

To the Flat Earth Sabants

The earth is flat — that's flat!

The foolish Galileo said it moved,
And Newton said a great deal more than that,
And tried to prove it, and some think he proved
That it is round and turns upon its axis
As surely as we have to pay our taxes.

But those old fogies lived so long ago,
Ere telegrams were sent through wireless air,
That we are not such fools as to forego
Our private speculations everywhere.

The earth is flat as pancake on the griddle,
We say it, and we mean — laugh who may;
And that which may to others seem a riddle,
Is plain to us and just as clear as day.

Each day the sun and moon and stars sweep
round —

About three hundred million miles will do it;
But that is not a mystery profound,
Because — because — because they're practiced
to it.

But someone asks: What is beneath the earth?
Why, more earth piled on more, and still on
more.

That's answered easily — 'tis hardly worth
The while to answer those who don't explore
And search out for themselves the simplest things,
As easily defined as Saturn's rings.

Old Anson thought he circumnavigated
The earth (and people spoke great things of
him);

He merely sailed, as, in dish corrugated
A paltry chip floats round within the rim.
He could not sail beyond the rim of ice,
Which keeps us as in Babylonian walls;
Had he once reached the outer precipice,