PUNCTURED POETRY

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In the February 1975 Kickshaws, Dave Silverman introduced Word Ways readers to Richard Armour's Punctured Poems (Prentice-Hall, 1966), a literary tour de force in which implausible second lines are appended to famous first lines. Actually, this concept has been around awhile, and has been independently discovered by many people; for example, two hymns-that-never-were begin:

> Blest be the tie that binds / My collar to my shirt
> Stand up, stand up for Jesus / For Jesus Christ, stand up!

(The second line of the latter hymn should be sung with feeling when attempting to dress a squirming two-year-old.)

Although it's hard to top Armour's output, we thought we'd try. Here's the best of a large collection of literary non sequiturs:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> My pumpernickel green with mold.
>
> In Flanders Fields the poppies grow --
> The opium yield this year was low.
>
> Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I,
> But California smog will surely catch your eye.
>
> Once upon a midnight dreary,
> Late-Late Show starred Wallace Beery.
>
> I think that I shall never see --
> My contact lens fell in my tea.
>
> Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
> And a thousand large cans of rug shampoo foam.
>
> My love is like a red, red rose --
> Her perfume irritates my nose.
>
> Lives of great men all remind us,
> IRS is right behind us.

Double, double, toil and trouble --
Six no-trump; should I redouble?

The sun that brief December day
Rose in the West -- odd, I must say.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Supper will be stuffed cucumbers.

Boots, boots, boots, boots, moving up and down again --
Toots, toots, toots, toots, tearing up the town again.

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies --
We'll need the room if birth rates rise.

Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war;
We must kill the bastards (I forget what for).

Pensive nun, devout and pure,
Kicked her habit, took the cure.

The boy stood on the burning deck
And wished it were a discotheque.

Piping down the valleys wild
Exxon hath the view defiled.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The courting couples cuddle in the hay.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
In thunderstorm's no place to be!

A garden is a lovesome thing, Got wot,
But weeding makes my spine a painful knot.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
I'll stay ashore and soothe my queasy soul.

With rue my heart is laden:
My bride was not a maiden!

The Camptown ladies sing this song,
"I fear I've placed my bets all wrong".

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
In a game of poker -- she bet the heap.

Lizzie Borden took an axe --
The first of female lumberjacks.

By the shores of Gitchee-Gumee
Sits a teepee, cramped and gloomy.