

## [On National Poetry Day...](#) [1]

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...here is one of my favourite poems by Ogden Nash, which is as appropriate now as it was when he wrote it in the midst of the US government's measures to prevent 'overproduction' during the Great Depression.

### **One From One Leaves Two**

Higgledy piggledy, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen.  
Gentlemen come every day  
To count what my black hen doth lay.  
If perchance she lays too many,  
They fine my hen a pretty penny;  
If perchance she fails to lay,  
The gentlemen a bonus pay.

Mumbledy pumbledy, my red cow,  
She's cooperating now.  
At first she didn't understand  
That milk production must be planned;  
She didn't understand at first  
She either had to plan or burst,  
But now the government reports  
She's giving pints instead of quarts.

Fiddle de dee, my next-door neighbors,  
They are giggling at their labors.  
First they plant the tiny seed,  
Then they water, then they weed,  
Then they hoe and prune and lop,  
They they raise a record crop,  
Then they laugh their sides asunder,  
And plow the whole caboodle under.

Abracadabra, thus we learn  
The more you create, the less you earn.  
The less you earn, the more you're given,  
The less you lead, the more you're driven,  
The more destroyed, the more they feed,  
The more you pay, the more they need,  
The more you earn, the less you keep,  
And now I lay me down to sleep.  
I pray the Lord my soul to take

If the tax-collector hasn't got it before I wake.

? *Ogden Nash*

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