

WET WEATHER

ALL spring the rain came down amain, and
rills grew into rivers; the bullfrogs croaked
that they were soaked till mildewed were their
livers. The fish were drowned, and in a swoond
reclined the muskrat's daughter, and e'en the
snakes, in swamps and brakes, hissed forth
"There's too much water!" And all my
greens, the peas and beans, that I with toil had
planted, a sickly host, gave up the ghost, the
while I raved and ranted. The dew of doom hit
spuds in bloom, and slew the tender onion; I
viewed the wreck, and said, "By heck!" and
other things from Bunyan. All greens of worth
drooped to the earth, and died and went to
thunder; but useless weeds all went to seeds —
no rain could keep them under. When weather's
dry, and in the sky a red-hot sun is burning, it
gets the goats of corn and oats, the wheat to
wastage turning; the carrots shrink, and on the
blink you see the parsnips lying, but weeds still
thrive and keep alive, while useful things are
dying. It's strange and sad that critters bad,
both veg'table and human, hang on so tight, while
critters bright must perish when they're bloomin'!