

VI.

Nights are made black for deeds like this.
 Nights are made black, muffled and secret.
 Press the button. Turn on the juice.
 Show's over.

And the corroding dawn,
 Waiting,
 Steals like a thief, trembling and ghastly white,
 Through the thick, bolted night.

The job is done.
 Whistles shriek in factory and mill.
 And the implacable sun.
 Climbing,
 Hangs splendid and terrible and still.

VII.

Go back, slaves, go back.
 Go back to the factories, the dancing machines.
 Go back, dancing slaves.

Noon.
 (The sun is a big round brass spittoon.)
 Life seethes, blown up.
 Collapses like a pricked balloon.
 Night.
 "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves."

VIII.

Too intolerably blue, empty, shining, remote the sky.
 Too intolerably serene, calm the tall, greatwinded trees.
 Too green every leaf, every grass.
 Seared by no sadness, no blight even of the cool keen panting
 autumn,

The brown stain of the taking away.
 Nothing to mar, no hunger of stamped-out growing, no cry
 Out of denial.

Trees lift strenuous leanness, raise petulant hands, drag
 darkness
 To them.
 Nothing, nothing to mar.

IX.

Each sound is their sound.
 Life demands life.
 Beyond the pathos and the pain
 That humans martyr humans with
 Their blood shouts over all the earth.
 Blood, red blood.
 My brothers' blood is on my hands.
 My brothers' agony burns my flesh.
 Agony. Blood.
 On my hands.

X.

Pity the wretches that will sit in the cells
 Of Charlestown and of Dedham Jails.
 Pity the poor stiffes that will come after
 To live a while in those exquisite hells,
 To live and hear always two voices, always the tread
 Of feet always, always dead.

Pity the fellows that will scrub the floors and walls
 Of Charlestown and of Dedham Jails,
 And never be able to wash away
 The great trembling stain
 Of Sacco's and Vanzetti's pain
 ("The men of this dying old society they brutally have pulled