

TIMELESS POETRY

The following poem was inscribed on the back of a card advertising The Louvre, a liquor store and apparently a bowling alley in Angels Camp, California. A saloon called The Louvre was also located in Goldfield, Nevada, where this card was found. Perhaps this was an early form of a franchise? Regardless, the owner obviously has a sense of humor as well as a keen insight into the human condition. The poem exposes truths that are as good today as they were at the turn of the century. Truly timeless poetry.

“BULLSHIT”

A pathetic poem on a very popular commodity, by “A Highbinder”

“Father, tell me what is Bullshit?”
Asked the eager, earnest lad.
“Son,” replied the loving father,
“Bullshit means both good and bad.
As a literal translation,
Bullshit is the dung that’s found
In the limits of the stockyards
Where the cows and steers abound.”

“But in jesting barroom parlance
Bullshit stands for something more;
It is salve to heal the suckers
Who imagine they are sore.
When a guy comes in and strings you
With a story fine and fit
All about the check that’s coming.
Take my word, son, that’s Bullshit!

When another approaches
With a lovely tale of woe.
And he mentions that he knew you
In a buried long ago,
And he hedges to you closely
At the table where you sit
And about a small loan whispers,
Just believe me, that’s Bullshit!

“Now this flower of stockyard fragrance
Doesn't bloom alone for men,
Women use it to advantage
In their business now and then.”

When a lady lax in morals
Fondly says you are IT
While your coin is burning warmly,
Lad she's handing you Bullshit.
If you cop a little fairy
When the lights are burning bright
And the horse of dawn is riding
Down the beaten track of night.
And she says it never happened
In her virgin life before,
And that drink and she were strangers
Til YOU butted in the door,
And she tells you of her mamma
And the things she does not permit,
Take a hunch my son, and copper
All those bets, they're just Bullshit!”

As a means of fertilizing
Lawns and gardens, you will find
That this product of the stockyards
Has the elements beaten blind;
But for any purpose
Don't accept it— pass it by—
You may not detect the odor,
But it works both damp and dry.”

“It is hard to tell the distance
Frogs can jump from where they sit—
This may illustrate the meaning
Of the classic term, ‘Bullshit’.”