

# LIGHT VERSE FOR THE LOGOLOGIST

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## Wag

A wit told a tale  
Where a whale comes ashore,  
Being somehow confused by the tide and the fog,  
Was bagged by a fisherman,  
Secured aft and fore,  
And left in the guard of his tail-wagging dog.

'Twas then, said the teller,  
Pride decreed that no more  
Could a leviathan lie upon sand like a log;  
Blowing steam from its spout  
With a terrible roar  
And flipping its flukes, the whale tagged the dog.

Much pleased with his pun, this fellow would bore  
Friends and relations and soon was a nag  
Whom all would avoid  
Having heard it before,  
So that sadly thereafter, the tale dogged the wag.

## Page Two in Your Homonym Book

He cried, "It will not be allowed!" aloud;  
"The wickedness that we hear here!  
Words that do God's lesson lessen,  
That wring from angels' tiers tears!"

"I would the parish council counsel  
Use language not of course, coarse,  
Respectfully say, 'Goodnight, good knight!'  
Smoke not to make his proud horse hoarse!"

"I shall conduct this last rite right;  
Bid all observe the sad scene seen  
So rest not upon the bier beer  
Nor flatulate what has been bean!"

"As you at our proud peer, peer,  
Mourning why those so fair, fare,  
Know your principal's principles,  
Assured for every heir, air!"



"While you the endless Great War wore,  
 Watched gas the very sun's rays raze,  
 His speeches through the hot lead led,  
 Spoke courage through the dark days' daze."

"He declaimed to the Lords lauds  
 Of praise for Britain's past, your yore;  
 Asked greater efforts: 'I know they're there',  
 Such the burden this old Boer bore."

"So be it to all on earth's plane plain,  
 We who yet reap from the wheat's flower, flour,  
 And who to our children yet mete meat,  
 He was always behind us in this, our hour."

### **Doctor Roget's Engagement**

Said she, you have no need to guess,  
 I most sincerely acquiesce,  
 Approve, concur, assent, agree;  
 The bride you seek is truly me.  
 Thus I confirm to all before us,  
 I will, Roget, be your thesaurus;  
 My tender words, a boundless pleasury;  
 Wordbook, lexicon, and treasury!  
 Seek you endearment, love, affection?  
 I'll lead you in the right direction.  
 Would you have home, abode or residence?  
 Your ease and comfort I'll give precedence.  
 And mark this, Peter, in those quarters,  
 I'll gladly bear your sons and daughters;  
 Children, offspring, issue, progeny,  
 Now I committed, bonded be.  
 Why blush you sire, sweet roset bird?  
 Art mute and tongue-tied, lost for word?

### **Oh, Kay!**

Spelled he, "Love me," with a whispered O  
 And "Gorgeous!" with admiring G !  
 But, "Wed thee, Kay?" with puzzled Y ?  
 Though, "Certainly I love thee," C ?  
 Soon: "Faithless?" with a startled A?  
 And "Truly" there is none but U  
 "Break not thy heart" but placid B  
 then: "Quiet, girl" and join the Q !