

“I’m saying it to argue his idea’s
The same as your idea, only more so.
And I suspect it may be more and more so
The further up the scale of work you go.
You could do worse than boost me up to see.”

“It isn’t just the same, and someday, schoolboy,
I’ll show you why it isn’t — not today.
Today I want to talk about the sun.
May as expected was a disappointment,
And June was not much better, cold and rainy.
The sun then had its longest day in heaven
But no one from the feeling would have guessed
His presence was particularly there.
He only stayed to set the summer on fire,
Then fled for fear of getting stuck in lava
In case the rocks should melt and run again.
Everyone has to keep his extrication.”

“That’s what the Doctor is doing, keeping his.
That’s what I have to do in school, keep mine
From knowing more than I know how to think with.
You see it in yourself and in the sun;
Yet you refuse to see it in the Doctor.”

“All right, let’s harmonize about the Doctor.
He may be some good, in a manner of speaking.
I own he does look busy when the sun
Is in the sign** of Sickness in the winter
And everybody’s being sick for Christmas.
Then’s when his Morgan lights out throwing snowballs
Behind her at the dashboard of his pung.”

“But Cygnus** isn’t in the Zodiac,”
Dick longed to say, but wasn’t sure enough
Of is astronomy. (He’d have to take
A half course in it next year.) And besides,
Why give the controversy a relapse?