

ONE DAY AS DYLAN SAT IN A TREE

One day as Dylan sat in a tree,/  
There appeared below a three-handed man./

He clapped with two hands--the other was free--/  
And cheered, loud and long, like a fan./

"Brave youth! Bold boy!" the man below cried,/  
"I've ne'er seen a lad such as you,/"

"Although I've traveled both far and wide,/  
"And slipped a little sideways, too."/

"You must be aware--perhaps you don't care-/  
"You're much higher than small boys go."/

"You're so high in your lair-wayyy up in the air/  
"Where butterflies fly to and fro/"

"If you lost your grip, if you started to slip,/  
"You'd fall like a rock or a stone./

"You'd fall on your head, or maybe your hip,/  
"You'd most probably break a bone./

"You might stub your toe, you might split a nail,/  
"You might even dirty your clothes./

"Such things can happen, they do without fail,/  
"And things even much worse than those./

"What if you spit or started to snore?/  
"What if you picked your nose?/"

"All these can happen from climbing too high/  
"And you'll find that often they do./

"When such things can happen," he said with a sigh,/  
"Don't you think they can happen to you?"/

**"Dylan I am, son of Lorf and Joe,/  
"A Fane by birth and proud to be so./**

**"My courage is great, I'm not scared of pain,/  
"I'm totally fearless as befitting a Fane./**

**"I'm happy in trees, I can hang by my knees,"/**

He said, proceeding to do so./

"I can dangle myself however I please,/"  
"Hang down by my tongue or a toe."/

The man hid his eyes, unable to look/  
"Please don't," he cried from below/

"Your tongue is for eating, it's not a hook,/"  
"It just might come *off*, and never regrow."/

"There are things I can do," Dylan replied,/"  
"That may seem a danger to you,/"

"But I am special, it can't be denied./"  
"Here's *some* of the things I can do:/"

"I'll outleap a leopard, pounce like a cat/  
"I'll beat any horse in a race,/"

"I'll wrestle a grizzly, swallow a bat/  
"Stand for six hours in one place,/"

"Creep up on a tiger, take off his stripes,/"  
"Make them a suit for my dad,/"

"Tear up an organ and smoke all its pipes/  
"Oh, I can be awfully bad./"

"I'll outfox a ferret, lift up an ox,/"  
"Crawl underground like a snake./"

"If I get hungry I'll chew up some rocks/  
"Then go for a swim in the lake./"

"No waiting an hour, no waiting for me/  
"I'm a *wild* boy, I'm Dylan P."/

"These are just some of the things I can do/  
"And I can still offer lots more/"

"But I'm afraid it's too scary for you/  
"To learn what else is in store."/

"Oh, tell me, dear lad, I'm longing to hear/  
"Although I admit to some qualms./"

"I do get so nervous with you way up there,"/  
said he, while wiping his palms./

"Some are so frightening," young Dylan said,/  
"You'll have to come way up here."/

"My methods are secret, they're not wide-spread,/  
But I'll *whisper* them in your ear."/

"If I were to join you, I'd need a chair,/  
"I'm simply too fat for that limb./

"I'd need a ladder to get me up there,/  
"While you are so admirably slim."

"A diet of rocks will *do that for one*,"  
Dylan said, rubbing his tummy.

"It gives lots of roughage, but isn't much fun./  
"I'd rather eat food that's *yummy*./

"Toenail of hippo, the gunk that's beneath;/  
"A salad of octopus spine./

"Then tusk of walrus for picking my teeth/  
"After a glass of beerbelly wine."/

"Dear lad," the man cried, "please don't continue./  
"It's not that I'm not in the mood./

"But most of my parts are held on by glue;/  
"And I fear I'm coming unglued./

"I'm losing my head over you," he said,/  
"It happens once in a while."/

And as he predicted, off fell his head/  
With a rapidly fading smile./

It fell with a plop on the top of his shoe  
Where it lay with a sheepish grin./

"I've been craning my *neck* to look at you,/  
"Now look at the shape I'm in."/

"These things will happen, of course," Dylan said,/  
"But I have to admit it's *rare*."/

**"It's so hard to function without your head,/**  
**"You really should take greater care."/**

"Well, not to worry," the odd man replied,  
As he bent to comb his hair./

"I thought it might happen," he wearily sighed.  
"Fortunately, I do have a spare."/

"Since break of dawn," he sadly went on,  
"I knew I was coming unstrung./

"I found my third hand out on the lawn/  
"Where it had been carelessly flung,/

"By the maid--a lass I simply adore--/  
Who thought it to be a buckle/

"Which I had carelessly left on the floor.  
"Alas, it was really my knuckle./

"My lower left leg she hung on a hook/  
"Beside the chest of drawers./

"And both my webbed feet, when I went to look,/br/>"A naughty young swan was employing for oars.

"Part of my nose was in use for a hose/  
"But I think it's simply too much/

"If, lacking permission, they take off my toes/  
"And use my right leg for a crutch."/

"You just can't imagine how silly I look/  
"When I crawl about on all fours.

"'Course I don't mind if they use me for sport,  
"As long as they do it outdoors."/

**"Must be a nuisance," young Dylan agreed./**  
**"To have your parts out on borrow./**

**"What if you wanted to travel with speed/  
"But won't have your leg 'til tomorrow?/**

**"As for myself, for both hand and leg,/**  
**"A law that is written in stone/**

**"Is no matter how they plead and beg,/**

"I won't give my limbs out on loan./

"Speaking of limbs there's a lesson to draw/  
"And the wisdom is plain to see./

"As written clearly in Shakespeare's saw:/  
"Nor borrower nor lender be."/

Nodding his neck to show he concurred/  
The odd man reached deep in his tote/  
And with much display but nary a word/  
Placed a new head on his throat./

He checked to be sure he was properly wired/  
And when at last he was done/  
He glanced at Dylan and shyly inquired,/  
"Do you think I look better with this one?"

"My nose is not so prominent now,/  
"My eyes are wider spread./

"Taken all in all--I can't say quite how--/  
"I do think I've come out ahead."/

"That's most interesting," Dylan chose to respond,/  
"Assuming I had any interest."

"And I see where it's going," (he silently yawned)/  
"With spare parts you've clearly been blessed./

"Now if you'll excuse me, it's time for my nap,/  
"A habit I often employ,/  
"Taught by my grandpa, as I sat on his lap./  
"He's done it since he was a boy./

"His beard is white but his poetry's great,/  
"His mind is quick, his thoughts are deep./

"Every so often I've heard him relate/  
"That he owes it all to adequate sleep./

"One time I saw him asleep in a tree/  
"-A habit not developed by chance-/  
" `There's nothing to it,' he said to me"

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" **'Just wrap your tail around a branch.'**"/

And without so much as a further peep/  
Dylan lowered his head and went to sleep./

Clinging to the branch by tail and by toes,/   
He closed his eyes and proceeded to doze./

So when you're outdoors, look up in a tree,/   
And twined round a bough in a boyish shape/

There just might be something amazing to see,/   
It could be a sloth, it could be an ape,/

Is it a pillow with elbows and nose?/   
It's hard to tell, I know it's confusing/

The answer is, it's none of those./   
Don't be surprised. It's just Dylan snoozing./

He's such a good boy, he sleeps when he should,/   
That's one of the things that makes him so good./

That's one of the things that you could do too,/   
He's gone to sleep now and so should you./