

ONE  
XXIX

than(by yon sunset's wintry glow  
revealed)this tall strong stalwart youth,  
what sight shall human optics know  
more quite ennobling forsooth?

One wondrous fine sonofabitch  
(to all purposes and intents)  
in which distinct and rich  
portrait should be included,gents

these(by the fire's ruddy glow  
united)not less than sixteen  
children and of course you know  
their mother,of his heart the queen

—incalculable bliss!  
Picture it gents:our hero,Dan  
who as you've guessed already is  
the poorbuthonest workingman

(by that bright flame whose myriad tints  
enrich a visage simple,terse,  
seated like any king or prince  
upon his uncorrupted arse

with all his hearty soul aglow)  
his nightly supper sups  
it isn't snowing snow you know  
it's snowing buttercups