

16 years

## Song of a Fanatic

Tonight the moon's unholy in its brightness;  
It fills the soul with longings not sublime.  
Tonight the stars are wicked in their brightness--  
Oh God, let me not forget this time.  
--"A"

## The Matrimonial Essential

An ugly temper I'll gladly forgive.  
With a person of violence I'll willingly live.  
If the cap of the tooth paste you leave on the sink,  
I'll put it back on, and not even blink.  
If the covers in bed you pull to your side,  
I'll gently draw them back--smothering my pride.  
You may scowl, and growl, and grimace, and groan.  
You may even go out and leave me along.  
I won't care if you complain of rheumatics or tumor,  
But you absolutely must have a strong sense of humor!  
--"A--"

## Running Water

Tiny, trickling, trills of sound  
Gurgling, bubbling, ocean-bound.  
The sound of water running o'er  
Pebbles always thrills me more  
Than mightiest symphony.  
--"B"

## The Stump

Rearing its proud head in the purest air on high,  
it stood aloof,  
A glorious thing, straight and tall, far from the  
sordid roofs.  
Its head was crowned in a glory of leaves, green  
as the sea.  
Above the petty cares of man it stood--a tree.  
  
The axeman's blow has toppled it from the sky,  
A~~x~~ glorious thing that shouldn't have had to die.  
It stands alone now, a blackened, rotted stump  
Disfiguring the earth, a crouching ugly lump.  
  
The awfulest thing in the world to me  
Is the stump of a once glorious tree.

--"Bx"

## South Wind

South Wind was her name,  
And no man lived who could tame  
This girl

She had the sould of an elm--  
Beautiful, strong, true. Her realm  
Was the sea.

She sailed with our skipper, her dad.  
She was eighteen. Cabin lad  
Was I then.

I looked at her with eyes that adored,  
And happy was I when she was aboard  
The achooner.

Then, abruptly, she came no more,  
And the skipper's eyes seemed to abhor  
All men.

Years later, walking a out the docks  
Of New York, I saw a sight the mocks  
Me to this day.

A slovenly woman with painted face  
Who nudged sailors, but I knew by her grace  
It was South Wind.

Oh life, you octapus, where is he  
Who can resist your clutching tenacle and free  
Himself.

--"A"

## Epitaph for Myself

I lived, I died, I ate, I slept.  
At no great are was I adept.  
And yet, say not I lived in vain  
For I loved life, loved trees, loved clouds, loved rain.

--"B--"



### Abundance

I lift my eyes to the sky above,  
And the stars and moon are there.  
I lower my eyes to the earth I love,  
And the grass is green, the flowers fair.  
The trees still tower overhead;  
The sunset glows a brilliant red.  
So how can a depression be  
When beauty is in all I see?  
--"Bx"

### Knowledge

I was a ver foolish child.  
Sometimes I used to dream  
Of one day lying on a fleecy cloud  
In blissful softness, high above the world.  
I would be all alone in stillness, sweet and sothing,  
And the sun would warm and caress me tenderly.

But now I know more.  
I know the deceptive clouds are but illusions  
Composed of dank water vapor that makes the rain.  
The things that caused my sweetest dreams  
Are the mothers of unpleasant rain.  
Silly child!

--"B"

### My Song

The trees that tower overhead,  
The splendid sunset glowing red,  
The scattered leaves, brilliant though dead--  
They are my song.

The beaconing stars with their dainty light,  
The moon that enhances the blackest night,  
The Clouds that are a breathtaking white--  
They are my song.

The flowers that glorify the ground,  
Music's swaying heart-filling,  
The river that from the sea has wound--  
They are my song.

--"B"

## A Summer Romance

'Neath brightest stars I swore eternal love.  
The moon in ethereal radiance shown above,  
And as I clasped you in my eager arms  
Its silver radiance enhanced your many charms.

