Discrimination

By Kenneth Rexroth

I don’t mind the human race.
 I’ve got pretty used to them
 In these past twenty-five years.
 I don’t mind if they sit next
 To me on streetcars, or eat
 In the same restaurants, if
 It’s not at the same table.
 However, I don’t approve
 Of a woman I respect
 Dancing with one of them. I’ve
 Tried asking them to my home
 Without success. I shouldn’t
 Care to see my own sister
 Marry one. Even if she
 Loved him, think of the children.
 Their art is interesting,
 But certainly barbarous.
 I’m sure, if given a chance,
 They’d kill us all in our beds.
 And you must admit, they smell.


Source: The Collected Shorter Poems (1966)