

Poemjockey

Jeffrey R. Paine

Inspiration t'was hidden
and the writhing poems
did not rhyme and meter
on the page
esoteric were the daffodils
by indolent poets, outraged!

“Beware the Ides of March, my boy
the days that bite, the weeks that pass!
Beware the baleful springtime weather,
and shun the frumious Equinox!”

He took his vorpal pen in hand,
long time the perfect verse he sought,
so rested he front the dun TV
and sat awhile with writers' block

But as he uffish sat and thought
the month of March
with Ides ablaze
went wiffling by without his knowing;
passing swiftly as a day.

One two, one two,
and through and through,
the vorpal pen went snicker-snak;
he wrote it deft, and with it read,
went galumphing back.

“And hast thou harvested
the perfect parody?
Read to your friends, my beamish boy!
Oh Frabjous Day! Caloo! Calay!”
he chortled in his joy.

T’was brilliant,
and the writhing poem
did rhyme and meter
on the page;
esoteric were the daffodils,
by insolent poets, dismayed!

(With no apologies at all to Lewis Carroll and his “Jabberwocky.” An earlier version appeared in my 2003 chapbook; revisions here were made on September 11, 2020.)