

REBELLION

Made Up of
Dreams and Dynamite

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1916.

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CONTENTS

Ballads of Struggle and Revolt

—BY—

COVINGTON HALL



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REBELLION

COVINGTON HALL

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REBELLION

1

THE LOST CITY OF QUIVIRA

THE VISION.

"Yet a little while, my comrades,—just beyond the hills, they
say,—

We shall reach Quivira's country at the breaking of the day."

(Thus the Spaniard Coronado urged his men along the way).

"We shall see its walls of silver rising from the desert's rim,
Like a gleaming, glowing glory on our eyes with searching dim.
Down its streets of burnished copper, 'neath its roofs of gorgeous
gold,

We shall march in triumph, comrades, and our revels we shall
hold.

In its broad and spacious plazas, by the side of lotus streams,
We shall hear on earth the music erst we only heard in dreams;
And beside life-giving fountains, under orange trees and palms,
Where the fragrant winds are blowing and the scene forever
charms,

Where the sky is never darkened by the shadow of a storm,
We shall rest us of our labor 'till our blood flows full and warm.
We shall see her splendid daughters, far all earthly forms above,
And shall rest our weary bodies in the lap of perfect love,—
They shall sing us songs far sweeter than our ears have ever
known,

'Till earth shall seem a garden with God's fairest roses strown.
There no wretched hands outstretching, broken, gnarled and lean
and gaunt,

Shall remind us of the old lands and their raggedness and want;
There the children play forever in the fields and meadows wide,
Lithe of limb and strong up-growing, such as give a mother pride,
Free, free as the love that bore them, for the law of thine and
mine

Long ago was abrogated by that Commonwealth divine.

Peace and plenty shall be ours, fruits, flowers, music, love and
wine,

Under skies forever stainless, where the stars of freedom shine.
 Rome, Damascus, Carthage, Babylon, in all their splendor were
 But as reeking heaps of hovels in comparison with her;
 All the beauty of Granada, all the wonder of Cathay,
 To the City we are nearing is as midnight unto day;
 For all, all there is of treasure, and of beauty, life and love,
 Has been showered on Quivira by the smiling fates above.—
 We shall see her, O my comrades! Ere yon moon has gone to
 rest
 We shall pass her gates of silver and shall end our world-wide
 quest!"

THE TRAIL.

Thus the Spaniard Coronado urged his men along the way,
 Over oceans, lands and rivers, over deserts bleak and gray,
 Over mountains tall and rugged, up the beds of vanished streams,
 Braving death and ice and fire for the City of his dreams.
 Since his day across those deserts many men have come and
 gone,

Thousands upon thousands pressing, on and on and oh and on,
 Seeking, seeking, ever seeking for the fairied City's spires,
 Leaving home and all behind them for her phantom fanes and
 fires.

Yea! long ere the Spaniard sought it, centuries before he came,
 Other men on other pathways sought to link with her's their
 name,—

Lucifer, Christ, Quetzalcoatl, Krishna, Buddha, and the host
 That oblivion long has shrouded in their graves on every coast;
 Yet the thousands still keep coming, North and East and South
 and West,

Wistful-eyed, unresting never, to enlist them in the quest;
 Hunting with unflagging courage, with a zeal that naught can
 quail,

For the light that shines from dreamland on a blurred and sign-
 less trail;

Victims of the guileful chieftains who, to every questioning, say:

"Over there, beyond the mountains, at the dawning of the day,
 On a river clear as chrystal, under soft, translucent skies,
 There the gem you seek is hidden, there the lost Quivira lies."
 (Ever thus have priesthoods spaken to the souls with hunger
 blind,
 Urging out the discontented, grasping all they leave behind.)

BROTHERS!

Comrades! ye who fought and famished on the heart-paved road
 of fate,
 Ye who fell there in the deserts at the miraged City's gate!
 And ye Dreamers who still march undaunted out into the waste,
 Where the springs are few and fitful and all bitter to the taste!
 Ye who led the race from cavedom to the empire of the plain,
 Who have kept hope's fires burning and the ideal without stain;
 Ye who went with broken lanterns out into the fog-hung night,
 Who, thru failure, death, disaster, have forever sought the light;
 Ye who heard the cry for justice, held the truth alone divine,
 Lo! the lights of lost Quivira thru the long earth darkness shine!

TO ARMS!

Hear ye not Toil's Spartan legions moving forward without rest,
 'Neath right's crimson banners gath'ring, North and South and
 East and West;

Striving at the chains that bind them, growing every day more
 bold,

Shoulder unto shoulder fighting as the Clansmen fought of old;
 'Round the wide world rising, coming, pushing up the long lost
 trail,

Heeding not the guileful chieftains, with a courage naught can
 quail;

Thru the war-mad nations calling: "We are brothers one and all!
 Let the slave-born systems perish! Let the old gods with them
 fall!"

