

THE BY-PRODUCT

Watch Your Turn—Who's Next?"

BY T-BONE SLIM

As your are, lad, so once was I—
I, too, did wipe the glasses dry;
As I am now, so you shall come—
Some day you, too, shall be a bum.

Not many juveniles escape
The sad estate of this poor skate;
Not many fossils at my age
Survive the system's brutal rage.

I, too, was wise when of your size—
Disdained to think or organize,
And made of one good, kindly me
A vassal to the powers that be.

As I am now, so you shall be—
Subservient to necessity;
But while my lot is easy had,
I never can be like you, lad.

For one can ne'er regain his youth
And nurse an aching wisdom tooth:
As once did I, as you do now—
A dunce foredoomed to scrape and bow.