She: ONE! two! three! One! two! three!
Why don't you come down the stairs like me?

He: I would not go down the stairs like that,
Hoppetty hop like a pussy cat.
I don't stop to count one! two! three!
Why don't you slide down the rail like me?

She: I would not slide down the rail like you,
With your legs a waggling wiggledy woo.
One! two! three! One! two! three!
Why don't you go down the stairs like me.

The Poet: "So every one else if the truth
be confest,
Thinks the way that he chooses
must always be best."

November 22.

November 23.

November 24.

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