

"THE SOLILOQUY OF AN AFRICAN ANT-EATER"

—AFTER BREAKFAST"

An African Ant-eater thru the jungle did amble
Amiable and happy, on a pleasure-seeking ramble,
Past palmetto leaves and an old elephant hide
'Til beneath a pink toadstool, an anthill he spied.
Amidst purple begonia, on the toadstool he sat,
Licking out his tongue, until his belly was fat.
Contented was he, in a satisfying way,
When he lazily looked across the tropical bay.
He tip-toed from his toadstool, and hid in the brambles
And watched soldiers play at war's desperate gambles.
Then winking at me, philosophical as can be,
He began to speak, this amazing soliloquy:

"What fools these soldiers be! How mad their antics are!
From homes across the sea, they come marching from afar.
They use their sinister art and inventive skill
Merely to see how many thousands they can kill!
Seems to me, men should be more civilized than me,
They ought to be able to devise a world that's free!
I wonder why they can't be satisfied like me?
I dig in the rotted stump of a banyan tree
And feast to my fill on luscious sugar ants
And quietly live in the shade of sweet orchid plants.
Why can't man eat ants like me and pleasantly live
In happiness and peace, and to others freedom give?"

Just then, down the jungle path came an African skunk,
So graceful and pretty, but oh my how he stunk!
So my friend, the Ant-eater, his departure took
And strolled into the swamp without a backward look.

THE MAD MONGOLIAN

Multnomah County Jail
December 30, 1942