

## EXCERPTS FROM THE ALPHABETIZOO CR ROSEN, DIRECTOR

But ask now the beasts,  
and they shall teach thee;  
and the fowls of the air,  
and they shall tell thee ...  
and the fishes of the sea  
shall declare unto thee.

–Job 12: 7-8

### WELCOME FROM OUR ANIMALS

Now some of us are famous for  
The way we howl, or scream, or roar–  
We're notable for neck or trunk  
Or just because we're just a Skunk.

We're honored for our song or size  
Because we're timid, sly, or wise  
Because we're cute or such a fright  
And chomp our prey in one big bite ...

Admire us for flippers, claws  
Fur and blubber, hoofs and paws  
Tusks and fangs and horns and humps  
Quills and scales and feathered rumps.

Applaud us when we fly or crawl  
Or use our toes to climb a wall  
Or when we with the greatest ease  
Go flying on the high trapeze.

We're brown and white and black as ink  
And green and yellow, even pink!  
And camouflaged with spots and stripes–  
Let's celebrate all types of types.

It might be just a tail or beak  
That makes each one of us unique–  
But no matter what that thing may be  
We all were made for poetry.

## ALLIGATOR

(*Alligator mississippiensis*)

We never volunteer  
To feed the Alligator—  
See, we have this little fear  
That she'd gobble up the waiter.

No, we never volunteer  
Even if her feelings hurt—  
See, we'd rather not be near  
When she's ordering dessert.

She begs us, "Volunteer!"  
And tempts us with a smile  
Or else she sheds a tear  
That she learned from Crocodile.

So we hope we're being clear  
Don't even ask us later—  
See, we never volunteer  
To feed the Alligator.



## ARMADILLO

(*Dasypus novemcinctus*)

The Armadillo stopped to pee  
In the middle of the road—  
She never saw the SUV  
That never even slowed.

We really hate to moralize  
About this episode—  
But as we see it's most unwise  
To piddle in the road.



CAMEL: A Limerick  
(Genus Camelus)

There was a young fellow from Kent  
Who rode on the back of this gent—  
Way up on that hump  
He felt every bump  
And wished that he never had went.



DODO  
(Raphus cucullatus)

The Dodo bird went out one day  
To get a bite to eat.  
He met a Hunter on the way  
Out hunting for some meat.

He should've turned and run like heck  
(He couldn't fly we're told)  
At least he should've hit the deck  
And not have been so bold.

But no, he was a silly goose  
(We really hate to nag)  
He should've tried to call a truce  
And waved a big white flag.

He should've begged and even cried  
(That's what he should've done)  
Instead he stood there smiling wide  
While Hunter aimed his gun.

A thun'drous "BOOM" and clouds of smoke  
And Dodo was no more.  
He thought that it was all a joke  
But Dodo, it was war.

This is sad enough, but wait—  
There's something makes us mad:  
The Hunter didn't clean his plate  
For Dodo tasted bad.

## ELEPHANT

(*Loxodonta africana*)

Right now we'd like to talk about  
The Elephant's prodigious snout—  
It seems he didn't like his nose  
And traded for a fire hose.

He uses it to breathe and smell  
Two jobs most noses do quite well—  
But of all the noses in the biz  
Only he can pick stuff up with his.

But there's one thing that makes us squirm  
And that's a thirsty pachyderm—  
Of all the ways to rehydrate  
With us his doesn't highly rate.

He dips his trunk into his trough  
And sniffs about ten gallons off  
Then waits until his drink ferments  
With yeasty nasal nutrients.

Then in his open mouth he snorts  
All those supplemented quarts  
And drooling off the overflow  
He guzzles down the Aitch-Too-Oh ...

He claims the water tastes sooo good ...  
Why don't we try? He thinks we should—  
Of Elephant we stand in awe  
But just the same, we'll use a straw.



## GIRAFFE: In Praise of the Neck (*Giraffa camelopardalis*)

I love you a bushel and a peck  
A bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck ...  
You bet your purdy neck I do ...  
—Mr Frank Loesser, "A Bushel and  
A Peck," from *Guys and Dolls* (1950)

It's not the Brain or Heart ... but heck  
We still appreciate our Neck—  
Without it there to do its bit  
Our head would on our shoulders sit.

Without two necks that run beside  
How would we know the race is tied?  
When we about the Boss complain  
In where would he be such a pain?

Without it there would be less spine—  
Then what to risk, put on the line?  
And taking chances when in doubt?  
We'd nothing there for sticking out.

