A. D. 1941

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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.