

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL



As the owl sat on an
oak,
He thought a lot but
seldom spoke.
His hearing was not of the best,
His breathing wheezy on the chest.
He seemed to be in sorry plight
As if he had been out all night.
I winked at him as I passed by
He blinked and winked the other eye.

I'd heard that owls are very wise
So seized the chance to cataphiz.
Indeed, I thought 'twould be im-
mense,
To have a joke at his expense,
But as you'll gather from the sequel.

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