

A Rose Is a Rose Is a Rose—and A Red Is a Red Is a Red

You'll meet, methinks, a lot of Pinks
Whose statements are dogmatic
That Communists are Liberals
And really Democratic;
But when you hear that type of tripe
Keep this fact in your nut
—That Communists are Communists
And nothing
else
but!

The starry-eyed kind souls who tried
To labor and to plan
With Stalin's party-liners for
"The Betterment of Man"
Have had their trust stamped in the dust
While prison doors banged shut,
For Communists are Communists
And nothing
else
but!

In Occident and Orient
When war is cold or hot,
On any ground where Reds are found
Marx always marks the spot;
And folks who thrill with good will
End up with gullets cut;
For Communists are Communists
And nothing
else
but!

So, here's your cue—whatever hue
They take, be not misled
Scratch and you'll find beneath the rind
The Reds are always red;
In every land where people planned
To "reason" with this ruthless band
Their liberties went "phut"
For Communists are Communists
And Communists are Communists
And Communists are Communists
And *nothing*
else
but!

—Berton Braley
(1882 - 1966)

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