

Limericks and such by Rio Jansen

*For a couple of hours a day
with my doggy leading the way
I poetize
under my doggy's watchful eyes,
and record everything he and I may have to say.*

This site contains more than 850 limericks and such, (limericks, pseudo limericks, and non-limericks) that I composed over the last two years while walking my three-year old dog.

I'm retired and live in a small mobile home. And to keep the dog from going nuts in this small place, I take him for long walks three times a day. But these walks soon began to drive me nuts, because it's pretty damn boring having to watch him sniff – or piss on – every urine-scented tree, plant, shrub, blade of grass, fire hydrant, telephone pole, fence post, every tossed-out alcohol container, every bit of fast-food trash, every other-dog turd, and so on that we pass along the way.

One day, out of the blue, I started to recite some remembered limericks and short verses while we were walking along. And it made the walk so much more enjoyable that I decided that from that moment on, I'd I try to come up with silly little verses of my own on these walks. And that's what I've been doing the last two years or so. And just in case you happen to like silly little verses, too, I've decided to share them here with you.

Some of the verses you'll find here are true limericks, but most are not. Some are longer than five lines, but most or not. Some are humorous, or silly, or cute, or absurd, or nonsensical, and some are not. Some are clearly "postmodern" parody, or satire, or sarcasm, or spoof; and some clearly are not. Some are sad, or depressing, or downbeat, or thought provoking, and some are not. And some are

just for kids (or childish), and some just for adults (or even more childish), but most are not.

To make sense of some of these verses, some readers may require a little background knowledge (Bible, literature, mid-Twenties Century popular culture, etc.), which I try to provide through links they can follow.

I hope you can find something here that you like – if not, oh well – I tried. If you have comments or questions about anything related to this page, please email Rio Jansen.

WARNING: Some of these verses lean left. If you lean right (which is completely cool, of course) this page may not be for you.



1. Each day, when I take my dog out to go do his potty shtick

Each day, when I take my dog out to go do his potty shtick,
I try to mentally compose at least one brand-new limerick.
Now you may think, "Wow, that's pretty neat.
But how do you manage to pull off such a grandiose poetic feat?"
It's simple! I'm what in Dutch is called a real slimmerik.*

* smart person or, alternatively, a smart ass

2. Here, I throw my many limericks against the wall

Here, I [throw all my limericks against the wall](#),
in hope one will stick, while the others may fall.
You'd figure at least one has the originality
to escape the charge of being pure banality.

But of that, I'm not too certain at all.

3. Since I'm retired and have practically nothing to do

Since I'm retired and have practically nothing to do,
I decided to write a whole bunch of verses for you,
so that when I come to die,
you can't say, "My, oh my!
Wish he woulda told us a thing or two."

4. A limerick or a poem doesn't have to be...

- a. A limerick or a poem doesn't have to be funny.
It can also be about the stress of having little or no money;
or about the state of affairs
in a world where no one cares
if your day turns out be totally gray or partially sunny.
- b. A poem doesn't have to be necessarily true.
A poem doesn't have to articulate anything particularly new.
A poem need only express
what a Goddess might freely confess,
if you could get her to talk to you.
- c. A poem doesn't have to be deep —
it just has to be careful not put the reader to sleep,
and to make sure that she'll read till the end,
by making her feel like she's being talk to by a friend
who has secrets to share or secrets to keep.

5. I love flash fiction

I love [flash fiction](#) —
the carefulness of its diction —
the weighing of every thought
whittled down to the precision sought —
a minimum of words for a maxim depiction.

6. I write most of my verse in a fraction of an hour

I write most of my verse in a fraction of an hour.
That's faster than it takes me to take my daily shower.
And sure, I may not have every syllable in place,

and the rhymes may be too slant or too commonplace.
But is that enough reason to pooh-pooh my poetic power?

7. Some of my verses are from the viewpoint of cis males

Some of my verses are from the viewpoint of cis males.
In that respect, they can be called "real dude" tales.
If you are of a different gender,
it may take a bit of a mindbender
to appreciate some of these verses in all their details.

8. Sometimes it all turns on the absurd

Sometimes it all turns on the absurd.
Like that pink elephant there on the back of that lime green bird.
It's like a scene painted by [Marc Chagall](#)
who, as we know, was the grandmaster of all
who pictured things that never actually occurred.

9. Since you're bound to find out sooner or later

Since you're bound to find out sooner or later,
let me tell you right off – I'm an unreliable poetic narrator.
I am the one voice that pervades all this verse,
and you can expect me to lie, to tattle, to con, and to curse,
or to commit other poetic mischief one might consider even greater
– or even worse.

10. This is my missive to a world

This is my missive to a world
that never heard of me, –
the sum of all my words
shared in slick simplicity.

My thoughts are now committed
to folks I cannot see.
And though flawed, for the love of God – sweet folks
judge tenderly of me!

[* Play on Emily Dickinson's poem "This is my letter to the world."](#)

11. I told her coitus interruptus

I told her coitus interruptus
only works when the pulling out precise and abrupt is,
cuz if it is a millisecond too late,
it might be child number eight,
and that would surely bankrupt us.

12. It's always fun to reflect

It's always fun to reflect
on where we first hugged, and where we first necked,
and when it first was that we crossed the line
with you showing me yours and me showing you mine.
I don't remember — were we still eight? — or already nine?

13. I wanna go back to Michigan

I wanna go back to Michigan
so I can catch some really good fish again.
The fish from any other U.S lake
tend to give me such a bellyache,
that I can't wait to have a Michigan fish on my dish again.

14. When after years, you again sat on my face

When after years, you again sat on my face,
I hardly recognized the place.
It was not at all what I expected,
and so different from what I recollected,
with that new user interface in place.

15. My dog always barks at men who look suspicious

My dog always barks at men who look suspicious,
and at strange cats nosing around his food or water dishes.
But he never barks at me,
and always looks with such glee
at the neighborhood women, whom he finds delectably delicious.

