



"THE AMEBA"

An ameba, grown too portly,
Elongates itself and shortly
Parts itself into amebae twain. Now, this form of reproduction Has its
points, if your construction
Lets you split yourself without a pain. It avoids the complications
That beset our copulations,
Which we try to regulate in vain.

Thus a piece of protoplasm
Undergoes bipartite spasm,
As it did in Eozoic clime;
Each ameba, now existing,
Is a unit, yet persisting,
Which has flourished since the dawn of time. In this neat and sober
fashion,
Unbetrayed by human passion, Multiplies this deathless bit of
slime.
Still, there must be something missing To a life that knows no kissing,
Nor the other games the sexes play. Surely, Solomon and Sheba
Had more fun than that ameba E'er will know forever and a day.
So I'd rather love my lassie
Than to be a little, glassy,
Protoplasmic speck and live for ay.