



## Fossils

At midnight in the museum hall  
The fossils gathered for a ball  
There were no drums or saxophones,  
But just the clatter of their bones,  
A rolling, rattling, carefree circus  
Of mammoth polkas and mazurkas.  
Pterodactyls and brontosauruses  
Sang ghostly prehistoric choruses  
Amid the mastodontic wassail  
I caught the eye of one small fossil.  
"Cheer up, sad world," he said, and winked—  
"It's kind of fun to be extinct."

by Ogden Nash