16. There's a woman walking around town with my penis

There's a woman walking around town with my penis.
She has no idea what the definition of "mean" is.

When she crawled outta my sack,
she just grabbed it and wouldn't give it back,
saying, "Hey boy! It's probably best if we keep this between us."

17. A third of the ducklings is three

A third of the ducklings is three,
waddling behind Mama Sherie.
If a duck is a bird,
and three is a third,
how many birds do you see?

18. My dog can be a real bad boy

My dog can be a real bad boy
and do things that just totally annoy.
Like he really made me mad
that day he pissed on my new iPad
and used my Apple Watch as a chew toy!

19. Irregardless was never a word

Irregardless was never a word,
regardless of what you might've heard.
And "between you and I"
will also not fly
if you wanna graduate from second year college to third.

20. I'm intrigued by the neighborhood tranny

I'm intrigued by the neighborhood tranny.
Unlike some other neighbors, I don't find her at all uncanny.
And I think she's every bit as cute
as all our other neighbors of ill repute,
but with a much nicer fanny.

21. She asked, "What does your painting mean?"

She asked, "What does your painting mean?"
I said, "Nothing really. It's just a portrait of a peaceful evening scene."
She said, "But I sense something ominously stark,
there, lurking behind those two figures in the dark."
I said, "Oh, yeah. I see exactly what you mean."

22. There once was a woman from Wales

There once was a woman from Wales,
who had absolutely no use for males.
She liked women much better,
because they would never upset her
with their masculine-conquest tales.

23. I met a man who's mining

I met a man who's mining
clouds for their silver lining.
And for just a smile, you can buy
an endless supply of good cheer from this guy
to keep your sun perpetually shining.

24. Remember that first evening, when

Remember that first evening, when
we sank imperceptibly into Zen,
and as a full moon arose,
we slipped slowly out of our clothes,
and then?

25. Piggies Pinky, Poinky, and Puck

Piggies Pinky, Poinky, and Puck
were sloshing in the summery murky muck.
It was the day before slaughter,
and they were enjoying the lukewarm water,
and the chorus of the cackly goose and the quaky duck.

26. I met her at the Maine Wienerfest

I met her at the [Maine Wienerfest](#)
I thought her doggy was cuter than all the rest.
But she said she had her eye
on my handsome little guy.
In fact, she said she liked my little wiener the best.

27. "I know nobody, how about you?"

"I know nobody, how about you?
Do you know nobody too?"

And then suddenly our world was so much better,
because nobody had brought us together,
and who woulda thought that that was something that nobody could
do?

* Play on [Emily Dickinson's poem "I'm nobody, who are you"](#) and [e. e. cummings's poem "anyone lived in a pretty how town."](#)

28. I once heard a myth about an uncle in Greece

I once heard a myth about an uncle in Greece,
whose weenie size would daily increase,
so that after a while, when it unfurled,
it would go all the way round the world,
and end up in the lap of his niece.

29. Be alert!

Be alert!
Here live dangerous dragons that squirt
all manner of green ire
and orange hell fire
and if you get hit, you'll get hurt!

30. When at sixty, I looked in the mirror and caught sight of my ass

When at sixty, I looked in the mirror and caught sight of my ass,
I saw that it still had a little pizzazz.
But now that I'm seventy-five,
I can see the jiggle's no longer alive.
I guess my ass just finally ran out of gas.

31. It's hard to tell from this beautiful day

It's hard to tell from this beautiful day
that a gigantic storm is on the way
that threatens to blow down your house
and get rid of that mouse
that you just couldn't catch yesterday.

32. Over the years, my eyes have deteriorated plenty

Over the years, my eyes have deteriorated plenty.
It's been a long time since they were twenty-twenty.
Tonight, when my wife took off her bra,

instead of two boobies, what I actually saw
was two boobies too many.

33. When I lost my heart in San Francisco

When I lost my heart in San Francisco,
I was told to go to the Lost and Found at First and Briscoe.
But to my chagrin, they had more than one lost heart,
and no matter how closely I examined 'em, I couldn't tell 'em apart.
So what could I do but just go eeny, meeny, miny, moe, Bro?

34. Whenever I feel sick, the best ointment

Whenever I feel sick, the best ointment
is to go ahead and make a doctor's appointment.
Because from that moment on,
all the symptoms will be gone,
which, for a hypochondriac like me, is a real disappointment.

35. She had the ass of the ages

She had the ass of the ages,
two hemispheres where the thunder rages.
And unless you crept inside,
there was no place to hide.
Read all about it in these Middle Age Poetry pages.

36. Oh that I might

Oh that I might
fly like a kite
in a sky with clouds a swirling.
It would be such a great joy
for any young boy,
especially if he had thunderbolts he could be hurling.

37. There once was a man from Szechwan

There once was a man from Szechwan
whose penis looked like a pecan.
He met Bertha Butts
who was hungry for nuts.
So he gave her his pecan to chew on.

38. A friend I'd never seen naked before

A friend I'd never seen naked before,
shed all of her clothes and asked, "How do you like the decor?"
I said, "I do like the hills,
and your Grand Canyon instills
a euphoria I haven't felt since of yore.

39. When you blew me that kiss

When you blew me that kiss
I knew right away it would miss.
But a little girl picked it up
as it landed in a buttercup
and said, "I think you were meant to be the recipient of this."

40. This is not why we did love you

This is not why we did love you,
and learned to think the whole world of you,
just so you could sneak out the back door,
never to be seen anymore
except in visions with a coyote looking down from above you.

41. When I read your resume

When I read your resume,
I didn't know what to say.
You'd listed your mother
as your significant other,
and requested ever day off
in lieu of benefits and pay.

42. Life in this big old fishbowl

Life in this big old fishbowl
was never quite completely whole,
till Wally the walrus
came to dwell among us,
and gave this fishbowl some soul.

