

TOY GUNS

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The rain is slipping. Dripping down the street;
The day is grey as ashes on the hearth.
The children play with soldiers made of tine,
 While you sew
 Row after row.

The tears are slipping, dripping one by one;
Your son has shot and wounded his small brother.
The mimic battle's ended with a sob,
 While you dream
 Over your seam.

The blood is skipping, dripping drop by drop;
The men are dying in the trenches' mud.
The bullets search the quick among the dead.
 While you drift,
 The Gods sift.

The ink is slipping, dripping from the pens,
On papers, White and Orange, Red and Grey, -
History for the children of tomorrow, -
 While you prate
 About Fate.

War is slipping, dripping death on earth.
If the child is father of the man,
Is the toy gun father of Krupps?
 For Christ's sake think!
 While you sew
 Row after row.