While the brutish mob is kneeling, march the dauntless to the
 fray,

Comes the Militant Minority, the Rebels of Today!
 In the law books they are writing Mother Nature's grand decree:
 "Earthland and its fullness henceforth unto all the Races free!"
 They are rising in rebellion, they are gaining strength and pride,
 They are coming as resistlessly as rolls the ocean tide!
 They are closing on the citadels of hate and greed and fear,—
 In the might of Love and Liberty, the Clans of Life appear!

* * * * *

And the reign of caste is shattered, and the law of thine and mine,
 And the lights of lost Quivira over all Earth's peoples shine;
 A beauty and a glory on the grieving World descends,
 And Man, at last ennobled, at the Shrine of Nature bends.

—o—

SUSPENSION OF REBELLION.

FELLOW REBELS: It nearly breaks my heart to notify you of the suspension of REBELLION, but I can see no other way. "The International Socialist Review" will fill all unexpired subscriptions. To you who have stood by me in the long, hard struggle, I send my heartfelt thanks for all you have done and treid to do for me. We will yet win.

In the meantime, a few hundred extra copies of this number have been printed and will be sold as long as they last for 10c a copy; 3 copies for 25c; or 5c a copy in lots of 10 or more; cash with order; postage paid. I hope you will order at once as many copies as you can use and of the "Songs of Love and Rebellion," (of which we will send you five (5) copies for \$1.00; only a few left), and thus help me clear up my printing, eating and other debts.

Again thanking you all, I remain,

Yours for freedom in Industrial Democracy,

COVINGTON HALL.

EVERY DAY.

Empires into dust have moulded, Kingdoms crumbled to decay,
 But, unwearied, Manhood marches on to conquest every day;
 Over Caesars, Gods and Pontiffs, over prisons, thrones and shrines,
 Moves the Race forever forward where the Star of Freedom shines.

Every day a sword is taken from the eunuchs 'round the throne;
 Every day some son of Science leaves the Priesthood power-shorn;
 Every day some god is buried; every day some terror dies;
 Every day some soul awakens with the fear-gone from its eyes.

Every day the right advances, every day old wrongs retreat;
 Every day some lie is trampled 'neath an outraged Rebel's feet;
 Every day sees Superstition growing peaked and pale and small,
 Sees another dead Osiris from the thrones of Heaven fall.

Every day our knowledge widens; every day some mind is freed;
 Every day Truth rings a death-knell over some slave-making creed;
 Every day Love's wings grow stronger; every day sees Man arise,—
 Every day some soul awakens with a braver pair of eyes!

—o—

I AM REVOLUTION! Always I come in rags;
 Always I come deriding your laws and flags;
 Always I am bitter, without ruth
 I crush your altars with the blasting truth;
 Always I am moneyless, with empty hands
 I take from you the arms with which I take your lands:
 I rise from the dust when you think me dead
 And, conquering, through your gilded mansions tread.

I AM REVOLUTION!

US THE HOBOES AND THE DREAMERS

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world
in awe,

We shall trample on your customs and shall spit upon your law;
We shall come up from life's desert to your burdened banquet
hall,

We shall turn your wine to wormwood, your honey into gall.

We shall go where wail the children, where, from your race-
killing mills,

Flows a bloody stream of profit to your cursed, insatiate tills;
We shall tear them from your drivers, in our shamed and angered
pride,

With the fury and the fierceness of a fatherhood denied.

We shall set our sisters on you, those you trap into your hells
Where the mother instinct's stifled and no earthly beauty dwells;
We shall call them from the living death, the death in life you
gave,

To sing our class' triumph o'er your cruel system's grave.

We shall strip them of their epaulets, the panderers who fight
Your wars against the workers for a bone on which to bite;
We shall batter down your prisons, we shall set your chain-
gangs free,

We shall drive you from the mountainside, the valley, plain and
sea.

We shall hunt around the fences where your ox-men sweat and
gape

Till they stampede down your stockades in their panic to escape;
We shall steal up thru the darkness, we shall prowl the wood
and town,

Till they waken to their power and arise and ride you down.

We shall send the message to them, on a whisper down the night,
And shall cheer as warrior women drive your peons to the fight;
We shall use your guile against you, all the cunning you have
taught,

All the wisdom of the serpent to attain the ending sought.

We shall come as comes the cyclone,—in the stillness we shall
form—

From the calm your terror fashioned we shall hurl on you the
storm;

We shall strike when least expected, when you deem toil's rout
complete,

And crush you and your hessians 'neath our brogan-shodded feet.

We shall laugh to scorn your power that now holds the world
in awe,

We shall trample on your customs, we shall spit upon your law;
We shall outrage all your temples, we shall blaspheme all your
gods — — —

We shall turn the old world over as the plowman turns the
clods!

THE SONG THE CAPITALIST NEVER SINGS

I want to be a workingman and with the workers roam,
The crossroads for my palace car and a bullpen for my home;
I want to be a member of that free, untrammelled band,
A ballchain on my ankle and a pickaxe in my hand.

