

Green is Green

Hear now the tale of Irene,
Who lives in Arch Cape that's so green:
One very strange day
In the middle of May
She noticed a change in the scene.

The trees growing out by her door
Were not really green any more;
"Why lookit", she said,
"They're all turning red"

I wonder now why and what for
Stranger things happened to dogs
Near the house built out of logs;
The black dogs were white
The brown dogs a fright;
And then she saw two purple hogs.

"Why are the colors all wrong?
I hope that it won't last too long
That crow is all white
That green gull's a sight
And I wonder what's wrong
With their song?"

The culprit was the white crow;
Why he was white we don't know;
But he had a strange power
To stare and to glower
And cast spells wherever he'd go.

The white crow said, "If I'm white
Then that is my color by right
New gulls of Arch Cape
Will never escape
My spell that will change them
From white."

New gulls that hatched from that day
Were neither so white nor so gray;
Each one was hatched green;
For a gull that's obscure
And other words gulls often say,

But the gull that lived close to Irene
Did not like at all to be green
"My old Uncle Joe
Was as white as the snow
And could be seen in the green of the scene."

"The white crow has done this to me;
So he is the one I must see;
If I am all green,
Then please change the scene,
So I am the one that you see."

"OK, said the crow, that is cool;
All the wrong colors will heal;
Crows and gulls stay the same,
But in this new game,
All other things we will feel.
Green will be red I would say;
And brown will be some kind of gray;
Black's white, I would think,
And purple is pink,
And as for the blue, why die!"

Irene said, "I don't think it's right;
Black should be black and not white;
Tomorrow I'll yell
For the logs' secret spell."
And then our Irene said Good Night

Irene called the logs' secret spell
As soon as she heard alarm bell

"No more white is black
Please put colors back
Let all be chromatically well!"
The log spirit was wont to obey
What logkeeper Irene had to say;
So white crow was black
And all colors went back
To where they had been yesterday

Now that the gull is not green
And all colors fit right in the scene
It's time here to say

"A Happy Birthday
And chromatically correct days
For Irene!"

Jim 8/98