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Immortality

by
Joseph Jefferson





Class PS3519

Book E3I5

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IMMORTALITY

By
Joseph Jefferson

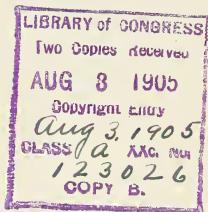
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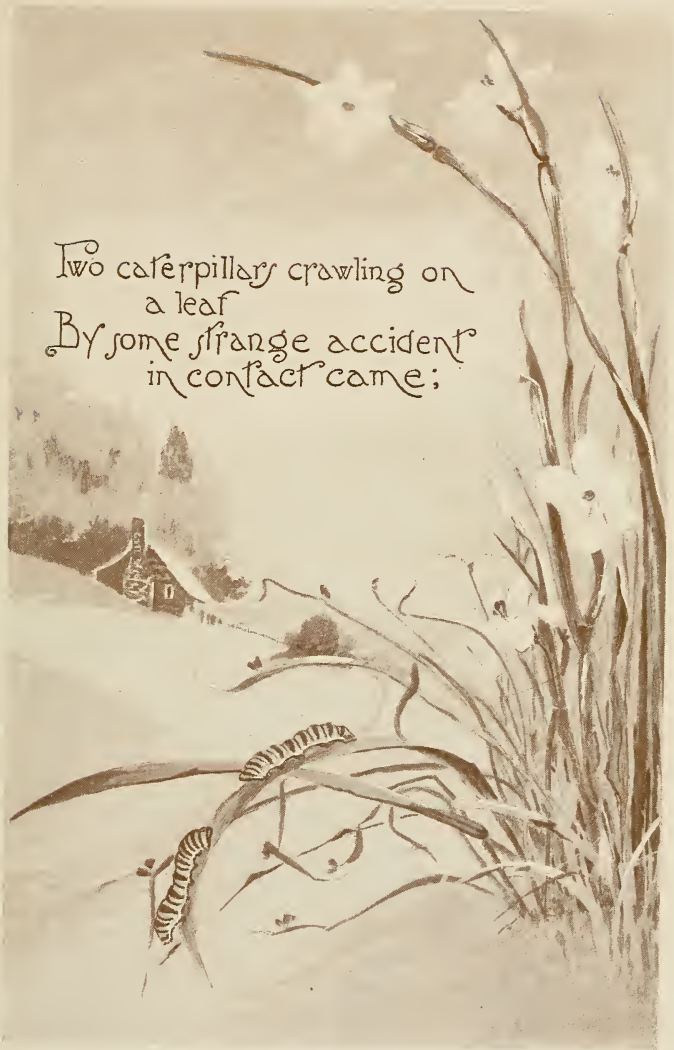
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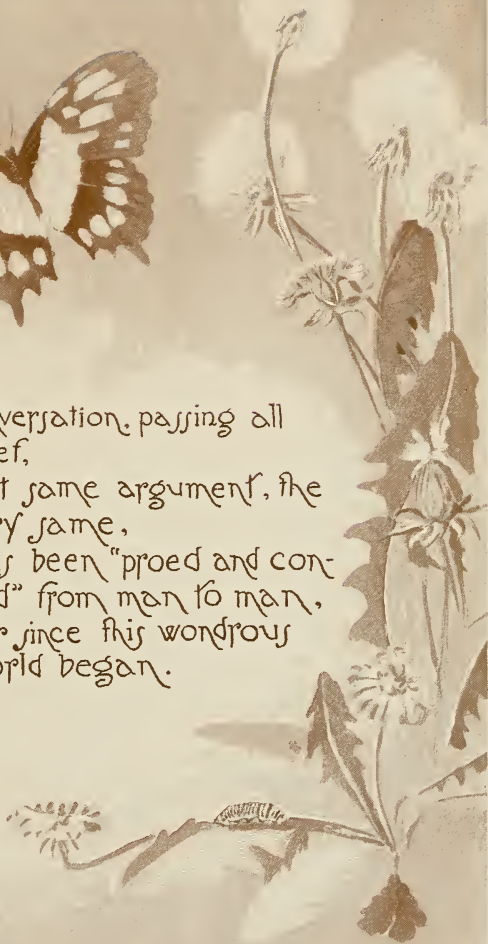
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Two caterpillars crawling on
a leaf
By some strange accident
in contact came;



