

# Catch 22, Alma-Ata (1928)

A man came by this evening, dancing like a puppet on his strings.  
He spoke of engineering. It's obvious he's never built a thing!  
I finally shook my head and said,  
&quot;Men like you can't build your peace.&quot;

His personality, while charming, still betrayed an air of confidence  
inconsistent with 'criminal' political dissent. I had to smile and think awhile.  
I finally shook my head and said,  
&quot;Men like you can't fake your peace.&quot;

A man came by this evening, he spoke about my future in this place.  
I had to smile and think awhile.  
I finally shook my head and said,  
&quot;Men like you can't make your peace.&quot;