious! Maybe it's me!





### **WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE**

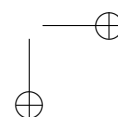
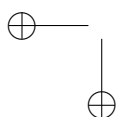
I think I remember this moorland,  
The tower on the tip of the tor;  
I feel in the distance another existence;  
I think I have been here before.

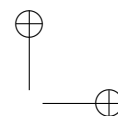
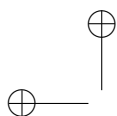
And I think you were sitting beside me  
In a fold in the face of the fell;  
For Time at its work'll go round in a circle,  
And what is befalling, befell.

"I have been here before!" I asserted,  
In a nook on a neck of the Nile.  
I once in a crisis was punished by Isis,  
And you smiled. I remember your smile.

I had the same sense of persistence  
On the site of the seat of the Sioux;  
I heard in the teepee the sound of a sleepy  
Pleistocene grunt. It was you.

The past made a promise, before it  
Began to begin to begone.  
This limited gamut brings you again. Damn it,  
How long has this got to go on?

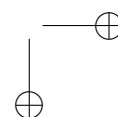
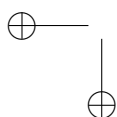


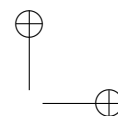
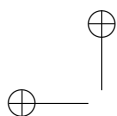


**MEMORY RHYME TO BE SUNG  
WHILE PACKING THE SUITCASE**

First the evening shoes, and slippers  
In their dainty bags with zippers.  
Lay the pearly shirts beside,  
Gleaming in their candid pride.  
Pack the gaps with underclothes  
And socks (and check the heels and toes.)  
Handkerchiefs, pajamas, ties  
Shall be used to equalize.  
Leave a just-sufficient space  
For the bloated toilet-case.  
On the surface now dispose,  
Tenderly, the evening clothes.  
Stop! Unhappy who forgets  
To include some cigarettes,  
Evening collar, studs, and socks.  
It is finished. Snap the locks.  
(Don't forget the bag.) Depart  
With a high and tranquil heart.

And returning, roll it all  
Tight together in a ball.





### MOURNFUL NUMBERS

Where in the attic the dust encumbers  
Days that are gone,  
I found a paper with telephone numbers  
Scribbled thereon.

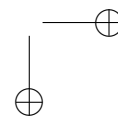
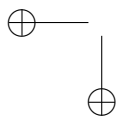
Again I feel the tremendous wallop  
It gave to me  
When I had a valid excuse to call up  
1503.

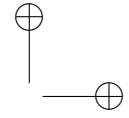
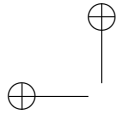
Again I feel the excuses springing,  
Just as of yore,  
When I could no longer refrain from ringing  
9944.

Again I feel my old heart prickle  
As in my youth,  
When I left the house to deposit a nickel  
In a sound-proof booth;

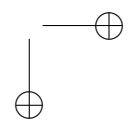
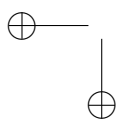
And I hear again a phantasmal titter,  
As I would coo  
Passionately to the dark transmitter:  
"2342!"

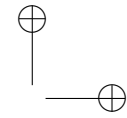
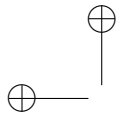
My heart awakes, as if roused from slumber  
By a telephone bell;  
Quick! I will call again the number  
Once loved so well!





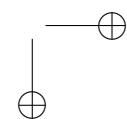
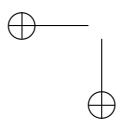
I breathe the syllables recollected:  
"2342!"  
But Central answers: "Disconnected!"  
How true! How true!

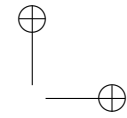
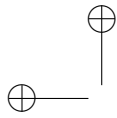




**WHAT HATH MAN  
WROUGHT EXCLAMATION POINT**

Amid Thibetan snows the ancient lama  
Mutters his lifelong intercessions comma  
Turns the unresting wheel of prayer a myriad  
Times in its sacred circling period period  
But hold comma what omen strange and dark  
Is this on high interrogation mark  
A giant bird has out of India stolen  
To ravish holy Thibet semicolon  
The plane soars upward comma tops the crest  
Of the inviolate God of Everest  
Period and the lama smote his wheel  
Asunder semicolon with a peal  
Of dreadful laughter he arose and cried  
Colon quotation marks the God has died  
Comma so worship man who dared and smote  
Exclamation line of dots close quote





### THANK YOU, WITH A SHUDDER

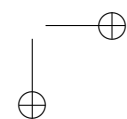
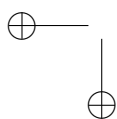
Thank you, thank you, Aunty May;  
The book you sent for Christmas Day,  
On "Concentration Camps in War"  
Was just what I was wishing for.

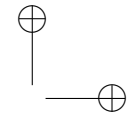
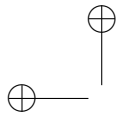
Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Pope;  
Your lovely book on "Drugs and Dope"  
Inspired us all with Christmas cheer;  
'Twas such a sweet remembrance, dear.

Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Herders,  
For sending us "The Nursery Murders";  
And thank you, Dr. Lamley, for  
"The Torso in the Bureau Drawer."

Dear Uncle John, I really must  
Read "Messalina, Queen of Lust";  
And thank you, thank you, Cousin Alice,  
For "Psychopathia Sexualis."

So thank you, thank you, one and all,  
And may God rest you, and withal  
May almost nothing you dismay,  
Not even books, on Christmas Day.

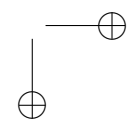
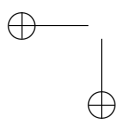


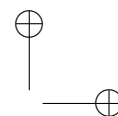
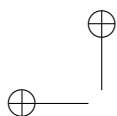


### IN NATURE'S GARDEN

Let's to the meadows, lad; the year's at flood,  
And the boon earth persuades the errant foot;  
Now the shy bugbane carpets all the wood,  
And butterflies kiss their darling pleurisy-root.  
And now the world's green smock is gayly smutch'd  
With corpse-plant and with foetid camomile,  
And nods the jocund pig-sty daisy, which we'd  
    Best leave untouch'd,  
Together with the too-fair-seeming itchweed,  
That lures the trustful kine with treach'rous smile.

Unhappy kine, that find amid their fodder  
Clammy azalea, or rank scorpion grass!  
Sweeter the strangleweed or common dodder  
(Or love vine). But away! Away! Let's pass  
To brighter meads, where wanton louseworts lodge.  
Nosebleed and hairy vetch are thick along  
Our dancing way, where none shall see us go  
    Save simple Hodge,  
Who for a wondering moment stays his hoe,  
And open-mouth'd, forgets his country song.





### LOOK US OVER, POSTERITY

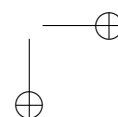
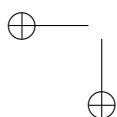
Historians dealing with Mary of Scots  
Grieve and deplore, as is customary,  
The lack of materials touching her plots;  
We cannot be sure if we're just to Mary.

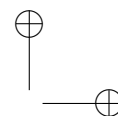
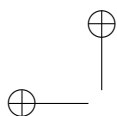
The documents' dearth, it is commonly said,  
Interferes with the proper commemorating  
Of Cheops, Columbus, and Eric the Red;  
It's a troublesome task to give them a rating.

But the present is aiding the future, at last,  
With newsreels and libraries, fortunately;  
Now every suburbanite writes of his past  
In the long afternoons on his porch in Nutley.

The Times has its copies imprinted on rag,  
And no corner-stone is impenetrable  
To him who would learn how we blab or we brag  
Of society's shame and our Senate trouble.

We leave to posterity treasures of facts  
To resolve all the legends that grow about us,  
And the richest equipment to study our acts –  
But what if it won't want to know about us?

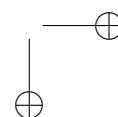
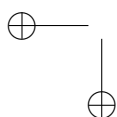


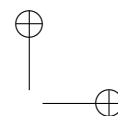
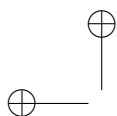


### JUST OFF THE CONCRETE

Now by the crossroads, in the filling station,  
The boys assemble. Out of the winter night,  
Salting the stubbled face, peppering the lungs,  
They enter the hot smell of burning wood,  
And thawing wool, and heady gasoline.  
The radio, the household imbecile,  
Slavers and crows unheeded. Pop flows free.  
And the old tales are told, born of the earth,  
Ripened like grain, and harvested for winter.

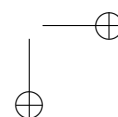
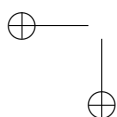
It seems the village veterinarian  
Suggested to the village constable  
A little expedition after rabbits.  
The constable, he likes a little shooting,  
And so they met up at the doctor's house.  
Well, Doc he had some prime old applejack,  
And just in case they should get struck by lightning  
Or something, why they hit it pretty hard.  
Well, they were feeling good when they got started.  
And when they drove down past the Weaver place,  
The Doc he says: "You see that cow in the pasture?  
Bet you five dollars I could hit that cow,  
Setting right here." "Well, bet you couldn't!"  
The constable he says. And just like that,  
The Doc he reaches back and grabs a rifle  
Out of the back seat, and he draws a bead,

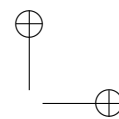
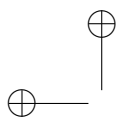




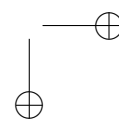
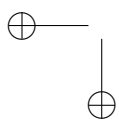
And drops that cow as dead as butcher meat!  
“By gosh, I guess I *did* kill Weaver’s cow!”  
The Doc says. And “By gosh, I guess you did,  
You gol-durn fool!” the cop says. Well, they turned  
Around, and bust all records back to town,  
And had a couple, quick. The constable  
Went to the drug-store, and he bought some gum,  
And hung around there all the afternoon,  
Establishing, you know, an alibi.