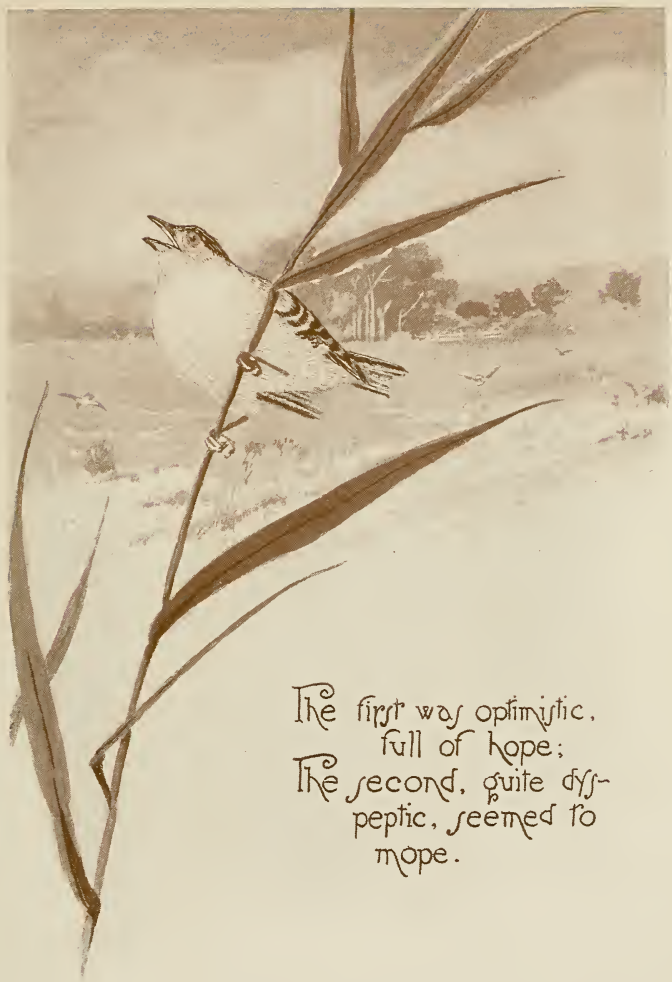


Their conversation, passing all
belief,
Was that same argument, the
very same,
That has been "proved and con-
ned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous
world began.

