

# Parodies

Jeffrey R. Paine, 2003

I think that I shall never see  
A poem unripe for parody

A poem whose turgid verse is pressed  
Against the normal flow of breath

A poem of self-indulgent bray  
And set with flow'ry phrases, say

A poem that may make us swear  
An oath to tear out all our hair

Upon whose meter 's grammar slain  
Whose force-ed rhythm gives us pain

Yes poems are writ by fools like me  
But most improve as parody

(With thanks to Alfred Joyce Kilmer, whose poem "Trees" was, indeed, ripe.)