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Jacek CUDNY

THE FERNS

There was a resounding feud
in a certain mountain's foot.
It was a two fern's dispute.
They were clashing in a wood.

One of them said: " You are small
I' am different. I' am tall."

Than the other said angrily:
"Your words are shocking me, really,
because you, even in hills,
even gulping hundred pills,
are much smaller than I, so
I am big, but you are low."

The answer was quick and laud:
"What are you talking about ?
You are smaller, I can bet,
even in a large top hat,
'coz I am two meters tall !"

"You are taller ?! Not at all !
I can tell you: Stop ! Enough !
Your words are causing to laugh !"

Then, probably from the sky,
the voice said to the ferns: "Hi.
Please, excuse me, but your tiff,
will be finished in a jiff,
when you find out that my height,
from the left and the right side,
is, in meters, all my life,
six hundred and forty five."

Shocked ferns asked: "How many ?!!!"
and any of them, any !,
made a very silly face,
hid in a concealed place,
and from there, each of the two,
asked a stranger: "Who are you ?
Tell us, please. We want to learn."

" So ... My name is The Mount Fern."