43. That of your sweet love

That of your sweet love
I could never quite get enough –
not from below – not from above –
that's sorta kind of
what I was sitting here thinking of.

44. The women who live in my village

The women who live in my village
don't like domestic work or tillage.
They get much more excited
when they get invited
with the guys to go plunder and pillage.

45. How many paradigms and how many paradoxes

How many paradigms and how many paradoxes
can you stuff in a pair of pint-sized precious boxes?
And the answer is not,
"Oh teacher, I forgot,"
because I taught you to reason like wily little foxes.

46. When, as an angry teen, Van Gogh would walk aimlessly in the pouring rain

When, as an angry teen, Van Gogh would walk aimlessly in the pouring rain,
what was going on inside that teeming, torturous brain?
Did he blaspheme heaven with every profanity and curse?
Or did he gaze in wonder at the stars of his exploding universe,
and try to make of [their blue and yellow light](#) a poultice for his pain?

47. I don't believe what just occurred!

I don't believe what just occurred!
The word I needed was gobbled up by that bird.
Oh, how could things have gone from bad to worse!
I now have this gaping hole in the middle of my verse.
And what I meant to say will be forever blurred.

48. No, I don't know what I meant

No, I don't know what I meant
when I said that the universe was rent.
I think I was thinking
that the stars just keep on blinking
even when you don't pay `em a cent.

49. Hey my old pal, Don!

Hey my old pal, Don!
Fancy meeting you here at the [eschaton](#).
I was always so lousy at biblical exegesis.
I used to hate that shit to pieces.
So, can you please clue me in as to what's going on?

50. A dollop of tenderness with a dollop of love

A dollop of tenderness with a dollop of love,
a dollop of hope from the heavens above,
a dollop of kindness with a dollop of care,
and a dollop of friendship with the promise to share
each of these dollops with everyone — everywhere.

51. I burned through a small fortune in the casino with Jack

I burned through a small fortune in the casino with Jack.
How much? Of that I didn't really kept track.
But at the casino, I did find me a queen,
who gave me a really good time in between
losing my ass and the shirt off my back.

52. Trying to teach my dog a new trick hasn't proven to be prudent

Trying to teach my dog a new trick hasn't proven to be prudent.
Perhaps, I'm just too lousy of a teacher, or he's too lousy of a
student.
I can show him a thousand times how to sit —
he just doesn't want any part of it.
And the more I insist, the more he becomes downright impudent.

53. On a trip North with my best friend Alice

On a trip North with my best friend Alice,

I fulfilled her wish to go see the [Aurora Borealis](#).
And the phenomenon so completely blew her away,
that out of the blue, she reciprocally did say,
"For showing me this, tomorrow night, I'm gonna show you how
[Debbie did Dallas](#)"

54. Skip to my Lou, my darling

[Skip to my Lou, my darling](#),
Give my Lou a good view, my darling.
Let my Lou see
just how precious you can be,
and what you wouldn't do for old Lou for a farthing.

55. I said, "If you really did adore me"

I said, "If you really did adore me,
[you'd tumble for me.](#)"
She said, "Well, I can't today,
cuz I just tumbled for Jay,
and it gave me a really sore knee.

56. He had a cobra tattooed on his arm

He had a cobra tattooed on his arm
that he tried to convince her he could charm.
If she were to kiss him just a little bit stronger,
she would feel his snake get longer and longer.
But no worries. He promised it wouldn't do her any harm.

57. I was sitting on the dock of the bay listening to a song

I was sitting on [the dock of the bay](#) listening to a song,
when Otis Redding happened to come walking along.
He said, "You watching the ships roll in?"
I said, "Yeah, and then watching `em roll away again."
He said, "Some folks really seem to dig that shit. I think it's pretty
ho-hum."

58. My mother – for rhyme's sake let's call her Charlótt

My mother – for rhyme's sake let's call her Charlótt –
always gagged at any mention of that slimy word "snot."
Whenever any one of us kids spoke

about digging for a green, wet one, she'd just about choke,
begging us to stop, which of course, we immediately did not.

59. I won a contest to go visit the lake isle of Innisfree

I won a contest to go visit [the lake isle of Innisfree](#).

But I didn't wanna go, cuz there's nothing there I particularly wanna see.

I hear there's just a clay-and-wattles cabin
with a bunch a bees a-blabbin'
and nine rows of beans, and that doesn't really interest me.

60. "Today, we again failed to reproduce,"

"Today, we again failed to reproduce,"
said the gander to the goose.

"If we wanna keep up with the drake and the duck,
we gotta do more than depend just on luck.
We actually gotta let something hang loose."

61. You know, I was never that impressed

You know, I was never that impressed
by the way the emperor dressed.

So I guess you can suppose,
that when he started traipsing around without any clothes,
that's when I liked him the best.

62. It's difficult to place

where I left my last face.

Did I leave it in your lap

after taking that quick nap?

Or did I leave it in your narrow crawlspace?

63. No, I can't say I ever knew

No, I can't say I ever knew

[the one who flew over the cuckoo's nest](#), did you?

And it's probably all for the best,

cuz, if we'd known him before his arrest,

he might've gotten us to fly over the cuckoo's nest, too.

64. “Et tu, Brute?”

[“Et tu, Brute?”](#)

“Who me? No fucking way!

This is yon Cassius’ gig.

I said I didn't wanna do it, you dig?

Now please — kindly turn your head — the other way.”

65. Sometimes when my dog is sleeping next to my chair

Sometimes when my dog is sleeping next to my chair,
he can be the world champ at defiling the air.

At times his toots are so lethal
that I fear that his doggy diesel
might cause an explosion right then and there.

66. [So that I can go right to sleep](#)

So that I can go right to sleep

I ask the Lord to count my sheep.

And if I wake before I die

I count myself a lucky guy.

Amen.

67. [Among the seventh-grade girls, the rumor got really loud](#)

Among the seventh-grade girls, the rumor got really loud
that Harry Long was very well-endowed.

