Badger Badger

(With sincere apologies to William Blake.)

Badger, Badger dark and stripe

Through the village in the night

What incessant plan or drive

Could frame thy busy diggery?

In what local streets and sides

Dig the power of thy claws

On what hills do thee enquire?

Which brave snout dare seize empire?

And what shoulders! And what art

Doth twist the roughness of the bark!

And when thy paws begin to beat

What dread hole, and what dread feat?

What the clammer, what the din

In what squeaking are thy kin?

What the tumble, what the laugh!

Having fun while humans cough!

When the stars threw down their cheers

And shone in heaven with their beers,

How they did laugh your work to see!

Did they who light the bats light thee?

Badger, Badger dark and stripe

Through the village in the night

What incessant plan or drive

Could frame thy busy diggery?