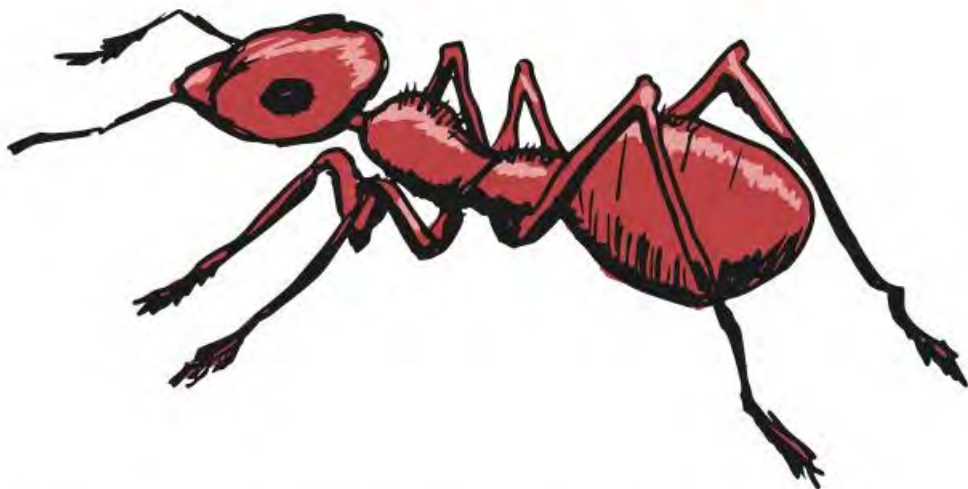




The ant has made herself illustrious  
Through constant industry industrious.  
So what?  
Would you be calm and placid  
If you were full of formic acid?

-Ogden Nash

Note: the original uses "himself" but almost all ants are female.

-Mich Kabay



Whenever I behold an asp  
I can't suppress a startled gasp.  
I do not charge the asp with matricide,  
But what about his Cleopatricide?

-Ogden Nash





## *A Caution To Everybody*

Consider the auk;  
Becoming extinct because he forgot how to fly, and could only walk.  
Consider man, who may well become extinct  
Because he forgot how to walk and learned how to fly before he  
thanked.

-Ogden Nash



Myself, I rather like the bat.  
It's not a mouse, it's not a rat.  
It has not feathers, yet has wings,  
It's quite inaudible when it sings.  
It zigzags through the evening air  
And never lands on ladies' hair,  
A fact of which men spend their lives  
Attempting to convince their wives.

-Ogden Nash





Puccini was Latin, and Wagner Teutonic,  
And birds are incurably philharmonic.  
The skylark sings a roundelay,  
The crow sings "The Road to Mandalay,"  
The nightingale sings a lullaby  
And the sea gull sings a gullaby.  
That's what shepherds listened to in Arcadia  
Before some one invented TV's and radia.

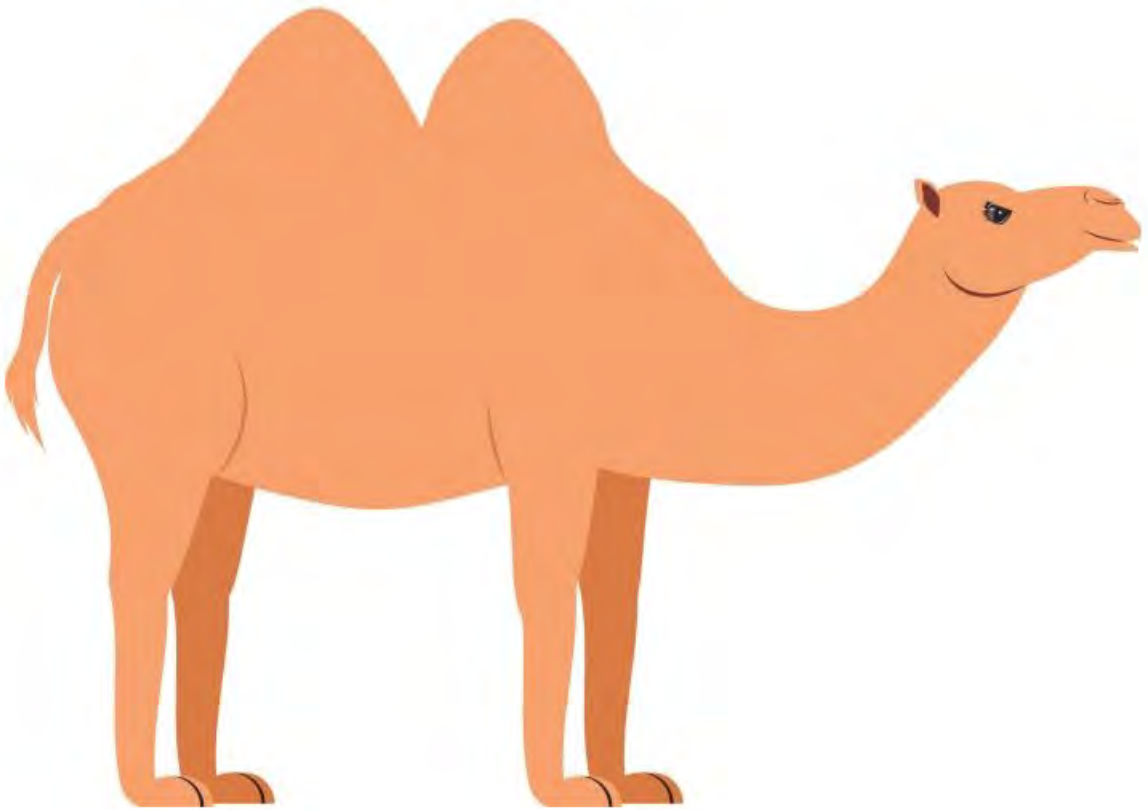
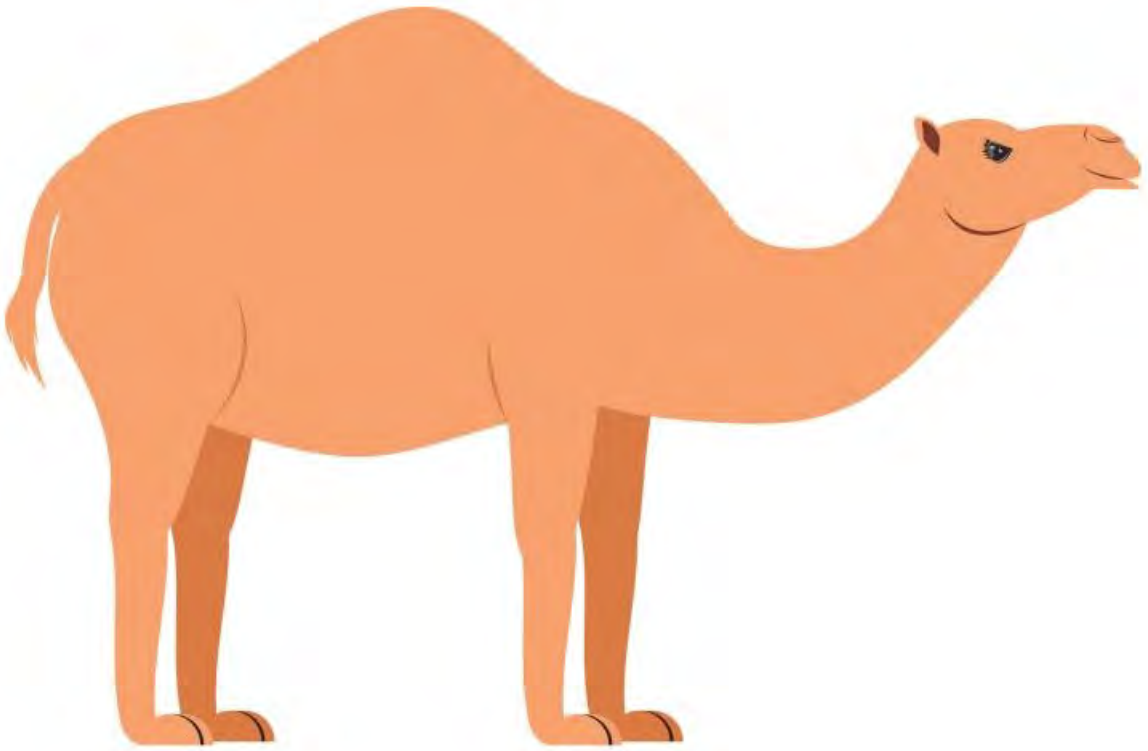
-Ogden Nash



# CROSSING THE BORDER

Senescence begins  
And middle age ends  
The day your descendants  
Outnumber your friends.

