

To a Mouse, Robert Burns (1785)

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell—
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou are no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

To a Gator, Tim Davis (2008)

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous Gator,
O, what a panic, soon or later,
When Tallahassee's comin' at yer,
 To axe thy budget!
Oh what departments, Legislature,
 You'll tell 'Go budge it!' ?

It's truly sad the State's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies the pols' opinion,
 Which makes them throttle
Me, or faculty companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may teach;
What then? poor Gator, thou beseech
A fifty million, this year each,
 'S a small request;
From politician's flowery speech;
 They'll never miss't!

Thy wee bit Swampie, too, in ruin!
Its once strong majors: winds are strewin!
An' nothing, now, to take a freshman,
 O' cash once green!
An' Bernie Machen's hands they're forcin':
 Cuts sharp an' keen!

Thou saw the academic fields,
An' thought thy Futures Bright to yield,
An' cozy here, with cuts that healed,
 Thou hoped to say—
Till crash! thy Sutures Bleak revealed,
 Cuts fell and fey.

That wee bit heap o' profs an' majors,
Has cost them money; legislators
Have turned thee out, and skinned a Gator,
 With hearts turned cold!
Perhaps they hope to heal thee later,
 If breath be hold!

But Gator, thou hast known thy game,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' Governmen'
 Go oft astray,
An' leave us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promised pay!

Still thou art blessed, compared with me,
The President has cut me free,
And och! with backward cuts, his eye
 Wells up in tears!
Yet forward, look and clearly see:
 Election nears!