But then Clarissa confessed
that she'd seen it, and she wasn't all that impressed,
although she wasn't believed by any other girl in the crowd.

68. [A cup, a saucer, and a spoon](#)

A cup, a saucer, and a spoon
were singing and dancing to a Disney Land tune,
till their little gray matter
got so dizzy, they all went splatter,
falling, head-first, down the stairs to their ruin.

69. [I find it so effervescent](#)

I find it so effervescent

to be able to freely explore your fertile crescent.

I know my requests are incessant —
I'm such a total adolescent.
But thanks for being so acquiescent.

70. When I heard that the first would be last

When I heard that the first would be last,*
I was truly and completely aghast.
So, I slammed on my brake
and let those behind me overtake
my future as I slipped into their past.
[*From Matthew 20:16 New International Version](#)

71. Today

Today,
even the hills seem blue.
Unhappiness is
just happiness
being torn to shreds by you.

72. I once knew this guy named Lou Lenard

I once knew this guy named Lou Lenard.
He was not only a great butcher, but also a great bard.
Whenever he slit open a sow —
I can still hear it now — him singing,
"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the gory of the lard."

73. On our block, the biggest mother fletcher

On our block, the biggest mother fletcher
was this bully of a girl named Bonnie Etcher.
But we fixed her once and for all
by throwing her a big, red ball
and then telling the pit bull to go fetch her.

74. Shit, fuck, damn!

Shit, fuck, damn!
There's green slime on my fried eggs and ham!
Call me confused,
but I'm not at all amused!
I thought this shit only happened with fried eggs and spam.

75. I'm always amazed at how well porn sells

I'm always amazed at how well porn sells,
with those gyrating bodies and their sex toys and gels.
And all that crooning and crowing
and the gooey end product showing!
I'm just so happy porn comes without smells.

76. In pre-history, every once and a while

In pre-history, every once and a while,
you could see a sated group of dinosaurs smile.
But that usually happened only
after they'd been munching on something fleshy and bony
and had been lying around picking their teeth for a while.

77. When I reminded her that the Bible does tell

When I reminded her that the Bible does tell
to love not only yourself, but your neighbor as well,
she said, "But Mister Tabor,
you're not my neighbor,
so, you can kindly go to hell!"

78. When you left, my sorrow was way too big

When you left, my sorrow was way too big.
It was bigger than a whole pig.
It was bigger than what God should've allowed —
bigger than the darkest thundercloud.
But today? – I no longer really give a fig.

79. Like Napoleon, I was born

Like Napoleon, I was born.
He led the French army — I made sure the sheep got shorn.
And while I was covered in sheep's doo,
he met his waterloo.
And when on St Helena he died,
none of the sheep cried."

80. There's a Mrs. who misses you

There's a Mrs. who misses you.

It's not the Mrs. who kisses you.
And you're unaware —
or likely — don't even care —
that the Mrs. who's missing you
would do anything again to be kissing you..

81. When someone says, "A pox on both your houses!"

When someone says, "A pox on both your houses!"
imagine the anger that that arouses
on the side that surely thinks
that it's only the other side that stinks
and has the world's ugliest spouses.

82. Strolling by the sundrenched shoreline

Strolling by the sundrenched shoreline,
I saw a shark eat a friend of mine.
I yelled, "Hey Mister shark!
This is supposed to be a private park!
Who invited you here to come dine?"

83. My favorite mode of transportation

My favorite mode of transportation
is to walk to the Brussels train station,
buy some gum, get on the train,
then ride all the way from Belgium to Spain,
just because I like that chew-choo sensation.

84. I heard that it was a guy from Pamplona

I heard that it was a guy from Pamplona
who had an affair with that Florentine called [Mona](#).
Or was she from Pisa,
and her name was really Lisa?
Ah, my mind's all a blur from drinking too much Corona.

85. I said to the laymen

I said to the laymen,
"God's dead. Can I get an amen?"
"God's not dead! How'd you get that in your head?"

We just saw Him julienne ten thousand men
for [worshipping idols](#) behind Ezra pig pen.”

86. When the old saints came marching in

When the old saints came marching in, *
on their wrinkled faces, I could detect a sly little grin.
In the clinic, each one had been handed a little bag a'
little blue pills commonly known as Viagra,
that they were promised would make dem bones rise again.

* Play on the title of the old spiritual "[When the saints go marching in](#)"

87. The way that scene closes

The way that scene closes
invites a scrutinous diagnosis.
For example, that fuzzy face —
it appears in more than one place —
with subtly different eyes and subtly different noses.

88. My dog is more stubborn than a paddock of mules

My dog is more stubborn than a paddock of mules.
He runs around the house and breaks every one of my rules.
But if I didn't just let him,
it would greatly upset him,
and the house would resound with his whines and his pules.

89. My wife is a mighty big fan

My wife is a mighty big fan
of the neighborhood Good Humor man.
His big stick is what she's most eager to buy,
although she'd also like to give his nutty buddy a try.
But she sends me out for the purchase, because for that, she's way
too shy.

90. As I watch you sleeping there

As I watch you sleeping there,
seventy years of hard living etched into your silver-gray hair,
I feel my love for you as deeply and as much
as I did that night when you first let me touch
your exquisite beauty — here — there — and everywhere.

91. The first time you kissed me, it was such a shock

The first time you kissed me, it was such a shock,
I literally saw time stop on the old kitchen clock.
But before you take it as over-the-top flattery,
let me say, it turned out to be just a dead battery,
and once replaced, time started again with the same old tick-tock.

92. When I saw she had a wire loose

When I saw she had a wire loose,
I gave her a quick, little goose,
cuz I knew it she reacted,
nothing serious could've been impacted,
and fixing the wire could get her to produce more juice.

93. I dreamed I was drinking with Toulouse-Lautrec

I dreamed I was drinking with [Toulouse-Lautrec](#).
We were downing glass after glass of orange triple sec.
And quite drunk, he told me something that shocked me so.
He said he'd eaten the ear of Vincent van Gogh!
And then I awoke, with a wet bed sheet wrung around my neck.

