

## CHILDREN

# Dr. Seuss' Four Questions

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Source: [www.acs.ucalgary.ca/~elsegal/Uncle\\_Eli/Eli.html](http://www.acs.ucalgary.ca/~elsegal/Uncle_Eli/Eli.html)

### The Four Questions

Why is it only  
on Passover night  
we never know how  
to do anything right?  
We don't eat our meals  
in the regular ways,  
the ways that we do  
on all other days.

'Cause on all other nights  
we may eat  
all kinds of wonderful  
good bready treats,  
like big purple pizza  
that tastes like a pickle,  
crumbly crackers  
and pink pumpernickel,  
sassafras sandwich  
and tiger on rye,  
fifty felafels in pita,  
fresh-fried,  
with peanut-butter  
and tangerine sauce  
spread onto each side  
up-and-down, then across,  
and toasted whole-wheat bread  
with liver and ducks,  
and crumpets and dumplings,  
and bagels and lox,  
and doughnuts with one hole  
and doughnuts with four,  
and cake with six layers  
and windows and doors.

Yes--  
on all other nights  
we eat all kinds of bread,  
but tonight of all nights  
we munch matzo instead.

And on all other nights  
we devour  
vegetables, green things,  
and bushes and flowers,

lettuce that's leafy  
and candy-striped spinach,  
fresh silly celery  
(Have more when you're finished!)  
cabbage that's flown  
from the jungles of Glome  
by a polka-dot bird  
who can't find his way home,  
daisies and roses  
and inside-out grass  
and artichoke hearts  
that are simply first class!  
Sixty asparagus tips  
served in glasses  
with anchovy sauce  
and some sticky molasses--  
But on Passover night  
you would never consider  
eating an herb  
that wasn't all bitter.

And on all other nights  
you would probably flip  
if anyone asked you  
how often you dip.  
On some days I only dip  
one Bup-Bup egg  
in a teaspoon of vinegar  
mixed with nutmeg,  
but sometimes we take  
more than ten thousand tails  
of the Yakkity-birds  
that are hunted in Wales,  
and dip them in vats  
full of Mumbegum juice.  
Then we feed them to Harold,  
our six-legged moose.  
Or we don't dip at all!  
We don't ask your advice.  
So why on this night  
do we have to dip twice?

And on all other nights  
we can sit as we please,  
on our heads, on our elbows,  
our backs or our knees,  
or hang by our toes  
from the tail of a Glump,  
or on top of a camel  
with one or two humps,  
with our foot on the table,

our nose on the floor,  
with one ear in the window  
and one out the door,  
doing somersaults  
over the greasy k'nishes  
or dancing a jig  
without breaking the dishes.

Yes--

on all other nights  
you sit nicely when dining--  
So why on this night  
must it all be reclining?