

TERSE VERSE (AND WORSE)

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In the February 1970 Kickshaws, Dave Silverman introduced the concept of Spoonerhyme -- short doggerel poetry of the form ILL WIT. / WILL IT / DIE OUT? / I DOUBT. Construction of these verses is as habit-forming as eating salted peanuts (but fortunately a good deal less fattening).

Lines by an Impeccably Dressed Small Boy On How to Bandage His Stubbed Toe	Might I Tie my Toe by Bow tie.
Day's End	Lo, night -- No light. Me soon See moon.
On Witnessing a Friend's Encounter with a Wasp	You stung, Stu Young? Bury Rare bee.
Mother and Sons at Mealtime	Eat pike, Pete, Ike. Dry fish Fried? Ish!!
Conversation with Nocturnal Bird	Ho, owl -- Oh, howl. Hoot, too. Tu-whoo!!
Lament of Opera Star Turned Singing Telegrapher	Morse code Coarse mode, I sing Sighing.
Indiscriminate Gluttony	Many eat Any meat, Grilled cheese, Chilled grease.

Commercial Message for Skinny People	Buy Red's Rye breads. Format -- More fat.
Family Picnic in Milwaukee	Beer nigh? Nearby. In casks? Kin asks.
Vet's Prescription for Ailing Herd	Come dine, Dumb kine. Hay meal May heal.
Mystery Story: Her Nephew's Ghost	Hi, aunt! I haunt Sly mayor, My slayer.
Disgruntled Visitor's View of Zoo	Dense hogs, Hens, dogs. Deer were Weirder.
Parapsychology	Science, I sense, May find Fey mind.
Musings on Fate of Laggards in Ancient Battle	Hun erred. Unheard, Foe slew Slow few.
Bad Day for Sorceress	Fleas nip, Knees flip -- Ill witch Will itch.