

Mason City

The Fiery Furnaces

Came a card marked Mason City
From my forwarder.
Shut the door, don't let my dad see;
Read aloud dear sir:
Understanding you account an upright gentleman
Aetna Life agreed and lent.
By the way, my fee is 2.6 percent.
Write again the Riceville widow
SASE.
I would guess they'll be turned out though
I'll still make my plea:
If the Dunlay heirs cannot be seen to care,
Then the Banker's Trust will surely think it fair
To not give extensions, as they musn't dare.
Write Des Moines on several matters
And I near anoint,
Ladle thick the pleasant flatters,
And then comes the point;
Mr. Nelson wouldn't like to hear it said
As he's too proud, so I do it in his stead:
He shall need an extension so it read.
--Take the Oregon Short Line to Salt Lake;
take the Pere Marquette, take the Michigan Central,
to West Madison for Christ's sake.
Forgemen, Molders, Blacksmiths, Boilermakers,
None on the make.
Up for shade on Crumb Hill
Get something to make my hands still.
But now Wait.
How are you my nabs?
Little tender footed crabs,
Meet my knuckle duster.
You geeched that gazoon's gow
Tried to break into the bow:
Go wipe your nose.
I'm just hanging out with some noler knockums,
Just passing time waiting till my stack comes.
Prussian who got jackered,
My snapper till your knocked,

Get on the snam.
The chivman wants your chip;
Better dummy up then go dip:
You're outta turn.
I learned that the lowest form of life is the buffer nabber,
Even worse than the dicer stabber.

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