

# Plain Old Oyster

There once was an oyster  
Whose story I tell,  
Who found that some sand  
Had got into his shell.  
It was only a grain,  
But it gave him great pain.  
For oysters have feelings  
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate  
The harsh working of fate  
That had brought him  
To such a deplorable state?  
Did he curse at the government,  
Cry for election,  
And claim that the sea should  
Have given him protection?

No – he sad to himself  
As he lay on a shell,  
Since I cannot remove it,  
I shall try to improve it.  
Now the years have rolled around,  
As the years always do,  
And he came to his ultimate  
Destiny – stew.

And the small grain of sand  
That had bothered him so  
Was a beautiful pearl  
All richly aglow.  
Now the tale has a moral;  
For isn't it grand  
What an oyster can do  
With a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do  
If we'd only begin  
With some of the things  
That get under our skin.

*Author: Unknown*