

# Two

## I

the season 'tis, my lovely lambs,  
of Sumner Volstead Christ and Co.  
the epoch of Mann's righteousness  
the age of dollars and no sense.  
Which being quite beyond dispute

as prove from Troy(N.Y.) to Cairo  
(Egypt) the luminous dithyrambs  
of large immaculate unmute  
antibolshevistic gents  
(each manufacturing word by word  
his own unrivalled brand of pyro-  
-technic blurb anent the(hic)  
hero dead that gladly(sic)  
in far lands perished of unheard  
of maladies including flu)

my little darlings, let us now  
passionately remember how—  
braving the worst, of peril heedless,  
each braver than the other, each  
(a typewriter within his reach)  
upon his fearless derrière  
sturdily seated—Colonel Needless  
To Name and General You know who  
a string of pretty medals drew

(while messrs jack james john and jim  
in token of their country's love  
received my dears the order of  
The Artificial Arm and Limb)

—or, since bloodshed and kindred questions  
inhibit unprepared digestions,  
come: let us mildly contemplate  
beginning with his wellfilled pants  
earth's biggest grafter, nothing less;  
the Honorable Mr.(guess)  
who, breathing on the ear of fate,  
landed a seat in the legislat-  
ure whereas tommy so and so  
(an erring child of circumstance  
whom the bulls nabbed at 33rd)

pulled six months for selling snow