

THE LOFTY LOVE OF MISTER GLOVE TRANSFORMED THE SQUEEZED MASSES INTO AN UPLIFTED THROG GATE

When mighty Seventh Havenue was Seventh  
 Havenue and lunch was lunch: Came a big parade of ugly  
 beasts: (Blacks was animals, Italians snakes. Jews X killers. Irish refined non-  
 venals.) Priests was legit. Nu ns was frigit. A finger was a digit. A midget a midget  
 The sky was in Puerto Rico. The money was in New York. Not in London or in Cork,  
 Could you meet the accelerated feet that'd beat on any street in little old New York.  
 From the Dos Passos packed buildings gouged workers poured sweat on the street.  
 Gorged bosses could hardly take the heat. Then the most inspiring mo ments of romantic  
 Rapid transited love would flash: Mister Glove, the sentimental midget of sandpaper finger  
 Inspired remembrance of life itself in packed, down trodden masses in a most subtle way.  
 None knew when Mister Glove would appear as if morph di Naso or churlish gnome de Will. No  
 One knew when it was their turn to be gripped by fear. People would see a wave of raised head  
 Rippling up the packed street. A head bobbing up here: A head bobbing up there: It would seem to be:  
 As if the back stair of a megalosaurus was whacking off down Seventh under the cement claps of a million soles.  
 But it was Mister Glove the sentimental midget: The Indo-Bulgarian Jew engloved in ultra clean cream kidskin  
 On sandpaper finger with the touch of Spring linger: He is just tall enough to reach up to the average crotch:  
 His elegant push up is sew quiet and deft: You was way past before you knew your grofsky was grasped:  
 Your head snapped up: Your shoes jerked down: An O' Neill strange interlude for the sense of a moment:  
 He runs in between your legs: He lifts his hand up: He presses his palm up for a lovely, gentle one brief  
 Shining moment and says, "Hmmmmmmm." For many years, Mister Glove ran the sacred rite at lunch:  
 Uplifting the down trodden working stiff: Swelling the sweetheart bosses and unions, debtors and factors  
 Alike: gangsters, cutters, loan sharks, operators, needlers: If Seventh Avenue should last for a thousand years:  
 All shall say: "I look out for the union label: Sew I buy go ods for ten cents and I sell for a dollar: Sew I'm  
 Happy with making ten per cent: My line is God's can: Sew let all that cheap South East Asian crap flow:  
 Business: Lousy. Competition: Stinks. Partners: Finks. Cash: Low. Sales: Slow. God: Ruthless Schmoe:  
 But this Mister glove is my man: This man gets in my monkey gland: Taken all in all: This was a hand."  
 Stars shine bright on shatter light: Dwarf stars are joy giants to a relative light: Sew reach for the stars:  
 Sew shoot for the moon: Sew do what the voodoo do: Sew: Truncate your blues: Away: Sew: Thee:The:  
 The:The:That's every sun a king: Every sun a pleasure<sup>e</sup> millionaire of intangible micro sensations, folk<sup>s</sup>: