

Drafting the Declaration on Social --??--

The Commission is a cut-up!
It refuses to put up or shut up
And human misery matters little
While delegates possess the spittle
Their tongues to lubricate
Stop the world, while they debate--
To "develop" or "progress,"
THAT is the question
Although we must confess
That famine and infection
Spread while we digress.

Semantic imperfection
Has an unbearable ring
 Let all who ask the floor be heard
 We must arrive at the ideal word
Since we will never have the thing

The Commission's in a state of schism
Over the form of its "social"-ism
That social experts play, this is the game
Search for the quintessential name
This acme of Declarations
May disunite the Nations
 Blood flows
 Hue burns
 Doors close
 Earth turns
 Commission quibbles
 While death nibbles.