

LIGHT VERSE

I Rhyme, therefore Iamb

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He Moves Very Quick

I'm not conductor of the band
And no one leaps at my command.
I can't chose where my doggie goes;
I hardly even make free throws.
My kids are grown; they don't take hints.
They stare at me with smirks or squints
And no one hears when I suggest
The way the play should be addressed.

But networks need a rewrite don,
Some newly-reborn William Shawn;
A brain to rein announcers' yammer
Or conjugate John Madden's grammar.
There sat the upbeat former coach,
Exemplar of the stock approach.
He came alive when crowd was rapt
But never met an adverb apt.

And some day, *RBI*s won't fly.
They clearly should be *RsBI*.

Aspiration

The dean employed present indicatives
To frame his bombastic explicatives,
But somehow, the message
Failed fully to presage
His trouble with sibilant fricatives.

Career Track

I'm ineffective as dull prose remediating worldly woes.
I cannot cure the common cold nor turn investment lead to gold.
I can't compete with Terrell O. (I catch as well, but I'm too slow.)
I know not much of car repair, magnetic discs, nor hunting bear.
A better mousetrap I have not; the hand at rhyme is what I've got.
In short, I've talent but a goat. I pass to no grand stirring note,
But after several jeroboams, I rise to write erotic poams.

The Authorship Question

(An 'anti-limerick' is a verse with the first four lines in conventional limerick structure, and the last attenuated and without metre.)

Said donnish old Earl Ed deVere
Re copyright law, "It seems clear
That authorship's finger
Should no longer linger
On the myth of some mime ycleap't William Shakespeare."

The Seventeenth Earl

He was always perverse,
Was Edward de Vere,
With his thirst for verse
And his ear for beer.

Of Mice and Men

My dad gave me the processor
I use to write these lucbrates.
When I essay to mine this ore
It cheerfully cooperates.

A helpful verbal tidal wave
Refreshes these expansions.
I'm glad I learned to click on Save;
In my father's mouse are many scansions.

Whistle While You Work

A poet from County Kilbain
Wrote verses of infinite pain,
 With esses and zees
 And sibilant cees,
Till the sound of them drove him insane.

Intransigent Verb

Instead of reporting
in grammar abominative,
Convey, *s'il vous plait*,
in the predicate nominative.

Panda Monium

Some friends just come for the beer,
While others, to party and mix;
To watch their three-teamers and cheer
Or hang out and hit on the chicks.

But least welcome on the veranda
(I'm hurt to admit how it grieves),
The slothful and overfed panda
Who fruitlessly eats shoots and leaves.

Modern Usage Institute

There are no linguistic purists anymore
(At least not in the wonderful world of inflections).
Safire's out the door.
(Serves him right for making excuses instead of corrections
in the aforesaid Wretched English.)
We're but a hip and a hop
From schoolteachers who can't distinguish
Between an apostrophe and a glottal stop.