

NURSERY FREE VERSE

ANIL

Perth, Australia

I'm looked down on by most modern poets, who use only free verse and disdain rhyme. I here humbly seek to make amends by writing some free verse. To suit my childish mentality I start on Nursery Rhymes, translating some classics into Nursery Free Verse. I hope they'll like me now.

Mary, a Backwoods Narrative

Mary was a young otherwise anonymous farm girl.
She had a pet snow-white lamb.
It was a brilliant titanium oxide-white cutie.
It followed her everywhere, o'er hill and dale.
Even (illegally) to school one day!
The young students were delighted.
The story seems to end there.

A Small Young Lady with the Strange Name of Peep, Bo Peep, aka *Little* Bo Peep, with the Very Adult Job of Shepherding

This peculiar girl has carelessly misplaced an entire flock of sheep.
She was supposed to be watching over them.

'Leave them alone,' a voice from heaven advised.
'They're not as stupid as you and will find their own way back.
They'll be embarrassed and apologise.'

We are not told from where the voice came.
Nor why it gave a hoot.
Nor whether it was correct.

I suppose it's up to us to imagine all those details.
How dare them.

Another Small Very Young Unmarried Woman Meets an Arachnid in the Woods

The young lady's name was Muffet, first or last name not specified.

She walked in the woods for so long that her milk curdled.
Dear me.

She didn't realise this until lunchtime.
After a long search she *finally* found a nice soft tuffet to sit on to eat.
(What is a tuffet anyway? I always took it to mean her tush.)

She set table for her lactarian breakfast of milk with milk.
Then she found the milk had separated into curds and whey.
She cried.
She tried to re-mix them.
She couldn't achieve the taste of fresh milk.
Still she seemed to enjoy it and wasn't bothered.

All this soon became irrelevant.
A harmless Spider politely say down at her side.
It was the size of her Father, she said.
It just wanted to be friends.

She didn't realise this
and was scared tuffet-less.
But she was no arachnocidal maniac
nor a brave killer in general,
so she merely screamed her bloody lungs out
and ran like Grendel himself was bearing down on her.

Anyhow, she got away safely if badly shaken.
This, unlike most Nursery Free Verse,
can be presumed to have had a happy ending.
You're welcome.

The Story of an Incredibly Nimble Candlestick Jumper

Well, the title pretty well says it all in this supershort NFV.

One missing detail is how big the candle was.
Was it so big that his clearing it was an exceptional feat.
Did he set a Guinness Record for candle jumping?
Otherwise, so what?

Another detail is of dubious importance.
What is the speedy jumper's full name?
The Rhyme says his name was Jack.
A likely alias, I bet.

Jack (or whatever his true name is) had this to say:
'Contrary to crass rumours and gross misinterpretation,
I am *not* a dog.'