

HUMOR

David Law Proudfit

(1842-1897)

Prehistoric Smith (c.1907)

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him--
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
A reverie austere,
While with his tail he whisked a fly
From off his ear.

“Mankind deteriorates,” he said,
“Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
Yet more effete.

Nature abhors imperfect work,
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man.

But fashion’s dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense;
And Fashion says, to dock your tail
Is just immense.

And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag?”

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale;

And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose
And wagged his tail.