

THE THEORIST

'Twas pronounced a fine-grained trachyte,
Had triclinic plagioclase,
A transition through to rhyolite,
With ferro-magnesian base.

All camps must have their theories,
And this one said no ore
Could ever vein Keewatin rocks,
The underlying floor.

On a mountain of Keewatin stuff
He mounted up again,
To clear away the talus
From a theoretic vein.

Down crashed the blocks of weathered rocks
Into the silent world,
Like a Cyclop's sledge one caught a ledge
And an avalanche was hurled.

And as the echoes died away
There came a voice behind,
Warning that if he was wise at all
He'd get that off his mind.