

The Land of Nod

Here deep inside the land of Nod
No one is strange, no one is odd.
Still, there are some curiosities
Flitting in the flowers with the bees.

There is the marvelous White Rabbit,
Whose only virtue is a lone repetitive habit
Of fretting over small things known to him,
But to the rest of us are just a whim.

Then there is the marvelous Cheshire Cat
Smiling to all, while all the while he grins.
Nothing happens, but we all feel really good
After all, it's not about doing as we should.

Next we have the wicked witches, in all colors,
Who have many enemies, and no neighbors.
Everyone is a threat, none can be trusted,
And whoever tries promptly gets busted.

And let us not forget the lowly adder,
A sneaky creature, far down the ladder,
Whose vicious bite is seldom noticed
Until the victim is suddenly missed.

It is a strange place for us to be in,
Hidden away in a land so seldom seen
By normal people, who are able to know
The difference between the high and the low.

Yes, welcome to the Land of Nod,
A strange land, which is always odd,
Where many things are strange indeed,
And survival is always the only creed.

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