

the hills are covered with gigantic primroses
 they are homes for children kitchens for twenty thousand diners
 houses houses clubs
 like sunflowers like fourleafclovers
 the roads are knotted like neckties
 a dawn comes up over the bathhouses
 The socialist May is announced by a thousand swallows
 In the fields a great struggle opens
 the struggle of ants and wolves
 there aren't as many machineguns as we'd like
 to use against routine and obstinacy
 But already 80% of this year's bread
 comes from the marxian wheat of the collective farms
 the poppies have become redflags
 the new monsters munch the ears of grain

Nobody knows here what unemployment was like
 the noise of the hammer the noise of the sickle
 mount from the earth is it
 really the sickle is it is it
 really the hammer the air is full of locusts
 rattles and caresses

URSS

Gunshots cracking of whips clamours

It's the heroic youth

Steeled cereals SSSR SSSR

The blue eyes of the Revolution

shine with a necessary cruelty

SSSR SSSR SSSR

SSSR

For those who pretend that this is not a poem
 for those who regret the lilies or the Palmolive soap
 they will turn away from me their clouded heads
 for the stop—there people the You're-joking people
 for the disgusted people for the sneering people
 for those who will not fail to put holes in
 the sordid drawings of the author the author
 Will add these few very simple words

Intervention should begin with the appearance of Rumania on
 the scene, on the pretext, for instance, of some trouble on the fron-
 tier involving an official declaration of war by Poland and the joining
 together of the troops of Wrangel which would have traversed
 Rumania...On their return from the energetic conference of
 London, entering the URSS from Paris, Ramzine and Leritchev
 have organized communication with the Torgprom through the in-