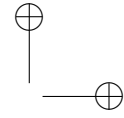
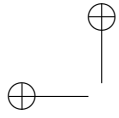
It wasn’t hardly evening when the Sheriff  
Went to the drug-store. All the boys were there.  
And he goes right up to the constable,  
And says to him: “Say, Alfred, where was you  
At three o’clock this afternoon?” The cop  
Says: “I was out to my garage, I guess.  
My carbureter, she don’t work so good.”  
“Then you ain’t seen the vet?” the Sheriff says.  
“No, I ain’t seen him, not since yesterday.”  
“You don’t know who went hunting with the vet?”  
“Gosh, no. I only know it wasn’t me.”  
“Must have been someone looked a lot like you.”  
“Well, Judas Priest, they’s plenty looks like me.”  
“Well, I got witnesses they say ’twas you.  
You ain’t heard nothing then of Weaver’s cow?”  
“My gosh, I didn’t know he had a cow!  
I ain’t been near the Weaver place today!  
I swear I didn’t touch his gol-durn cow!  
If the vet says I did, I say he lies!  
What happened to the durn cow, anyhow?”  
“Why,” says the Sheriff, “Arthur Weaver says  
He had to have her killed, she was so old,  
And don’t give down no more. And so the vet,  
He went and shot her there this afternoon!”  
Well, up to town the boys are laughing still.





Drowsiness gathers in the filling station.  
Stirring their courage in the warmth and laughter,  
The boys turn homeward. On the frozen ruts  
Of the hill roads the little cars are shaken.  
All the lights cease. The pond-ice cracks with cold.



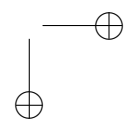
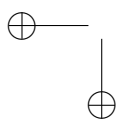


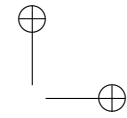
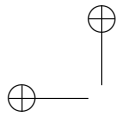
### CHARMING HOSTESSES

In the far ghostly gas-lit elegance  
Of old New York, the charming hostesses,  
Prouder than queens, than lilies lovelier,  
Poured China tea, or led the nodding dance  
On the crook'd arm of visiting royalties,  
The obsequious arm of Ward MacAllister.

O charming hostesses! O where today  
Is all your queenliness? The lovely name  
You prized so, gleams above the palaces  
Of public dance, the hot spots of Broadway,  
Whose bright announcements wink, as they proclaim:  
"Over a hundred charming hostesses!"

Alas! How fast do glory's garlands fade!  
– As late I took my meditative path  
Down the dim streets of the metropolis,  
I heard the fury of a man and maid  
In altercation; and he hissed his wrath;  
And "Hostess! Hostess! Hostess!" was his hiss.



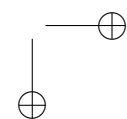
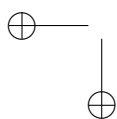


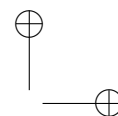
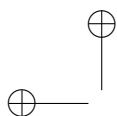
## HAPPY HEART AND HEALTHY GLANDS

I always was a one to smile,  
I never was a one to worry;  
"Take it easy; wait a while,"  
I say; "the storm is just a flurry.  
The world is but a coconut,  
I'll get it open overnight!"  
I'm always optimistic. *But*  
*The pessimists are always right!*

The birdies chirrup; roses bloom;  
The sun is very bright and balmy.  
Why should I be glum with gloom?  
And why should I be sighing: "Ah me!"  
Stocks are stepping up a bit;  
They've found a cure for chestnut blight;  
The railroads cut their deficit.  
*But pessimists are always right.*

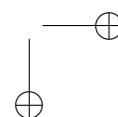
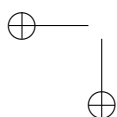
The bilious viewpoint is a sign  
Of some deficiency of hormones.  
Adrenalin or iodine  
Would banish all the cynic's sore moans.  
Thyroid extract would redress  
His balance, and would put to flight  
His sickly visions. *None the less,*  
*The pessimist is always right!*

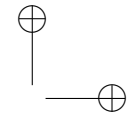
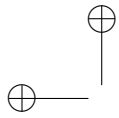




## 5 P.M. SUNDAY

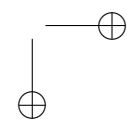
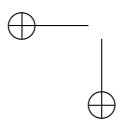
It is the week-end party's dreadful hour;  
And tranquil davenport and padded chair  
Cushion uneasy heads with tender care.  
A tremulous matron dumbly prays for power  
To last till bedtime. Jokers' voices ring  
The changes on the theme of Friday night,  
And what we did when we were all so tight.  
The host suggests a highball, shuddering.  
The hostess smiles with holy self-control,  
Even though broken glass and china cut  
Her heart to ribbons, and a smoldering butt  
Has burnt through dainty fabrics to her soul.  
– She has to run to smother the pernicious  
Maid, who is singing as she does the dishes.

