

Jerusalem Redestroyed

By T-BONE SLIM



THE saddest words, on tongues of men, are these—perhaps—"It might have been."

Perhaps, indeed! For

For sadder words are spoken. Words that defy description. Words that denote all the agony of failure, defeat, retreat—aye rout and despair, "I HAD A CARD."

Can you imagine anything more heartrending? "I HAD A CARD—I was a man once't. I fought for freedom. I was a Wobbly—Now, I'm nothing nothing . . . nothing. . . . The road is long, the way is rough—I am weary. I'm alone. Nothing. Nothing in my pocket . . . (to pull out and look at)—How many times of yore I used to pull it out on the lonesome trail, "you my pard—while the owl wondered who . . . who . . . who am I—I wasn't alone then!

Gosh no, there was four of us—

A jungle fire, a chew of snuff—and thou . . . my card . . . and I. Four? Now? Nothing, zero!

I will rise and go to my father's house.

There are Wobblies. There are fellow workers.

I will leave this mental edifice that is falling about my ears—I will go back.

I can't go back? Why not? The trail is lost? No, nor I. . . . The hell I can't. . . . Stop me!

I'm on my way. And

I will eat that fatted calf, Capitalism—a lumbering cow by this time. . . . I would dine. I would feast—the tougher the better. I'm hungry—my spirit yearns food.

The banquet awaits, my lords.