

Pity the Pig

Can a pig his sty make neat?
Will he tidy up the floor?
Must he wallow in the muck,
Unheeding of the oozing stench?
Must he push aside his mates,
gorge himself, and eat his fill?

If you neaten up his sty,
he will mess it up again.
If you tidy up the floor,
he will strew it with his waste
till its aroma again smells sweet
to his inquiring snout.

Never to search for unknown worlds,
To sing a song, or write a book,
Or chuckle at a well-timed joke.
Never will he love—or hate,
Never be his best—or worst,
Never rise above himself.