And no more pencil, bull, or scruff  
Or stiff or rubber, leather, rough  
No Turtle, Goose, bottle, nape ...  
What would we save when in a scrape?

So much we'd miss of its renown:  
No place for someone breathing down.  
With what would we replace the loss  
Of where we hang our Albatross?

No neck of woods in which to be  
New Jersey'd have a town named Tea—  
And if we have too much to do?  
What would we in it be up to?

No V and red and crew and long—  
But worst we couldn't sing that song  
Of love that's measured by the peck  
And hugs us 'round our purdy neck.



## HIPPOPOTAMUS (Hippopotamus amphibius)

The broad-backed hippopotamus  
Rests on his belly in the mud ...  
—Mr TS Eliot,  
from "The Hippopotamus" (1920)

When Mother Nature came to him  
She said, "Fill this one to the brim.  
We've got a ton or two to spare  
Let's squeeze it in his derriere.

"And stick on legs, the stumpy ones  
A skinny tail between his buns  
And wiggly ears and bulging eyes  
And for a mouth? The giant size.

"On land he won't have style or grace  
(And he'll never win a steeplechase)-  
In water then he'll play his role  
And lounge around the swimming hole.

"And now at last we come to here  
It's time we name our little dear ...  
Those thighs, that face, that bottom plus?  
Let's call him ... Hippopotamus."



## HUMMINGBIRD (Family trochilidae)

*Among the better-known North American species  
[of hummingbirds], the average lifespan is 3 to 5 years.  
Wikipedia, "Hummingbird"*

*But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near ...  
Andrew Marvell, "To His Coy Mistress" (1681)*

No time to sleep on if she should  
Or doubt the gain if venture would  
No time for calculating cost  
Or cross a bridge already crossed

No time to plan for later gain  
Or lay aside for days of rain  
No time to kill or mark or bide  
No time is ever on her side

No time expect that time will tell  
Or hope salvation from a bell  
No time to lose or stall or share  
To stitch in time, or waste, or spare

No time for good or rough or high  
No time to play for, spend, or buy  
No time to try but only do  
When time like tide won't wait for you

No time pretend she's what she's not  
Or wish for more than what she's got  
No time next time for better luck  
No time to pass the time or buck

And when time's chariot hurries near  
No time for wishing you were here  
No time on borrowed time to live  
No time the time of day to give

No time for time itself to fret  
What's past or hasn't happened yet  
No time but now for time to be  
When time flits by so fleetingly ...

For when our time is nearly spent  
No time to wonder where it went  
No time for asking what that was  
That flash of green, its wings abuzz.



IBEX

(Capra ibex)

For TZS

Here we want to make a note  
That Ibex is a kind of goat  
Who has the most superb technique  
For climbing round a mountain peak.

We watch him jump from Alp to Alp  
It seems to us he risks his scalp  
It seems there isn't that much room  
Between the Ibex and his doom.

But don't wait for him to make a slip ...  
So what's the secret of his grip?  
He just doesn't think about the fall  
And gives to every leap his all.



## LION (*Panthera leo*)

All the other creatures in the forest naturally expect me to be brave,  
for the Lion is everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts.  
—Mr Lyman Frank Baum, from *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (1901)

Of all from A to Z out back  
The Lion's Leader of the Pack.  
Who walk the Earth or wing the skies  
Just Him they all do Lionize.

Who weigh from ounces to a ton  
The Lion ranks as Number One.  
Who stand an inch or tall as trees  
He's the Biggest Wig or Cheese.

Of all with feathers, fur, or fleece  
The Lion is their Centerpiece.  
Who croak or hiss or hum or cluck  
He's the Highest Muck-a-Muck.

Who dwell in forest, desert, bog  
The Lion is the Alpha Dog.  
Who when threatened fight or scat  
He's Top Banana, Brass, or Cat.

Of all attracted to his might  
As to the Sun a satellite  
Of all the greatest, all the least  
The Lion's King of every Beast.





MOLE  
(Family Talpidae)

“There’s no security, or peace and tranquillity, except underground. And then, if your ideas get larger and you want to expand—why, a dig and a scrape, and there you are! If you feel your house is a bit too big, you stop up a hole or two, and there you are again! No builders, no tradesmen, no remarks passed on you by fellows looking over your wall, and, above all, no weather ... No, up and out of doors is good enough to roam about and get one’s living in; but underground to come back to at last—that’s my idea of home!”

