

THE HOC

Some scientist may at last disperse  
The mysteries of the universe,  
But me, I cannot even think  
Why pork is white and ham is pink.

THE HYLA AND THE BRADYPUS

Said the slothful tree toad to the three-toed sloth,  
Is it true you are lazy enough for us both?  
I don't bother to scratch even when mosquitoed,  
Said the three-toed sloth to the slothful tree toad.

THE ELK

Moose makes me think of caribou,  
And caribou, of moose,  
With, even from their point of view,  
Legitimate excuse.  
Why then, when I behold an elk,  
Can I but think of Lawrence Welk?

THE HYENA

Hyena is the kind of beast  
I'd not sit down with to a feast.  
He is appetite indiscriminating  
And mindless laughter unabating.  
Slavering in the plush arena,  
The studio audience is mostly hyena.

WHICH THE CHICKEN,  
WHICH THE EGG?

He drinks because she scolds, he thinks;  
She thinks she scolds because he drinks,  
And neither will admit what's true,  
That he's a sot and she's a shrew.

MINI-JABBERWOCKY

Most people would find rising unemployment  
A source of unenjoyment.  
Not so the anonymous presidential advisor  
Whose comment might have been wiser.  
He has informed the nation  
That rising unemployment is merely a statistical  
aberration.  
I don't want to argue or squabble,  
But that gook I won't gobble.

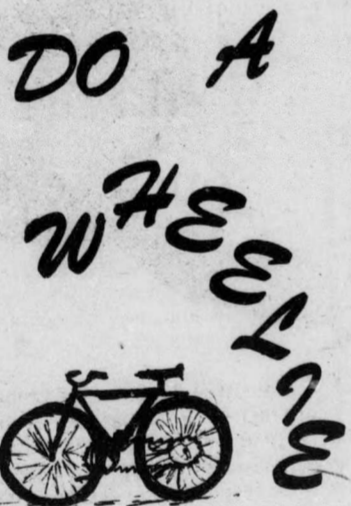
THE PYTHON

The python has, and I fib no fibs,  
318 pairs of ribs.  
In stating this I place reliance  
On a seance with one who died for science.  
This figure is sworn to and attested;  
He counted them while being digested.

The steering wheels had come loose again. Mr. Snell pulled the lever on his right armrest back to its fullest extent and the electric drive motor hummed to a stop. He leaned forward in the chair and poked at the small left wheel with his hand. Yes, that screw had come loose again but this was always happening so he was prepared. He pulled the screwdriver from his jacket pocket and carefully tightened the lock screw on the left wheel mount, then checked the one on the right wheel. It was OK so he waggled the little lever on his left armrest and the two small wheels waggled in response. He put his screwdriver back in his jacket pocket and started the motor.

Another new apartment building going up here, he noted with wonder. It hadn't seemed that long since he'd been over this way, but now things changed so quickly anyway. On Bank St. the cars and trucks swished by in apparent haste, going uptown, downtown, anywhere, everywhere in a hurry. The lights changed and he carefully maneuvered the chair down off the curb and across the street. At the other curb he came to a halt, unable to continue: the curb was too high to negotiate. Before he had time to grow anxious about his plight, a young man had firmly grasped the two handles at the rear of his chair, tilted him back and then pushed him up onto the sidewalk.

"Thank you" he said, turning in his seat, but already the young man was on his way downtown, striding briskly through the sidewalk traffic, his long blond hair flying from his shoulders. Mr.



Snell idled his chair up against the wall of the Bank of Nova Scotia and turned it around so he could watch the traffic, comfortable in the sun and the lee side of the building. Two young boys coasted by swiftly on bicycles. One of them shouted laughingly "Hey man, let's see you do a wheelie."

Yes, he thought, I'd like to do a wheelie.

Last night he had ridden the high-wheeler his father had given him for his birthday. On this same corner he had parked leaning against a lamp-post and met Susan on her way home from the exhibition. She was carrying a teddy bear: she'd won it herself throwing darts. He reeled in the high saddle, stunned by her shining face and the budding breasts beneath her flowered dress. He couldn't imagine how he had done it, offering to drive her home on the handlebars, astonished as he was at her daring acceptance. But he had done it, a remarkable feat on any day but

by  
alan  
annand

this, riding seven blocks with a beautiful girl and a teddy bear on his handlebars, right up to the balustraded porch of her home where she had climbed off, swirling her yellow dress over the rail. Her legs were as white as cream and the kiss she gave him, as his fingers stroked the curly wool of her teddy bear, was sweeter than strawberries.

The traffic must be making a draught, he thought pulling his jacket zipper up against the chilly breeze. Time to go home anyway. He coughed a rough knot of phlegm into his handkerchief and started the motor. On Bank St. the cars whizzed by hurriedly and from a red VW a little girl waved to him.



ROAD BLOCK

Justice has been re-routed  
From present to future tense;  
The law is so in love with the law  
It's forgotten common sense.

OGDEN'S  
DOGGEREL

OGDEN NASH