DICTIONARY LIMERICKS 2

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Has your vigor entirely fled?
You're not breathing? No pulse can be read?
Then you're more than just sick;
Get an autopsy, quick!
(That's a check-up you get when you're dead.)

What's compulsory's something required.
You don't do it, you might just get fired,
Thrown in prison, expelled,
Sent to bed, or compelled
To eat yogurt whose date has expired.

The humane is informed by compassion,
Which the pundits all tell us is smashin'.
It's acclaimed as a trait
That is key and first rate,
Though in practice it's rarely in fashion.

A lunation, 'bout twenty-nine days,
Sees the moon pass completely each phase,
Or Aunt Bertha be done
When she's luncheoned at one
Of those all-you-can-eat type buffets.

Time in Eden they term prelapsarian,
Back when nobody thought about marryin'.
They were blissful—and how!
It was nothing like now,
Fallen age with my damned ex-wife Sherry in.

When a cube, whose dimensions are three,
Gets a fourth, that's an object that we
Call a tesseract, and,
Mac, if you understand
What I've said, you're much smarter than me.

The best outfit if you're a wahine?
(That's a woman who surf'a.) A bikini
With spaghetti-string straps
All around. Or, perhaps,
If you like to be modest, linguini.-