

Well after the stupidity of humidity the temperature's rising,

The degree on the thermometer is going up and well worth advising;

That the temperature and the thermometer are degrees devising,

Now both differently interrupted meteorologically as is revising.

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The temperature fluctuates going up and down continually,

Consistently changing from place to place when and where it's turning;

And you can study a discipline or strand for a degree,

And it can be longitude or latitude, horizontal or vertical agree.

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IfÂÂ you can argue that case of the temperature each time,

With each thermometer in different places it's a variation crime;

Of what seem quite nice and you'd like the kind of day,

It can be tempestuous temperature in another place and way.

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Now the temptation is there to test the temperatures degrees,

With other faculties and measurements and the places to see,

For the world's full of beauty on the earth here we dwell,

But you must plan in seasons to get the right temperature well.

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I guess I know why with the suns hot and the heat to really tell,

That the equator is the hottest part and the poles are cold as hell;

With the earth in it's orbit spinning around the earth extremely well,

Of the wind and our breathing and the business to spell.

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I might be happier in the tropic temperatures to tell,

Or high on the mountain tops where the alps snows, fresh to smell;

So the temperature and the humidity are now their own cell,

As the degree is an art and this poet would like to sell.

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Signed,

Taxation Time.