

Walt Mason

The Poet Philosopher

The flu is dying out, but let us not despair—we still may have the gout, and falling of the hair. The flu had quite a run, for weeks 'twas all the rage; but now its course is done, it toddles from the stage. I know it's hard to part with such a charming pest; but cheer up, craven heart, don't flutter in my breast!

THE EPIDEMIC

It's vain to weep because one popular disease from public view withdraws, and people cease to sneeze. The soul heroic scorns such weaklings as may droop; we still may have our corns, our measles, mumps and croup. For potions and for pills we still may go in debt; the good old standard ills, thank Pete, are with us yet. There's no excuse for health, no pardon for the blues, since we have such a wealth of ills from which to choose. Cry out no vain alacks, and shed no briny seas, but read your almanacs, and pick some choice disease. Friend after friend departs, and now the flu retires; but why have aching hearts, why twang sepulchral lyres? For there's a balm beneath the star-be-spangled vault; we still have aching teeth, and rheum described as salt.

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