

# The Hispid Hare and the Polar Bear

by David P. Gontar (December 2016)



The Hispid Hare and the Polar Bear

Went up in a hot balloon

They had no fear of the Stratosphere

As they floated to the Moon.

The cow with the crumpled horn sailed by,

And blackbirds in a pie,

And things looked grim for she and him

As they tumbled through the sky.

Said Bunny to her Arctic mate,

"I fear we've lost our way,  
But it's not too late to roller skate  
To the palms of Mandalay."

So without a care they skumbled there  
Just in time for tea  
But they drank so much that they soon lost touch  
With the likes of you and me.

And now at night when the Moon does yawn  
And swallows up the stars  
The Hispid Hare and the Polar Bear  
Pick buttercups on Mars.

O, take me there, sweet Polar Bear  
There's always room for three;  
I'll darn your socks with hollyhocks  
And mend your dreams for free.

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