

QUESTION ON A STREET-CAR

JACK KILGORE

"What do tired-eyed people live for?
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;
Be silent, little boy."

I saw a fat, grotesque-nosed cook
With large and restless feet,
A loose and restless moving mouth
And eyes that held defeat.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;
Be silent, little boy."

I saw a tired stenographer
With every curl in place,
And her expression painted on
Her lined and aging face.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;
Be silent, little boy."

I saw exhausted laborers;
Their shoulders drooped, their eyes
Watched dully for their streets. They almost
Lacked the strength to rise.

"What do tired-eyed people live for?
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;
Be silent, little boy."

I did not see my father's face
That held its share of pain.
I did not see his tired eyes
But turned and asked again,

"What do tired-eyed people live for?
They seem to have no joy."

"They have their joys the same as we;
Be silent, little boy."