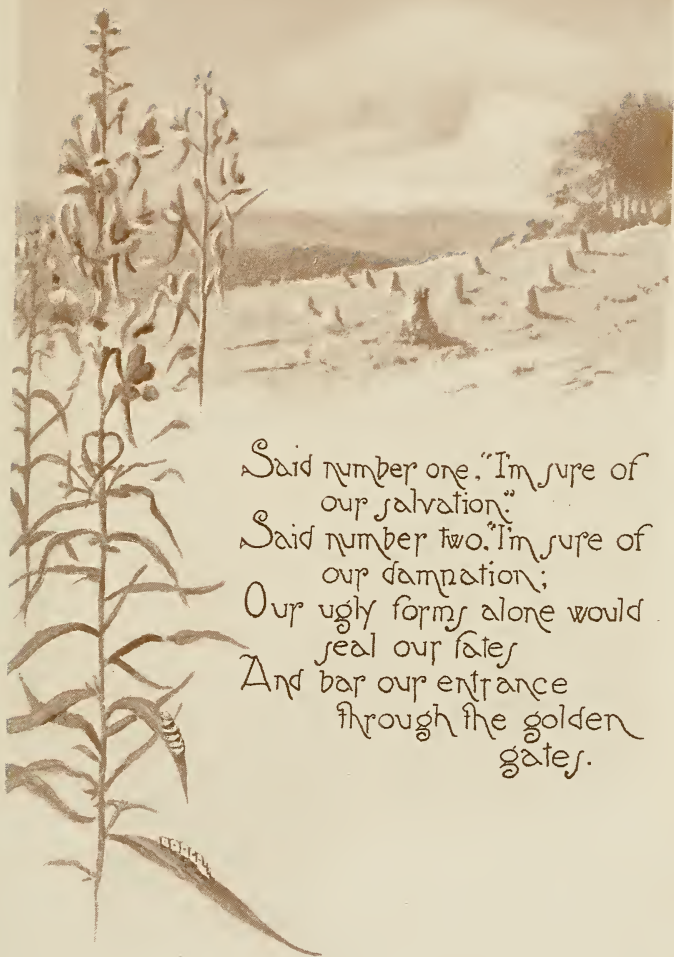




The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.



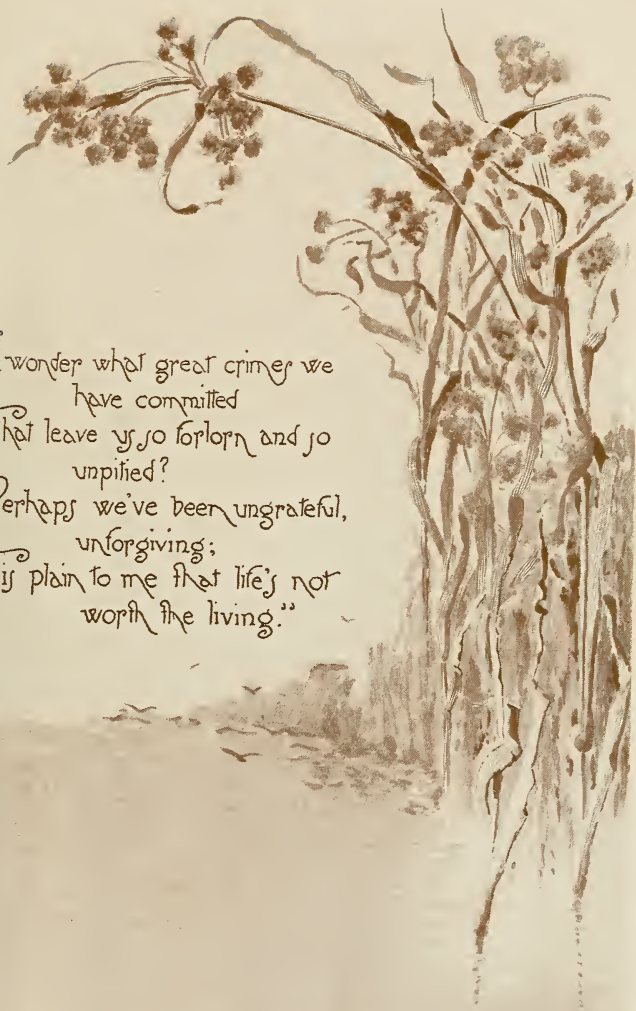
The first was optimistic,
full of hope;
The second, quite dys-
peptic, seemed to
mope.