I want to be a workingman and hear the preachers sing
The song of "God and Country" while the dum-dum bullets ring;
To cheer the starry banner 'till my empty insides bust,
And be a patriot-sucker till my ragged form is dust.

"THE VOICES OF REGRET"

O ye who seek the perfect, for the ideal grieve and strive,
Ye may make the old world better, ye may keep the truth alive,
But the thorn shall be your laurel, and the lands ye hold shall be
Fed by waters more elusive than the desert's miraged sea.

Ye shall plant and others harvest; ye shall sow and others reap;
All the temples ye are building shall a purchased priesthood
keep;
Other hands shall light the candles, other hearts shall worship
there,
While the doubt your faith created bursts your own heart with
despair.

Love, the lodestar of your spirit, shall against your spirit turn;
Ye shall watch the fires ye lighted on another's hearthstone burn;
Homeless, ye shall wander, seeking, past the homes where, sweet
and clear,
And more musical than ever, your own love songs ye shall hear.

Many souls shall gather, in their sorrow, hope and strength
from ye;
Many slaves ye shall awaken, many prisoners set free;
But within the Eden gardens, where the freedmen grief forget,
Ye shall hear forever whispering the voices of regret.

—o—
THE REBEL: You cannot know what the fight for Land and
Liberty down in Dixie means unless you read **THE REBEL** edited
by Tom Hickey, at Hallettsville, Texas. Forty weeks for 25c.
Subscribe today.

—o—
EXCHANGES: Please discontinue your copies until further
notice. Will greatly appreciate a boost of this issue of **REBEL-
LION**, giving price and address, if you can conscientiously do so.
Good luck from
COVINGTON.

I. THE SOUL

There is no earthly power strong enough
To bar my way; there is no road so rough
But I will follow to the farthest goal,
Or, failing, fall unconquered—I, the Soul.

Your man-made creeds, I hate, despise and curse,
For I am that Eternal Love did nurse;
Like cobwebs I would tear them from my brain
And walk, alone, the vales of truth again.

What tho your priest and preacher 'round me scream
The lunacy of some fantastic dream;
Think you these gibbering things can blind
The mind unto the vision self-divined!

Amid the wreck of worldly things I move
Unfettered; my own body does but prove
My independence, for I loathe its lust,
Its crawling and its cringing in the dust.

The all that ever was, it is but me;
In me, the end of all that comes, you see;
For I, and I alone, march on with God
Unfearing o'er the unknown, trackless sod.

My fate it is my own to make or mar;
I am my spirit's good and evil star;
And here, or after here, let come what will,
I am and shall be my own master still.

—o—
THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE—If you are thinking of taking up a
course of study in any line, write The People's College, Fort
Scott, Kansas, for information. Leads all others. Headed by Mili-
tant Rebels teaching Truth and Industrial Democracy.

THE WORLD WILL

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!

Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the race to mourn!

Hear me, too, ye tinselled marshals heading their embattled slaves!

Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!

Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold

Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Life's glowing words to gold!

Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,

We, the Rebels, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart a-flame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more,
We are gath'ring for the battle that the seers foretold of yore;
From all peoples we are coming, from the field, mine, wood and town,

And the fight shall not be ended till the Servile State goes down;
There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,

And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the earth;

There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,
There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad earth's bosom then!

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;

All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;

All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust
And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;
All your gilded, glitt'ring savagery our hands shall sweep away,
And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay:
All your monstrous art shall perish from the earth's insulted plain:

All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!

There shall be no king above us, there shall be no slave below,
There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!
We are gath'ring, we are coming, far and wide the world around,
Truth, the northstar of our legions, all the earth our battle ground!

Arming, coming in love-anger, marching forward by its light,
Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the long expected fight!
Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all!—
We have heard the World Will speaking, we have heard the Race-Soul call!

YOU AND I

I am the land, but you the spring
Giving life to everything;
I am the temple, you the shrine
Which alone makes it divine.

I am the body, you the soul;
I the needle, you the pole;
I am the darkness, you the light,
You the lodestar clear and bright.

I am the hand, but you the heart
Glorifying love and art;
I am the work, but you the dream
Over all and all supreme.

REVOLUTION!

She is coming, O my masters, she is coming in her might,
With the red flag o'er her legions and her sword sharp, clean
and bright;
She is breaking thru your dungeons, she is tearing off your
chain,
She is coming to take vengeance without mercy once again!

She is coming, O my masters, sweeping, surging 'round the
Earth!

Listen! Hear the Rebels shouting what Toil whispers at its
hearth!

She is coming in Hate's beauty, with Love's fierceness in her
eye,

Like a maddened mother hast'ning where your tortured child-
slaves die!

She is coming, O my masters! with her strong, steel-muscled
hands,

She is reaching for your palaces, your gardens and your lands!

She is calling to her standards all the sons of grief and toil—

She is promising her soldiers all your stolen wealth for spoil!

