

Question

Laughter and Tears

YOU can't mistake the noise we make
To show that we're amused.
The whoop, the shout, the shoulder shake
Are ploys we've always used.
We yoke our yells to decibels,
With brutish bellows to the sky,
To show enjoyment's running high.
But why?

We're all aware that sadness spills
From moistured eye, our grief to show.
Our chemicals unite their skills
In time to make some H₂O –
Which we can't do (our skills are few) –
To make us have a damn' good cry.
But why?

We have, what's more, a secret store
For making tears if tears are nigh.
On chastened cheek, it will ignore
Our best attempts to dam the eye.
Likewise, *encore* for laughter's roar –
It works unaided 'til we die.
But why?
