POEMS

JOHN BANNON
Westfield, Indiana

Quizzical Quetzal
Quizzical Quetzal, quirky quidnunc, quickly quipping quixotically.
Quicksticks, queries quenched, quatches quelled, quanked questmonger quieted.

A curious Central American Trogon, odd in their inquisitive nature of always looking for news, furiously and hopefully romantic, sings his tune. Without delay, questions ended, words finished, tired and overcome with fatigue, the one whose occupation is to seek, falls silent.

Renterfuge

Ruly, round, red Robin, risqué, robust, ruddy Rooster, rummy Rook ran rip-roaring round ragged rills. Rumpus ramblings replete, rictus Robin, Rooster, Rook repose riverside respiring rigorously.
Rejuvenated, ragrowtering rigmarole resumes.

A Rendezvous Haunted By Birds

An obedient plump rosy colored robin a healthy red colored rooster with an attitude verging on impropriety and an odd rook scramble about with wild enthusiasm on the banks of small curvy streams. The noisy commotion of the ruckus finished open-mouthed robin, rooster and rook, lye by the river breathing deeply.
Filled with new energy and strength, the complex rough play once again continues.

Sadie

Specious, snoutfair Sadie spies squirrels swiftly scouring south side seeking sorrow.
She slooms.

Beautiful, good looking Sadie views squirrels moving furiously around the back yard looking for pleasure. Sadie continues to look invitingly. Inquisitive, dancing and roused to furious passion Sadie bolts into action. Sadie and the squirrel are knocked about violently slipping around one another. Soon safe, the dirty tumble now quiet, Sadie sighs and swaggers off to fall into a deep sleep.
Tea Totaling Turtles

Thenadays tea totaling, topsy-turvy turtles turned tumbles to the tympany. Talkingstock to tazzled tantrels these terapean tumblers taken to tarantismuses take taver-tokens tips to trade thumbit tittynopes.

In the past turtles not taken to drinking very much do flips head over heels to the sound of the big kettledrums in the orchestra. Conversation pieces for disheveled patrons of local bars, these gymnastic turtles that often dance about as if bitten by large spiders accept money from onlookers to buy little leftover bits of food for sustenance.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.