

Nature is Funny

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Nature is Funny

Abstract

Primitive warmth and intimacy with nature surge into the sagging spirits of Irene and me at Wake Robin.

Schlup: Nature is Funny
Nature is Funny

By Lester A. Schlup

Primitive warmth and intimacy with nature surge into the sagging spirits of Irene and me at Wake Robin. The land is in the blood and in the soul. We have learned that nature makes it extremely uncomfortable for us unless we keep ourselves in constant partnership with fundamental life . . . unless we partake frequently of the sacraments of sun and soil, of rain and air undimmed by urban pollution and free from the glare of city lights.

We have found that communion with nature brings brightness to our moods and a throb of buoyancy to our bodies. It is apparent to us that nature weaves a magic tapestry of soothing loveliness around Wake Robin, a masterpiece of rapturous radiance which enriches our lives. It is indeed an anodyne which refreshes the body, diverts the mind, and exalts the spirit.

To smell the flood tide . . . to lie on the scented grass basking in the warm sunshine and gazing in contemplative reverie at the cream-puff clouds in a bright turquoise sky . . . to hear the water lazily lapping the shores at night while the wind sings in the shadows . . . to welcome April's kindly smile through silver threads of rain . . . to listen to the songbirds in May chanting a happy greeting to the rising sun . . . to marvel at the chirruping sounds of the spring peeper serenade . . . to wonder about the great stars flashing low in the black sky and the full moon quenching her thirst in the creek . . . to become intoxicated with crisp autumn weather . . . to take a relaxing stroll through the woods . . . these sounds and sights and smells are the simple, homely ways of enjoying life. It is an enjoyment that expands one's world beyond the humdrum world of many who must endure the frustrations, the anxieties, the boredom, the insomnia experienced in the miserably narrow confines of metropolitan domesticity.

Nature generously soothes our lives with glamour and makes them delightful in a quickening endeavor to help us outwit to some extent the dreary emotional effects of everyday living. Most certainly we are

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Yet, even so, Irene and I find that nature is funny, too. Not funny in a humorous sense, but funny in a queer, strange way. Although it is true that she kindles our lives with loveliness, it is also true that in many instances she does the ironic things that make life more difficult for us. She archly persists in pursuing her own defiant path without regard to our desires.

Naturally, of course, we cannot expect to enjoy the blessings of nature without also suffering the discomforts that nature's unbending laws can inflict. We must expect nature to quest her own way. Certainly we cannot hope to understand her affairs better than she does herself. Unfortunately for us she will not completely adapt herself to our demanding whims, our comforts, and our likes.

This, then, is the way that life seems to us at Wake Robin, a place where nature can be divinely beautiful and simultaneously unpleasantly funny.



Nature is Funny

- Nature is funny you'll agree,
So chock full of fiddle-de-dee
When blithely she exerts her best
To torment us with impish jest.
- Ants are gregarious creatures
With exasperating features;
They single file into the kitchen
Causing lots of red-hot bitchin'.
- The lowly termite toils in the dark
Where your house is such an easy mark;
It works silently, but is quite brash,
Gnawing till your lovely house goes smash.
- A mouse is a sprightly critter;
It chews holes in the foundation
Leaving scads of smelly litter
And widespread agitation.

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- Chiggers are tiny and pernicious,
They bite in spots hard to find;
How can they be so grimly vicious
Rampaging on your soft behind?
- The cricket is a peerless creature
Whose chirping is a cheering feature;
So nice to listen to at night,
But can you find it? No, not quite!
- The mosquito is a monstrous pest,
An annoyance we so much detest.
There is nothing that we'd rather swat
Than smashing that bug into a blot.
- My head bows low to the turtle
Who must be as deft as hell
To be so constantly fertile
While housed in an armored shell.
- The bumblebee is a honey,
But not so much as the bunny;
The bunny eats all the flowers
So we don't need missing showers.
- The cockroach is no tormentor,
Instead it's skilled as a mentor;
It teaches us to be cleaner,
In return we treat it meaner.
- Black snakes aren't hard to take;
They are called the farmer's friend;
Maybe this is a mistake,
Snakes are hard to comprehend.
- The caterpillar looks quite fuzzy,
Her fur matches that of a hussy.
No doubt this sexy predilection
Is only for her safe protection.

- The mole is a constant digger;
Day after day it is a bore;
Its tunnels get bigger, bigger;
Moles are something to abhor.

- The oyster is a mollusk rare;
For building health it has a flair;
On oysters you can eat your fill
And get full many a sexy thrill.

- Worms slither on the sopping ground;
For fishing they do mighty well;
In humid weather they abound,
But, golly gee, how dead worms smell!

- The crab is an ugly creature,
Swimming sideways is its feature;
It attacks in a wrathful mood,
All the same, it's yum-yum food.

- The cruel, inscrutable spider
Paralyzes each fleeing bug
And digests it inside her
While looking so supremely smug.

- Here's to the frisky grasshopper
With manners highly improper;
When it is caught it will unloose
A sweet mess of tobacco juice.

- Let's rid ourselves of the greedy moth
That hides in such secluded places
And so maliciously defaces
The best of our elegant cloth.

- The cicada is so very queer,
Its high-pitched screeching is acute
And pierces through your inner ear,
For cicadas I don't give a hoot.

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- Butterflies give us supreme delight,
They never sting, nor do they bite;
Their rainbow colors lustrously
Flash through the air with artistry.
- Swatting the housefly is no snap,
Or catching it in a fly trap,
But, strangely, flies are good to eat,
They have more protein than does meat.
- The rollicking raccoon in merry mood
Sports a burglar's mask while stealing food;
She is indeed a gay marauder
For which we laughingly applaud her.
- Nature's travesties are legion,
They prevail in ev'ry region;
While they may be aggravating,
Still they are quite captivating.
- That nature's funny there's no doubt,
And so darned difficult to flout,
Yet we endure her pranks each day,
Accepting them as nature's way.