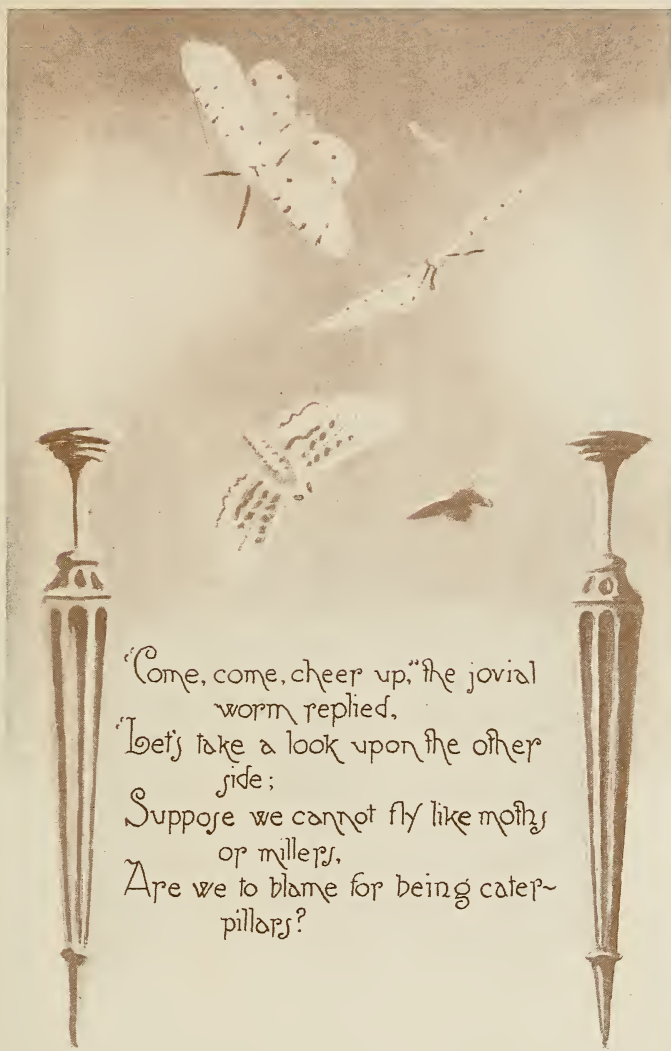
Said number one, "I'm sure of
our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of
our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would
seal our fates
And bar our entrance
through the golden
gates."



"Suppose that death should take us un-
awares,
How could we climb the golden
stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us
by
Would angels bid us welcome in the
sky?"



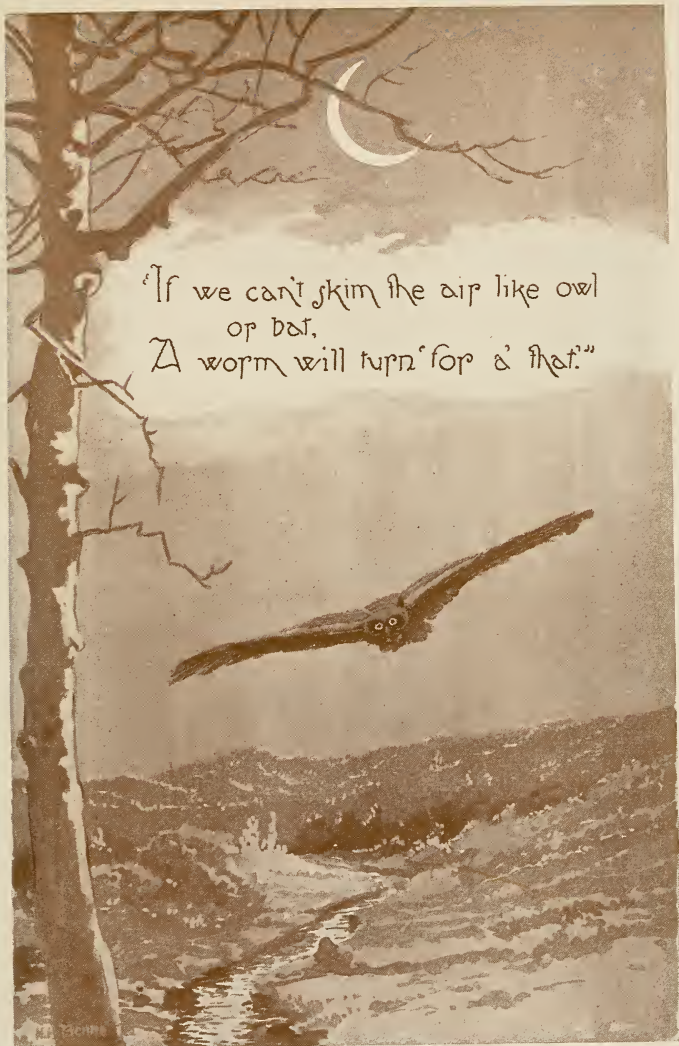
"I wonder what great crimes we
have committed
That leave us so forlorn and so
unpityed?
Perhaps we've been ungrateful,
unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not
worth the living."



