

The Moss

Cosmo Sheldrake

Legend has it that the moss grows on the north side of the trees
Legend has it that when the rain comes down, all the worms come up to
breathe

Legend has it that when the sunbeams come, the plants, they eat them
with their leaves

Legend has it that the world spins round on an axis of 23 degrees

But have you heard the story of the rabbit in the moon
Or the cow that hopped the planets while straddling a spoon
Or she, who leapt up mountains, while whistling up a tune
And swapped her songs with swallows while riding on a broom

Well, we can all learn things both many and a-few
From that old hunched woman who lived inside a shoe
Or the girl that sang by day and by night she ate tear soup
Or the man who drank too much and he got the brewers' droop

Come listen up all ye fair maids to how the moral goes
Nobody knew and nobody knows
How the pobble was robbed of his twice five toes
Or how the dong came to own a luminous nose
Or how the jumblies went to sea in a sieve that they rowed
And came to shore by the chankly bore where the bong trees grow
Where the jabberwocky's small green tentacles do flow
And the quanglewangle plays in the rain and the snow

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