

# Light Verse

## WORKING IN VACATION

DROWSY afternoons of summer,  
What a spell your sunshine throws!  
Here I've come to do some good work,  
And I doze—doze—doze!

I have hastened from the city,  
Thinking here no time I'll lose,  
So I make all snug and comfy,  
Then I snooze—snooze—snooze.

In the city, loud distraction  
For real work no chance allows:  
In the country—quick, my paper,  
Pen, and—drowse—drowse—drowse!

If I close my eyes a moment  
To arrange my mental lumber,  
Just as I begin my thinking,  
I'm in slumber—slumber—slumber.

I arouse me of a sudden—  
Dulness shall not o'er me creep!  
I must work now—here! get busy!  
Then—I sleep—sleep—sleep!

*George Jay Smith*

## THE OPEN SEASON

("Ideal summer home; location unsurpassed,"  
*et cetera*)

A FOOL there was, and he paid his fare  
(Even as you and I)  
To a neck of woods and a bungalow bare  
(The agent called it a bargain rare),  
And the fool he thought that the deal was square  
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the leaks that soaked and the range that  
smoked

And the servants we lured in vain  
Belong to the agent we did not know  
(And now we know we never should know)  
And never could trust again!

A fool there was, and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I)  
Travel and time and a thumping rent  
(And it all worked out as the agent meant)  
For a fool must follow his natural bent  
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the cost or the comforts we lost  
That sting with a rankling pain—  
It's coming to know that we swallowed the hook  
(Seeing at last that we bolted the nook)  
And probably would again!

*Corinne Rockwell Swain*

## KILLING TIME

IF you want to kill time,  
I'll advise you in rime  
How to do it;  
It will go in a breath,  
If you work it to death!  
Now go to it!

*Faye N. Merriman*

## WE ARE ONE

WE are one, so said the preacher,  
"One until death do thee part";  
Yet I buy two railroad tickets,  
And I reckon from the start  
That I must  
Find the dust  
For two.

We are one; but there is trouble  
In the camp if I suggest  
That one opera seat is plenty,  
Or one hat and coat and vest.  
Clothes she'll buy,  
And—well, I  
Need a few.

We are one, and yet the waiter  
Brings two orders when we dine.  
What would happen if 'twere single,  
And the "better half" were mine?  
There would be  
A mêlée,  
That's true.

We are one; but who'll acknowledge  
That the preacher told no lie?  
Is there any one to back him?  
I'll not bet on him, not I!  
I will swear  
We're a pair—  
That's two.

*Alice Lindsey Webb*