

SACCO-VANZETTI

What!—set adrift in dark of sudden death
These humble toilers for the daily bread
Of wife and children? How—when they are dead—
Should God be answered for their stolen breath?
Should late remorse, or rite, or any wreath
Redeem hard judgment, iron hand, blind head
That balanced Wealth with Justice, and then said:—
“Because they menace Mammon, it is death”?

Bewildered aliens—knowing little law;
(Our many laws *we* mostly disobey!)
But human—so believing no base flaw—
Should blot from them the light of Freedom's day—
Though they *had* been misled to such misdeed,
Remember: Capital's *pet* jail birds—*freed!*

—Alice N. Spicer