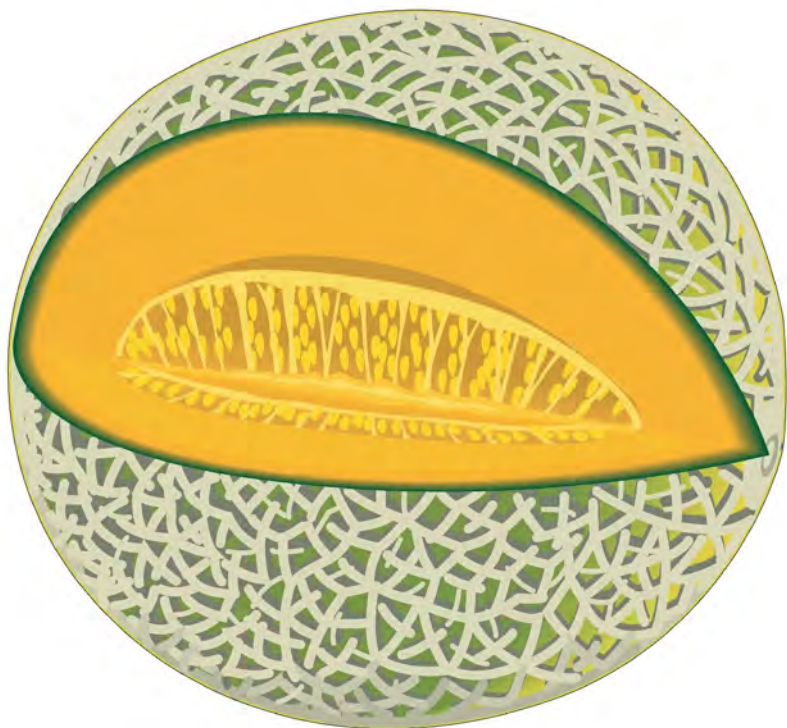
-Ogden Nash



The camel has a single hump;  
The dromedary, two;  
Or else the other way around.  
I'm never sure. Are you?

-Ogden Nash





## THE CANTALOUPE

One cantaloupe is ripe and lush,  
Another's green, another's mush.  
I'd buy a lot more cantaloupe  
If I possessed a fluoroscope.

-Ogden Nash





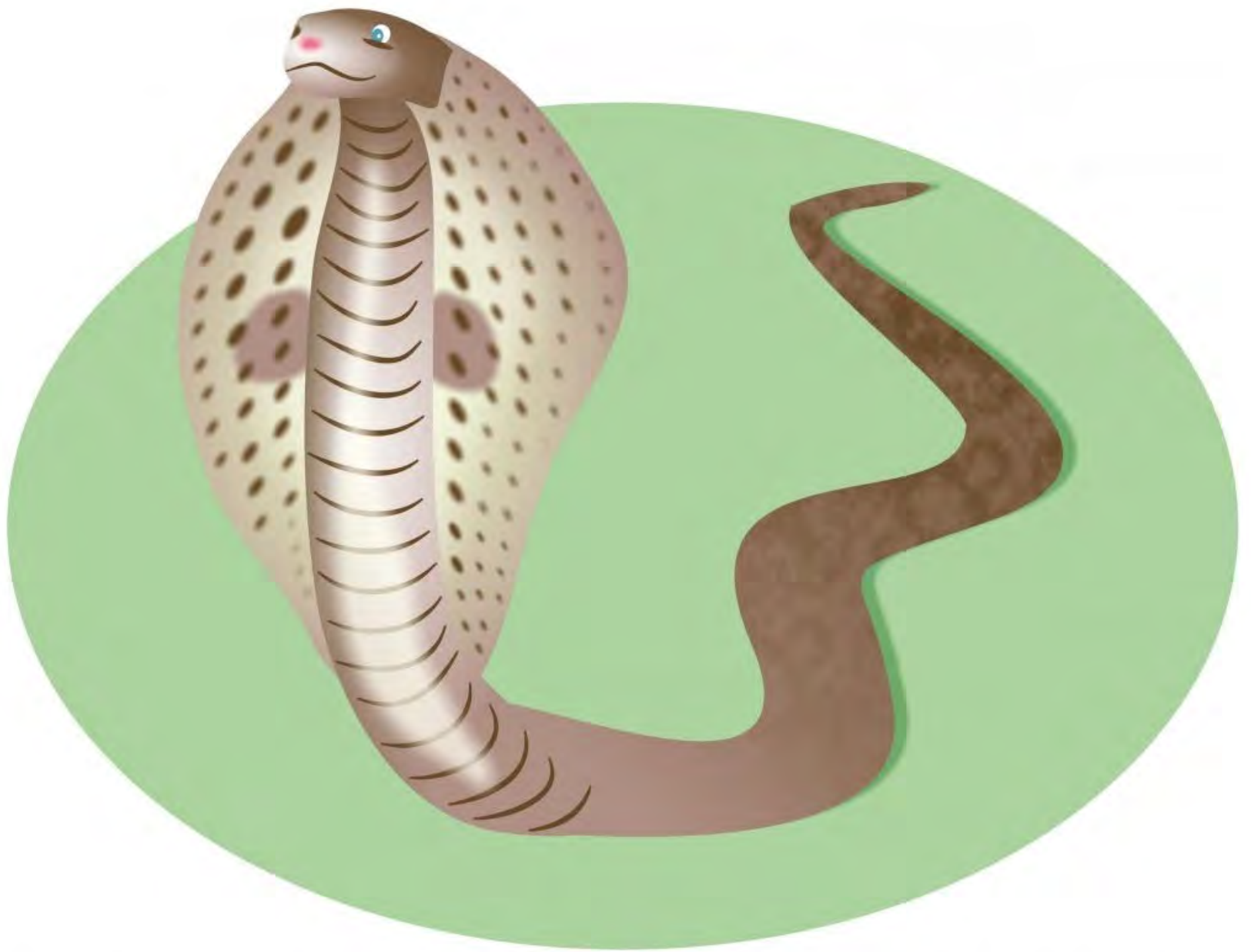
I find among the poems of Schiller  
No mention of the caterpillar.  
Nor can I find one anywhere  
In Petrarch or in Baudelaire,  
So here I sit in extra session  
To give my personal impression.  
The caterpillar, as it's called,  
Is often hairy, seldom bald;  
It looks as if it never shaves;  
When as it walks, it walks in waves;  
And from the cradle to the chrysalis  
It's utterly speechless, songless,  
whistleless.

-Ogden Nash



**Celery, raw,  
Develops the jaw,  
But celery, stewed,  
Is more quietly chewed.**

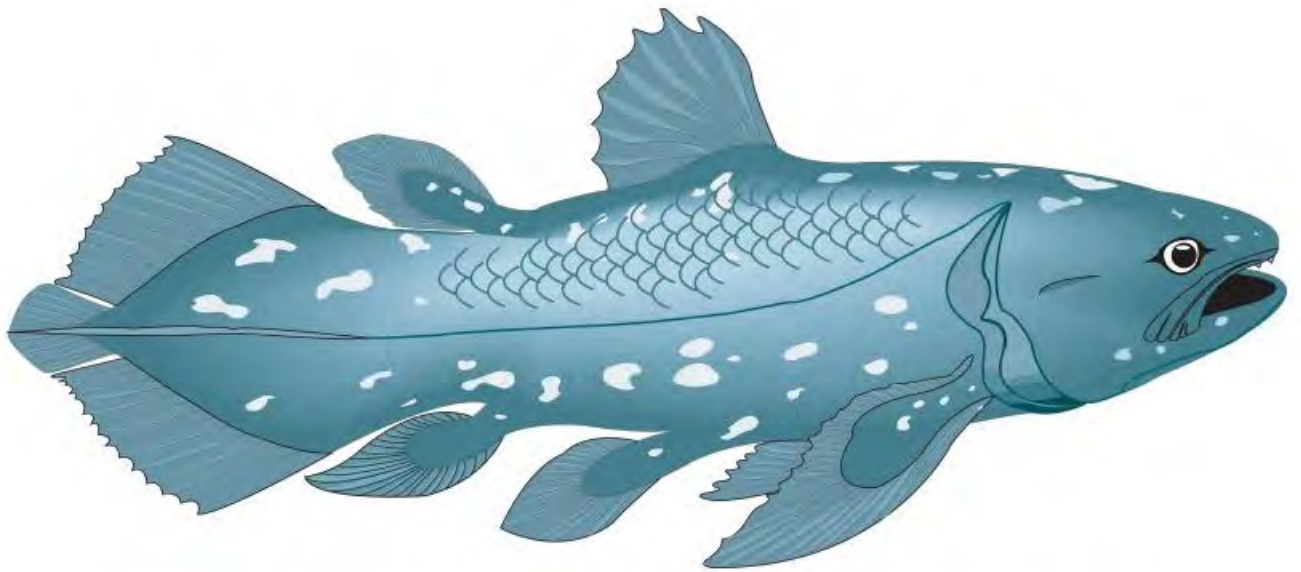
**-Ogden Nash**



This creature fills its mouth with venom  
And walks upon its duodenum.  
He who attempts to tease the cobra  
Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.