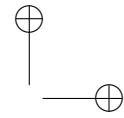
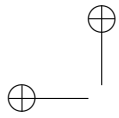




### PARFUM D'AMOUR

Sweetest perfumes, sweetest scents  
Have a heart of violence;  
Fragrances of fairyland  
Owe their glamor to the gland  
Of the musk-secreting deer.  
Even the rose is dry and sere  
Till the attar has been treated  
With the essence that's secreted  
By the loathly civet-cat  
In its Afric habitat.  
In the lily's no surcease  
If it lacks the ambergris  
That mysterious fates predestine  
In the sickly whale's intestine.  
Thus the beauty we adore  
Hides a horror at the core.  
All of which, my dear, does not  
Keep me from exclaiming, "What  
Lovely scent delights my nose!  
Ah, the lily! Ah, the rose!"



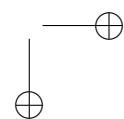
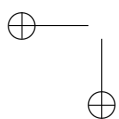


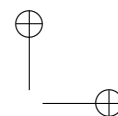
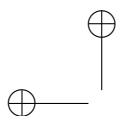
## THE PAPERS

O the pain, when in the dramas dear to the  
remembering heart  
Villainy with its flourish'd mortgage threatened  
and brought low  
Honest Age and full-breasted Virtue, and bade  
them depart  
Into the storm's wolfish welcome, into the  
snow.

O today where is the flourish'd mortgage? Where  
the dictation  
Of lickerish Villainy, holding the Law in  
thrall?  
Under the shield of the Federal Home-Owners'  
Loan Corporation  
Foreclosures virtually do not occur at all.

Secure in their cot, now Virtue and Honest Age  
do heed  
Impotent Villainy no whit; who does house-  
less go,  
A hangdog outcast, to build him a fire of his  
guaranteed  
Mortgages, under the wolfish winds, under  
the snow.

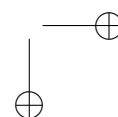
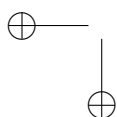


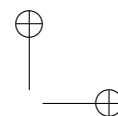
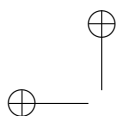


## OUT ETNA WAY

At Etna in the valley  
The woods assemble thick  
About the filling station  
At the bend of the creek;  
The woods invade the clearings,  
The houses all are old;  
And at the filling station  
Old tales are told.

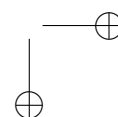
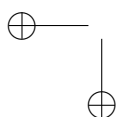
There was a farmer's kid was selling shiners  
(The little minnies that you use for bait);  
He put a sign up at his father's stand:  
"Shiners for sale – a dozen, fifteen cents."  
Well, a big car pulled up beside the stand.  
"Bud, let me have a look at them there shiners,"  
The driver says. "They're mighty pretty shiners.  
I'll take a dozen; here's your fifteen cents."  
He took a dozen in a Mason jar,  
And then he says: "Say, bud, you got a license  
For selling bait? Just look at this here star!  
I'm the game warden!" "Well, I guess I have!"  
And the kid pulls the license from his pants.  
The dumb game warden then he hums and haws,  
And says: "Say, bud, now come to think of it,  
I couldn't use these shiners after all.  
I tell you what I'll do; I'll sell 'em back."  
"Gee, mister, I don't guess I want 'em back;

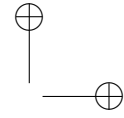
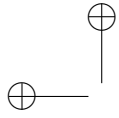




— got more shiners now than I can sell.”  
Then the game warden hummed and hawed some more,  
And says: “I’ll let you have ’em for a dime.”  
“No, I don’t guess I want ’em,” says the kid.  
“A nickel, then.” The kid he says all right,  
And paid the nickel, took the shiners back.  
All of a sudden then the young kid’s pa  
Jumped out from round the corner of the barn  
Where he’d been listening. “Hey, mister!” yells  
The young kid’s pa. “I want to see your license  
For selling shiners!” “I don’t need no license,  
I’m the game warden!” “It don’t cut no ice  
What all you be. I know that it’s the law  
You can’t sell bait without you got a license!”  
Then the kid’s pa went up into the house  
And telephoned the Justice of the Peace.  
And the next day the Justice of the Peace  
Put a ten-dollar fine onto the warden.  
And the game warden he’d have sure felt cheap  
If you could ever cheapen a game warden.

All your great cities,  
    Rich and haughty now,  
Will be rust and rubble  
    Under the plow.  
Turn the cities under,  
    To manure the loam.  
The Etna filling station  
    Is older than Rome.