94. In an art class about Johannes Vermeer

In an art class about Johannes Vermeer,
the professor asked me something I found a little bit queer.
He said, "If you had been [that girl](#),
would you have let him paint you with that pearl?"
I said, "Only if he had held me very, very dear."

95. I tried to reason with the Lady of Shalott

I tried to reason with the [Lady of Shalott](#),
"Be content! Don't be so distraught!
You may be jealous of the world of [Lancelot and Guinevere](#) —
but let me tell you what's about to happen there —
they're about to lose everything they've got."

96. There are more nos then yeses

There are more nos then yeses
when my wife goes out to try on new dresses.

Each dress has to fit her just so
that only her best features show.
And the rest she leaves up to wild-ass guesses.

97. When I saw the old waitress bend over

When I saw the old waitress bend over,
I could see all the way from [Calais to the white cliffs of Dover](#).
I could gaze across the entire English Channel
through her undies of red and pink flannel,
and quickly lost my appetite for my hot apple turnover.

98. My family wouldn't dare bury me in a grave

My family wouldn't dare bury me in a grave.
They know I'd just misbehave.
I'd party with all the germs
and have sleepovers with the worms
and give the bacteria all that they crave.

99. This morning, the clouds looked orange and lavender gray

This morning, the clouds looked orange and lavender gray.
Scientists say it's pollution makes them look that way.
Still, some people think it's real pretty to see
and aren't aware of the possibility
that this beauty might kill them some day.

100. That kid at eleven before his first kiss

That kid at eleven before his first kiss
is the kid that I really, really miss.
Every kid thereafter
was more tears than laughter,
molding the world-weary cynic that this old man now is.

101. My dog and I got caught in a sudden winter storm

My dog and I got caught in a sudden winter storm,
with a whipping wind and a snow fall way above the norm.
And my dog looked at me with a face that said, "Hey, Dad!
This storm is really, really bad!
Can't we just go home where it's cozy and warm?"

102. Beans can play a very big role

Beans can play a very big role
escorting the stuff you eat the [30 feet](#) down to your hole.
They'll keep inspecting the plumbing
to make sure the stuff keeps right on a' coming
by doing all sorts of traffic control.

103. Dear doctor, did you know you had really cold hands

Dear doctor, did you know you had really cold hands,
the last time you inspected my testicular glands?
If we need to do a repeater,
could you warm `em a bit on the heater,
before you shove `em again down my pants.

104. I would traverse the earth

I would traverse the earth,
or run around the sun,
if I thought it would bestow equality upon everyone.
I'd sail across Mars, aided by the stars,
or balloon around the moon,
if I thought that would get rid of all the world's evil by June.
But I think even if I would bike to Uranus and back,
none of this is likely to happen, Jack —
none of this is likely to happen.

105. I said to her, so as to not further upset her

I said to her, so as to not further upset her,
"I'm new at this, so I'm bound to get better.
If you jot down your rules,
and provide me with the appropriate tools,
next time, I'll be sure to follow what you want — right down to the
letter."

106. I'm the camel who tried to go through the eye of the needle

[I'm the camel who tried to go through the eye of the needle.](#)
But my humps wouldn't slide through, not matter how I did prod
and wheedle.
Damn, if only I hadn't waited

till it got so fricking complicated.

I shoulda tried it when I was still young, and slick, and fetal.

107. Sometimes, my dog's behavior is anything but mild

Sometimes, my dog's behavior is anything but mild.

He's been known to outdo the hissy fits of any two-year old child.

Today, when I said "No!," he barked and he cursed,
and he swore, as a parent, I was the absolute worst!

And when I pretended to cry, I'm pretty sure that he smiled.

108. In grade school, when I was sick of all the teasing and crap

In grade school, when I was sick of all the teasing and crap,
and of being told it was my own fault for being a big sis and a sap,
I'd steal home to my mother,
and push aside my little brother,
and try to find solace in the safety of her lap.

109. Among the worst memories of middle school are my being smeared with snot and a boogie

Among the worst memories of middle school are my being smeared
with snot and a boogie,
and of my being pants, and of being hit by a kid hocking a loogie.
But the worst memory of all,
is being chased by this bully named Paul, who, when I got caught,
would give me the meanest titty twist, and a full-on, five-minute
noogie.

110. Trump limericks / verses

a. The day they threw Donald Trump in jail,
you could hear half the country exhale.
With only a bed and a shitter,
and no access to X (formerly Twitter) —
Ah, but this is all just a big, fat, fake, fairy tale.

b. If Trump were to croak, say, by choking on a slice of papaya,
how long before his ilk would see it as a heavenly sign and run it by
a

biblical scholar who would then be given the imperative
to scour the Bible to come up with a plausible narrative

to prove that Trump's death was another example of [a suffering messiah](#)?

c. An interviewee was asked, "If Trump were a chicken, do you think he'd be [finger linkin](#)'?"

She said, "As the ex-Commander in Chief, I'd be more inclined to ask, '[where is the beef](#)' that keeps that little prick a-tickin'?"

d. The length and breadth of Trump's brain are so incalculable, it's quite literally insane. And his ability to think can even make infinity shrink, or whatever it is the MAGA crowd always seems to be sayin'.

e. When she bent over to cut back the annuals, the way she'd learned to do from her gardening manuals, I accidentally touched her rump, and she yelled out, "Did you just give me a trump? Who do you think I am? That girl, [Stormy Daniels](#)?"

f. The last time I went to the dump to try to drop of this MAGA-sized, plastic Trump, the guy at the gate said, "Hey, you got to wait. I think our dump is way too small for that MAGA-sized rump."

g. Look at those christians walking hand in hand, led by the orange devil, heading to the "promised land." They swear they'll get there, I swear they won't. They've done too many things that the Lord said don't. They didn't turn their cheeks, they didn't help the poor. They didn't give up riches, instead they acquired more. They tried to crush their enemies and condemn their every foe, and did lots of things to which Jesus said, "No! No! No!" Now I'm not talking about all Christians, it's clearly just the few, and you can easily tell which ones I mean by the hatred that they spew.

