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A Message to the Baboons

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Unknowing puppets, whose most furious acts
 Grow pale beside the tides of history.
 Yet he has made their lives legendary,
 And they will stand like ghosts upon his grave.

What falsity is this? The tiger stands
 Flaunting his tail. The delicate gazelle
 Goes quietly to drink the frozen seas.
 Eyes through the glass look on the winter snow.

A MESSAGE TO THE BABOONS

The anarchies of time and state—
 Fa-la! This is a grand life, brother native.

From the days when we climbed trees and threw coconuts
 We have indeed gone a long way.

No longer are we content with quite the same
Arbor vitae but this is a grand life!

Indeed we have our monstrous legends too,
 Of kings whose castles grew too big for them,

Of Cinderella beauties and their princes,
 And more primaeval stories, of mere sex

Fa-la, we shall grow even to greater estates:
 What need women, if we can swallow swords?

THE DARK GIRL

The black girl crossed her heart upon a stone,
Heigh-ho the green holly.
 She bit her fist, and carried an old maid's bone,
 Under the fictive eyes and the Hollywood tan
There was nothing, O there was nothing.