

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

A blinking 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 catechize,
Indeed, I thought 'twould be im-
mense,
To have a joke at his expense,
But as you'll gather from the sequel,

