

—That moment I could have hewn my right hand off
And cast it into the flame, knowing you would urge
His friend!—

Bah, your man's a superb jackal.
I'll chant no more this evening. I'll be off!

I can go now. 'Tis no pose in me. I know my sex
I know the way to my home unaided
And the stairs leading to tomorrow morning
I love the flatulent 'bus shaking quailing

And roaring beneath my soles. I am a man
Fit to move with you anywhere; begin a new tale
Forget you; renew a friendship; awake grinning.
I love the walk I love the dance I love the trot

It was not only for words that hang large above a street
"Tone clusters" and all the delicate and strong stuff
I was made rather to give a command clearly
To order a massacre of old men and maids

To direct naval manoeuvres determine sagely
When to retreat when to turn in advance
To give out civil laws to hear testimonials
Receive tithes and genuflections despatch criminals.

Here are implements, wheels, a bench at a window
But oh God, no hands, no eyes, what men!
Can you work quietly here while I am far away,
Imagining I watch outside as from a window?

As the hour grows later I grow greater and greater
She the last woman with the grand manner is weary
While I have the walk the dance the trot
This scored film of mud my boot stirs.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE SUBWAY

IN THE year 1921, it is reported that 639385780 passengers of both sexes rode on the New York Subways. Although this figure does not include dead persons, babes in arms, or public servants of the metropolis (all of whom may ride to and fro on the subway without expense to themselves) the figure as it stands is certainly impressive. For if the grand total