

**"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.

