

The  
Owl and Nightingale  
Revisited

a  
satire  
in a fraction  
of a scene

1st Edition  
Revised

6/10/63

### Prologue

I'll tell to you a recent tale  
about an owl deprived of thought,  
about a deplumed nightingale,  
of how the two have fought.

5 When the latter sees the former  
Her words she stores up pent,  
For the former on the latter  
His wrath is want to vent.

10 For seasoned reasons is his claim,  
But no believer of this same  
That female in the duel.  
A little child believes he her.

But her beliefs toward that he  
aren't easy to infer:  
15 If sight had might  
It's sure him dead we'd see.

He likes it not, how they proceed,  
and thinks she feels the same.  
But what are they to do,  
20 Their molds a common frame.

Their cast alike  
In stubbornness,  
With little rest  
Each other seeks to best.

25 It had its start  
in calm November air.  
about perfected things  
she strongly shook her hair:

30 "I like your song,  
But when you're near you wrong.  
I'll let you sing,  
But of your ways

35 I've had enough.  
It's not that you're despised,  
It's just there are some things  
That must be hid;

40 "I'm not a little kid!  
You'd best get out of sight  
Before we start a fight.  
Go flap your windy wings."

Portentous words are these,  
What is their source  
Which means so clear  
That warmth has turned to freeze?

45

This troubles cause  
The owl would know:

"Oh female head,  
Listen to me please.

50

once you redid a job for me  
In perfect form, as anyone can see.  
If I apply some reasoning,  
I think you mean to tease."

His claim is made in friendship's name  
But base such friends she's known.

55

"Most surely it's not this same  
Or cease he would from all this chatter.

'It's deeds that really matter;

Not all your noise can e'er replace one act  
How close your mouth, go dip your tongue,  
Get out of here.' "

60

What's left for him to say?

What's left for his retort?

For such he knows to be the truth,  
The truth is known to be this fact.

65

But when she hits with such an eye  
What is the act to satisfy?

"Go away," she says, "I will do."

But "no" says he,

70

"You've challenged me,  
and every day it's shown;  
The very way I'm pushed,  
The jobs so freely thrown."

75

"Nonsense," her words,  
"Now go 'way - fly,  
Else you're hated 'till I die,  
You read me false."

80

"So be it may.  
But list' I pray,  
A little talk would cure some ills,  
Then out of reach we'll stay."

"O you're vile,  
you would only me defile."  
"How do you know?"  
"What makes you sure?"

85 "A woman feels,  
she senses feels,  
and anyway your invitation's bad.  
It's also out of date.

And friends all want much more  
90 Than that for which they sue.  
You once were kind,  
What's happened to your mind?

You read what's false as true  
The birds in trees close by  
95 are treated just alike.  
Don't read as false what's true.

Refine yourself  
Before on me you fix your gaze."  
"Aha, but it's acts you say,  
100 Not feelings hid,

and anyway,  
although the invitation's old,  
you can renew it in a glance,  
For you're a female bold.

105 Don't feed to me that food.  
Why say YOU false the true?  
If others such a treatment knew  
of yours there'd be no type.

110 And if my mind's deranged,  
you know the reason it has changed.  
For sure you are a little child;  
I'm too, because I'm riled.

115 Now once you said a song you'd sing,  
I haven't heard it yet.  
I believe you meant that thing  
and even had for me respect.

120 you once would show your kin to me,  
It never came about.  
The other birds you don't maltreat  
when you they try to greet.

you haven't tried me as a friend,  
It's YOU who reads ME wrong.  
My only wish is to repay  
some debts for things I've gained.



125

My wish it is to really show  
Some thanks for what you do so fine;  
Perhaps of this you'll truly know  
When age is brought by time."

130

"My brother kind  
Let's not annoy;  
There's better things  
He can enjoy.

135

Of noise you make too much  
Some things are better left alone.  
My minds made up  
and final are my words:

Truly, get out of here,  
I do not want you near."

140

"Never, until you grow a little up,  
Or not until the story's told.

I wish to sing to you as friend,  
I wish to pierce the icy cold.  
But since you stay not out of mind,  
I'm forced to play in kind.

145

you'd better guard yourself,  
or soon will be your doom.  
on you remains one plume,  
If you don't watch, it's plucked!"

## Epilogue

and thus they go.

150 They're both so mad,  
so cold, so bold;  
antagonists today.

He wished to give what can't be given,  
she wished to get what can't be got.

155 They once each held in high esteem,  
Perhaps much more than's known.

Even as I write these words  
she takes a lot from him,  
From her he takes as much;  
160 But still they won't give in.

They've each the other sent away,  
They both torment, and make the other say;  
'Though neither one can turn to hate,  
still it seems they won't abate.

165 Some preciousness is gone,  
But still he wants her near,  
Examination seems to show vice-versa,  
And yet they do each other fear.

Who will sit and on them pass?  
170 If it's as the reverends say,  
Then God's to serve as judge;  
But, until he's able to,

I'm inclined to take this view:  
Of guilt they're equal in this fray.  
175 She by silent reticence,  
He with cutting words intense.

Right may be my whi M,  
Neither one will wi N.