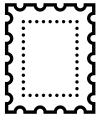
## MY SOVIET PASSPORT

```
I'd rip out
         bureaucracy's guts,
                         I would.
No reverence for mandates-
                         good riddance!
Pack off to very hell
                 for good
any old paper,
            but this one...
Past berths and compartments
                          drawn out in a line
moves a customs official,
                     most courteous looking.
Folks hand in their passports
                         and I hand in mine,
my crimson-jacketed
                   bookling.
Some passports
              bring smiles
                         in a matter of instants.
Others
     are fit but to fie on.
Special deference
               is shown,
                       for instance
for those
       with the double-bed
                          British Leo.
Bowing non-stop,
               as if rocked by a ship,
```



```
into the "kind old uncles",
they take,
        as if they were taking a tip
the passports
           of lanky Yankees.
At Polish passports
                they bulge out their eyes
in thick-skulled
              policemen's
                        donkeyness,
as if to say:
          what
             the devil are these
geographical
           novelties?
Without even turning
                  their cabbage-like heads,
hardly deigning
              to touch them,
they take,
        absent-minded,
                      the passports of Swedes
and all sorts
           of other Dutchmen.
But suddenly
           Mr. Officer's face
                          turns awry,
as if
    he has smelled disaster.
You've guessed it:
                the officer's taken my
```

eating their eyes

```
red-skinned hulk of a passport.
He handles it
           like a hedgehog
                         or bomb,
like a bee
        to be nipped
                    by the wings,
like a twisting rattlesnake
                      three yards long
with a hundred
             deadly stings.
The porter winks;
               to tell the truth,
he'd carry your luggage
                    free
                       all the way for you.
The gendarme
            looks questioningly
                             at the sleuth,
the sleuth looks back:
                  what to do with this wayfarer?
With what delight,
               by the gendarmes,
                              damn it,
I'd be flayed,
          crucified,
                 hanged
for the crime of holding
                     a sickled,
                             hammered
Soviet passport
             in my hand!
```

```
I'd rip out bureaucracy's guts,
                         I would.
No reverence for mandates -
                         good riddance!
Pack off to very hell
                 for good
any old paper,
            but this one...
As
  the most valuable
                 of certificates
I pull it
      from the pants
                   where my documents are:
read it
     envy me -
              I'm a citizen
of the USSR!
1929
```