'Come, come, cheer up,' the jovial
worm replied,
'Let's take a look upon the other
side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths
or millers,
Are we to blame for being cater-
pillars?'



Will that same God
that doomed us
crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given
birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats
and sings
And damn poor us because we
have not wings?



If we can't skim the air like owl
or bat,
A worm will turn for a that."




They argued through the summer;
autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;



And so, to make their
funeral quite com-
plete,

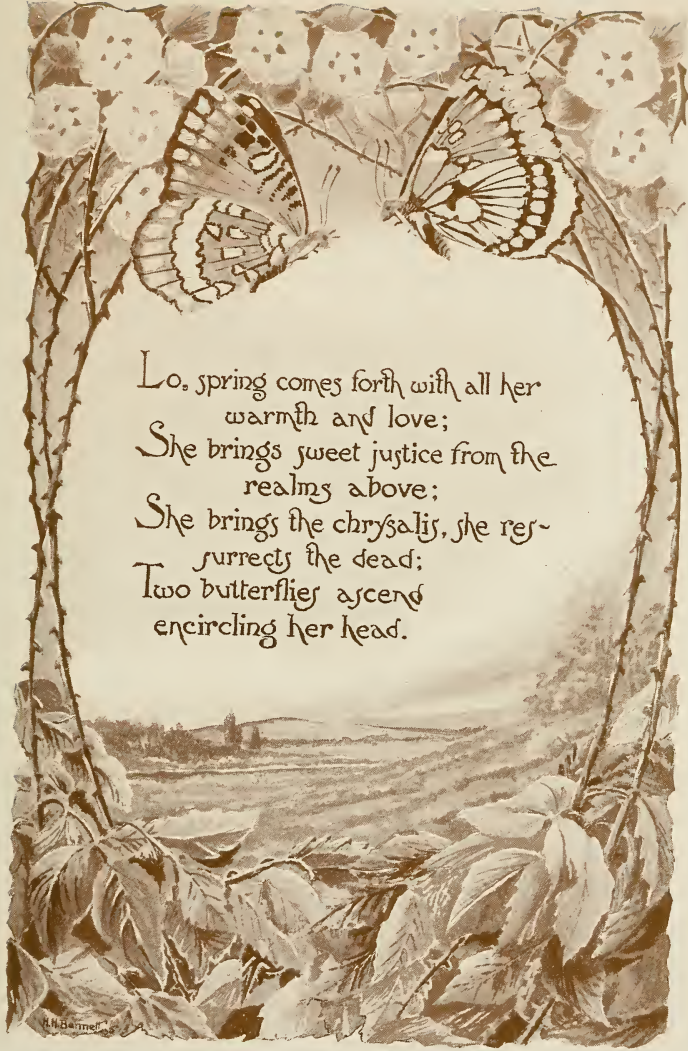
Each wrapped him in
his little winding
sheet.



The tangled web
encompassed them
full soon,
Each for his coffin
made him a
cocoon;



All through the winter's chilling blast
they lay,
Dead to the world, & dead of human
clay.



Lo, spring comes forth with all her
warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the
realms above;
She brings the chrysalis, she res-
urrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend
encircling her head.



And so this emblem shall
forever be
A sign of immortality.



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