

# warty bliggens, the toad

i met a toad  
the other day by the name  
of warty bliggens  
he was sitting under  
a toadstool  
feeling contented  
he explained that when the  
cosmos  
was created  
that toadstool was especially  
planned for his personal  
shelter from sun and rain  
thought out and prepared  
for him

do not tell me  
said warty bliggens  
that there is not a purpose  
in the universe  
the thought is blasphemy

a little more  
conversation revealed  
that warty bliggens  
considers himself to be  
the center of the same  
universe  
the earth exists  
to grow toadstools for him  
to sit under  
the sun to give him light  
by day and the moon  
and wheeling constellations  
to make beautiful  
the night for the sake of  
warty bliggens

to what act of yours  
do you impute  
this interest on the part  
of the creator  
of the universe  
i asked him  
why is it that you  
are so greatly favored

ask rather  
said warty bliggens  
what the universe  
has done to deserve me

if i were a  
human being i would  
not laugh  
too complacently  
at poor warty bliggens  
for similar  
absurdities  
have only too often  
lodged in the crinkles  
of the human cerebrum

archy



by don marquis, 1927.