

Green.1

“Define for me green,” the learned man posed,
“I’m writing a thesis to make me renowned,
I’m sure that my genius will be disclosed,
By this subject I’ve chosen to fully expound.”



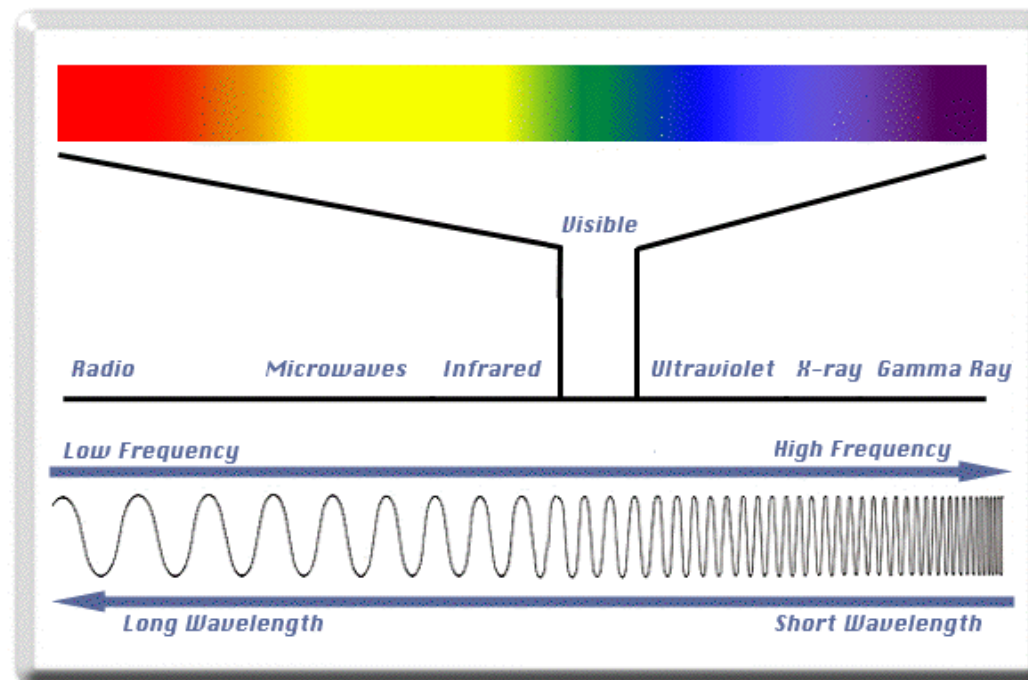
Green. 2

“How nicely profound,” his colleague exclaimed,
“I know that you’re working under duress,
Upon stubborn nature let it be blamed,
If your diligence meets with little success.
I’ll help if you’ll give me some of the credit,
I’m not asking much I’m sure you’ll agree,
If I make a suggestion just say that I said it,
To look for an answer just stare at the sea.”



Green. 3

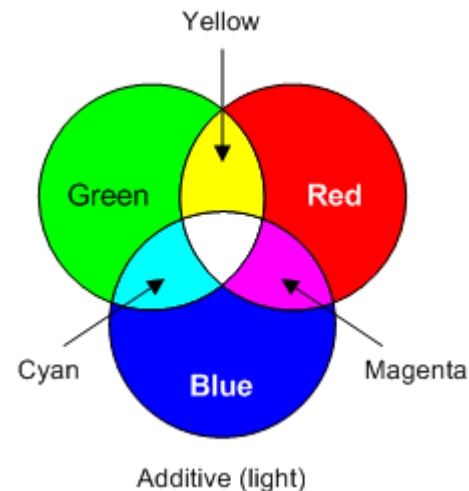
“I would be explicit,” the physicist said,
“But I must keep it simple so you’ll understand,
In the spectrum of wavelengths from violet to red,
Green as a colour’s an ill-defined band.”



