

VOILA FONE

OLIVE NOAF

Having settled the gantlet-gauntlet debate, Word Ways threw down the one to send naive fools running the other (November 1995, "Alphabet Poems: A Brief History"). Rhyming alphabetic telestics: none known. Attempts tended to split rhymes by as much as eight lines. Don't carp at "limneD" in the following; if you read out loud, the "d" isn't sounded until the next line. Admit, Nyr Indictor, the glove fits, and is fashionably cosmopolitan.

A is All Amour! Angelic ZeldA!

Boy, I'm Blessed to Be her Boyfriend, BimB.

Chortling my Callooh, Callay! Cock roC,

Drowned in love's Desire! These lines are limneD
Emotion Equal to Eros' beests of wilde!

F; well, F is what you're Fearing: FluffF.

Gee, I'd Give the world to her: here's poG.

Huh? Not Half enoughH?!

Rings? AugH!

Ming? Ach!

I don't Intend Impertinence: a LeI

(Jeweled) and Juleps win her, not OJ;

Keenly careful, I Keep Key and lockK,

Lest Love steal my Lira and vermeil.

Many Men Might envy what I aM:

Noting her Neurosis, I say, damN,

Only One who's Oil-rich dares to woO

Pretty Predators who'd Prompt a CouP.

Queen Zelda Quips that I should be IraQ:

Rich Refineries' entrepreneurR.

Seems She's not mock

Serieux.

O, messieursS.

To Tell the Truth: nothing for her's TouT.

Useless, he who's no trade-Up gurU;

Very little Vastness, my RV,

With all her Whatnots there. She's lost a screW!

Xenomania's her Xat, heureuxX

Yachting down the Yangtze. HappilY,

Zelda's packing ... Z-i-i-p! ... for Santa CruZ.