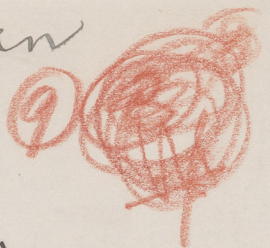


The Social Plan
Social Planning ①



I know a very tiresome Man
Who keeps on saying, 'Social Plan'.

At every Dinner, every Talk
Where Men foregather, eat or walk,
No matter where, - this Awful Man
Brings on his goddam Social Plan

The fall in Wheat, the Rise in Bread,
The social Breakers dead ahead,
The Economic Paradox
That drives the Nation on the rocks,
The Wheels that false Abundance clogs -
And frightens us from raising Hogs, -
This dreary field, the Gloomy Man,
Surveys and hiccoughs, 'Social Plan'.

Till simpler Men begin to find
His croaking aggravates their mind,
And makes them anxious to avoid
All mention of the Unemployed,

(Cont.)

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And leads them even to abhor
The People called Deserving Poor.

For me, my sympathies now pass
To the poor Plutocratic Class.
The Crowd that now appeals to me
Is what he calls the Bourgeoisie

So I have got a Social Plan
To take him by the Neck,
And lock him in a Luggage van
And tie on it a check, ^{TURKESTAN}
Marked MOSCOW VIA ISPAHAN,
Now, how's that for a Social Plan?

