

Spranto Lost

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Once on a time
Time was a language
Once on a time
Old everybody spoke
In God's Esperanto

Once in the language
They made a lot of bricks
A bric-a-brac of bricks
To stack and stick and stack
Way up to heaven

A tower in clouds
Aloud in the cloud
Stack rattle pop
And they all could speak
In God's Esperanto

Not happy, little men
Said the god like thunder
Booming broadly
Against that babble
Of people from Babel

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So he broke their language
Like bits of firewood
And blew them all away
Across the desert
Of differing tongues

Off now they scattered
Camelback muleback
Misunderstanding
But yearning still for
The language umbrella