A comfort to look upon
is a mollic epipedon.

Which stands in all its glory upon
the Argillic -- which is rather illitic.

Dense and firm rests the fragipan --
as a lower part of this rolling land --
designed to make an abode for man.

But Lo! Whence comes yonder man
to abide upon this land?

Is he here to improve upon this plan --
that was designed to edify man?

Dour and bemused he stands,
to ponder, dig, and rest upon --
this stately mollic epipedon.

The brown book, green book, and black book --
are all brought to bear
to arrive at a decision the higher clan --
will deem fair.

The light was dimming in the west --
when all the facts had been laid to rest --
in the little black book
which must govern by hook or crook.

It was painful to see by the look on his face
that facts were a trouble --