

## The Land of the Grass and the Sand

(a satire in the style of Dr. Seuss)

By Christopher Georgiades

There once were two lands.

The first filled with grass,

the second with sand.

In the first kind of land, the Yeezers would stand,

they took pride in their looks and cut their grass by hand.

They all combed their hair and put on their suits.

They all clipped their nails and polished their boots.

Now in this second kind of land,

the one filled with sand,

the Geezers would stand.

In this second kind of land where the Geezers would stand,

they had holes in their socks and dirt on their hands.

They had fleas on their heads and worms in their ears.

They did not like it here, and it filled them with tears.

One day the leader of the Geezers went over to the other side.

Here he found the leader of the Yeezers and he broke down and cried,

“Us Geezers don’t like it in the land of the sand.

It’s dry and it’s dull. It’s hot and it’s bland.

Can we come with you on your side of land?”

The leader of the Yeezers quickly said with a snicker,

“We don’t want you gross Geezers.” Then he left even quicker.

The leader of the Geezers went back and told the rest,

“They don’t want us,” he said, “not even our best.”

They groaned and started off to bed,

but suddenly one of them said,

“Then let’s sneak into their side instead.”

That morning the Geezers snuck out.

They crept and crawled without a doubt.

When these Geezers came to the side of the Yeezers,

they were met by an army behind their mean leader.

“I told you once and I’ll tell you again. We don’t want you here,” he said to them.

Not discouraged, the Geezers came back the next night.

This time with sticks and rocks and dogs that would bite.

But when they arrived on the Yeezer’s side of the land,

they came to a wall, so big and so grand.

The Yeezer leader popped his head over the wall;

“You’re poor and you’re old. You’re short and you’re small.

You smell and you’re filthy,” he said to them all.

“Now retreat to your homes the same way you came,”

And they hung their heads all in shame.

The Geezers walked back each with a frown,

but the leader said, “Don’t give up, let’s conquer that town.”

So again they went back to the Geezer’s green land,

but this time they tunneled right under the sand.

They went right under that great big bad wall,

but what they saw on the other side made them stop in mid-crawl.

The Yeezers had loaded catapults, cannons, and guns,  
but the leader of the Geezers came up and exhaled his lungs,  
“Please don’t shoot, it’s clear we’re not wanted.  
We’ll go someplace else where we won’t be confronted.”  
With that, the Geezers left the land of the sand.  
They left with holes in their socks and dirt on their hands.  
They left with fleas on their heads and worms in their ears.  
And they haven’t come back, not in 85 years.