WHEN WILL THE ORDER OF SHRINE BE DEAD?

When the Black Stone eats grass like an ox,
   And the fishworm swallows the whale;
When the Camel knits woolen sox,
   And the hare is outrun by the snail.
When sea serpents stand upright like men,
   And doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When Camels feed like the hen,
   And feathers are found on hogs.
When the Camels swim thru the air,
   And elephants roost on trees,
When insects in summer are rare,
   When snuff never makes people sneeze.
When fish creep over dry land,
   And Camels on bicycles ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
   And women in dress take no pride.
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
   And girls go to preaching on time;
When billy goats butt from the rear,
   And treason no longer is crime.
When Devils Pass brays like an ass,
   And limburger smells like cologne;
When plow-shares are made out of glass,
   And hearts of true Nobles of stone.
When ideas grow on a Camel’s hump,
   And wool on a hydraulic ram;
Then will the Order of Shrine be dead,
   And the country won’t be worth a damn.
Lay Down Here—Sweet Mama, I’ll Take It Now!

Chicago—Here We Are, El Zora Temple, 124 Marion, Ind.