

LAND ON YOUR FEET

YOU TAKE A CAT UP BY THE TAIL
AND WHIRL HIM ROUND AND ROUND,
AND HURL HIM OUT INTO THE AIR
OUT INTO SPACE PROFOUND,
HE, THROUGH THE YIELDING ATMOSPHERE
WILL MANY A WHIRL COMPLETE;
BUT WHEN HE STRIKES UPON THE GROUND
HE'LL LAND UPON HIS FEET.

FATE TAKES A MAN JUST LIKE A CAT,
AND WITH MORE FORCE THAN GRACE,
IT WHIRLS HIM WRIGGLING ROUND AND ROUND,
AND HURLS HIM INTO SPACE;
AND THOSE THAT FALL UPON THE BACK,
OR LAND UPON THE HEAD,
FATE LETS THEM LIE THERE WHERE THEY FALL
THEY'RE JUST AS GOOD AS DEAD.

BUT SOME THERE BE THAT LIKE THE CAT
WHIRL ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND,
AND GO GYRATING OFF THRU SPACE
UNTIL THEY STRIKE THE GROUND;
BUT WHEN, AT LAST, THE GROUND AND THEY
DO REALLY COME TO MEET
YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND THEM RIGHT SIDE UP
THEY LAND UPON THEIR FEET.

AND SUCH A MAN WALKS OFF ERECT
TRIUMPHANT AND ELATE,
AND WITH A COURAGE IN HIS HEART
HE SHAKES HIS FIST AT FATE.

THEN FATE WITH A BENIGNANT SMILE
UPON ITS FACE OUTSPREAD,
PUTS FORTH HIS SOFT CARESSING HAND
AND PATS HIM ON THE HEAD.

AND HE'S FATE'S DARLING FROM THAT DAY,
HIS TRIUMPH IS COMPLETE;
FATE LOVES THE MAN WHO WHIRLS AND WHIRLS
BUT LANDS UPON HIS FEET.
THAT MAN WHATE'ER HIS UPS AND DOWNS
IS NEVER WHOLLY SPURNED,
WHOSE PERPENDICULARITY
IS NEVER OVER-TURNED.

-By SAM WALTER FOSS