



Once, when the clouds were forming
On a windy winter morning,
I, still with the weight of night,
Saw a quite peculiar sight.
Two birds I beheld,
On a maple tree held,
A most unusual pairing
And there was I, glaring.
One was a black crow,
Cold and wily, such I know,
Beside him, a blind owl,
Careful and wise, not one to growl.
“Logic, 'tis such a fine thing!”
Cawed the crow, who could not sing,
“O, how I love induction,
And adore, as well, deduction!
How I loath the nightingale,
So fallacious in her wail,
Her song so inconsistent,
Unsustained, and yet persistent!”
But then the owl hooted,
And to the crow alluded,
“You misguide yourself here,
For, though logic hath its sphere,
To what the nightingale sings,
'Tis beyond those low things.”
The crow coldly assured,
“You know that such is absurd!

And indeed, you are an owl,
Of all creatures, the most foul,¹
For truly, you sleep all day,
And awake all night you stay,
If this I say is true,
Why should I listen to you?”
The owl then answered coolly,
“Friend, do not act untruly,
and listen to what I say,
you may learn something today.
Logic may be wholly sound,
No fallacy to be found,
But empty premise-chasing,
Only gets your brain racing,
Truth may never so be reached,
And to nature thus impeach,
Is as good as splitting yarn.”
“Owl, your brain must be in a barn,
For you should very well know,
That haply, I am a crow,
And crows use logic always,
To solve problems and to call ways,
Therefore I know certainly,
Logic's valid, late and early.²”
“Your ilk I esteem, crow,

1 Our callow friend, the crow,
Deals an *ad hominem* blow.

2 The crow utters (without coercion!)
A fallacy of mere assertion.

And I do want you to know,
 Your logic I admire,
 Your wily wit of flyers,
 And your practical inductions.
 Yet this I find obnoxious:
 Your eternal search for food,
 Has made you forget the Good,
 And this too I feel tragic,
 You no longer see magic,
 But merely logic shallow,
 And in your lust so callow,
 Lost sight of infinity,
 See merely indefinity."
 "'Tis only nonsense you speak,
 With your words obscure and meek,
 Logic is never invalid,
 Never weak, thin or squalid,
 That would be illogical,³
 Simply pathological!"
 "Illogical indeed,
 Such is the essence of my creed.
 With logic to do away,
 In the spheres of higher sway,
 To leave aside the brain,
 And with the mind take the lane,
 That to eternity leads."
 The crow answered his pleads:
 "All this nonsense you say,
 All you've uttered today,
 You cannot logically prove,
 Therefore, it must be a spoof,
 So then logic is valid,⁴
 Truly, assuring and calid."
 "Sterile knowledge I don't need,
 To tell you where my path leads.

3 The poor crow the question begs:
His argument has no legs!

4 The crow makes, with ignorance,
An argument from ignorance.

For, while you induct your next meal,
 I see what's and what's not real.
 Logic never leads you there,
 Not to truth or to anywhere."
 "But see the humans glorious,⁵
 They'd say your thoughts are spurious,
 For they say that they've advanced
 Out from superstition glanced,
 And for science made way,
 Everything do now they may,
 And they now know very much,
 And understand things as such:
 Birds and animals can't speak,
 Nor can mice, they only squeak,
 Silly rituals serve for naught;
 Oh, how enlightened they're thought!"
 "These humans in their folly,
 Do not follow their calling,
 They call themselves enlightened,
 But truly, they are blighted.
 They think that analysing,
 Deconstructing, sterilizing,
 Will lead them to reality,
 They call logic sanity,
 I, a blind owl, with kindness,
 Tell them 'tis only blindness."
 "Caw! Caw! Caw!
 Enough of this silly thaw,
 Continue with your banter,
 And I'll strike you like a panther,⁶
 Peck your eyes out from behind,
 Then you shall truly be blind!
 Then we shall finally see,
 Who triumphs, you or me!"
 The crow puffed triumphant,

5 Here, the crow as he squeals,
To authority appeals

6 Despite his later remorse,
The crow here appeals to force.

Proud and galumphant,
But he quickly gave a leap,
For the owl was asleep!
The crow, in an ugly mood,
Gave a caw, left where he stood.
I closed my eyes, then gave a stare,
But the owl, it wasn't there!