

I Might Suggest

By T-B-S.

I

If drinking makes the poor man poor—
And makes the rich one rich;
One cannot designate for sure—
Just, which of these... is which.

II

And... if my premise isn't right
That drinking brings the plunder—
Or that it operates to blight,
And drive the poor one under—

III

'Tis then, I find that what they do
Leaves matters in a murk.
(I may as well presume it through)
They're poor... because they work.

IV

Lies somewhere in this land of gloom
The gentle art of seizure.
Yet, I would just as soon assume—
They're rich because of leisure.

V

And... though I hold—the drunken rich
Exploit the sober poor...
I am not keyed up to the pitch
—To cast a slur on lure...

VI

Were I, so much as to assert,
They're rich because they idle;
The plutes would roll me in the dirt—
Or sue me for a libel.

VII

Intoxicated—of the best
Or drunk on Fusel Oil—
The men of wealth are those who rest—
The poor—are those who toil—