

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Ear Today – Gone Tomorrow?*

TWISTED gristle on my head –  
A lump each side. It's clear  
Thoughts of beauty never led,  
When Nature planned the ear.

They come in pairs, like two car doors,  
And no one's called them pretty.  
They do not merit our applause,  
But stay there, more's the pity.

No-one shows them off with pride.  
Ears need interference.  
Long-haired lovelies always hide  
Their sinewy adherents.

Cauliflower, jug, outsize,  
These postscripts anatomical  
Will never win a beauty prize,  
But always count as comical.

What are they for? They do not hear –  
Not the parts on view.  
The bits that work, the inner ear,  
All hide from people's view.

We'd cut them off, if we could dare:  
Thereafter we would find  
Tidy top-knots everywhere  
*Streamlined* comes to mind.

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