

## THE BODILFEST

After *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*  
by Edward Lear.

When Jack was sixty and Carsten was  
young,  
In Stony Brook next the sea,  
A party was planned  
Where they danced hand in hand,  
And drank to Topologee, ogee,  
And drank to Topologee.

“That party was fun,” quoth Jack the  
next day,  
“We must do it again, you agree?”  
“When Bodil is older  
I’ll be somewhat bolder,  
I’ll do it,” said Carsten, said he, said  
he,  
I’ll do it,” said Carsten, said he.

And Carsten was good as his word,  
you know,  
He sent out a call to the crew.  
“By special request:  
The Bodilfest.”  
They all answered by quarter past  
two, past two,  
They all answered by quarter past  
two.

So they all flew away  
For three nights and a day  
To the land of the late night sun.  
And there in a wood  
A torpedo it stood  
And the Bodilfest had begun, begun,  
And the Bodilfest had begun.

They talked for hours and hours each  
day  
In a room with a miniscule screen.  
And late at night,  
For their delight,  
Arrived platters of chicken and  
cream, and cream,  
Arrived platters of chicken and  
cream.

They talked of matings and rabbits  
and glue,  
Which they surgered with deftness  
and ease.  
A stretch and a twist,  
And a flick of the wrist,  
And a theorem before you could  
sneeze, could sneeze,  
And a theorem before you could  
sneeze.

A Viking ship came to take them –  
too soon–  
Across the wide Fjord to the sea.  
And so at last  
The Bodilfest  
Was ended with feasting and glee,  
and glee,  
Was ended with feasting and glee.