

When clever people ask me where  
I get a poem, I despair.  
I'm apt to tell them in New York  
I think I get it via stork  
From some extinct old chimney pot.  
Believe the Arcadians or not,  
They claim they recollect the morn  
When unto Earth her first was born.  
It cost the Earth as fierce a pang  
As Keats (or was it Milton?) sang  
It cost her for Enormous Caf.  
It came near splitting her in half.  
'Twas torn from her Pacific side.  
All the sea water in one tide  
And all the air rushed to the spot.  
Believe the Arcadians or not,  
They saved themselves by hanging on  
To a plant called the silphion,  
Which has for its great attribute  
It can't be pulled up by the root.  
Men's legs and bodies in the gale  
Streamed out like pennants swallow-tail.  
Most of them let go and were gone.  
But there was this phenomenon:  
Some of them gave way at the wrist  
Before they gave way at the fist.  
In branches of the silphion  
Is sometimes found a skeleton  
Of desperately clutching hand  
Science has failed to understand.  
One has been lately all the talk  
In the museum of Antioch.  
That's how it was from the Pacific.