



TWO THOUSAND FORTY THREE

By Mister Lemur

What do you think you will be
when it's two thousand forty-three?

If I were asked to make a bet,
I'd say it's not invented yet,
that you'll do something not yet known,
like fix a "Woosh" or fly a "Kone."

Perhaps you'll cure a new disease,
or sail a new-found planet's seas
aboard a ship that floats on air
while sitting in the captain's chair.

You have no plan? No need to fret,
your job's not been invented yet!