She is coming, O my masters! 'Neath her red, triumphal arch,
Lo! the guards that now surround you, in her rebel ranks shall
march!

She is coming as forever and forever she has come,
Arm in arm with Truth and Freedom, to the long roll of the
drum!

She is coming, O my masters! Soon her troops shall rest their
feet

In the limpid waters flowing thru your bowers, cool and sweet;
Soon her hungered hosts shall gather in your gold-roofed
banquet hall,

And, to strains of martial music, hold high revel o'er your fall!

She is coming, O my masters, she is coming in her might,
With the red flag o'er her legions and her sword sharp, clean
and bright!

She is coming, O my masters!—with her strong, steel-muscled
hands,

She is reaching for your palaces, your gardens and your lands!

—o—

THE SUPREME LAW

The Soul of Man is builded from a trillion years of strife,
The Iron Law of Struggle is the Supreme Law of Life;
Thru all, o'er all, it follows man wherever he may range,—
The urge compelling progress and the power forcing change.

Time never was when it was not. * * * Where atoms love and
hate,

It sows the seeds of destiny, begins the work of fate;
Before the Earth was fashioned, before the Sun began,
Within the warring atom host was born the Soul of Man.

The Universe is subject to its mandate and its will,
Would, but for it, be shrouded in eternal darkness still;
Before the Gods were dreamed of, before the Christs were born,
The armies of the ions were embattled in the morn.

There never was nor will be from the strife of life surcease,
Within the warring Universe no universal peace;
No rest as long as motion lasts, as long as stirs a breath,
For peace is but Nirvana, and Nirvana is but death.

It is the law of being, fixt, immutable and right,
The essence of eternity, infinity and light:
All matter, mind and spirit, all is mothered out of strife—
The Iron Law of Struggle is the Supreme Law of Life.

THE SEEKER

There was a Door to which he found no Key;
There was a Veil past which he could not see;
A mocking shadow-shape always appeared,
Before the Door of Knowledge grinned and leered.

The blazing lodestar that he saw in youth,
Which he imagined was the Star of Truth,
Its tremulous and soft alluring light
But glorified one brief, sweet summer night.

Before the Gate of Hope he stood, and cried:
"Where do the Vision and the Dream abide?"
Then faintly did a Voice in silence mourn:
"Beyond, O Brother, and beyond the Throne."

Then at the Shrine of Love he knelt and prayed,
And all her priests in silken robes arrayed;
But Love's bright altar candles ashes turned
Ere yet one-half the ritual was learned.

Deep in the Mines of Wisdom then he wrought;
And of the Heaven asked the Thing he sought,
And from the Door of Silence sought to roll
The Stone imprisoning his heart and soul.

And daily did he seek the Vale of Light,
And ceaseless question of the Wrong and Right;
But still he faced the Door without the Key,
And still beyond the Veil he could not see.

And, when Death leaned down from the distant skies,
And softly kissed to sleep his tired eyes,
The watchers heard a phantom whisper mourn:
"The Door is keyless and the Veil untorn."

SAITH THE LORD

"The land shall not be sold forever,"
Saith the Lord;
"Sword titles shall the sword dissever,"
Saith the Lord.
"They who reap where others sow,
They who take what others grow,
Shall my wrath and vengeance know,"
Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"
Saith the Lord;
"Of this I have repented never,"
Saith the Lord.
"Not a letter, word or line
Can the preachers quote of mine
Taking earth from thee and thine,"
Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"
Saith the Lord;
"Sword titles shall the sword dissever,"
Saith the Lord.
"I shall scourge men till they rise
With the war-light in their eyes,
Land and Liberty their prize,"
Saith the Lord.

"The land shall not be sold forever,"
Saith the Lord;
"Of this I have repented never,"
Saith the Lord.
"Ye shall lend my cause thy might,
Ye shall join in the fight,
Or to hell ye go tonight,"
Saith the Lord.

NIGHT.

The sun had sunk behind the hills and far and wide the purple shadows thickened into night,
 And all the world was still. With soundless steps the soul of darkness walked into the halls of light,
 And angels passed through heaven waking into life the sleeping stars; a fairy waved her wand
 Of magic and enchantment over all day-wearied spaces, and the night was on the land;
 And peace and quiet reigned where sounds of strife before had made a discord in the melody
 Of nature. In the west the star of hope resplendent shone, while from the yonders came the free
 And beautiful of earth, the elves, the gnome-men and the gentler spirits of the dark; and soon
 Within the east appeared the strange and weird luster that foretold the coming of the moon,
 The queen of heaven and the soother of uneasy souls who long have known not aught but sighs,
 Whose steps have ever wandered farther from the heart-world where the poppied vale of dreamland lies.
 Profounder and more yearning grew the stillness, 'till it seemed infinity with brooding wings
 Was hovering over and so near that I could feel the warm breath of the Quickener of things
 Upon my soul, the All-pervading Mother touch my heart-strings with her hands; could look above,
 Around me, stand, at last, before the dream for which my soul had hungered,—face to face with love,
 And know the oneness that twin spirits can alone give unto life.
 And then sleep touched my sight,
 And through the halls of silence came, low, musical and sweet, a whisper, saying, "I am Night."

