

A. D. 1941

Jean Ross

Sci. So.

This is the life and this is the time—
Chromium-plated, fluorescent-lighted, neon-signed.

O business as usual, commodity index up two points—
Steel Ingots, Freight Carloadings,
92-score butter in New York, No. 2 yellow corn at Chicago,
Nearby and mid-winter special brown eggs,
Interior and southern Minnesota pork loins.
With typewriters, thermometers, addressographs, comptometers.
Because of Stuka-Bombers, D. C. 4, wing-spread 138 feet.

For the tired business man who is weary of his love—
The dissonance of juke-box,
The dissonance of Goodman,
The dissonance of radio,
The dissonance of Stravinsky.
I found you, the love of my life, in somebody else's arms,
Beat me, Daddy, eight to the bar.

For the clerk who takes the 5:10, the comfort of

Jesus Thou art all compassion
Freud Thou art all of passion
Marx Thou art all the fashion.

From lying-in hospital to mortuary
By way of 1% bonds due in 1960,
From white-masked surgeon to frock-coated mortician
By way of the business activity index,
Shock absorbers for the nerves—
Martinis, spas, Beauty-Rests, Remington-Noiseless,
All wonderful, all failing.

Death is a great business,
Death is the final dividend.