Green. 4

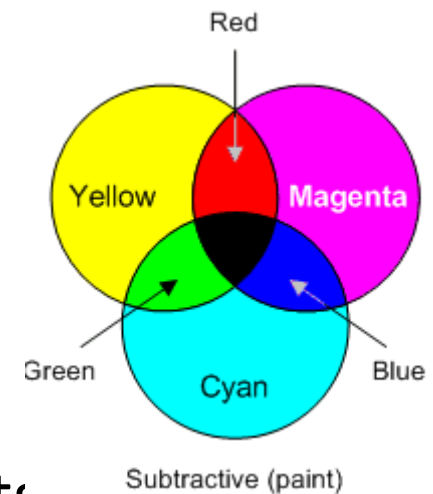
- “We’ve tested and measure with utmost precision, Its frequency, wavelength, velocity, too, And after research we’ve made a decision, It isn’t a mixture of yellow and blue.”

- Adding coloured lights.



Green. 5

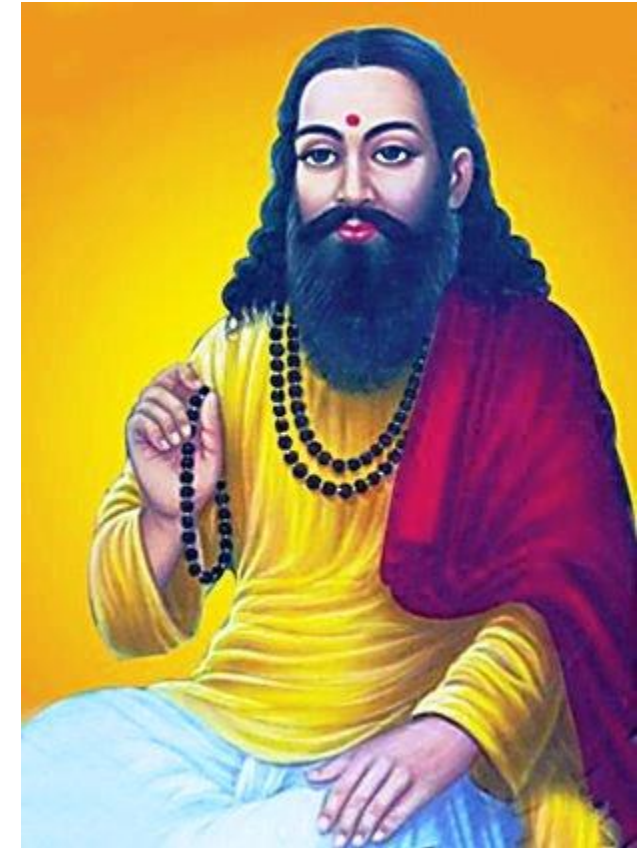
- “That’s where you are wrong,” the artist objected,
Even a child knows that just isn’t true,
But then I suppose I’ve always suspected,
A physicist can’t tell his foot from his shoe.
- I’ll demonstrate now with cyan and yellow,
And mix them together in this palette hollow,
Look there! The cyan is starting to mellow.
Now surely this process is easy to follow!”



Adding paints.

Green. 6

- “Green is an essence,” the old guru sighed,
I’m sick of explaining this obvious fact.
Drawn in through one nostril it cleans the inside,
Of the tubes of the lower respiratory tract.
- By closing your eyes you will concentrate thought,
And the space all around you will burgeon with green,
As you draw in this essence your inner soul ought,
To feel free of all taint, oh so perfectly clean!”



Green. 7

- Green is subjective psychologists claim,
It's all in the mind somewhere in the brain,
When we look at green do we all see the same?
I'm afraid that is something they cannot explain!



Green.8

- “Green is for envy.”, the fashion plate gloated,
“It isn’t a colour I’d choose for a dress,
But wear it I would, if it’s fashion promoted,
It’s by whom you are clothed that’s the sign of success.”



Green.9

- With a leer on his face the old roué boasted,
“Lush green is the colour of my lover’s eyes,
Many a night with champagne have I toasted,
The ladies I’ve conquered by means of my lies.”



Green.10

- “Green is for emerald, the precious cut stone,
The jeweller was smug as he made his remark,
“I personally think that it stands on its own,
Well except that it doesn’t glow in the dark.”



Green.11

- “Green is for dollars, in hundreds these days.”
Said the company chairman with lips in a pout.
“I certainly agree that sincerity pays,
But profit comes first without any doubt.”