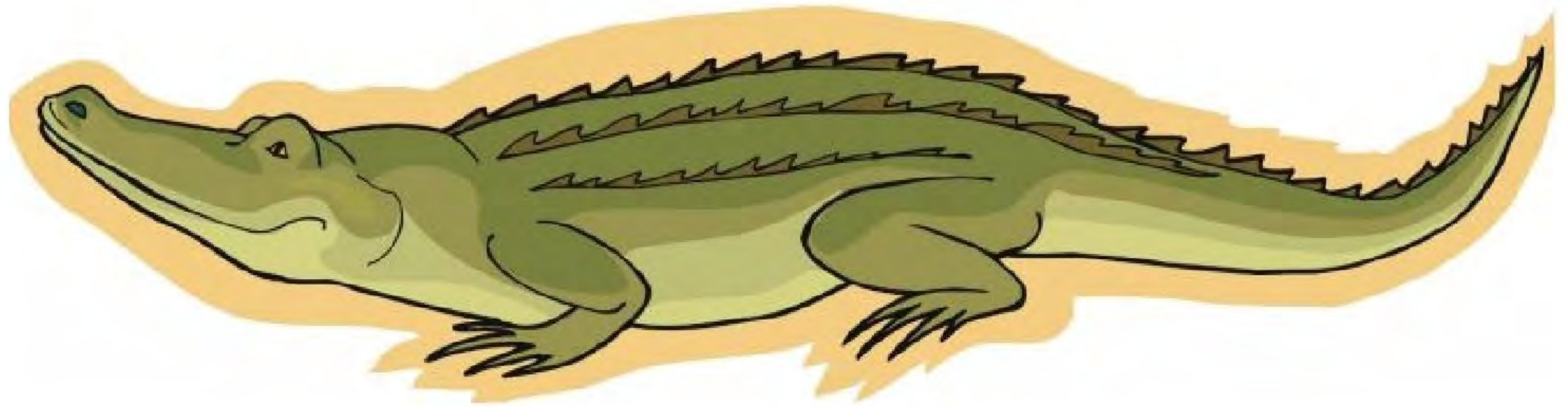
-Ogden Nash





Persistent as the amaranth,  
And status quo apostle.  
It jeers at fish unfossilized  
As intellectual snobs elite;  
Old Coelacanth, so unrevised  
It doesn't know it's obsolete.

-Ogden Nash



I give you now Professor Twist,  
A conscientious scientist.  
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"  
And sent him off to distant jungles.  
Camped on a tropic riverside,  
One day he missed his loving bride.  
She had, the guide informed him later,  
Been eaten by an alligator.  
Professor Twist could not but smile.  
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

-Ogden Nash





**Cuckoos lead Bohemian lives,  
They fail as husbands and as wives,  
Therefore they cynically disparage  
Everybody else's marriage.**

**-Ogden Nash**





The truth I do not stretch or shove  
When I state the dog is full of love.  
I've also proved, by actual test,  
A wet dog is the lovingest.

-Ogden Nash



Behold the duck.  
It does not cluck.  
A cluck it lacks.  
It quacks.  
It is especially fond  
Of a puddle or pond.  
When it dines or sups,  
It bottoms ups.

-Ogden Nash



## **ONE TIMES ONE IS EIGHT**

**Either old magic or new math  
Into our house has beat a path.  
How else could Einstein or Diogenes  
Explain an exploit of our progeny's?  
While at the table with his ilk  
A child upsets a glass of milk.  
The glass held half a pint when filled,  
And half a gallon when it's spilled.**

**-Ogden Nash**





Moose makes me think of caribou,  
And caribou, of moose,  
With, even from their point of view,  
Legitimate excuse.  
Why then, when I behold an elk,  
Can I but think of Lawrence Welk?

-Ogden Nash



The firefly's flame  
Is something for which science has  
no name.

I can think of nothing eerier  
Than flying around with an  
unidentified glow on a person's  
posterior.

-Ogden Nash





**God in His wisdom made the fly  
And then forgot to tell us why.**

**-Ogden Nash**





## *CHACUN À SON BERLITZ*

French is easy!

At speaking French I am the champ of the Champs Elysee,

And since I can speak Parisian without a flaw,

I will tell you why the crows, or les corbeaux, always win their battle  
against the scarecrows: it's on account of their esprit de caw.

-Ogden Nash

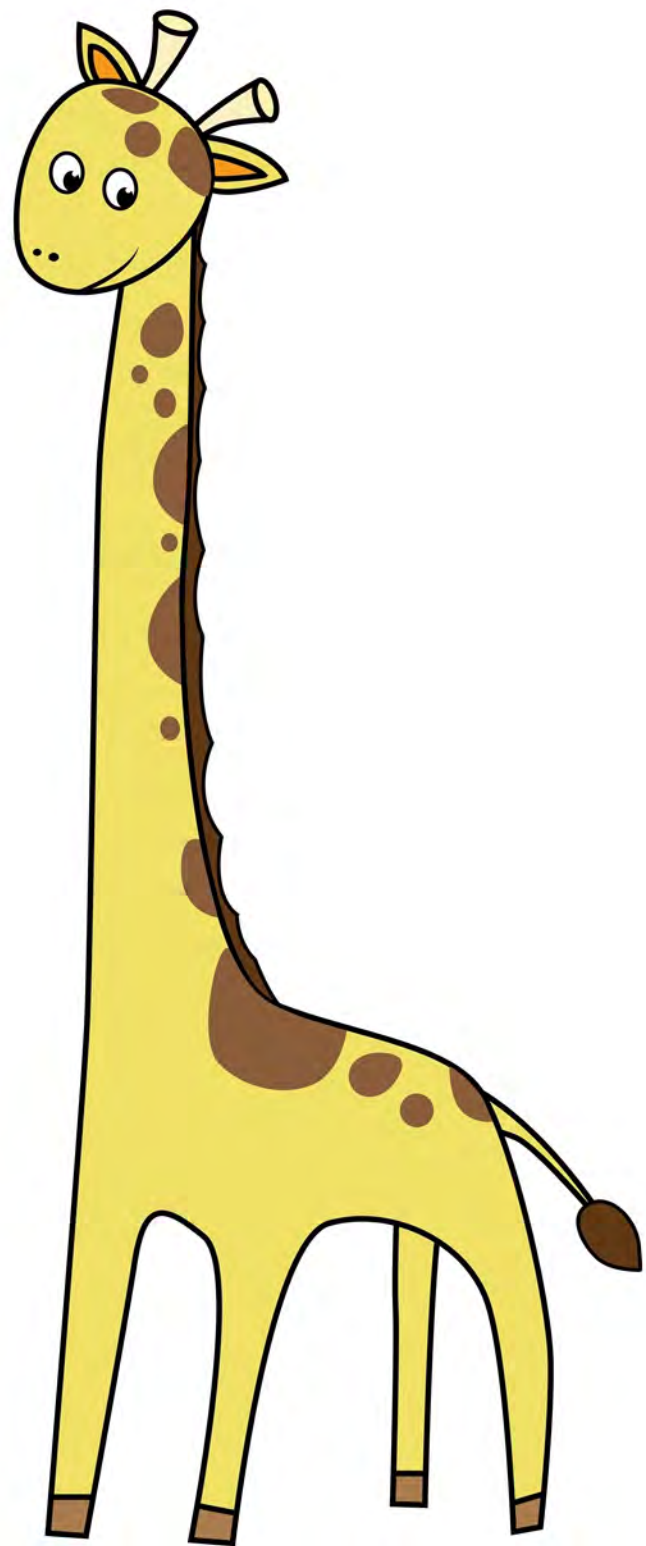




A mighty creature is the germ,  
Though smaller than the pachyderm.  
His customary dwelling place  
Is deep within the human race.  
His childish pride he often pleases  
By giving people strange diseases.  
Do you, my poppet, feel infirm?  
You probably contain a germ.