The Mole assented heartily; and the Badger in consequence got very friendly with him.

—Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows* (1908)

He burrows into Mother Earth  
For others leaves the world to roam  
No place for him has greater worth  
Than underground where he calls home.

But there the sun will never rise  
No rays his doorstep ever cross  
And he forgets the use of eyes—  
What do they do? He’s at a loss.

If he should take an eyesight test  
He’d squint but still the chart not see—  
Please read line 1? He’d do his best

And take a guess, “Is that ... an ... **E**?”

What matter if his vision fails  
His eyes become an introvert?  
There’s still the feel of scraping nails  
And the smell of new-dug dirt.

Below he’s cool in summer heat  
And warm when winter freezes all—  
He tastes the worm, his favorite meat  
Has peace where others need a wall.

Above they live to see the light  
Deep underground he’ll leave his mark—  
In tunnels where the squeeze is tight  
The Mole will come to know the dark.



NIGHTINGALE: A Triolet  
(Luscinia megarhynchos)

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
—Mr William Shakespeare,  
from Romeo and Juliet, act III, scene 5 (1597)

When Nightingale begins to croon  
    To times long past our hearts take wing  
And lost again in love we swoon  
When Nightingale begins to croon.  
And though she flies away too soon  
To us those memories still cling—  
When Nightingale begins to croon  
    To times long past our hearts take wing.



OSTRICH  
(Struthio camelus)

The Ostrich is among those birds  
Who can't get off the ground.  
The Ostrich is, in other words  
Aeronautically unsound.

OWL  
(Order Strigiformes)

The Lion thought it might be as well to frighten the Wizard, so he gave a large, loud roar, which was so fierce and dreadful that Toto jumped away from him in alarm and tipped over the screen that stood in the corner. As it fell with a crash they looked that way, and the next moment all of them were filled with wonder. For they saw, standing in just the spot the screen had hidden, a little old man, with a bald head and a wrinkled face, who seemed to be as much surprised as they were. The Tin Woodman, raising his ax, rushed toward the little man and cried out, "Who are you?"  
—Mr Lyman Frank Baum, from The Wonderful Wizard of Oz (1901)

Not "What?" nor "Why?" nor "When?" nor "Where?"  
These questions all he doesn't care—  
But ever asks the whole night through  
Just nothing more than "Who? Who? Who?"

We have to stop and wonder then ...  
Is this a quiz? Or is it Zen?  
Should we on "Who?" an essay write?  
Or ponder "Who?" 'til morning light?

Or does the question him confuse?  
And is he asking us for clues?  
A question's how we answer his:  
Just who can say just who "Who?" is?

Is "Who?" the stuff in dreams we've seen?  
A little man behind a screen?  
Is "Who?" the one we wish were there  
But when we reach is just thin air?

Perhaps for "Who?" there is no word  
So the rest is silence for our Bird ...  
We try and try but all in vain  
For never can we "Who?" explain.

Of those among the wingèd throng  
The Owl has got the strangest song:  
No tweet, no chirp, no doodle-do  
But all night long just "Who? Who? Who?"



PENGUIN  
(Family Spheniscidae)

No, don't look for her up in the sky  
The Penguin swims but doesn't fly—  
While most Birds are toward Heaven bent  
Antarctica's her element.

Once she might have soared on wings  
But now they're long-forgotten things ...  
Did once she roost up in a tree?  
Perhaps, but now her home's the sea.

Why did she cancel all her flights?  
Was it because a fear of heights?  
Or did the thought occur to her  
That floating would be easier?

Yes, don't look for her up in the sky  
And here's the simple reason why:  
Her wings have into flippers turned  
And all her airborne bridges burned.

PLATYPUS: a Double Dactyl  
(Ornithorhynchus anatinus)

Higgledy Piggledy  
That's Mister Platypus  
One thing about him we  
Don't understand:

Is he the height of  
Originality  
Or is it just that he  
Wasn't well planned?

**Double Dactyl**

A Double Dactyl (also called the Higgledy Piggledy) was invented by American poets Anthony Hecht and Paul Pascal in 1951. It's a fixed form with just one sentence consisting of 44 syllables shared over eight lines, which are divided into two four-line stanzas (quatrains). The first line is usually a rhyming nonsense phrase. The second line often (but not always) introduces the subject of the poem. The fourth and eighth lines rhyme.