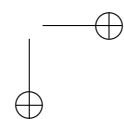
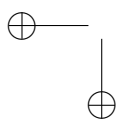


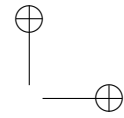
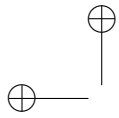


## SONNET AND LIMERICK

The sonnet with her Mona Lisa smile  
    Broods on the world with other-worldly stare.  
    Priestess of melancholy, darkly fair,  
Serene above our fury, guilt, and guile,  
She, in her deeps, has learned to reconcile  
    Life's contradictions. Really, I declare,  
    I'd gladly trust a sonnet anywhere,  
That pure, seraphic sedentary. While

The limerick's furtive and mean;  
You must keep her in close quarantine,  
    Or she sneaks to the slums,  
    And promptly becomes  
Disorderly, drunk, and obscene.

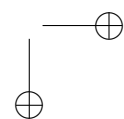
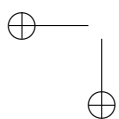


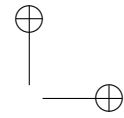
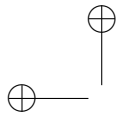


**OH, TELL ME NOT  
TO TAKE THE EAGLE'S WAY...**

Oh, tell me not to take the eagle's way  
Upon the winds; and tell me not to take  
Leviathan's path across the vasty, gray,  
Wind-fretted, solitary ocean-lake.

Oh, tell me not, my friend, again to bear  
My insignificant self for company,  
The loud, important boredom of the air,  
The unendurable dullness of the sea.





### THE HAPPY SOLIPSIST

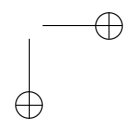
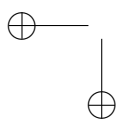
*Sol'ip-sism. Philos.* The theory or belief that only knowledge of the self is possible and therefore that for each individual mind itself is the only thing really existent.

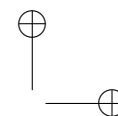
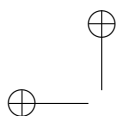
How happy is the solipsist,  
Who looks abroad and does not find  
That either you or I exist  
Except as figments of his mind!

For him the woes of earth subside,  
He sees them all with humorous phlegm;  
And all its beauties are his pride,  
For he has just created them.

I met a taxi-driver once  
Who put his faith in solipsism;  
For him the world and its affronts  
Were products of his organism,

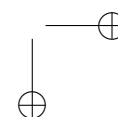
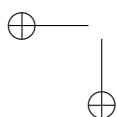
And I, his passenger, the least  
And last of his phenomena,  
Whose fearful outcries but increased  
His glad, omnipotent huzza.

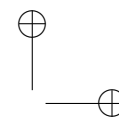
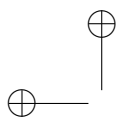




### IT ROLLS ON

This is the time of wonder, it is written;  
Man has attained the ultimate mysteries.  
(We turn from the Chrysler Tower to watch a kitten,  
Turn to a dead fish from Isocrates;  
Men on great liners drink but to be smitten  
With coma, on the subjugated seas;  
Einstein is even more dull than Bulwer Lytton;  
There's no sweet influence of the Pleiades.)  
Science no longer knows the verb-form "can't";  
Our cars will soon be powered by radio;  
Scholars are harnessing the urgent ant  
And making monstrous bastard fruits to grow,  
Building machines for things I do not want,  
Discovering truths I do not care to know.



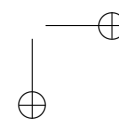
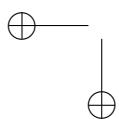


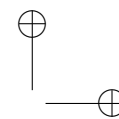
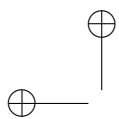
### REVELATION IN A TEA-ROOM

The women, clothed in fat and silk  
Delicately destroyed a chicken;  
And biscuits, gravy, cream, and milk  
Were irremediably stricken.

And when dessert's satiety  
Succeeded to the candied yams,  
A revelation came to me.  
"The weight of these abundant hams"

I cried, "shall safely hold in thrall  
Society's subversive force,  
And to the earth centripetal,  
Shall keep her to her chartered course!"



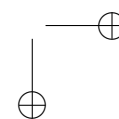
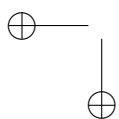


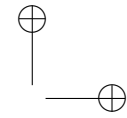
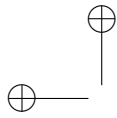
### THE GREAT SNOW OF 1943

So in the midnight the great snow  
Covered over the dark ground;  
Feet were hobbled and wheels spun;  
The hydrants smothered, sank, drowned.

The great snow bandaged the street lights,  
And banked the doors of the bright shops,  
And hid the hot little cars deep,  
And mounded over the train tops.

Careless and pure, the snow fell.  
This was the finish, we all knew.  
So man expired in a white dream.  
It seemed like a damned good idea, too.





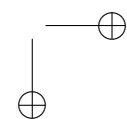
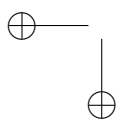
## ESCHATOLOGY

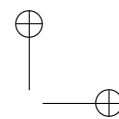
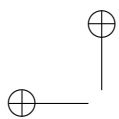
I have no care for Systematic Theology,  
But oh, the recurrent hour of bile that brings  
Fainness for specialization in Eschatology  
(Greek, you recall, for the study of all Last Things)!

