

## **The Fiery Furnaces**

### **"1917"**

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Going down Morgan with Janko, Jerko, and Jerry,  
We downed our Pils, and over at the South Shore, they  
sipped their sherry.  
I opened my Kaiserized speller to learn what they know:  
Nurse killers, annexers-executioners, wo!  
Hey Slavonians, be ye mindful  
That our 'tis tongue dies never.  
The happy Hun Felsch sure likes his blond beer  
And I like his doubles so much I might even cheer.  
Last year he had enough and got fixed on the cardinal  
Who'd pardon all  
The riff-raff and all their sinister ways and halves and he  
laughs  
Over on 56th, and he's got the arsenic on his left White  
Sock  
And he sees the chicken stock in a big black pot  
And he pours in the lot, but what ruined or saved the  
day  
Was that the soup then turned gray, and a hundred  
higher-ups came  
Back from the hospital to keep getting wafers from  
Mundelein:  
But now the Gigantics are getting the tar taken out of  
their pine  
By my hero Red Faber and I'm ready to get  
rapprochement with my neighbor  
As part of the healthy back and forth "f&çâ, -"  
But not if he's from up north.  
So I ask Dad, Why can't we ever win, ever win, once?  
Go ask Dad, why you can't ever win, ever win, once.

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