

A Day in the Life of a Three-Toed Sloth

(To the melody of Piano Concerto in C, K. 467, "Elvira Madigan" by W. A. Mozart)

In the leafy crown of Northern Argentina
Like a slow-motion ballerina
She climbs, she cries, "Ah-ee! Ah-ee! Ah-ee! Ah-ee! Ah-ee!"
Her plea penetrates the forest, high and low
"Please wrap your limbs around me, only if you have three toes."

Not so far away, hanging from a tree limb
He hears her cry. She does not see him
He turns her way, hoping this will be his lucky day

Descending in a flurry as quickly as he can, two hundred yards a day
He drags himself across the tangled forest floor
She's waiting patiently for him to reach her
Sloths come from near, they come from far
He's pulling hard so he can be the first to climb into her tree. He wins!
Out of breath from the race, he reduces his pace
Upside-down, they embrace, coupled, dangling in space
Once again face-to-face, all night long they linger, two as one
Too rapt to move a finger, not until the deed is done

In the dreamy, steamy crown of Northern Argentina
He rests, breathing gently in and out like virtuoso-mellowed concertina
Bugs and algae call his coat home, he does not mind them
Harpy eagles hunt and jaguars prowl, they'll never find him
He sleeps eighteen hours a day. Why on earth would he stray?
He's got insects to eat, buds and leaves for a treat
So contented that he never has to worry where to be
He feels no need to hurry, not until she cries, "Ah-ee!"

Life would be so sweet, hanging by your feet
Just like a three-toed sloth

No, he never has to hurry, not until he hears her plea, "Ah-ee!"