

POETRY

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THE SLOTH

AUTHORS

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I nearly saw a three-toed sloth
I really hoped to see one
But as I crept up on the beast
He sped off like a demon

How did this lazy fellow do it?
My legs were gelled, encased in suet
Insensate speed was needed now
That wily sloth could sprint, and how!

I called upon my last reserves
To stay with him through streams and curves
He would not give this race a rest
Just like those hounds of Budapest

His limbs a blur, his eyes a gleam
His ears pressed back, his goggles seem
To mask his real intent, his dream
To master speed and be the Dean
of hustle.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Michael Lederman is a physician scientist in Cleveland, Ohio. His granddaughter loves sloths. Dr. Kuritzkes is a physician scientist in Boston, Massachusetts. He hopes his granddaughter will grow to appreciate sloths.

FOOTNOTES

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