Come, day when the wealth of the world is less than tuppence,  
The seas unfretted, and the monuments down,  
When the proud have got their ultimate comeuppance,  
And on the seventh New York the sand lies brown;

And all my sloth and failure, all my passion  
One with the sorrow of the Gaul and Goth,  
And all our fireproof homes are burnt and ashen,  
And in the moth-proof closets dwells the moth;

And every most unspeakable thing is spoken,  
Rust in the rust-resisting pipes of brass,  
And all unbreakable things at last are broken;  
Shatter'd the non-shatterable glass.





### I AM THE CORPORAL OF MY SOUL

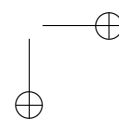
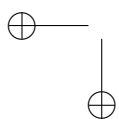
Life's askew  
In most regards;  
But I can do  
Tricks with cards.

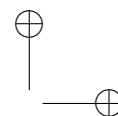
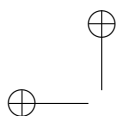
Men succumb  
To ennui.  
Fleas bite some,  
Not me.

Songs are stilled,  
Teeth decay;  
Mine were filled  
Yesterday.

Mid the giggle  
Of the spheres  
I can wiggle  
Both my ears.

Doom may smite,  
Fortune flee,  
I'm all right;  
I've me.





## L'AMOUR EN AMÉRIQUE (CHANSONS FAVORITES DES INDIGÈNES)

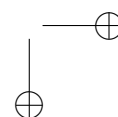
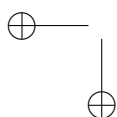
### 1. SÉRÉNADE DES COEURS ATTENDRIS

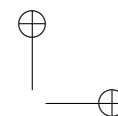
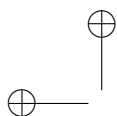
Adeline, mon chou,  
Adeline, mon coco,  
La nuit, ma petite chatte,  
Tu me manques.  
Dans tous mes rêves  
Ton beau visage resplendit.  
Tu es mon petit chouchou,  
Adeline, ma cocotte.

### 2. RAPPEL DES DÉLICIES PASSÉES

En été, en été,  
(Cette agréable saison)  
On se promène dans les allées ombragées avec sa bonne amie.  
On se tient la main réciproquement,  
Ce qui est de bon augure,  
Car c'est l'indication qu'elle est votre "tootsie wootsie"\*  
En été, cette agréable saison.

\*Doux objet de mes vœux (*vulg.*).





### 3. DÉCOR CLASSIQUE DE LA PASSION

Le clair de lune, les roses,  
M'apportent des souvenirs troublants de toi.  
Mon coeur se pâme d'une douce ivresse  
Au frisson toujours nouveau de cette volupté divine.  
La lumière de juin révèle  
Le rêve d'une passion fougueuse et frénétique.  
Le clair de lune, les roses,  
M'apportent des souvenirs troublants de toi.

### 4. LA "FIXATION MATERNELLE" (L'AMOUR SELON FREUD)

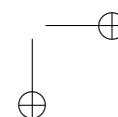
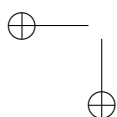
Je voudrais une bonne amie  
Tout à fait comme la bonne amie  
Que Papa a finalement épousé.  
C'était une perle,  
Et la seule  
Dans la vie amoureuse de Papa.  
Une bonne amie de l'ancienne mode, au coeur fidèle  
Qui n'aime que vous\* seulement.  
Je voudrais une bonne amie  
Tout à fait comme la bonne amie  
Que Papa a finalement épousé.

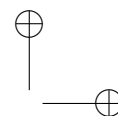
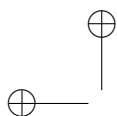
### 5. CHAGRIN D'AMOUR

(DÉBUT D'UN DRAME POPULAIRE EN VERS)

Francine et Jeannot étaient des amants;  
Ils s'aimaient avec une tendresse indicible.  
Ils s'étaient juré une fidélité éternelle,  
En attestant les cieux.  
C'était son "homme," lui, mais il se conduisait envers elle  
avec une légèreté coupable.

\*Au singulier, évidemment.





#### 6. LA BRUTALITÉ EN AMOUR

Ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande,  
Fleur la plus belle,  
On aura beau chercher, on ne trouvera pas l'égale  
De ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande.  
Belle rose sauvage d'Irlande,  
Fleur la plus chère!  
Elle pourrait bien un jour me laisser  
Déflorer ma belle rose sauvage d'Irlande.

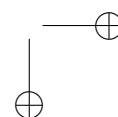
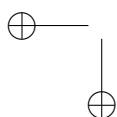
#### 7. CONSTATATION LYRIQUE DE PATERNITÉ

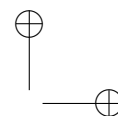
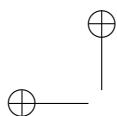
Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi;  
Non, monsieur, il n'y a pas de "peut-être";  
Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi maintenant.  
Eh, à propos!  
Eh, à propos!  
Quant je les verrai, je leur dirai:  
"Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est moi;  
Ah non, monsieur, il n'y a pas de peut-être;  
Oui, monsieur, cette petite enfant est à moi maintenant."

