

The Emperor of Ice-Cream

Call the rollers of big cigars,
The muscular one, & his thin whip
In kitchen caps concealing cards,
Let the wenchies dawdle in such dress
As they are used to wear, & let the boy
Bring flowers in last month's newspapers,
Let it be final of season,
The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Take from the dresses of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face,
If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is, and dumb.
Let the lamp affix its beam,
The only emperor, etc " ,