TO A SOAP-BOX ORATOR

Kirchwey, Freda, 1893-1976

How can we hate enough to fight?
How can we think enough to win?
It is a reeling summer night,
And you, young man in the street-lamp’s glare,
Tell us the world and all’s our share . . .
You might as well talk of eternal sin!
What does it matter? What do we care? . . .
With noises and smells all soaking in,
And the pressing crowds and beckoning eyes . . .
Your words come hot and urgent and wise,
But . . . it’s Saturday night—and a dime to spare!