

Ragoût fin de siècle

(Ragoût fin de siècle)

Here even experts can
Hardly see clear :
The women are men,
The men are women here.

Young men are dancing here with zest
In evening dress with rubber breast
While talking in sopranos.
The women wear tuxedos
And talk like Santa Claus
While lighting big Havanas.

The men go to the powder room
To put cream on their hide.
No woman here has any groom,
Each woman has a bride.

Here some tried so hard for perversion
That they returned to the norm.
And if Dante came here on excursion
He would take chloroform.

Here nobody knows what is what.
The true are false, the false are not,
And all is mixed up in a pot,
And pain is fun, pleasure makes mad,
And up is down, and front behind.
One simply goes out of one's mind.

RAGOÛT FIN DE SIÈCLE

For all I care, have an affair
With yourselves or a mastodon,
Or every bird in Audubon.
I do not give a damn.

Only don't scream ad nauseam
That you are great.
That you prefer it from behind
Does not prove an ingenious mind.

So much for that.

W. K.

Legend, Not Quite Housebroken

(Legende, nicht ganz stubenrein)

Last year's Christmas Eve at five
Santa Claus did not arrive.
God dispensed with his old substitute,
Feeling he himself ought to be calling.
Breaking custom, he stooped to commute
And, arriving, found the world appalling.

But he felt he must not make a fuss :
After all, he had created us.
And he went (well guarded by detectives,
Pinkerton's whom no firm supersedes,
Men who followed him to all objectives)
Through the towns, did nothing but good deeds.

God was liberal and did not ration,
And he gave, to give an illustration,
Steam engines to sons of politicians,
And to those whose fathers earned enough,
Boats and cars with up-to-date transmissions.
Prices he ignored, gave first-rate stuff.

God's funds were sufficient, and the racket
Did not stop till through the surtax bracket.
Suddenly, a gap began to yawn;
And the Midland Bank said : Do not spend
Any more, account is overdrawn.
So the present-giving had to end.

LEGEND, NOT QUITE HOUSEBROKEN

God is good, and knows it. So he sighed
And presumably felt mortified.
He consented to an interview
With three journalists who heard him tell—
They were of a socialistic hue—
That this world was the best possible.

And the poor need not forgo a thing
If their numbers were not towering.
The reporters nodded embarrassed, and then
God took them to the golden door.
They asked: Will you come soon again?
But he replied: No, nevermore.

W. K.