



VIVA, VIVA!

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Aviv

Alas, betimes the strike of two,
The cadavers lay in their peaceful pool.
Majestically framed, the tutors sat,
To await the glory of the slaughter threat.

But lo, the slumber-crowned, bookish-drowned
Hundred and twenty scrouged the Dissection Room.
Their fears, doubly redoubled ten fimes strong,
Heralded the forthcoming mourn.

With timing clock set, postures erect,
The slaughterers began their attack.
“Describe this bone,” the charging soared,
And the sheep out their contents poured.

Whence, for one distilled focused moment,
The normallest abnormalities happened.
The normal eyes curiously short-sighted find,
And the short-sighted went blind.
The foramen vanished, the insertions stained,

The useful forgotten, while the useless remained.

Slow as snail the creeping minutes passed,

The siege continued, whence at last

The omnipotent clock with its almighty roar,

Brought in the air of freedom — once more!