-Ogden Nash





I beg you, children, do not laugh  
When you survey the tall giraffe.  
It's hardly sporting to attack  
A beast that cannot answer back.  
Now you and I have shorter necks,  
But we can chant of gin and sex;  
He has a trumpet for a throat,  
And cannot blow a single note.  
It isn't that his voice he hoards;  
He hasn't any vocal cords.  
I wish for him, and for his wife,  
A voluble girafter life.

-Ogden Nash



The grackle's voice is less than mellow,  
His heart is black, his eye is yellow,  
He bullies more attractive birds  
With hoodlum deeds and vulgar words,  
And should a human interfere,  
Attacks that human in the rear.  
I cannot help but deem the grackle  
An ornithological debacle.

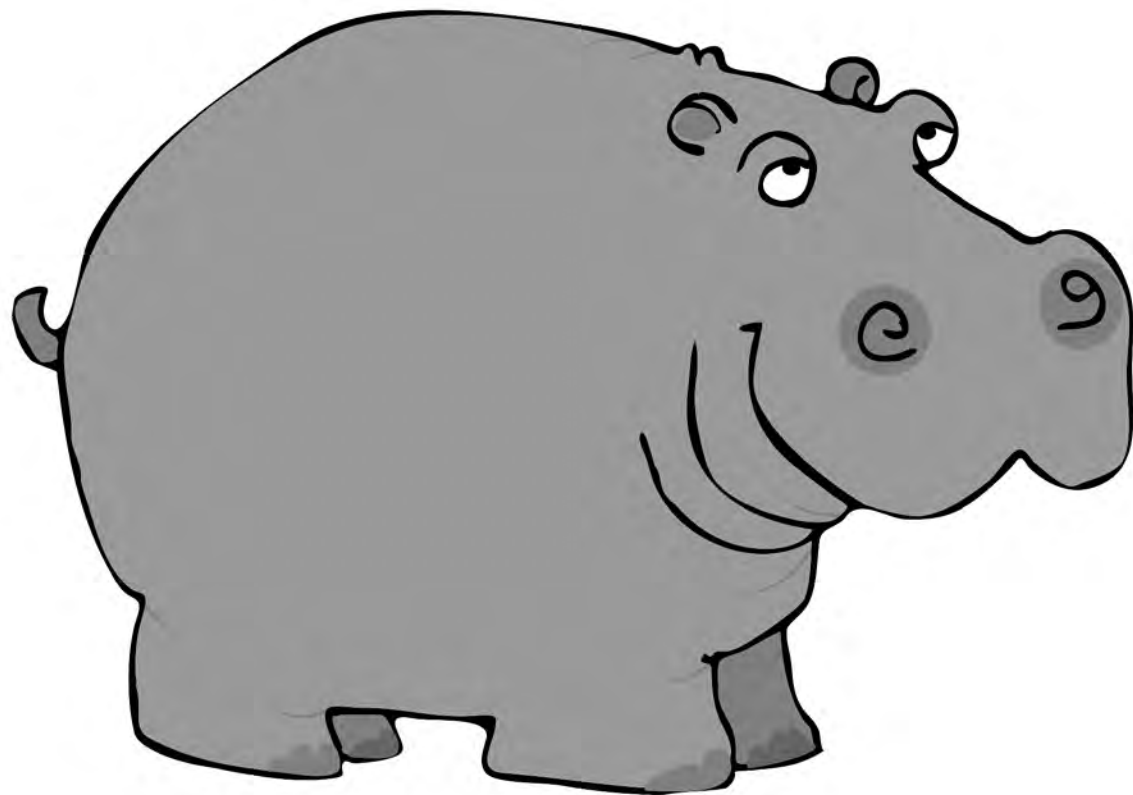
-Ogden Nash





Whales have calves,  
Cats have kittens,  
Bears have cubs,  
Bats have bittens.  
Swans have cygnets,  
Seals have puppies,  
But guppies just have little guppies.

-Ogden Nash



Behold the hippopotamus!  
We laugh at how he looks to us,  
And yet in moments dank and grim  
I wonder how we look to him.  
Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!  
We really look all right to us,  
As you no doubt delight the eye  
Of other hippopotami.

-Ogden Nash





Have ever you harked to the jackass wild,  
Which scientists call the onager?  
It sounds like the laugh of a backward child,  
Or a hepcat on a harmonica.  
But do not sneer at the jackass wild,  
There is method in his hee-haw,  
For with maidenly blush and accent mild  
The jenny-ass answers, shee-haw.

-Ogden Nash



**Who wants my jellyfish?  
I'm not sellyfish!**

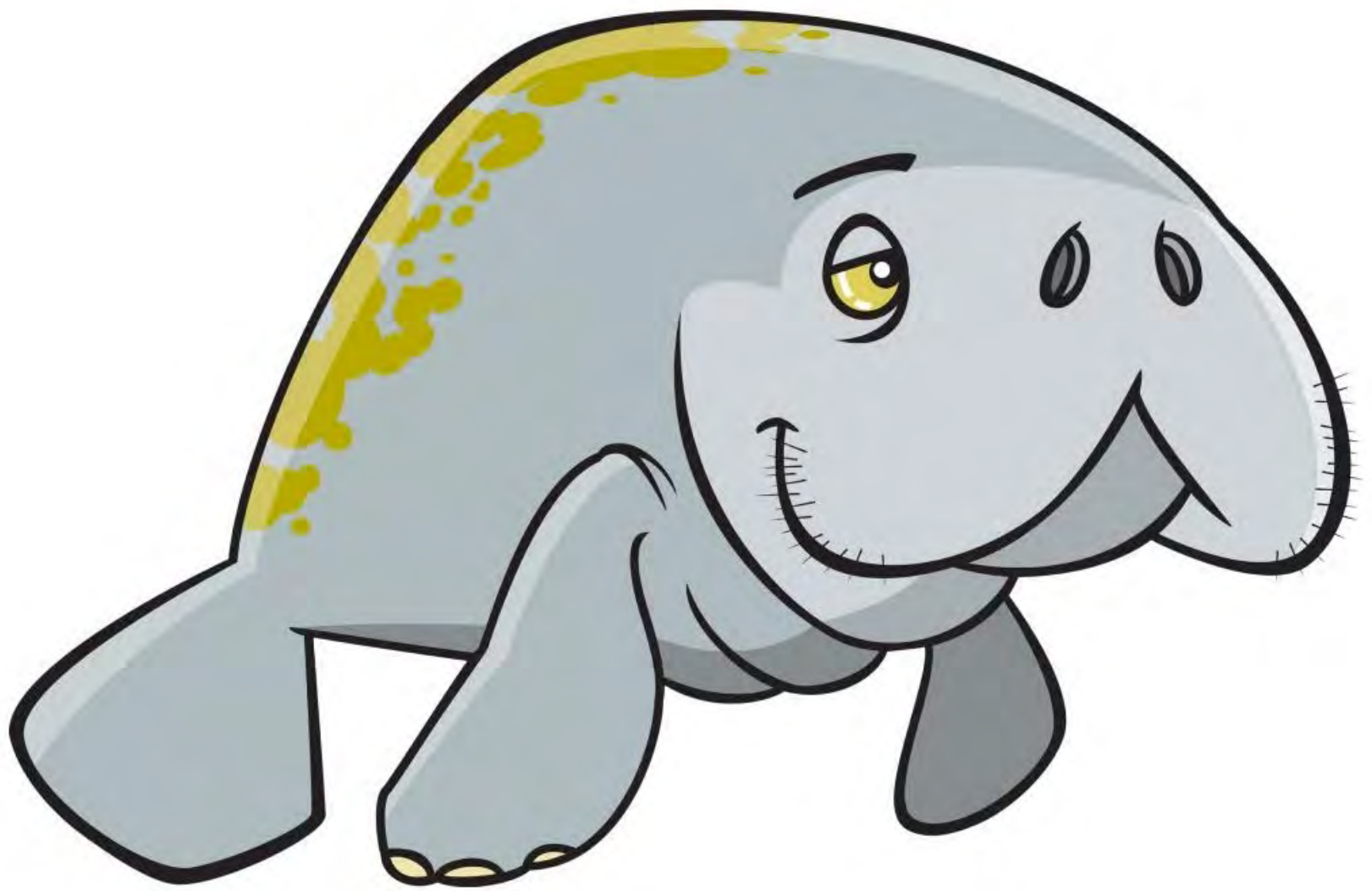
**-Ogden Nash**





Oh, weep for Mr. and Mrs. Bryan!  
He was eaten by a lion;  
Following which, the lion's lioness  
Up and swallowed Bryan's Bryanness.

