

CROCODILE

The crocodile he lives his life so slow,
He lives a hundred years.
He says that's all the faster he will go,
And no one interferes.
He sees the sky that clears.

By night he sees the stars hang down so low,
A million chandeliers,
And watches them revolving huge and slow
On grand and soundless gears
Where nothing interferes.

The nightingale he lives his life so fast,
His months are all like years.
His quivering heart can never stop to rest,
But beats and perseveres,
Then breaks and disappears.

He flies so fast he cannot stay to know
The peace that crosses years,
And yet he makes his music even so
And leaves it in our ears
Across the sky that clears.

And we are of the race of men
And know the two together
Five o'clock will never come,
Though the years have dropped like feathers.