

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

ON THE FIRST OF MAY

When all is new and nothing rotten,
When winter's woes are quite forgotten,

When CONSCIOUSNESS resumes
her plottin',
That's when the year begins.

When wan consumptives "pine for
flowers,"

When heavens weep with gentle
showers.

When April's surly clutch is broken,
When Storm King's speckled sons
have spoken,

(When limpid pools bring forth a
token)

That's when the year begins.
Not in the Dead of raging winter
But in the Present's, fulfilled, center.

When rivers leave their choking chan-
nels,

When white man sheds his filthy
flannels,

When Progress writes but truthful
annals,

That's when the year begins.
When weatherboards have ceased to
rattle,

When smiling meadows kiss the cattle.

When chronic bums grow wary 'ding-
ging,'

When carrier-bees resort to stinging.

When girls are just a bit more cling-
ing.

That's when the year begins.
Not in the mock-world's silly foment
But in each precious present moment.

When dirt and filth have reached
fruition,

When scowling forms seek retribution,
When house wives start a revolution,

That's when the year begins.
When plodding Amazons (grim mar-
tyrs)

—Seek for new and fresher quarters.

When Infant-Labor (whims pursuant)
from work (and worse) plays care-
free truant;

Once more to laugh—in health
affluent,

That's when the year begins.
Not in the doubtful Far Tomorrow

But in this Now, our present Sorrow.

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2nd Part

When barren sward resents inAction,
When Nature grins with satisfaction,

That's when the year begins.
When woodland autocrats enthralin',

Like ripened tyranny is fallen—

When Cones throw off the Fate ap-
pallin',

That's when the year begins.
When 'long the 'right-of-way of
Travel

Frail roots embrace the caving gravel,
(That's when oppression's skeins un-
ravel)

That's when the year begins.
When nature's jagged wounds are
"sorest—

When earth disturbed shoots forth a
forest.

Not in a promise, threat or vow,
Not in the dates the fates endow,

But in the ever-present now—
That's when the year begins.

Not in a wealth of satisfaction
But in each minute action's fraction