

"IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE."

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