YE RESPECTABLES!

Ye whited saints who criticize "the erring sinner's way,"
 Who never yet with naked hands have held the Fates at bay.
 How dare ye sit in judgment on the soul at last o'er-thrown,
 Ye craven curs who never dared to face the dark alone?

Hark! back there in the ages, out in every land and clime
 I hear your wolfish barking there, on every road of time;
 I hear your hissing laughter when your quarry down is run,
 As ye laughed upon Golgotha when your hellish work was done.

In smug, fat-bellied splendor, safe, in Custom's mantle wrapt,
 Ye hurled your God's damnation and the blood of heroes lapt—
 Ye never heard from Virtue and ye never spoke with Love,
 Else ye would not try to fright us with your image throned above.

The changing of religions has not ever changed your creed—
 Through all the stricken ages ye have bred true to your breed—
 The faith ye preach so loudly is your deathless faith in self—
 Your God is but the image of your own time-serving self.

Beside the graves of Freedom, there your vulture wings were flapt,
 And we heard your joyous croaking when the forts of Right were sapt—
 Men never yet have seen ye in the forefront of the line,
 Where the shells of Truth are screaming and the swords of Justice shine.

As ye were in all past ages, so ye are down to today,
 Beloved of all the priesthoods—quick to murder as to pray—
 Sleek vampires, full to bursting with the pure blood of the right—

Ye were-wolves of the darkness and ye ghoulish hounds of the night!

IN THE HOLY NAME OF TRADE

Can ye tell me, O ye workers, why the money-demon gloats,
 Why the rulers never stop ye when ye tear each others throats?
 Can ye tell me, O ye toilers, why the young are stooped and old,
 Why so many work a-hungred when the land is filled with gold?
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, lords of commerce, when machines should on
 them wait,

Why the burden bears the hardest on the weakest in the State?
 Can ye tell me, O my masters, why invention's mighty breath
 Only fills the sail that hastens with the children on to death?
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, laureled statesmen, why around so many hearths
 Broods a shadow and a terror that is not our mother earth's?
 Can ye tell me, O ye teachers, why, with all the wealth we find,
 Why the race in sorrow's mothered and the love-sight's going
 blind?

"Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!"

In the holy name of trade!"

THE LUMBER KING

A snarling, slinking, silk-clad human fiend;
 A harpy never yet from hell-thought weaned;
 Steeped to the inmost soul in murder's art,
 A cur incarnate and a wolf at heart;
 A vampire brooding o'er the virgin soil
 And drinking to the dregs the blood of Toil!

LISTEN, O MY MASTERS!

Have you heard the babies crying in the mills?
 And the mothers moaning at the task that kills?
 Have you seen the haunting horror in their eyes,
 Just before the last hope fades away and dies?

Have you ever seen the old men gasp for breath,
 Begging shelter, food and clothing at the gates of death?
 Have you ever watched earth's derelicts go down,
 In the hopeless sea of sorrow sink and drown?

Ah! you say "the child but suffers for the deed,"
 That "'tis reaping where the father sowed the seed?"
 That "the mother's sin must flower and unfold?"
 That "the work's another's?" But, you reap the gold!

You—the strong, upon a baby's labor live,
 And you rape it of the glory love did give;
 And you made the law which you proclaim is just,
 And you grind the child-heart into golden dust.

In the holy name of "business" you have done
 That which Nero's black and monstrous soul would shun—
 Taken bread from those too weak to rise and fight,
 Seized the orphan's penny and the widow's mite!

Listen, O My Masters! listen, ere we come
 Mad to meet you, to the roll of hunger's drum!
 Listen, O My Masters, ere it is too late—
 Even now men's hearts are flaming into hate!

Listen, O My Masters! Listen, all ye hireling host!
 Listen, all ye gunmen, who greed's shameless service boast!
 Listen while our hearts are tempted to see mercy done—
 Listen! for our triumph is as certain as the sun!

THE CURIOUS CHRISTIANS

For "Jesus' sake" they shoot you dead,
They fill you full of steel and lead;
They wreck your body, crush your soul,
They pray to God to "make you whole."

They stand for war—with fervent breath
They bless the instruments of death;
They flap the flag, they shout for blood,
Then weep beside the crimson flood.

They strike the light from woman's eyes,
Then "charitably" hush her cries;
They slay her husband, take her child,
Then tract her on "love undefiled."

They say, "'Tis not by bread alone
That mankind cometh to its own;"
Then strive to bind the spirit's wings,
The upward sweep of changing things.

They preach "good will" and "peace" and "love,"
"The golden rule," all else above;
They teach the brotherhood of man as true,
Then turn their war-dogs loose on you.

Ah, verily, they say and say,
And preach and preach and pray and pray;
Yet still the harvest comes as sown,
Still by its fruit the tree is known.

—O—
THE MELTING POT—Read it—Laugh at the Ghosts and Gods
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MY BOY

Heed, my Boy: Beware of Church and State,
For their Politicians lie in wait
For your soul; and their Priesthoods weave a chain,
Endless, for the binding of your brain;
And beware of her they've made a thrall,
Of your own dear mother, most of all,
My Boy.

Every forward, upward step you take,
Priest and Politician, ~~like~~ a snake,
With old custom's law and creed and pike,
At your white and shining throat will strike;
And the mindless hands they've made will grope
From the slum-ooze, strangling, round your hope,
My Boy.

So I charge you ever to beware
Of the Priest and Politician's snare;
To be always on your guard and bold
For yourself your course to take and hold;
For, in all the Universe we scan,
There is naught nobler than a free-souled man,
My Boy.

—O—
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*For you are and
freedom's sake,*

*sleep-like
lighting*

THE WAY OF KINGS—CROWNED AND UNCROWNED.

Ye are prating of your power, but the sky of time is gray,
And the fullness of your madness it shall ripen with the day.
Ye shall waken in the moment when the great world shakes
and reels,
When the mad brute host of hunger from the slums and dark-
ness steals;
Ye shall waken to the reaping of the fruits your hands have
sown,
And the measure ye have meted to the race shall be your own.
Think ye not that fate is idle and your own the Supreme Will,
For the wrecks that strew the aeons tell that Right is reigning
still.
Dream ye not that Mammon conquers, gold forever will control,
For the shell is not the substance, and the flesh is not the soul.
If ye doubt it, pause and listen; lift aside the veil of time:
Where is Rome and all her splendor? Where is Athens, the
sublime?
Where are all the Persian millions? Where the proud Egyptian
host?
Tell me, does imperial Carthage still adorn the Afric coast?
Where the empire of the Incas? Where is Montezuma's throne?
What is Spain and Spanish glory in the world once called her
own?
Where are India's mighty princes? Where the Babylonian
kings?
Tell me, ye who kneel in worship at the shrine of blood-bought
things!
Proud ye are, and will not answer—ye are swelled with folly
vast—
Neither will ye heed the lesson that is taught by ages past.
Like the scribes of ancient Judah yet depend on Roman might,
But the buried Truth is risen and the faith still lives tonight.

There be some ye cannot silence; there be some ye cannot kill;
And the blood of freeborn spirits is the seed of progress still;
Love and freedom still are powers in the human heart and soul,
And, undaunted, Liberty still marches onward to the goal!
But all words are worse than useless—Reason's self ye would
deride—

Ye are but the sons of folly and the slaves of purse-born pride;
Ye are strangers unto mercy; ye are deaf and dumb and blind;
Ye have never paused to listen to the human heart and mind.
Justice, honor, hope and virtue, ye as evil things disdain—
Lo! I hear the Sons of Spartacus debouching on the plain
And the hymns of freedom ringing 'round a rebel world again!

THE HOBO'S BOAST

I am the bondless spirit all the race must recognize!
In me the soul of labor still stands free beneath the skies;
In me the soul of Freedom, still unconquered, marches on—
I am the hope of liberty—the herald of the dawn!

I am the hope of liberty, earth's Lucifer today;
The dread within the heart of kings, the sword within their way;
The block on which their heads shall fall, the knife that shears
them off;
I am the great avenger, I! the "thing" at which they scoff.

I am the hope of liberty—its star is in my hand;
By me its light is scattered thru the dark of every land;
By me Wrong's mask is shattered and the veil of Custom rent—
I spread thru all the cities far the flames of discontent.

I am the bondless spirit all the race must recognize!
In me the soul of Labor still stands free beneath the skies;
In me the soul of Freedom, still unconquered, marches on—
I am the hope of liberty—the herald of the dawn!

O SOLDIERS OF ALTRURIA!

(It is said that when Napoleon was preparing for his coronation as emperor that, well pleased, he gazed upon the gilded throneroom and, turning to an old general nearby, asked: "General, is there anything lacking?" To which the old general, who had been and still was an ardent Libertarian, immediately replied: "Nothing, sire, save the million men who died to abolish all this." And—Ah that those million MEN were THERE, or HERE, today!)

Ye serried ranks that battered down the prisons of the mind,
Who gave the light of freedom to the helpless and the blind,
Who set the world afire with the quenchless flame of right,
The star of glory shine upon your hallowed graves tonight!

O soldiers of the sun-kissed land! O godlike sons of France!
Right's bugle sounds no longer and the rust is on its lance!
The black flag of the tyrants over Freedom's shrine is spread,
But not in vain that oecantide of priceless blood you shed!

