

## Ragtime Alexander (FM Style)

*by*

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In a distant land, down under,  
Where things happen in reverse,  
An Aussie developed a theory  
That could change the universe.

He was born in the Apple Isle,  
Grew up out in the sticks,  
Then migrated to the Mainland,  
To work on his bag of tricks.

At first, his acting career  
Brought fame, fortune, most welcome,  
Then bad times, his voice misbehaved,  
For an actor, a fate most unwholesome.

After struggles demanding analysis  
That must have near sent him nutty,  
He solved his faulty misuse  
And found things easy as putty.

He wanted to share his discovery,  
So to the civilized world he came;  
But found much opposition  
In trying to promote his game.

But this fair dinkum Aussie's persistence  
Won converts more and more,  
Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin,  
He drew them from many a shore.

Now, the Alexander Principle  
Has spread to many lands  
Through the dance and the rhythm  
Of the words and the hands.

The theory has no meaning,  
One must participate  
In the forward and up to lengthen  
So as to alter a downward state.

Thus; take your partners for the start  
Of this onward, upward dance,  
The steps of which were started  
Not by design, but chance.

On the basic set of rules  
There are many variations,  
But the theme remains the same  
Of the neck head back relations.

There's yo-yos, swingers, lunges;  
Plus toes, heels, chair;  
By crikey! What a difference  
When moving, light as air.

So all praise to Alexander  
For his idea, concise and terse,  
To know it's a real blessing,  
Though at times one utters a curse.

But no matter what befalls,  
You trust, "she'll be right",  
As you grope and fumble blindly  
For the track marked "increased height".

I wonder if F.M. really foresaw,  
While thinking of inner ratio,  
Just how this re-education  
Alters ones status in spatio.