

THE CRITIC

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
“Now which of all the flowers around,”
It mused, “Shall I come out?”

“The lily’s face is fair, but proud,
And just a trifle cold;
The rose I think is rather loud,
And then, its fashion is old.

“The violet is pretty well,
But not the flower I’d choose;
Nor yet the Canterbury bell,
I never cared for blues.”

And so it criticized each flower,
That supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer morn,
And found itself a weed.

- Author Unknown