

## IT'S TOO EARLY TO REJOICE

We seek the future.  
We've walked across miles of paving blocks.  
But we ourselves  
have now settled down like a cemetery,  
weighed down by the tombstones of palaces.  
When you find  
a White Guardsman, you put him up against the wall.  
But have you forgotten Raphael?  
Have you forgotten Rastrelli?  
It's high time  
for bullets  
to tinkle across museum walls.  
Fire on the old order with the hundred-inch guns of your  
gullets!  
Sow death in the enemy's camp.  
Don't let us catch you, hirelings of capital.  
Is that Tsar Alexander  
standing  
on Insurrection Square?  
Send dynamite!  
We lined up cannons at the edge of the forest,  
deaf to the White Guard's caresses.  
But why  
has Pushkin not been attacked?  
And the other  
generals of classicism?  
We protect the old order in the name of art.  
Or has the Revolution's tooth  
gone dull chewing on crowns?  
Hurry up!

Spew smoke over the Winter Palace—  
from a macaroni factory!  
So we shot for a day or two from our guns,  
and we thought  
we'd clobber the old.  
What's that!  
To replace the jacket from the outside  
is not enough, comrades!  
Turn it inside out!

*1918*