

THE WALRUS AND THE PETROL MAN

<p>The sun was shining on the sea, Shining with all his might: He did his very best to make The billows smooth and bright-- And this was odd, because it was The middle of the night.</p>	<p>The sun shone down upon the sheen, He shone his shining light On twinkling petrochemicals, Their spectra sparkling bright, And this seems odd, because that oil Was really black as night.</p>
<p>The moon was shining sulkily, Because she thought the sun Had got no business to be there After the day was done-- "It's very rude of him," she said, "To come and spoil the fun!"</p>	<p>The moon declined to show her face Though stars were overhead, Deterred by toxic fumes that rose And bubbled from the bed Or wafted from the surface where Dispersants had been spread.</p>
<p>The sea was wet as wet could be, The sands were dry as dry. You could not see a cloud because No cloud was in the sky: No birds were flying overhead-- There were no birds to fly.</p>	<p>The Gulf's green waters rolled ashore On bayou, beach and bay And brought along the weeds and waste They'd picked up on the way, As well as dead and dying things, Destruction and decay.</p>
<p>The Walrus and the Carpenter Were walking close at hand: They wept like anything to see Such quantities of sand: "If this were only cleared away," They said, "it <i>would</i> be grand!"</p>	<p>The Walrus and the Petrol Man Had just stepped from the bar And started strolling down the beach, Consid'ring from afar Just what it was that might be done To clear the place of tar.</p>
<p>"If seven maids with seven mops Swept it for half a year, Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "That they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the Carpenter, And shed a bitter tear.</p>	<p>"If seven maids with seven mops Swept it for half a year, Do you suppose" the Walrus said, "That they could get it clear?" "I doubt it," said the Petrol Man, And shed a bitter tear.</p>
<p>"O Oysters, come and walk with us!" The Walrus did beseech. "A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, Along the briny beach: We cannot do with more than four, To give a hand to each."</p>	<p>"I'd like to have our lives back, sir," The Petrol Man complained. "These locals are small people, sir," The Walrus he explained, "Perhaps, if we consulted them, Their wrath might be contained?"</p>

<p>The eldest Oyster looked at him, But never a word he said; The eldest Oyster winked his eye, And shook his heavy head-- Meaning to say he did not choose To leave the oyster-bed.</p>	<p>"A Town Hall meeting's just the thing. That's sure to gain their trust. It works for politicians, sir, It ought to work for us." The Petrol Man, with furrowed brow, Said, "All right, if we must."</p>
<p>But four young Oysters hurried up, All eager for the treat: Their coats were brushed, their faces washed, Their shoes were clean and neat-- And this was odd, because, you know, They hadn't any feet.</p>	<p>The Walrus grabbed his megaphone: "Come learn the full details! Come creatures great and creatures small! Come shrimps and wasps and whales! Come pelicans, come loggerheads, Come snakes and snipes and snails!</p>
<p>Four other Oysters followed them, And yet another four; And thick and fast they came at last, And more and more and more-- All hopping through the frothy waves, And scrambling to the shore.</p>	<p>"Come Oysters, get up from your beds, Come Mussels from your shoals," The Walrus said invitingly, "And as the water rolls The Petrol Man and I will share Our worst case clean-up goals."</p>
<p>The Walrus and the Carpenter Walked on a mile or so, And then they rested on a rock Conveniently low: And all the little Oysters stood And waited in a row.</p>	<p>The local creatures gathered round To hear what they might hear. The Oysters clustered near the front, Their faces tense with fear. The Walrus stood. He cleared his throat. His word were calm and clear:</p>
<p>"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things: Of shoes--and ships--and sealing-wax-- Of cabbages--and kings-- And why the sea is boiling hot-- And whether pigs have wings."</p>	<p>"The time has come," the Walrus said, "A remedy's at hand: It's booms, and berms, and sieves, and scoops, And whopping bags of sand, And sponges, and detergents Of a cheap generic brand."</p>
<p>"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried, "Before we have our chat; For some of us are out of breath, And all of us are fat!" "No hurry!" said the Carpenter. They thanked him much for that.</p>	<p>"Now hold it there," the Oysters cried, "That hardly seems an answer! What of our jobs? And habitat? And tourism? And cancer?" The Petrol Man just shook his head: "There's much more to the plan, sir:</p>
<p>"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said, "Is what we chiefly need: Pepper and vinegar besides Are very good indeed-- Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear, We can begin to feed."</p>	<p>"Some golf balls and some shredded tires Is what we chiefly need! Some robots! Shears and diamond saws! A nonstop online feed!" "With these things, yes," the Walrus said, "We can't help but succeed!"</p>

<p>"But not on us!" the Oysters cried, Turning a little blue. "After such kindness, that would be A dismal thing to do!" "The night is fine," the Walrus said, "Do you admire the view?"</p>	<p>"We've chatted up the President, And several admirals, too," Said Petrol Man, "and they're convinced There's nothing else to do." "But what of compensation?" cried The Oysters, turning blue.</p>
<p>"It was so kind of you to come! And you are very nice!" The Carpenter said nothing but "Cut us another slice. I wish you were not quite so deaf-- I've had to ask you twice!"</p>	<p>The Petrol Man looked heavenward And stood in uffish thought, Then sighed and said, "O Oysters, Has our caucus been for naught? Is money all you think about? You say you can be bought?"</p>
<p>"It seems a shame," the Walrus said, "To play them such a trick. After we've brought them out so far, And made them trot so quick!" The Carpenter said nothing but "The butter's spread too thick!"</p>	<p>"I hear your doubts," the Walrus said, "They cut me to the quick! You think I'm talking for my health? You think this is some trick?" By now the rising tide of goo Was many inches thick.</p>
<p>"I weep for you," the Walrus said: "I deeply sympathize." With sobs and tears he sorted out Those of the largest size, Holding his pocket-handkerchief Before his streaming eyes.</p>	<p>"I weep for you," the Walrus said: "I deeply sympathize. But accidents will happen, eh? That's not a big surprise. You need us more than we need you: To cross us isn't wise."</p>
<p>"O Oysters," said the Carpenter, "You've had a pleasant run! Shall we be trotting home again?" But answer came there none-- And this was scarcely odd, because They'd eaten every one.</p>	<p>The Petrol Man said, "There you are: "We've made our plans succinct. What say you, friends?" He mopped his brow, And wiped a tear and blinked. But answer came there none because Them critters were extinct.</p>