



Ode to the Working Man:

Never a moment of idle time

Mr. Smytt refused the sign

For if he'd stopped,

a moment to pause

He would've certainly

seen the cause

For he lived by work and work alone

In irritation he heard the phone

The wave of nausea met the man

The cows were out

on the neighbor's land

So on his tractor he did ride

To fix the fence and set things right

Eighty-five years and counting still

The man had worked

on sheer hard will

The buzzing again, is it the phone?

What's that noise?

when he's all alone!

The pain came from every angle

No time to sleep, it's time to wrangle!

But to drift away, his mind did slide

What will he take to the other side?

He couldn't see the sun, past the horizon

For Arthur Smitt would no longer be rising,

The fly on his cornea was busier than he

It wasn't the reason he could no longer see

Work wasn't done, not that day nor the next

Had Arthur Smitt been there, he'd surely been vexed!