If only they'd been honest when they read the Bible,
they would surely have learned what they lack –
the knowledge that, these days, for the devil, orange is the new
black.

h. The FBI came by
to ask if I had spit Trump in the eye.
I said only in a picture
that is a permanent fixture
on the car of a white evangelical guy.

So you've clearly attested
and have freely confessed it.
You spit Trump in the eye
on the car of that white evangelical guy.
Well, that's enough to have you arrested.

I said, "You got to be kidding
And what about all those people who take a picture of Trump,
put it in the toilet bowl before every dump
and use it for target practice while they're shitting?"

Look, we're not in charge of what happens in a lavatory.
That comes under the purview of FBI agent Lorry.
But for what you've attested, consider yourself arrested.
And that's the end of this story.

i. We are the land of the dumber than the dumb,
marching to the alarum of the orange man's drum,
speeding to a hell of our own making,
with the home of the brave and the land of free soon to be shaking
with the carnage of a internecine war caused by this unholy scum.

111. Have you ever given your pillow a passionate hug and a kiss

Have you ever given your pillow a passionate hug and a kiss,
pretending it was the sweet face of your new beau or new miss
with whom you'd only just fallen in love,

but with whom you hadn't had quite time enough
to dare attempt this heavenly bliss?

112. I once knew with this woman name Myrtle

I once knew this woman name Myrtle
who was as strong as the shell of a turtle.
One day, when an intruder snuck in,
she threw all her garments at him,
and broke his neck by yanking the straps of her girdle.

113. Three times the mass of the sun

Three times the mass of the sun
were the boobs of stripper, Priscilla the Hun.
And when the adoring men yelled out for more,
she'd shimmy and knock 'em all to the floor,
first with the left, and then with the right one.

114. When I was a teen, my mom's friend used to say, "You oughta

When I was a teen, my mom's friend used to say, "You oughta
become better friends with my adorable eldest daughter."
That always really put me on the spot,
and all I could mutter was, "Ah, sure, why not?"
even though I knew her "adorable eldest daughter" looked a lot like
a fucking otter.

115. Whenever I dare delve deeper inside of me

Whenever I dare delve deeper inside of me,
to where the darkness is a little easier to see,
I can discern where they've been piling up,
those sleazy things I done from the time I was a callow pup,
and each time I see 'em, they seem a bit more vile to me.

116. Sorry, but I wanna go gentle into that good night

Sorry, but I wanna [go gentle into that good night](#).
Of pain, I have a godawful fright.
So, I'll opt for a quick, euthanistic squirt,
so I'll feel only a little pin prick of hurt,
as my eyes bid a gentle goodnight to the dying of the light.

117. You know what I wish for the most?

You know what I wish for the most? —
that you and I could drive one more time up the California coast,
listening to [Emmylou Harris](#), [Gram Parsons](#), and [John Prine](#),
with me holding your hand, and you holding mine,
and not stopping, till we had safely passed the fault line.

118. When I think of past lovers who developed an aversion to me

When I think of past lovers who developed an aversion to me,
I can only think of one — maybe two — maybe three.
And I believe the cause of each one's ire
was the same — my consistent and constant desire
for too much food, too much wine, and too much debauchery.

119. It's not like the angels will always around

It's not like the angels will always be around
each time you fall with both knees to the ground.
You're not their only concern,
so just wait your goddamn turn,
which, if you're lucky, may come during their next go-around.

120. Rumor has it that just before his big fall

Rumor has it that just before his big fall,
Humpty Dumpty had been drinking in a tavern near the mall.
So all the king's horses and all the king's men
knew perfectly well Humpty Dumpty was gonna fall again,
but unfortunately, it was something they just couldn't forestall.

121. This morning at a quarter past dawn

This morning at a quarter past dawn,
I got up and pulled my overalls back on.
And I said to the manor's lady,
"Please say hello to my Lord Brady,
and I'll see you next time I come by to do the lawn.

122. When I tried to look a little deeper into where

When I tried to look a little deeper into where,
by all accounts, there should've been a there,

much to my surprise
nothing caught my eyes.
So I knew [Gertrude](#) was right — there was absolutely no there
there.

123. Want some water, Lou?

Want some water, Lou?
And you, Tim? Buktu?
I love word games
that pun on names,
when you got absolutely nothing better to do.

124. Last night, I accidentally got locked in a zoo

Last night, I accidentally got locked up in the zoo.
No big deal — there was really plenty to do.
Dinner and a swim with a shark —
a game of chase with hyenas around the park —
and then a delicious nightcap with a talkative cockatoo.

125. I asked a poet, "What's your poem worth?"

I asked a poet, "What's that poem worth?"
She said without thinking, "Twice the price of the earth."
I said, "I'd give you one thin dime."
She said, "Okay, I can make that rhyme."
After all, this particular verse is exceedingly terse."

126. My dog's been in such a mood

My dog's been in such a mood,
that I actually thought about divorcing the dude.
It all started with the new kibble
that he refuses to even nibble.
And for days now, he's been acting all obstreperous and rude.

127. I said, "Oh, shit! Oh no! Oh Mama Mia

I said "Oh shit! Oh no! Oh Mama Mia!
My dog had had a full-on bout of diarrhea.
He'd squirted it everywhere,
some under the table, some under a chair,
but most of it in a box from Mama's Pizzeria.

128. "Oh, that was a real blast!"

"Oh, that was a real blast!",
she decried when my erection didn't last.
"Oh, stop with your sarcasm!
I tried for hours to get you to orgasm.
No wonder my thingy's flying at half-mast.