The first three lines of each stanza are dactylic dimeters. A dactyl has three syllables: stressed/unstressed/unstressed (DAH-dah-dah); dimeter is a line with two stressed syllables (DAH-dah-dah DAH-dah-dah). The last line of each stanza is a choriamb (Greek for "chorus"). A choriamb has four syllables: stressed/unstressed/unstressed/stressed (DAH-dah-dah-DAH). Finally the sixth line of the poem itself must be a single, six-syllable word, often an adjective or adverb, that's itself a Double Dactyl.



RATTLESNAKE  
(Genus Sistrurus)

Just like a glove her skin once fit  
But now she's growing out of it.  
It quickly goes from bad to worst  
She feels her seams about to burst.

She's packed like sardines in a can  
Except in skin much tighter than  
Without so much an inch to spare  
There's hardly room to breathe in there.

At last it splits from tail to head  
She wriggles free and so it's shed.  
What once had suited her so well  
Is nothing but an empty shell.

But skinless now the world's too much  
She has to hide, avoid its touch  
A few days on she'll start out fresh  
When new skin wraps around her flesh.

None's happier than that reptile  
Whose skin no longer cramps her style ...  
But all too soon she'll gain an inch  
And feel an old familiar pinch.



SEAL  
(Family Phocidae)

The Seal is called a pinniped  
Which means she has an earless head  
And flippers 'stead of foot and hand  
Which means the Seal's at sea ... on land.

Yes, she's awkward at that walking thing  
With limbs designed for paddling—  
And so her walk “galumph” they call  
It's somewhere 'twixt a hop and crawl.

But once she takes to Ocean Blue  
There's none can swim like she can do—  
It's wet and cold, her neighborhood  
But blubber insulates her good

She holds her breath much longer than  
Most any human being can  
And dives down deep and stays right there  
An hour 'til she needs some air.

If she were given just one wish  
She'd say, “I wish I had a fish.”  
Not fame or wealth or finding God  
The Seal is happy with a cod.

We think that covers this one's act ...  
But oh! Here's one more little fact:  
Phōkē names her family clique  
Which tells us she's a ... in Greek.

## SLOTH

(Family Bradypodidae)

Don't miss the Sloth along the way  
Through our Zooey mob—  
He's the only one who gets his pay  
For sleeping on the job.



## SQUIRREL

(Family Sciuridae)

Oh how wonderful if we could play  
Like her and Squirrel the day away.  
To hunt for nuts and bury them  
As if each one a precious gem.

To be like her we'd love because  
That fluffy tail, those little claws—  
Oh if we could be rear-ended so  
And climb a tree just like a pro.

But most of all about this Rat?  
She's such a fearless acrobat—  
She never even bats an eye  
When comes the time to Death defy.

She bops along a power line  
Then 12 feet off, she spots a pine ...  
And so decides she'll make a switch  
She can't say why, it's just an itch.

The way she gets there we adore:  
Climb down and up? Nah, what a bore!  
She flings herself out into space—  
A second thought? There's not a trace.

No safety net, no parachute  
These things she doesn't give a hoot—  
She trusts that Life approves her dare  
And at the end ... a branch is there.

She's made a vow she always keeps:  
She never looks before she leaps ...  
She loves to go out on a limb  
So all the world's her jungle gym.



## TYGER (Panthera tigris)

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?  
—With sincere apologies to Mr William  
Blake, from "The Tyger" (1794)

Tyger, Tyger, what a sight!  
We'd hate to meet him late at night.  
Where'd he'd get those teeth? Those jaws?  
Whoever sharpened up those claws?

And listen to that dreadful roar!  
So loud it makes our ears all sore.  
Between us there's an iron fence  
So he won't eat the audience.

Tyger, Tyger, what a fright!  
Our knees are weak, our faces white.  
It's really hard believing that  
After all he's just a Cat.



## VULTURE (Family Cathartidae)

It's such a sad and sorry tale  
When one of us has kicked the pail—  
We always feel a lot of pain  
When one of us goes down the drain.

But Vulture's ever on alert  
For anyone who bites the dirt.  
She really thinks it's kinda neat  
That Death has knocked us off our feet.

For when we're gone and cold as stones  
She sweeps right down to pick our bones.  
When we've been swallowed up by Fate  
Vulture's there to lick the plate.



## WHALE (Order Cetacea)

To look at her we might think: "Fish."  
The fact is though she's Mammal-ish  
So while her home's out in the Sea  
She's classified with you and me.

Her baby's born and suckles milk  
Her blood is warm like all our ilk.  
Though not a lot, she has some hair  
And with her lungs she breathes the air.

