

SORITES

My finger-nails grow on my fingers, and
My fingers are fixed firmly to my hand.
It is my hand that terminates my arm,
And that sticks to my shoulder like a charm.
My shoulder is a portion of my trunk.
I hope no prostitute, however drunk,
Would end the shocking sequence. Yet we find,
Even in England, men of evil mind,
Pornographers who love obscene details,
Shameless enough to mention finger-nails.