129. When I was asked by a New Orleans waiter

When I was asked by a New Orleans waiter,
"Can I recommend some freshly caught gator?"
I said, "Are you for real?
Didn't you hear about that woman Lucille?"
"And what if I can assure you this ain't the gator that ate her?"

130. I sometimes wonder who was there

I sometimes wonder who was there
the day Shakespeare finished writing King Lear.
Was he home with his [Annie](#)?
Or was he drunk off his fanny
In the tavern, stroking the [dark lady's hair](#)?

131. Muses limericks / verses

a. I'm sick and tired of the so-called [muses](#),
especially the one who always chooses
to make it clear that I don't work hard enough.
Yet, when I ask for a little help with my stuff,
she's always the first one who flatly refuses.

b. My muse yelled, "Stop! That's prohibited."
I said, "What?" "The behavior you just exhibited."
I said, "What did I do?"
She said, "You took lines that didn't belong to you."
I said, "Shit, if you keep this up, you're gonna make me feel so
fricking inhibited."

c. Someone asked, "Could you write without a muse?"
I said, "Probably could, but I'd refuse."

Why? Because a muse is so good at showing
what to tell the audience and what to keep it from knowing
so that you can keep right on going with your wily, wild-ass ruse.

d. I was having a hell of a time
with a poem that should never have been mine.
The muse had made a big mistake,
giving me lines that shoulda gone to this poet named [Blake](#),
of which I could make neither reason nor rhyme.

132. Hickety, Dicky, and Doc

Hickety, Dickedy, and Doc
were staring at the classroom clock.
Any when the clock struck one –
boom! they were gone –
to go vape in a shed round the block.

* Play on the title of the nursery rhyme, [Hickory Dickory Dock](#).

133. I think I'm in very deep shit

I think I'm in very deep shit.
The issue is, to wit:
when the exorcist tried to heal my soul,
all he found was a very big hole
with eggs about to hatch in it.

134. "What do you think of my pup?"

"What do you think of my pup?",
I asked a cop as he was writing me up.
"Nice, from what I can see,
but you shouldn't have let him pee,
in this poor guy's donation cup."

135. When her green smoothie didn't go down any too smooth

When her green smoothie didn't go down any too smooth,
and green slime from both nostrils did ooze,
I said, "Holy moly!"
That looks none too holy!"

And then I help her wipe the ungodly ooze from her shoes.

136. When I find myself beginning to write

When I find myself beginning to write
on a topic that is just too erudite,
I quickly throw in the towel,
with an unfeigned avowal
that frankly, I'm just not that bright.

137. On a sunny afternoon, listening to a Mozart serenade

On a sunny afternoon, listening to a Mozart serenade,
we sat on her parent's veranda, sipping spiked lemonade.
And she pecked me lovingly on the nose,
then kissed her way gradually down to my toes,
then halfway back up, to the cooler parts in the shade.

138. When they kept questioning me on that fateful day

When they kept questioning me on that fateful day,
I kept repeating that I had absolutely nothing to say.
They said, "But you're the only eyewitness."
I said, Yeah, but I was scared shitless,
and I was looking the other way."

139. Who says apples and oranges are nonsensical to compare?

Who says apples and oranges are nonsensical to compare?
Neither is a rhomboid, a triangle, or a square.
And let there be no confusion,
either is liable to contusion
if it's not handled with the utmost care.

140. In the beginning, when Christ's followers were of life being bereft

In the beginning, when Christ's followers were of life being bereft,
by opponents who, at killing with rocks, were pretty damn deft,
if someone like Bob Dylan had intoned
["Everybody must get stoned,"](#)
there might not have been any Christians left.

141. "Oh, Mother Dear," the young child tearfully said

"Oh, Mother Dear," the young child tearfully said.

"Why does that man who looks like a bear have to sleep in your bed?"

The moaning and groaning I constantly hear,
fills me with such terror and fear!

Please! Can't you just make him go sleep in the shed instead?"

142. King and Queen limericks / verses

a. When the king first stood naked before his new bride,
his disappointed was a little hard to hide.

Had he paid all those rubies
for these tiny little boobies?

Squire! Get the horses ready! We're going for a ride!"

b. When the queen for the first time saw the king's little wiener,
her face betrayed an instant change in her demeanor.

She thought with a frown,

"This is a big step down.

I saw bigger dicks when I was a teener."

c. The king and queen made it a point to stop by
our cottage on their way to their palace nearby.

They wanted to express their concern

that from the small salary we earn,

they'd have to tax a little bit more,

because inflation was running so high.

143. A difference between "this" and "that"

A difference between "this" and "that"

is that "this" ends in "is" and "that" ends in "at."

A word within a word

is more easily seen than heard,

like, for example, the "chit," "chi," "hi," "hit," "it," "itch," "tcha",

"chat," "hat," and "at" in "chitchat."

144. In my mind, I've made love to many a frau

In my mind, I've made love to many a [frau](#).
As a matter of fact, I'm making love to one now.
And as she's sitting at the bar grinning,
she has no idea of her part in my sinning.
But if she had, she might just say, "Oh, wow!"

145. You know you're living with inconsiderate men

You know you're living with inconsiderate men
when you find your toilet seat piddled on again.
I don't think men will ever learn to lift it up,
until you urinate in their coffee cup.
And when they say, "That tastes like piss!" say, "Amen!"

146. From Barcelona, she shipped me boots of Spanish leather

From Barcelona, she shipped me [boots of Spanish leather](#),
with a note that said, "So you might understand Bob Dylan better."
And that's the last word
from her I ever heard,
and sadly, we never listened to Bob Dylan again together.

147. I said to her lawyer

I said to her lawyer,
"No, I'm not a voyeur!
Her blinds were totally up,
and so I could clearly see her pup
licking her in foyer."

148. The noble lady was full of ire

The noble lady was full of ire.
Her drunken knight had pissed out the evening fire.
So now she sought warmth by his horse,
and had heated intercourse
with the knight's dumpy squire.

