

EXCELSIOR

(Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

The shades of night were falling fast,
When home the lamp shade came at last,
Which I had bought that very day
In town, packed in a sort of hay—
Excelsior.

My brow was sad when I beheld,
To what a size the shade had swelled;
For surely, if it were not such,
They'd never, never need so much.
Excelsior.

I bore the package to my room
For how could I forsee my doom?
I pushed the desk and table back,
And slowly started to unpack
Excelsior.

I burrowed deep and downward dug
Until I'd covered all my rug
I spread it there upon the floor,
But still I pulled out more and more
Excelsior.

"It cannot be" I said at last,
"That in my rush the shade I've passed"
But though the lamp shade I may miss,
I know I never ordered this
Excelsior.