Discrimination

By Kenneth Rexroth I don't mind the human race. I've got pretty used to them In these past twenty-five years. I don't mind if they sit next To me on streetcars, or eat In the same restaurants, if It's not at the same table. However, I don't approve Of a woman I respect Dancing with one of them. I've Tried asking them to my home Without success. I shouldn't Care to see my own sister Marry one. Even if she Loved him, think of the children. Their art is interesting, But certainly barbarous.

I'm sure, if given a chance, They'd kill us all in our beds.

And you must admit, they smell.