Up Russia's frozen mountains, on her dark and icy plain,
Across her steppes and valleys ye shall never march again;
But there, the seed you planted, shall burgeon into bloom,
The tree of freedom flower and the Czar behold his doom!

The golden throne of Prussia, where a thousand courtiers kneel,
Shall shake upon its pedestals of cold and glitt-ring steel;
The brawn and brain upholding it shall of your valor dream,
And King and Kaiser tremble while they boast themselves supreme.

The masters of America and England's pampered few
Are striving to destroy every memory of you;
But truth is truth forever, and its sword shall end the reign
Of those who murdered Emmet and who broke the heart of Paine.

O soldiers of Altruria! O million men that died
That justice might triumphant be and truth be glorified;
Who set the world afire with the quenchless flame of right,
From Valhalla send a message to this cowered race tonight!

THUS.

They lifted him to wealth and place;
They meshed his soul in lust and lace;
They tricked him out in gold and braid,
And laurel on his brow they laid.

They called him "great" and "wise" and "strong,"
And toasted him with wine and song;
Then led him out into the light
To turn men's footsteps from the right.

They held him fast with silver strings,
With opal chains they leashed his wings;
They made him fiftyfold their slave,
Then hailed him as "the free and brave."

They spread soft carpets for his feet,
And luscious food for him to eat;
Then sent him forth, with praiseful cries,
To lie the hope from mother-eyes.

They took him from the Rebel Clan,
And made a eunuch of the man;
And he was satisfied to dwell
Within his gem encrusted shell.

* * * * *

'Tis thus they lengthen out the night;
'Tis thus they turn to darkness, light;
'Tis thus the Rebel soul they slay;
'Tis thus the hero turns to clay.

A DIALOGUE

SOUL.

I'm starving and starving and starving to death!
I'm groping for room and I'm gasping for breath!
I'm pleading for life in a bountiful world,
To use, just a little, the wings that are furled!

BODY.

I'm bound to the wheels of a terrible car;
I'm broken and faint with the wound and the scar;
I've worked and I've worked through the days and the years,
And now, O my soul, I can give you but tears!

SOUL.

Our interdependence, my body, is this:
I drive you to death and you keep me from bliss!
I strive with the strength of infinite might
To light up the temple I hold for a night.

BODY.

The intricate threads of our destiny twined,
Entangled, and twisted, no hand can unwind;
And they who would save you and leave me to die
In wisdom's unwisdom are preaching a lie.

SOUL.

And why, in a world that is lavishly filled,
Should you, who are master of nature, be killed?
The fruit of the earth it was planted to give
The body the means that the spirit might live.

BODY.

The fruit is another's, the water and wine;—
In all of the earth there is nothing that's mine!
You ask me for bread and I give you a stone—
The emblem of all that the workers now own.

SOUL.

And why should we live like a beast in a pen
When labor is feeding the masters of men?
Awaken! Arise! With your brothers unite,
And march with the soul on the fortress of night!

BODY.

The preachers have told and the statesmen have said,
That he who dares touch it, that instant is dead;
I fear and I tremble—'twere better to die
Than prove that the priesthood had uttered a lie.

SOUL.

O fool in your folly! let be with such cries!
Unravel your brain and unfasten your eyes!
But use for a moment the gifts of the gods,
And shake from your shoulders the burden of clods!

BODY.

I see! O I see! What a wonderful place!
What a beautiful world! What an infinite space!
O soul of my soul!—O my brothers unite!
And march with the soul on the fortress of night!

SOUL.

The worker! The worker! He's risen at last!
The day is at hand and the darkness is past!
I'm fastened no more to a pitiful slave—
I'm master of earth and the lord of the grave!

—o—

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WE MUST

From out their gloomy caverns, from their dungeons dank and cold,
The dead men rule the living and eternal empire hold;
Our fathers' bones forever weight our spirits' upward flight,
Their shrouds are held between us and the fullness of the light.

Across our yearning soul-sight, lo, the hand of Moses rests,
And Mahmud's heel still crushes out the flame within our breasts;
The word of Tamerlane and Torquemada still is law, — — —
The Sword and Cross have power still the world to overawe.

The city by Potomac's chained to London's mouldy shrines,
And over all of London Rome's death-giving lustre shines;
And back of Rome is Nineveh; and Semiramis sways,
Her sceptre blights the nations now as in the yesterdays.

The ~~sinful~~ eye of Solomon still casts its evil spell,
And Joseph has the power still to make of earth a hell;
~~The vampires~~, Calvin and Loyola brood on Europe's breast,
The frown of werewolf Diaz falls athwart the glowing West.

Forever and forever, where the ark of freedom stands,
The dead men meet the living with their stern and harsh commands;
Forever and forever, on whatever soil we tread,
The army of the living fronts the army of the dead.

Forever and forever must Truth's ever-seeking hosts
By ready to give battle to our sires' angry ghosts;
Forever and forever, on our onward upward march,
We must raze our fathers' tombstones and must break their temple's arch.