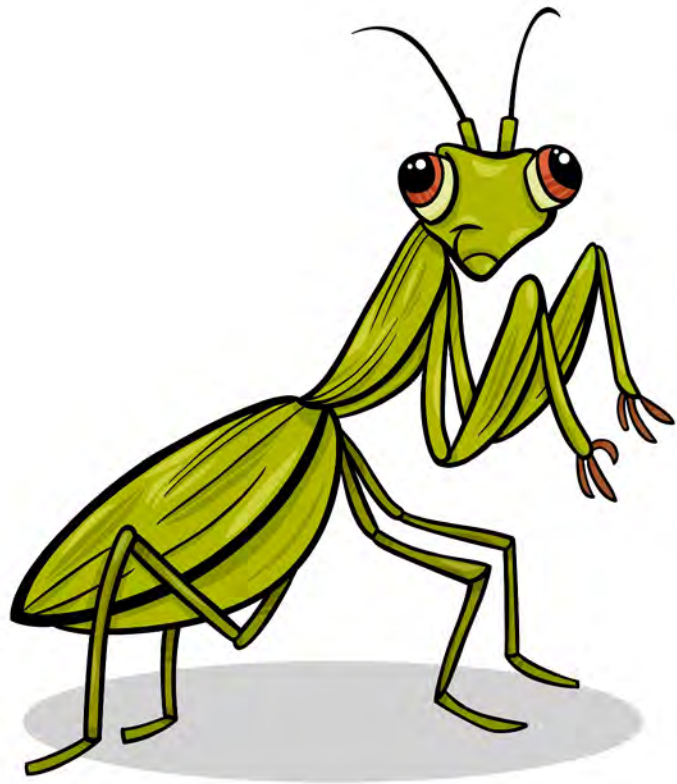
-Ogden Nash



The manatee is harmless  
And conspicuously charmless.  
Luckily the manatee  
Is quite devoid of vanity.

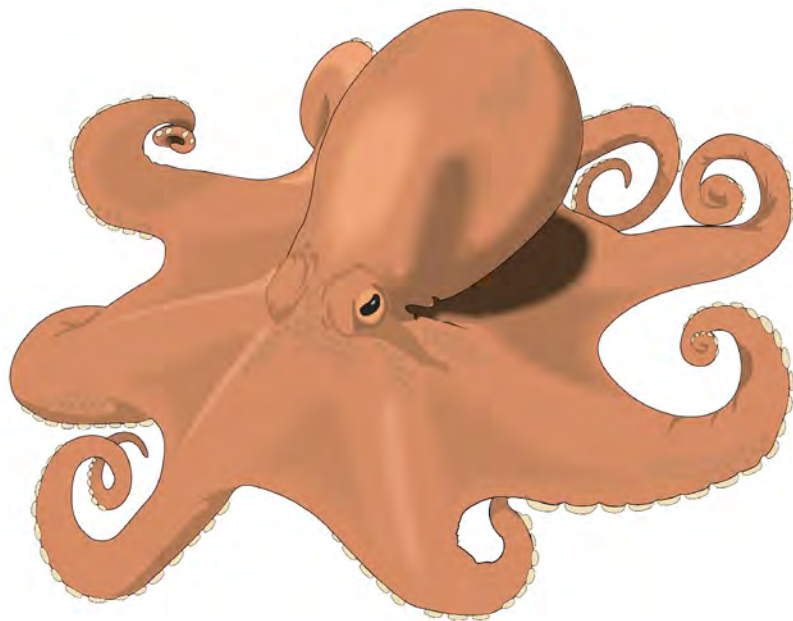
-Ogden Nash





From whence arrived the praying mantis?  
From outer space, or lost Atlantis?  
I glimpse the grim, green metal mug  
That masks this pseudo-saintly bug,  
Orthopterous, also carnivorous,  
And faintly whisper, Lord deliver us.

-Ogden Nash



Tell me, O Octopus, I begs,  
Is those things arms, or is they legs?  
I marvel at thee, Octopus:  
If I were thou, I'd call me Us.

-Ogden Nash





The ostrich roams the great Sahara.  
Its mouth is wide, its neck is narra.  
It has such long and lofty legs,  
I'm glad it sits to lay its eggs.

-Ogden Nash



I love the Baby Giant Panda;  
I'd welcome one to my veranda.  
I never worry, wondering maybe  
Whether it isn't Giant Baby;  
I leave such matters to the scientists:  
The Giant Baby -- and Baby Giantists.  
I simply wish a julep and a  
Giant Baby Giant Panda.

-Ogden Nash





The panther is like a leopard,  
Except it hasn't been peppered.  
Should you behold a panther crouch,  
Prepare to say Ouch.  
Better yet, if called by a panther,  
Don't anther.

-Ogden Nash



Deep in the study  
Of eugenics  
We find that fabled  
Fowl, the Phoenix.  
The wisest bird  
As ever was,  
Rejecting other  
Mas and Pas,  
It lays one egg,  
Not ten or twelve,  
And when it's hatched it,  
Out pops itself.

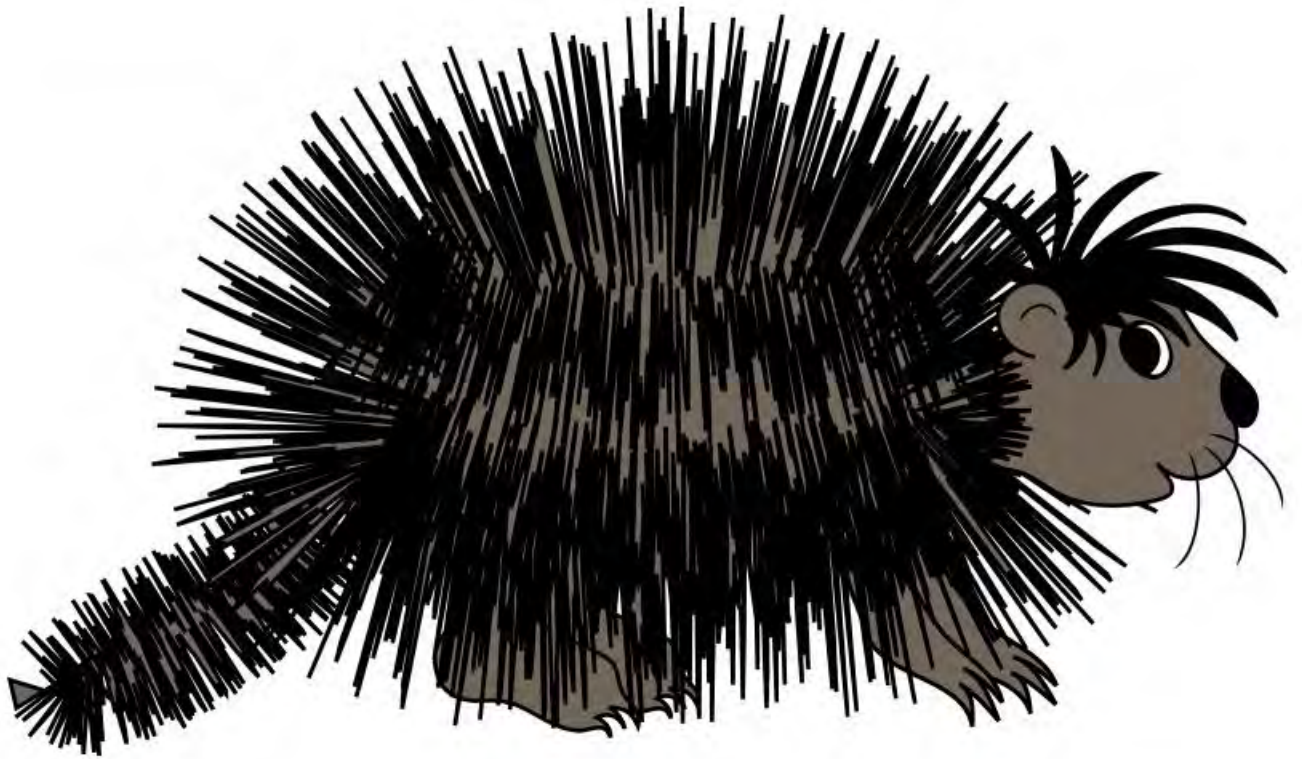
-Ogden Nash





I like the duck-billed platypus  
Because it is anomalous.  
I like the way it raises its family,  
Partly birdly, partly mammaly.  
I like its independent attitude.  
Let no one call it a duck-billed platititude.

-Ogden Nash



Any hound a porcupine nudges  
Can't be blamed for harboring grudges.  
I know one hound that laughed all winter  
At a porcupine that sat on a splinter.

