

MORAL.

I am, I think I have remarked, Terrifically old, (The second Ice-age was a
farce, The first was rather cold.)

A friend of mine, a trilobite Had gathered in his youth, When trilobites were
trilobites, This all-important truth.

We aged ones play solemn parts-- Sire--guardian--uncle--king. Affection is
the salt of life, Kindness a noble thing.

The old alone may comprehend A sense in my decree; But--if you find a fish
on land, Oh throw it in the sea.

* * * * *