#### 8. FIN DU VOYAGE AMOUREUX

(CHANSON QUI CONCLUT LES SOIRÉES AMÉRICAINES)

Faut-il oublier les liaisons de jeunesse  
Sans en rappeler les extases partagées?  
Faut-il oublier les liaisons de jeunesse  
Et "il buon tempo antico?"  
Oh! "il buon tempo antico!"  
Ah! "il buon tempo antico!"  
Allons donc boire une bonne tasse amicale [de thé]  
Pour "il buon tempo antico!"



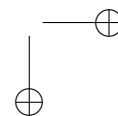
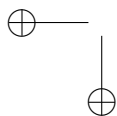


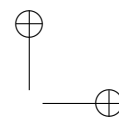
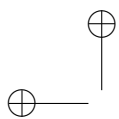
### **SOME THINK IT'S DUMB**

Airmen do somersaults  
Far overhead;  
Submarines grovel  
On the sea's bed;  
Out of the atmosphere  
Far voices come;  
Some think it's wonderful,  
Some think it's dumb.

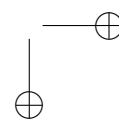
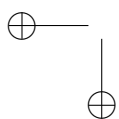
Our little universe  
Charges through space,  
Dodging the others  
All over the place;  
Life began cell-wise  
In primeval scum;  
Some think it's marvellous,  
Some think it's dumb.

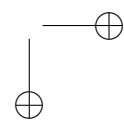
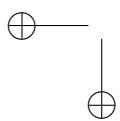
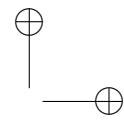
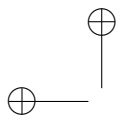
Commodore Peary  
Went into the north;  
Moses hit rocks  
And water came forth;  
Socrates planned  
The Republic to come;  
Some were delighted,  
But some thought it dumb.

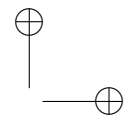
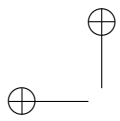




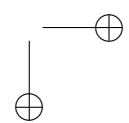
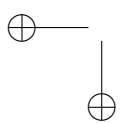
The world is so wonderful,  
Life is so queer,  
Let's be excited  
As long as we're here.  
Of my philosophy  
That is the sum.  
I think it's pretty good;  
Some think it's dumb.

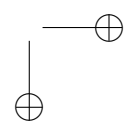
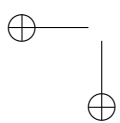
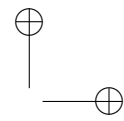
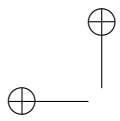


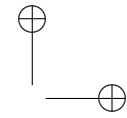
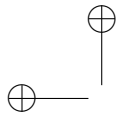




## LIMERICKS







When a feverish groom in Amenia  
Had nibbled away his gardenia,  
    They just let him graze  
    On the bridesmaids' bouquets,  
To quiet the old neurasthenia.



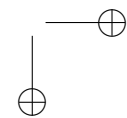
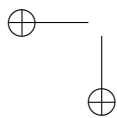
A strong-minded lady of Arden  
Grows nothing but burrs in her garden;  
    She tosses the burrs  
    On passing chauffeurs,  
And never begs anyone's pardon.

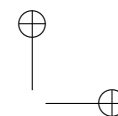
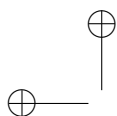


There's a tiresome young man in Bay Shore;  
When his fiancée cried, "I adore  
    The beautiful sea!"  
    He replied, "I agree  
It's pretty; but what is it *for?*"



The people of Candlewood Knolls  
Are terribly troubled by trolls,  
    Who are driving their cars,  
    And brawling in bars,  
And voting for Thor at the polls.





For a patron of Carnegie Hall  
The ushers remain within call;  
    When a certain motif  
    Makes him shake like a leaf,  
They tie up his head in a shawl.



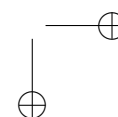
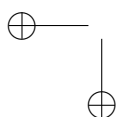
There's a whimsical fellow in Deal  
Who barks for his food like a seal;  
    Says his wife, with a sniff:  
    "T would be funnier, if  
He'd skip an occasional meal!"

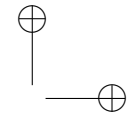
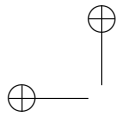


A clergyman startled Dobbs Ferry  
By rubbing his bald head with sherry;  
    As his hostess looked pained,  
    He humbly explained:  
"They say it prevents beri-beri."



A clergyman out in Dumont  
Keeps tropical fish in the font;  
    Though it always surprises  
    The babes he baptizes,  
It seems to be just what they want.