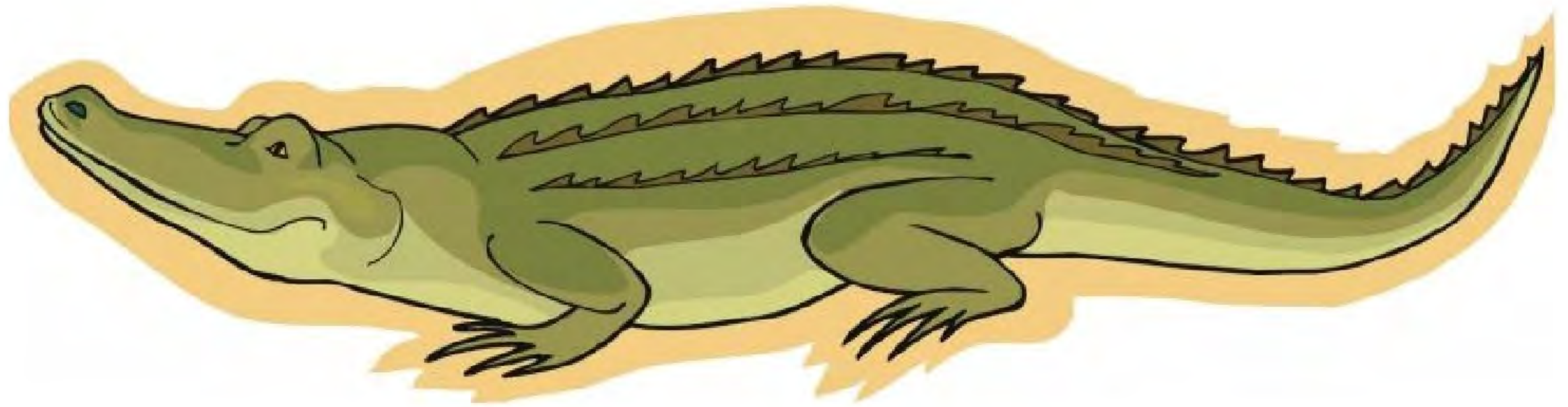
-Ogden Nash



I kind of like the playful porpoise,  
A healthy mind is a healthy corpus.  
He and his cousin, the playful dolphin,  
Why they like swimmin like I like golphin.

-Ogden Nash

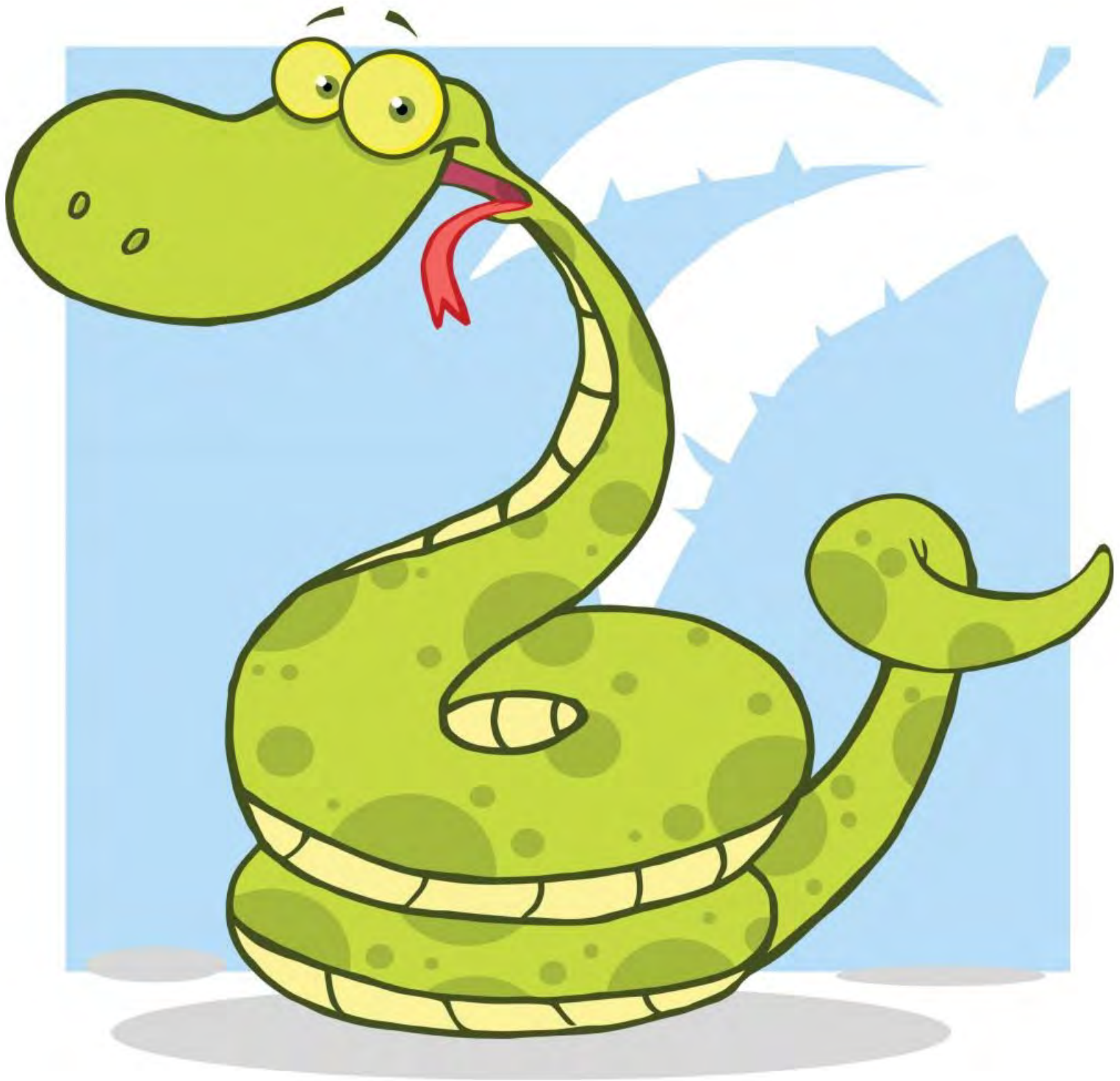




I give you now Professor Twist,  
A conscientious scientist.  
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"  
And sent him off to distant jungles.  
Camped on a tropic riverside,  
One day he missed his loving bride.  
She had, the guide informed him later,  
Been eaten by an alligator.  
Professor Twist could not but smile.  
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

-Ogden Nash





The python has, and I fib no fibs,  
318 pairs of ribs.  
In stating this I place reliance  
On a seance with one who died for science.  
This figure is sworn to and attested:  
He counted them while being digested.

