

## Quandary

Never have I been glad or sad  
That there was such a thing as bad.  
There had to be, I understood,  
For there to have been any good.  
It was by having been contrasted  
That good and bad so long had lasted.  
That's why discrimination reigns.  
That's why we need a lot of brains  
If only to discriminate  
'Twixt what to love and what to hate.  
To quote the oracle at Delphi,  
Love thy neighbor as thyself, aye,  
And hate him as thyself thou hatest.  
There quandary is at its greatest.  
We learned from the forbidden fruit  
For brains there is no substitute.  
'Unless it's sweetbreads\*, ' you suggest  
With innuendo I detest.  
You drive me to confess in ink:  
Once I was fool enough to think  
That brains and sweetbreads were the same,  
Till I was caught and put to shame,  
First by a butcher, then a cook,  
Then by a scientific book.  
But ' twas by making sweetbreads do  
I passed with such a high I.Q.

\*Sweetbread is derived from the thymus of a young animal such as a calf.  
Тимус (thymus; греч. thymos тимьян, анат. Thymus) - вилочковая железа животных является деликатесом.  
Таламус (лат. Thalamus) — область головного мозга.