

August 28, 1970

There was a young man from Beirut
Who went on a chemical toot
When left at large
With an opposite charge
He became a Lebanese brute.

In the lab he'd foresworem
On campus he'd dare'm
With his friends he'd pair'm
But in the harem
He'd scare'm.

Chemical structures he'd rupture
With experiments he'd classed as kinetic
He called chromate linear
And oxalate square
Now publish that if you dare.

~~~~~

"I'm On Wisconsin" he's boasting  
I'll always be boating and coasting  
The fat's in the fire  
While drinking up toasts  
And boasting of coasts  
Will coasts remind him of Tyre.

Lake Mendota does freeze  
In winters' icy breeze  
Can Mediterranean you  
Maintain such a cool  
In water that's seldom true blue?

Can one to Bassam  
Say Shalom?  
Will those northern blokes  
Get ethnic jokes?  
The badgers may have you  
Your teaching they'll savour  
But as you preach with aplomb  
In your endeavor  
Please keep a weather  
Eye out for a bomb of napalm!  
Bassam.

*From the diseased and  
decaying brain of  
the bard of Asbury.*