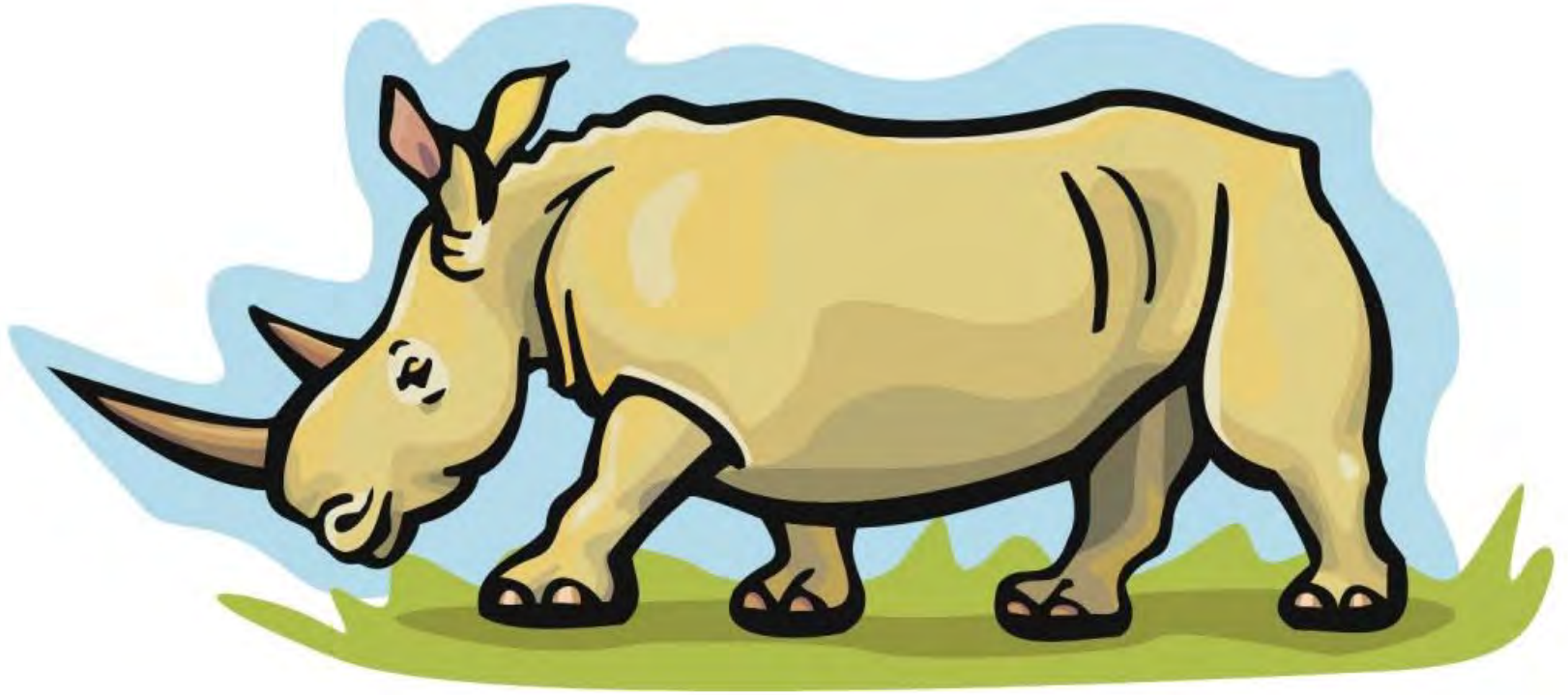
-Ogden Nash



**Here's a verse about rabbits  
That doesn't mention their habits.**

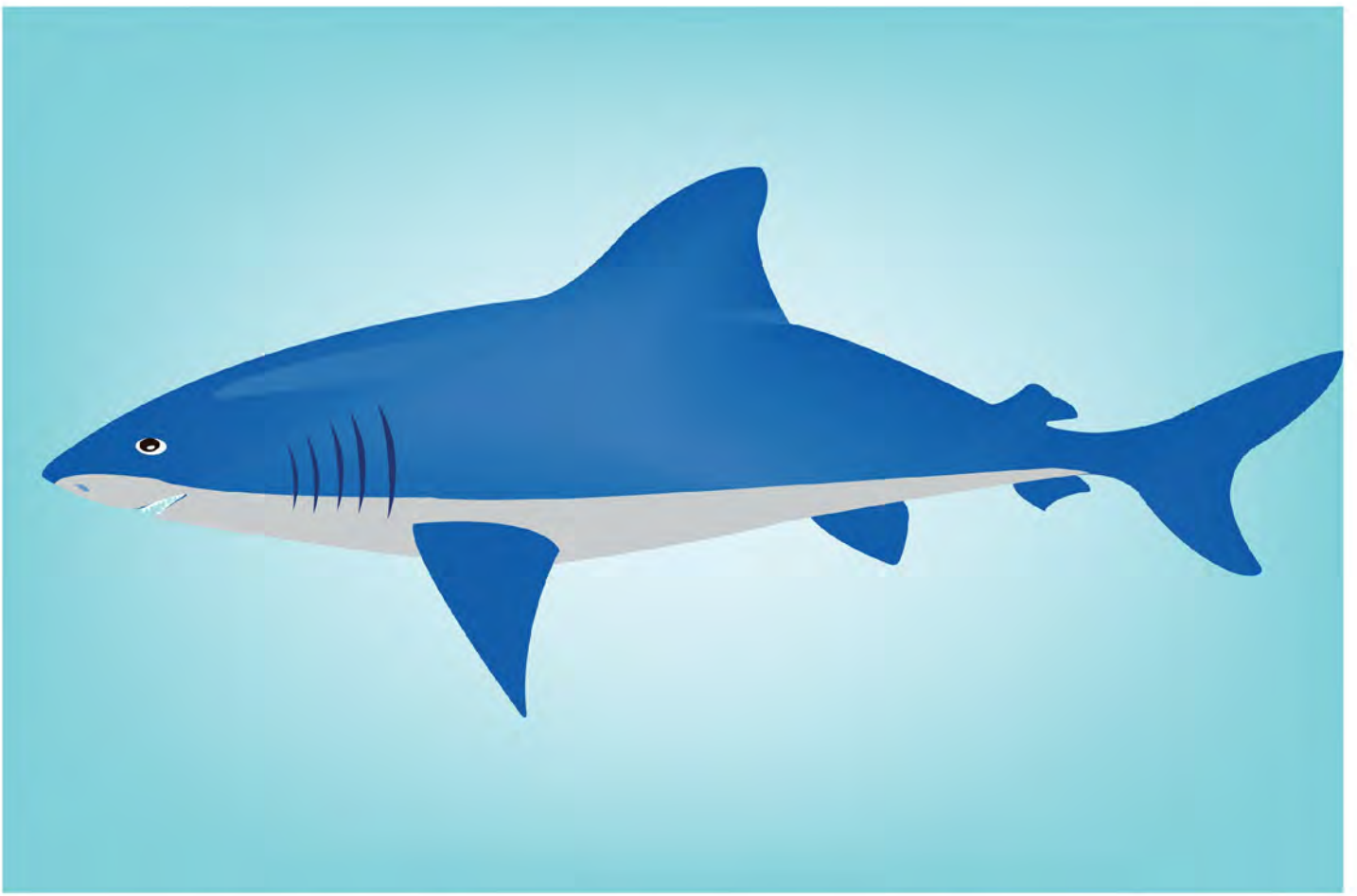
**-Ogden Nash**





The rhino is a homely beast,  
For human eyes he's not a feast.  
Farewell, farewell, you old rhinoceros,  
I'll stare at something less prepoceros.

-Ogden Nash



How many Scientists have written  
The shark is gentle as a kitten!  
Yet this I know about the shark:  
His bite is worser than his bark.

-Ogden Nash





Strange as it seems, the smallest mammal  
Is the shrew, and not the camel.  
And that is all I ever knew,  
Or wish to know, about the shrew.



**A shrimp who sought his lady shrimp  
Could catch no glimpse,  
Not even a glimp.  
At times, translucence  
Is rather a nuisance.**

**-Ogden Nash**





Let us do justice to the skink  
Who isn't what so many think.  
On consultation with a wizard  
I find the skink a kind of lizard.  
Since he is not a printer's whim,  
Don't sniff and back away from him,  
Or you may be adjudged too drunk  
To tell a lizard from a skunk.

-Ogden Nash



What happy appellations these  
Of birds and beasts in companies!  
A shrewdness of apes, a sloth of bears,  
A sculk of foxes, a huske of hares.  
An exaltation 'tis of larks,  
And possibly a grin of sharks,  
But I declare a squirt of squid  
I should not like to be amid,  
Though bachelors claim that a cloud of sepia  
Makes a splendid hiding place in Leap Year.

-Ogden Nash





A squirrel to some is a squirrel,  
To others, a squirrel's a squirl.  
Since freedom of speech in the birthright of each,  
I can only this fable unfurl:  
A virile young squirrel named Cyril,  
In an argument over a girl,  
Was lambasted from here to the Tyrol  
By a churl of a squirl named Earl.

-Ogden Nash



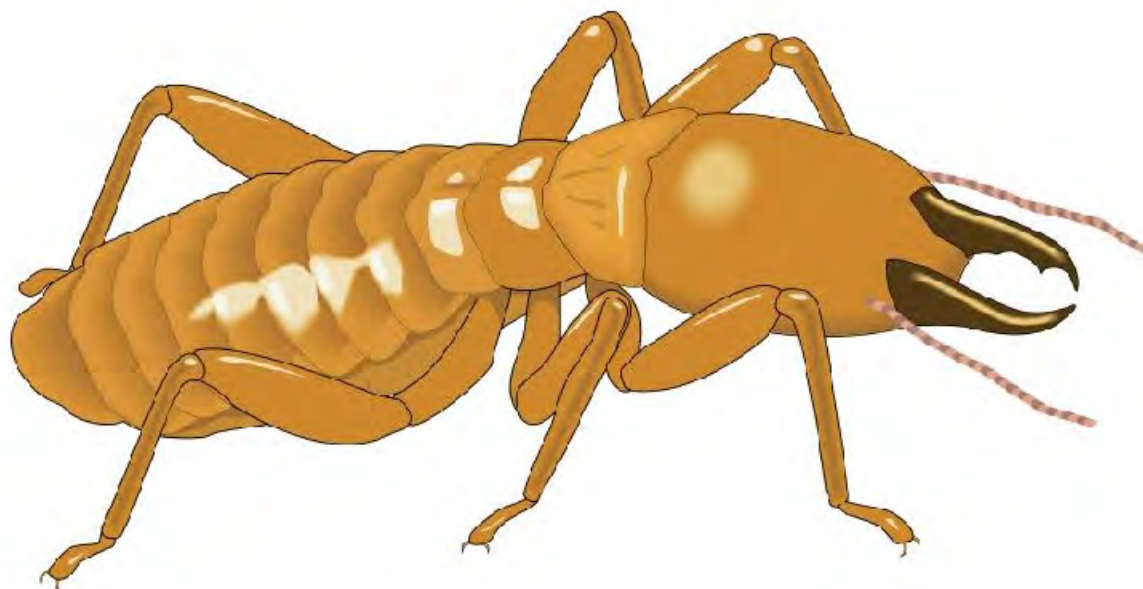


**Scholars call the masculine swan a cob;  
I call him a narcissistic snob.  
He looks in the mirror over and over,  
And claims to have never heard of Pavlova.**

**-Ogden Nash**

---

Anna Pavlovna Pavlova (1881-1931) was a renowned ballerina famous for her creation of *The Dying Swan*.



