

# Marriage and Other Poems

By **ARTHUR GUITERMAN**

## Marriage

**S**OLOMON, Bluebeard and burly King  
Harry  
Met for a talk on The Women Men Marry.

"Speaking of marriages," Bluebeard began,  
"Take it from me, as a marrying man,  
Nothing conduces to comfort in life  
More than the proper control of a wife.  
When you are vexed with a lady you've wed,  
Out with your saber and off with her head!  
That was my system, devoid of a flaw—  
Only, beware of your brothers-in-law!  
Mine were a terrible nuisance, you know;  
Yes, and the neighbors will talk of one so!"

Henry the Eighth in his manner so bluff  
Blurted, "Quite right, but a little too rough!  
Mine was a gentler, more civilized course;  
Sometimes beheading and sometimes  
divorce

Suited the case, but the verdict, I trust,  
Always was legal and moral and just.  
Yet, though my motives were ever the best,  
Traitors and clerical prigs were a pest;  
Impudent critics made such an ado!  
Yes, and the neighbors still talk of me too!"

Solomon chirped with a quizzical glance,  
"Why did you boys give the neighbors a  
chance?  
Marital matters, whatever betide,  
Ought to be sealed from all people outside;  
If there is dust on the family shelves,  
No one should know it excepting your-  
selves.  
How many wives do they think that I had?  
Call it a hundred, I never could add.  
Was every marriage the acme of bliss?  
No one has heard from our era to this.  
Was every consort a helpmeet and pal?  
Nobody guesses and nobody shall.  
Had we our scandals, though decently hid?  
Maybe we didn't and maybe we did.  
Were we a peaceful or quarrelsome pair?  
That was our private, exclusive affair.  
No one was asked to approve or deplore,  
No one, not even the woman next door;  
None of us lent them a thing to discuss—  
That's why the neighbors don't talk  
about us!"

## Maine Woods Recipes

### CAMP COFFEE

**Y**OU bile up your watter, the most of a pot  
of it,  
An' stir in your cawfee—a hell of a lot of it.

### BOILED LOON

Take one prime loon an' put it in the pot  
With one hard grindstun an' the fill of  
watter;  
Be sure the fire is blazin' good an' hot,  
An' soon as she's a-bilin' hot an' hotter,  
Add salt an' pepper an' a bit of pork,  
An' cook it all the mornin'; when it's done,  
An' you kin stick the grindstun with a fork,  
You throw away the loon an' eat the stun.

## The Demon Tutivillus

**T**HE Demon Tutivillus  
Is armed with whips of snakes;  
The festering bacillus  
Of trivial mistakes,  
On any slip whatever  
He leaps, with bitter jokes,  
To prove how much more clever  
He is than other folks.

The Demon Tutivillus  
Derides without restraint;

His mockings nearly kill us  
That say "to who" or "ain't";  
Our heresies in grammar  
And such important things  
He jeers with raucous clamor  
Until the welkin rings.

The Demon Tutivillus,  
The scholar's fiendish foe,  
Conveys, as coals to grill us,  
Our blunders down below;  
Our oversights and errors,  
The words we couldn't spell,  
Among pedantic terrors  
We'll meet again in hell!

This Demon Tutivillus  
Is really mighty small;  
Why need we let him fill us  
With any fears at all?  
As inspirations thrill us  
We'll sing our valiant songs,  
And Mister Tutivillus  
Can go where he belongs!

## For a Good Dog

**S**OME dogs are brats,  
Aristocrats,  
Or peerish, pampered minions;  
But you're the pup  
Who wins the cup,  
Deserving heavenly pinions.

And dogs enough  
Are timid, gruff,  
Abased or detrimental;  
But you're the tike  
Whom all men like,  
Courageous, frank and gentle.

And dogs there be  
Too wild and free  
For tactful circumspection;  
But you are one  
Of sense and fun,  
With deep and true affection.

Till rabbits bite,  
Till cats at night  
No longer hold their pow-wow,  
Through good and ill  
We'll cherish still  
Our own beloved bow-wow.

## The Lookit

**A** LOOKIT carols everywhere,  
"Oh, look!" "Oh, lookit!" "Oh, look  
there!"

And practices, with zeal appalling,  
Superfluous attention calling,  
Exhibiting to you and me  
The things one couldn't help but see;  
Till, pointing out the Rocky Mountains  
And Fontainebleau's refulgent fountains;  
That sunset and this frowning cliff,  
His finger's permanently stiff.  
A thorough Lookit even calls  
"Oh, lookit!" at Niagara Falls  
Or by the Colorado's canyon,  
Disgusting his enthralled companion.  
When first Columbus saw our land,  
While all the sailors clasped his hand  
And kissed it in their joy, or shook it,  
I'll bet some Lookit cried, "Oh, lookit!"

## A Friend of Man

**I** LIVED in a house by the side of the road,  
A genuine friend of Man,  
And Man made a club of my small abode  
To further my noble plan.  
He plumped himself down in my easy-chair  
Whatever the hour of day,

(Continued on Page 222)