

## HOW CRITICS TURN OUT

A little seed lay on the ground,  
And soon began to sprout;  
Now, which of all the flowers around  
It mused, Shall I come out?  
The lily's face is fair and proud  
But just a trifle too cold;  
A rose I think is rather loud  
And then, its fashion's old  
The violet is all very well  
But is not a flower I'd choose;  
Not yet the Canterbury bell —  
I just never cared for blues.  
And so it criticized each flower,  
This supercilious little seed,  
Until it woke one summer morn,  
And found itself — a weed.

**Author unknown**