Upon a time the land she lubbed  
But something 'bout it wrong her rubbed—  
'Cause 50 million years since past  
Her Fate she in the Ocean cast.

Why did she leave the Earth behind?  
Was there a threat to peace of mind?  
Imagine though the heavyweight  
Who could a Whale intimidate ...

Or maybe she was being shrewd:  
The Ocean had the better food.  
Or else she tumbled in one day  
And said, "Well, heck, I guess I'll stay."

Does yearn she tramp the dale and hill?  
She might, alas, but never will ...  
Or even stroll along the beach?  
Perhaps, but now that's out of reach.



But if she gave true feelings voice  
We're sure we'd know just what her choice:  
If she again could over start?  
The Seven Seas would have her heart.

And here we come to end our tale  
How proud we are to know the Whale—  
The largest creature Earth or Sea?  
A mammal just like you and me.



ZEBRA  
(Genus Equus)

In the AlphabetiZoo  
The Zebra's way out back.  
She says she likes the view  
From the window of her shack.

She says it's kind of nice  
Living all alone  
And just to add some spice  
She doesn't have a phone.

She doesn't have a car  
Or a television set ...  
Has Zebra gone too far?  
Does she need to see a vet?

She says she spends her time  
Asking what could ever be  
The reason and the rhyme  
Behind all this ABC.

She says what matters more  
Than what we own or who we know  
Is to open wide that door  
To where we're most afraid to go.

For her that door's still locked  
But she knows the key is near  
'Cause once she even knocked  
And thought she heard, "Don't fear."

She's her own best company  
And she doesn't need that stuff—  
She says that when we're free  
Each moment is enough.



## EXIT

So now it's time to wave "Goodbye."  
(We hope we don't begin to cry)  
We really had a lot of fun  
(We hope we're not the only one).

We hope to see you soon again  
(Come any time you have the yen).  
We hope you know beyond a doubt  
You haven't worn your welcome out.

Auf wiedersehen, cheerio  
(So sorry that you have to go)  
Aloha, shalom, au revoir  
(We all of us think you're the star).

Now adios and toodle-oo  
From the AlphabetiZoo.  
Sayonara, namaste  
We hope you had a pleasant day.



## OUR DIRECTOR

A word about our Mr Rosen  
And the kind of life he's chosen:  
He's been such a lucky creature  
To become a Yoga teacher.

He says he's written other books  
Though hardly anybody looks ...  
He says he's happy all the same  
Because he's not attached to fame.

He says he likes to read and write  
And stay up very late at night.  
He likes his country music too  
'Specially Dwight and Emmylou.

He says it's good to cry and laugh  
And always share the bigger half  
And that our most important goal  
Is to understand our soul.

He seems OK as Humans go—  
At least his daughter tells us so—  
But we think we ought to warn ya  
He lives in Berkeley, California.



## THE A-ZOO ANNEX

Unpublished poems

### ANTEATER

(Family Myrmecophagidae)

While they eat Frogs and Snails in France  
Her special love is eating Ants—  
Oh how the hill's consumed with dread  
At dinner when she must be fed.

The Worker, Soldier, Black and Red ...  
Can for them all a tear we shed?  
Of her they only need a glance  
And they start shaking in their pants.

And when on them she makes advance  
Oh how on her they look askance.  
They scurry off, get out the lead  
None wants to be her daily bread.

But though away they quickly fled  
Their lives will soon be done and said  
Though her they lead a merry dance  
They hardly ever stand a chance ...

Oh hear the cries, the pleas, the rants  
The "Help's!," the "Stop's!," the "No, you can'ts!"  
But soon the thought comes to their head:  
Today they should have stood in bed.

At last they wish that she instead  
Another way her love would spread—  
But no, to her it's true romance  
Her tongue is stuck on eating Ants.



CETACEAN  
(from Greek ketos, "whale")

I.

When Mother Nature gave us birth  
She said: "Let mammals live on Earth."  
But some of us must not have heard  
Or didn't listen to a word.

For 50 million years way back  
They set off on a different tack  
While most of us on land stood pat  
They made the sea their habitat.

They bid bye-bye to terra firm  
And Whales became—like Blue or Sperm  
Baleen or Killer, Humpback too—  
But oh the changes they went through.

It didn't go without a hitch  
Five million years it took to switch  
For mammals weren't ocean groomed  
And all but they thought they were doomed.

