

me away from the embrace of your brother and your poor mother.”)

Pity the rats that will gnaw the moldy crumbs  
Of Charlestown and of Dedham Jails,  
And smell the smell of their blood  
And gasp.

(“I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low  
misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish  
to any of them what I have had to suffer for things  
that I am not guilty of.”)

Pity them, pity them all.

### XI.

Sacco And Vanzetti Must Not Die!  
Shrill signs hurl the workers' cry.  
Strike. Protest. Telegram.  
Massachusetts doesn't give a damn.  
A million-throated workers' crying.  
Sacco and Vanzetti dying, dying.  
Sacco and Vanzetti dead.  
Dead.

WE SHALL NOT SOON FORGET!

### XII.

Hang up your justice on the sour-apple tree of your pride.  
Hang it up, I say, for vultures to feed on  
For soft worm fattening, for the gladdening of all gnawing,  
ravenous things.  
Hang it up where its resonant stink will fill every corner and  
crack of the earth.  
Swing it, swing it.  
Hang up your justice on the sour-apple tree of your pride.

—*A. B. Magil*