Now winter's come and winds are harsh and drear.  
I realize that summer was the seer  
Who made you seem superb. The peaceful passion  
Of that happy love in now--grayish ashen.  
--"B"

## Smoke

Smoke does not bring to me relief and and coolness  
as it fills my throat.  
It does not resy my tired nerves nor bring me peace.  
Smoke is only hot and its harshness makes me cough.  
But I smoke b cause I love to watch the gossamer  
wisps of ethereal blue float heavenward  
from my hand.  
--"B"

## The Quiet Hour

The brilliant sun has faded away  
Like all things of pomp and glory.  
The water is dim and dusky, promising vast depths;  
And water lilies recline leisurely upon its surface.  
All is intensely quiet and hushed  
As if waiting expectantly for night.  
A single chirp of some little animal  
Carries clear and sweet across the water.  
I lie among soft cushions and my hands  
Make lazy trails in liquid sapphire.  
--"B--"

## Born not Made

That golden hair,  
That turned up nose,  
That complexion rare,  
She's like a rose.  
It's not quite fair  
That from head to toes  
Without any care,  
Or without lovely clothes,  
She outshines everyone,  
Everywhere.  
--"A--"



We're All Created Equal

Oh, laugh with me at democracy,  
That hallowed, beautiful thing!  
Oh, laugh with me at democracy,  
The word that the masses sing.  
Man must have his equal rights,  
He was created that way.  
The man of genius, brains, and might;  
The man of ignorance without far-sight  
They deserve their equal rights!

--"Bx"

November Sea

I sit upon a lonely crag and gaze out at the  
lonely sea,  
Gray sky, gray water, one lone gray ship--and  
me.  
A single sea-gull spreads his wings, no longer  
white,  
And flying skyward vanishes in the dim gray  
light

ix --"B"

My God! Not That

You may call me liar or cheat;  
You may call me pig or prude;  
You may slurringly remark about my ancestry.

You may call me fop or dude;  
You may be mean and rude;  
You may refuse to shake my offered hand.

You may call me the perfect "hick";  
What do I care if you toss a brick;  
But I'll shoot you if you call me a "typical  
American girl".

--"Bx"

Plea

Sleep, oh gentle, soothing sleep,  
Come, close these sightless eyes that weep  
Blind tears in never ending flow,  
Despairing at my one unalterable woe.  
Perhaps, enfolded in your all-enveloping arms  
A dream will come to me and I shall see once more the  
charms

Of scenes that only in my mind  
Shall I ever see again as through the land of  
dreams I wind.

So come to me, oh sleep, and let me look  
Once more upon the surging sea, a leafy tree,

A shady nook. --"B"





Intelligent American  
A series of Conversations

First Average High School Girl: Say, I go for the flavor of this Juicy Fruit gum.

Second Average High School Girl: Oh, no, why the flavor doesn't last no time. The gum I go for in a big way is Dentyne.

First A.H.S.G.: Do my jaws get tired after I chew for about two hours! Honest, I can hardly move them.

Second A.H.S.G.: Not really? I could chew forever.

First Average High School Boy: Amosn' Andy sho was sompin' las' night. Was it keen, eh?

Second Average High School Boy: Yeah, but was ah regusted when Andy lost all his money. Say, is that guy dumb.

First Average Co-ed: Oh, can he make love, my dear: he's a wonder. Honeltly, I was fascinated, I mean I really was.

Second Average Co-ed: Not really?

First A.C.: And then, of course, there's Bell. I don't go for him, He's so uncouth. But that care of his! It's gorgeous! And he's not afraid to spend money either.

Second A.C.: Not really!

First Average College Boy: Then Jones forward passes to Smith, Smith dodges through a hole and he's off for a ninety yard run! Pal, my throat was sore for a week.

Second Average College Boy: Oh yeah!

First A.C.B.: Can that guy Smith kick! Just ask me, go ahead, ask me, just ask me.

Second A.C.B.: Oh yeah!

First Average Housewife: Them potatoes is awful good parboiled with the skins on 'em. Herbert is crazy about 'em like that with a little butter.

Second Average Housewife: Did you ever try 'em mashed with milk, butter, pepper and salt?

First A. H. W.: Oh yeah, but my Herb can't stand 'em that way. Why--- Herb---

First Average Laborer: President Hoover ain't no good, no, sir!

Second Average Laborer: Yeah, if it wasn't for that guy we'd have work.

First A. L. W.: Why, Hoover is just a-----.

First Average Business Man:.....depression.....depression.....  
depression.....~~Depressi~~onna.....~~Depression~~....dep-  
ression.....depression.

S  
Second Average Business Man: depression.....depression.....  
depression.....depression.....depression.....depression.