A youth who afflicts Essex Fells  
Can yell University yells,  
    From Abilene's hail  
    To the frog-call of Yale;  
He also puts poison in wells.



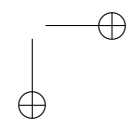
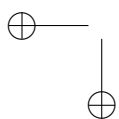
Said old Peeping Tom of Fort Lee:  
"Peeping ain't what it's cracked up to be;  
    I lose all my sleep,  
    And I peep and I peep,  
And I find 'em all peeping at me."

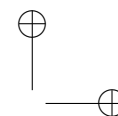
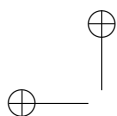


Said a fervent young lady of Hammels,  
"I object to humanity's trammels!  
    I want to be free!  
    Like a bird! Like a bee!  
Oh, why am I classed with the mammals?"



There's a vaporish maiden in Harrison  
Who longed for the love of a Saracen.  
    But she had to confine her  
    Intent to a Shriner,  
Who suffers, I fear, by comparison.





A ghoulish old fellow in Kent  
Encrusted his wife in cement;  
He said, with a sneer:  
“I was careful, my dear,  
To follow your natural bent.”



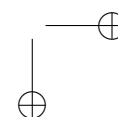
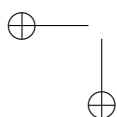
An inventive young man in Monroe  
Built a weather-conditioned chateau;  
By his technical blunders  
The dining-room thunders,  
And the bathrooms incessantly snow.

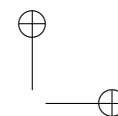
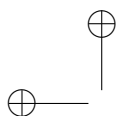


“I have heard,” said a maid of Montclair,  
“Opportunity’s step on the stair;  
But I couldn’t unlock  
To its magical knock,  
For I always was washing my hair.”



A joker who haunts Monticello  
Is really a terrible fellow;  
In the midst of caresses  
He fills ladies’ dresses  
With garter-snakes, ice-cubes, and jell-o.





A philosopher out in Mount Holly  
Writes books on the world and its folly;  
    When he has to relax  
    From his savage attacks,  
He likes to play train with his dolly.



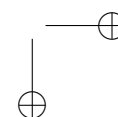
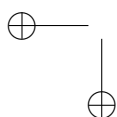
A pushing young man in Patchogue  
Runs a Radio Hour for the Dog.  
    His program of growls,  
    Barks, bays, whines, and howls  
Is setting the dog world agog.

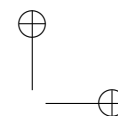
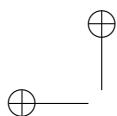


There was a young fellow of Pelham  
Who caught the Dutch blight from an ellum;  
    “It’s a bore,” were his words,  
    “On account of the birds,  
For I have to get sprayed to dispel ’em.”



There’s a lady in Pocono Pines  
Who hides in historical shrines,  
    And emerges from beds  
    Of our national heads  
To leer at the visitors’ lines.





At spirit-séances in Queens  
The spirits make terrible scenes;  
    Thus recently Bach  
    Shouted angrily: "Ach!  
I'm sick of your damn tambourines!"



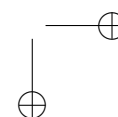
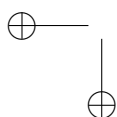
A modernist preacher of Redding  
Pioneered with a Parachute Wedding;  
    But the bride's wedding-gown  
    Just wouldn't stay down;  
And you can't keep a cassock from spreading.

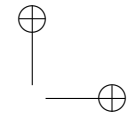
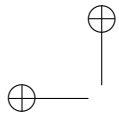


A naturalist in Roselle  
Has developed a keen sense of smell;  
    Blindfolded, his game is  
    To tell what your name is.  
But still, after all, what the hell?



A contemptuous lady in Shoreham  
Behaved with extreme indecorum;  
    She snapped a sarcastic  
    And secret elastic  
Throughout the Community Forum.





There's a dowager near Sneden Landing  
Whose manners are bluff and commanding;  
    It is one of her jests  
    To trip up her guests,  
For she hates to keep gentlemen standing.



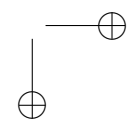
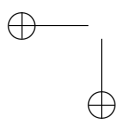
There's a sensitive type in Tom's River  
Whom Beethoven causes to quiver;  
    The esthetic vibration  
    Brings soulful elation,  
And also is fine for the liver.

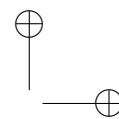
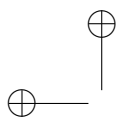


For years an old mother in Troy  
Sobbed: "Where is my wandering boy?"  
    Till they said: "Why not look  
    In the telephone book?"  
And she dialled his number with joy.



A credulous lady of Utica'll  
Believe any ad pharmaceutical,  
    Though a little unmanned  
    By removing her hand,  
When she planned on removing her cuticle.





A one-day-old baby in Wallabout  
Reflected: "Oh, what is it all about?  
I comprehend not  
Whence, whither, or what,  
But I'm sure it is something to squall about."