OUR FATHERS' WAY

Or right or wrong, like men they fought,
Like men they lived, like men they wrought,
Like men they died—like men!—like men!—
How changed the Breed twixt now and then!

Then, blow for blow and woe for woe,
They brooked no insults from the foe;
And side by side, and man to man,
They rode together in the Clan.

They swore to swear to truth or lie,
To win together or to die;
So, come what would, no man was loath,
For by their blood they sware this oath.

They laughed to scorn the gunmen's might,
And forayed thru the fog-hung night;
From mountain crag and swampy dell
Like sheeted ghosts upon them fell.

They had no use for currish tricks,
The sophistries of politics;
Of Plundercrats they had no awe,
No ermined crook to them was law.

* * * * *

The wood was thick—the moon was bright—
The Clansmen knew that might was right.

—o—

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"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

The sun is but the tail-end of a monstrous fire-fly,
The moon is but a big glow-worm acrawlin' 'cross the sky;
The comets they ain't nothin', sir, but gasbags full o' wind,
Just iridescent hotair by the seraph statesmen spinned.

The things they call the planets, an' the things they calls the stars,

Aint nothin', sir, but cat's eyes aglowin' from afars;
The earth's a hollow bubble, just a soapskin 'round a hole,
An' full o' creepin' microbes what believes they is a soul.

The whole of all creation is the shadder of a dream,
The ghostly conjuration, sir, of things that only seem,
An' its a fact past doubtin', which can never be gained,
We's never really livin' an' we's never really dead.

—o—

GOD SAID:

You loco me with praying,
You tire me with bunc;
I am sick of your petitions,
Your priests and preachers punk.

If you want the land, go, take it!
I am wearied of your need:
I have filled the earth with plenty:
Have your brains all run to seed?

Cut out your cry for saviors,
To be murdered in my sight;
Come off your knees, you lobsters,
And learn to think and fight!

I'D LIKE TO BE A SAVAGE

I'd like to be a savage fer a little while agen,
En go out in the forests where there ain't no business men;
Where I'd never hear the clatter uv their factories and things,
But jest the low, soft buzzin' uv the hummin's crimson wings;
The dronin' uv the bumble bees, en ol' bobwhite's luv'in' call
To his mate acrost the medders when the leaves begin to fall.

I'd like to be a savage, ur a barefoot boy agen,
A-roamin' thru the clover, where there ain't no business men;
Where the whole derved tribe is strangers, en their dollars en
their dimes
Don't never 'sturb the music o' the gurgling water-rhymes;
Where a feller's heart kin nestle close to Mother Natur's breast,
En the orioles en redbirds sing his tired soul to rest.

I'd like to be a savage, en uncivilized agen,
A member uv a nation where there ain't no business men;
Where no wimmen folks ain't driven to the sweatshops every
day;
En the children don't do nuthin', 'cept run en romp en play;
Where the dollar ain't ez mitey ez the song the mockin' sings,
En a feller's heart ain't hurted when he stops to think o' things.

—o—

I AM INSURRECTION! The New Day bursting into song!
I chant the ode of Victory, the epic of the Strong!
I call the Race to verihood, the Mother-right exalt—
I fix men's eyes on Freedom and I stir them to revolt!
My cannon clean the Congress halls and crush the crowns of
Popes—
My rifles speak of liberty, my swords of higher hopes!

A PRAYER TO THOR

"God of our fathers, known of old,"
God of the Northmen, free and bold,
Sound forth thy trumpet; let us hear
Its silver notes ring far and clear!

Into this slave-cursed, stricken world,
Let now thy thunderbolts be hurled;
In freedom's name, for truth and right,
God of our fathers, hurl the light!

Send out once more thy clarion call,
"Life to the Brave, death to the Thrall!"
God of our fathers, lead thy own—
Behold the Bond Lord on thy throne!

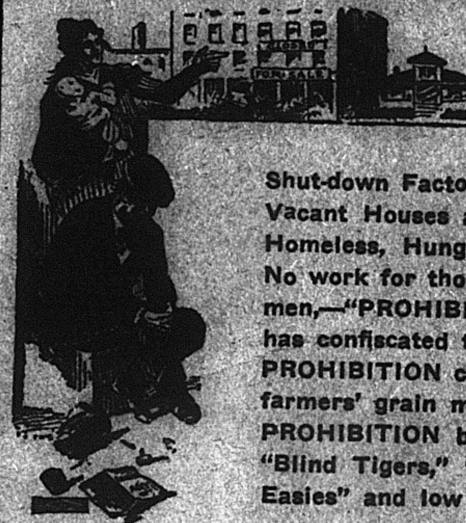
Breathe on them thy mighty breath;
To mutiny stir the doomed to death;
To Revolution or their graves,
God of our fathers, ~~all~~ his slaves!

From free Valhalla's splendid halls,
From out its grand and rugged walls,
In freedom's name, for truth and right,
God of our fathers, send the light!

—o—

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