In the July 22, 1972 New Yorker magazine there appeared the following sonnet by George Starbuck:

O for a muse of fire, a sack of dough,
Or both! O promissory notes of woe!
One time in Santa Fe, N.M.,
Ol’ Winfield Townley Scott and I ... but whoa.

One can exert oneself, if,
Or architect a heaven like Rimbaud,
Or if that seems, how shall I say, de trop,
One can at least write sonnets, apropos
Of nothing save the do-re-mi-fa-sol
Of poetry itself. Is not the row
Of perfect rhymes, the terminal bon mot,
Obesiance enough to the Great O?

"Observe," said Chairman Mao to Premier Chou,
"On voyage à Parnasse pour prendre les eaux.
On voyage comme poisson, incog."

Darryl Francis complained in the February 1976 Word Ways that three lines (N.M., incog., ff.) overstepped poetic license. He supplied a list of thirteen different endings rhyming with say. The verse below is built around these thirteen different endings, though a few of the words are not those of his examples. The trick would, of course, be impossible without using Anglicized French terms:

One afternoon, in mood très gai
Because of playing the gourmet
(I’d taken wine with déjeuner –
A light and lilting Beaujolais
Plus biscuits, cheese and pousse-café),
I dared a blazing sun, à pied,
To pay a little visit chez
Miss Janet, who said, "You OK?
You may have had a coup de soleil."

Said I, "I’ve writ a poem, J.,
With no last letter twice in play,
And yet the whole thing rhymes with a."

Note that I had to violate Darryl Francis’s strictures once, using J as an initial instead of a word, but as a versifier – not a logologist – this seems to be to be quite acceptable.