Some primal termite knocked on wood  
And tasted it, and found it good,  
And that is why your cousin May  
Fell through the parlor floor today.

-Ogden Nash





Come crown my brows with leaves of myrtle;  
I know the tortoise is a turtle.  
Come carve my name in stone immortal;  
I know the turtoise is a tortle;  
I know to my profound despair;  
I bet on one to beat a hare.  
I also know I'm now a pauper  
Because of its tortley turtley torpor.

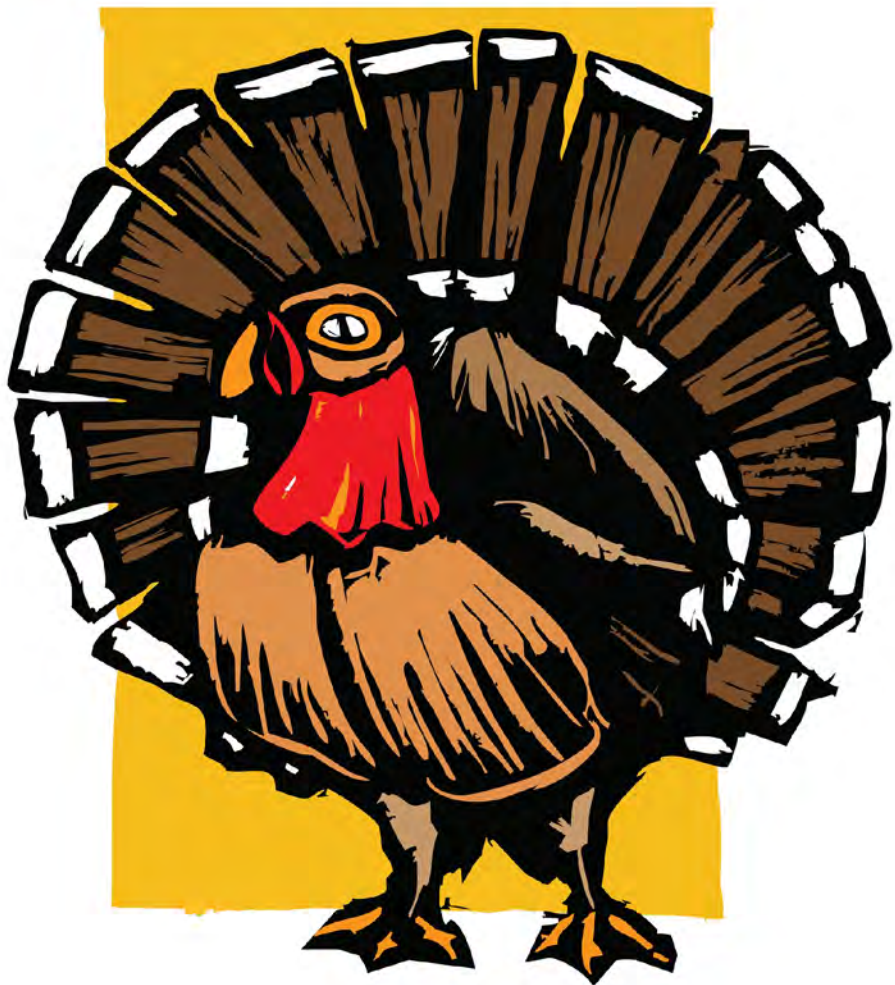
-Ogden Nash





The toucan's profile is prognathous,  
Its person is a thing of bathos.  
If even I can tell a toucan  
I'm reasonably sure that you can.

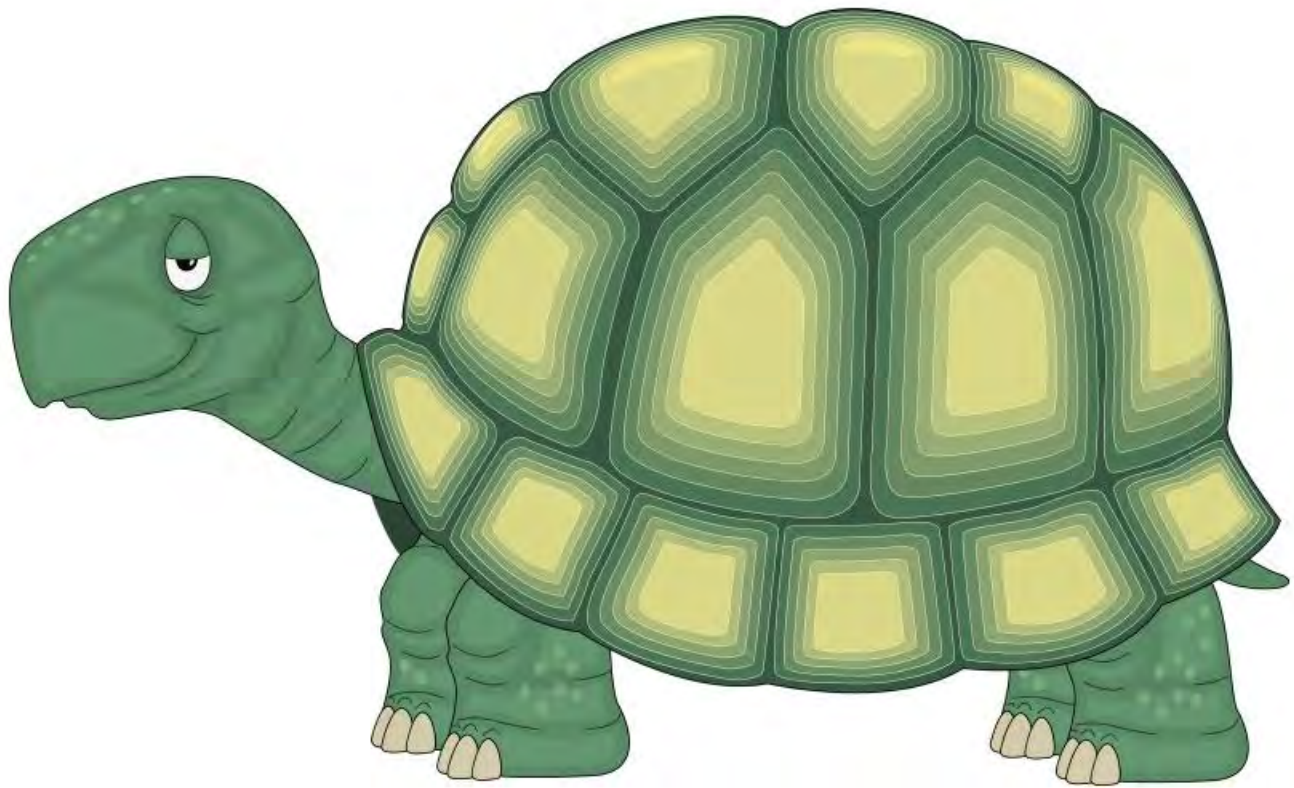
Ogden Nash



There is nothing more perky  
Than a masculine turkey.  
When he struts he struts  
With no ifs or buts.  
When his face is apoplectic  
His harem grows hectic,  
And when he gobbles  
Their universe wobbles.

-Ogden Nash





The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks  
Which practically conceal its sex.  
I think it clever of the turtle  
In such a fix to be so fertile.

-Ogden Nash



The wasp and all her numerous family  
I look upon as a major calamity.  
She throws open her nest with prodigality,  
But I distrust her waspitality.

-Ogden Nash

Note: I changed the pronoun because almost all wasps are female.

-Mich Kabay





The wombat lives across the seas,  
Among the far Antipodes.  
He may exist on nuts and berries,  
Or then again, on missionaries;  
His distant habitat precludes  
Conclusive knowledge of his moods.  
But I would not engage the wombat  
In any form of mortal combat.

-Ogden Nash