

anon The Kosuth hat ✓

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"Thou too, sail on, O ship of state."

Thou too, stick on, O Kosuth belt!
 Stick on, O soft shell, hardy belt!
 Man's cranium, long used to frets
 At fannel hats, their gashes and sweats,
 Joys in the case which thou hast dealt!
 We know what Patriot found thee out,
 What workman framed thy nap so stout.
 Who made each band and brim - and block -
 What puppies flayed, what cat skins beat -
 How much gum and how much heat
 Was shaped the firmness of thy flock.
 Fear not each sudden hit or knock,
 Thy texture braves all forms of shock;
 'Tis but a momentary strain,
 And thou shalt take thy shape again;
 'Tis but a temporary flat
 And not a shoving squashed-up hat.
 Be spite of polished shoe-pipes grim,
 Or palm leaf light or nutria trim,
 Stick on as shields the summer flea;
 Our ease, our tastes are all for thee!
 Our tastes, our needs, our ease, our wills,
 Our heads adorned with ostrich quills,
 Are all for thee - Are all for thee!