

The State of the Botanist

Telling It Like It is

Move to Florida, the Mildew State
Get the Tropical Torpor and vegetate
Live without winter, spring, or the fall
Where the mycelial funginess creeps over all.

Dwell among oldsters who can't stomach change
No chills, no thrills, no home on the range
Go where even the day lengths are static
If your mind's too fragile to grasp the dramatic.

Join the decrepit and the gone-to-bleep
Line up early for the chow that's cheap
Surrounded by weeds from everywhere
Bask in the dishwater Crackers call air.

Move to Florida, stroll through the woods.
Look for the birds, look out for the hoods.
Move to Florida, decay with impunity,
Expire in a New Jersey retirement community.