Why was the ocean such a lure?  
Nobody now knows why for sure  
Was there on land to them a threat  
Who wouldn't chase them where was wet?

Or did the sea have better food?  
Was that what put them in the mood?  
Or else they said: "I choose the sea  
Ma Nature's not the boss of me."

## II.

Skip 40 million years ahead  
When other mammals born and bred  
Were next among us to decide  
To follow Whales into the tide.

Why did they wait those millions years?  
It could've been they'd many fears  
And so were waiting time to prove  
The Whales successful in their move.

Whatever reasons anyhow  
They're Porpoises and Dolphins now.  
Cetaceans are these mammals called  
For sea life they've been overhauled.

## III.

Yet still we wonder what they sought  
In doing what they shouldn't ought—  
No more than safety? Only grub?  
Or just to Mother Nature snub?

There safety was in higher ground  
On land was plenty fodder found  
They didn't have to Mother cross  
They could have said, "Well, she's the Boss."

Although it would be very strange  
If they had stayed to roam the range—  
Then would we sing for home today  
Out where the Deer and Dolphins play?

Sometimes we do things not because  
We something gain or break some laws  
Sometimes it's nothing more than we  
Are moved by curiosity.

So possibly what urged them go  
Was that they needed this to know:  
If I leave all I am behind  
Who will it be out there I find?



## HUMAN

*(Homo sapiens)*

*What a piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust.*

—Mr. William Shakespeare,  
from *Hamlet*, act 2, scene 2 (1601)

Mildred: *What're you rebelling against, Johnny?*

Johnny: *Whaddya got?*

—Mr Marlon Brando, *The Wild One* (1953)

Oh what a piece of work is this  
A Prince near perfect ... yet a miss  
His life though lit by Heaven's lamp  
He coulda been, but isn't Champ.

At times so noble, angel-like  
Then Johnny Strabler on his bike  
In faculties so infinite  
Then Stanley throws his "Stella" fit.

A paragon of animals?  
Then Vito Corleone's pals  
At times such beauty, how it hurts  
Then Oh! The horror, Colonel Kurtz.

So far he's kinda been a bust  
Quintessence both of god and dust  
Life's offered him the best of Zoos  
But all he's done so far's refuse.

We think this ought to give him pause  
To ask himself just what's the cause?  
And why this long he's had to be  
So absent from felicity?



## POLAR BEAR

*(Ursus maritimus)*

Said Mother Nature: "Whew, I'm done  
That took awhile, but I don't care.  
It really was a lot of fun  
To make that brand new Polar Bear.

"I guess up North I'll have him placed  
I built him just to fill that niche—  
'Cept ... who could love a land so waste?  
Is it too late his home to switch?

"The bitter cold, the six-month night ...  
To send him there? It gives me pause ...  
Who'd happy be with such a plight?  
Oh yes, not counting Santa Claus ...

"Too late though for a retrofit  
The Frigid Zone's his destiny—  
He'd not be comfortable a bit  
Just chilling out in Waikiki.

"I've bundled him from head to feet  
And stocked the freezer for his meals—  
(I'd tell you what he likes to eat  
But rather not upset the Seals).

"He'll learn to swim the tides perforce  
'Cause Ocean's where he'll hunting do  
A Bear that eats just like a Horse  
Needs catch a lot of ... you-know-who.

"He'll learn the breathing holes to read  
And stalk his prey with such finesse  
One crushing bite and then he'll feed  
On ... let's just say begins with Ess.

"He'll learn from Arctic's storm and strife  
To make the most of what is there  
And say if asked about his life:  
I'm happy I'm a Polar Bear."



SKUNK  
(Family Mephitinae)

Lady Macbeth: All the perfumes of Arabia  
will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!  
From The Tragedy of Macbeth, by  
Mr. William Shakespeare (ca. 1603)

Mephitis he from Latin comes  
A "noxious vapor" up him sums  
He lifts his tail and shows his cheeks  
And phew! the havoc that he reeks.

He doesn't look like dang'rous types  
He's small and black with two white stripes  
But don't be fooled by what we think  
He's someone who can raise a stink.

He'll never win one by a nose  
Or come out smelling like a rose  
A Skunk by any other name  
Would still put rotten eggs to shame.

And if he even had all the  
Perfumes in old Arabia  
No sweeter would his odor be  
To anyone's olfactory.

We'll never think him up to snuff  
Or following his act is tough  
Whatever here his life has meant  
We'll never think him Heaven scent.



