

The Life of the Grasshopper

On every side they fuss and fret,
Provoking an impatient jet;
Thou leavest soon the sprinkled rind,
Its robber-rascals, far behind;
Thy well purloined, each grins and skips
And licks the honey from her lips.

No tireless, quenchless mendicant
Is so persistent as the Ant;
Wasps, Beetles, Hornets, Drones and Flies,
Sharppers of every sort and size,
Loafers, intent on ousting thee,
All are less obstinate than she.

To pinch thy toe, thy nose to tweak,
To tickle face and loins, to sneak
Beneath thy belly, who so bold?
Give her the tiniest foothold,
The slut will march from side to side
Across thy wings in shameless pride.

II

Now here's a story that is told,
Incredible, by men of old:
Once starving on a winter's day
By secret, miserable way
Thou soughtest out the Ant and found
Her spacious warehouse underground.

That rich possessor in the sun
Was busy drying, one by one,
Her treasures, moist with the night's dew,
Before she buried them from view