

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΘ

THE TAILLESS MONKEY

There is no help—but hotch pot !—in the skies
When Astacus sees Crab and Lobster rise.
Man that has spine, and hopes of heaven-to-be,
Lacks the Amoeba's immortality.
What protoplasm gains in mobile mirth
Is loss of the stability of earth.
Matter and sense and mind have had their day :
Nature presents the bill, and all must pay.
If, as I am not, I were free to choose,
How Buddhahood would battle with The
Booze !
My certainty that destiny is “ good ”
Rests on its picking me for Buddhahood.
Were I a drunkard, I should think I had
Good evidence that fate was “ bloody bad.”