149. I had an appointment with the man in the moon

I had an appointment with the man in the moon,
but I must've left the saloon a little too soon.

I looked left, I looked right —
no damn moon in sight.

Don't tell me he made our appointment for a fricken moonless
night!

150. I usually make myself the hero of my own verse

I usually make myself the hero of my own verse.

Why? Because, frankly, what's the chance of me doing it any worse?

I'm the only one who has it all in his head —

everything previously done, everything previously said.

And with any other hero, it would be the exact reverse."

151. You're way too young to be a neanderthal

You're way too young to be a [neanderthal](#).

And for a [homo erectus](#), you're just a little too tall.

So, judging from the size of your head,

I think it can probably safely be said,

you're the smartest monkey of 'em all.

152. As I'm walking these Spanaway streets

As I'm walking these Spanaway streets,

reciting poems by that English poet, [John Keats](#),

my dog has no complaint

and acts like an absolute saint,

long as I keep handing him his favorite doggy treats.

153. The tattoos all over the body of that young lady

The tattoos all over the body of that young lady —

what are they going to look like when she turns eighty?

I'm afraid the ass of that sweet young lass

smelling flowers above her reclining lover in the grass

will have landed square on the nose of his bearded face, alas.

154. The Lord said to <governor of state, i.e., Ron DeSantis>, "Today, I'm in great haste"

The Lord said to <governor of state, i.e., Ron DeSantis>, "Today, I'm in great haste.

I'm gonna lay the state of <state name, i.e., Florida> to waste.
From church steeple to church steeple,
in the state of <state name, i.e., Florida>, I can't find even ten righteous people.

So, of my anger, I'm gonna give all <residents of state, i.e., Floridians> a taste.

155. You know what is a fact?

You know what is a fact?

A fact is like a nut to be cracked.

And then you can extract all the meaning,
whether it's left or right leaning,
and use it to keep your world view intact.

156. The alpha and omega of all this ado

The alpha and omega of all this ado

was a petite little kitten named Miss Lucy LaRue.

Frenetically chasing a squeaky little mouse,

she bowled over every knickknack and vase in the house.

And just as the mouse was cornered, and thought its life was through,

a large lava lamp came crashing down, splitting the tarantula aquarium in two.

157. My dog can act awfully bizarre

My dog can act awfully bizarre,

like a clown with an exploding cigar.

Of a sudden, he can dart all around,

flip on his back, roll on the ground,

and then look at you with a face that says, "Hardy-har-har."

158. The counters of the Lord limericks / verses

a. Just today, the counters of the Lord recorded 3.6 billion masturbations,
half a billion extra-marital affairs, and 2.3 billion pre-marital fornications.

Documenting world-wide illicit sex had them so busy that the counters of the Lord were literally thrown into a tizzy, and forgot to notate more than half of 1.4 billion men-on-men ejaculations.

b. Today, the counters of the Lord were at it again, with one group keeping tabs on women, and the other on men. And today, more women were seen engaging in a sexual transgression than men, from any walk of life or from any profession, which left the counters of the Lord scratching their heads, every now and then.

159. If I lived in your shoe

If I lived in your shoe,
I'd know exactly what to do.
I'd kiss your sweet toes,
bedeck them with pretty, pinks bows,
and paint three of them green, and two of them blue.

160. My dog is such a geek

My dog is such a geek.
He can bark in both Arabic and in Greek.
He's expert in canine mathematics,
can discuss dog-fight aerodynamics,
and is fluent in bow-wow doublespeak.

161. See here? – you do see a little rot

See here? – you do see a little rot.
But over here? – definitely not.
So, whoever said you were totally rotten

doubtlessly, it wrong has gotten –
because totally rotten? – you certainly are not.

162. If I hadn't turned left at that street

If I hadn't turned left at that street,
then right at that cul-de-sac after a few hundred feet,
I wouldn't've been there
when that surly she-bear
was searching for something to eat.

163. Angel limericks / verses

a. Between some pink, wispy clouds in a low, gray-blue sky,
a little angel appeared and passionately waved "hi."
And at the moment of seeing
that ethereal being,
I regained real hope that better days were nearby.

b. I saw a beautiful angel do a triple pirouette
[on a silvery pin with a tiny little head.](#)
And I exclaimed, being totally impressed,
"Little Angel, you're the absolute best."
"No biggy, she smiled. "For an angel – anything is as easily done as
it is said."

164. I heard a cop loudly holler

I heard a cop loudly holler
at a guy who grabbed a young girl by the collar.
"Hey! Let that girl go!
Or the next thing you'll know –
you'll get a free trip to the funeral parlor."

165. At a carnival in the medieval city of York

At a carnival in the medieval city of York,
I saw a cherubic baby deliver a stork,
and a fat old sow and a skinny piggy
smoking a filtered, [Sir Walter Raleigh ciggy,](#)
as a madcap crowd chowed down at a trough of barbecued pork.

166. Perchance, have you seen Mr. LaDoux?

Perchance, have you seen Mr. LaDoux?
He's easy to recognize with his hair of straw blue,
and his nose a red ball,
and dressed in a brown overall,
perhaps covered with a bird dropping or two.

167. As she was drying her hair, my allusion went right over her head

As she was drying her hair, my allusion went right over her head.
I said, "[The wet head is dead.](#)"
"The red head is dead?"
"No, the wet head is dead."
The wet head is dead? No idea what you're trying to get at!"

168. I decided to get off the road to salvation

I decided to get off the road to salvation.
I got so sick of all that piety inflation.
The wide-spread public praying and making signs of the cross —
don't these [Holy Willies](#) realize all that ostentation is dross?
Christ was so against the [pharisaic](#) display of [attention-grabbing adulation](#).

169. Here's a titillating fact

Here's a titillating fact —
the butts of Martians aren't cracked.
They excrete what they eat and drink through their noses
by using these two little green hoses
that hook up to their alimentary tract.

170. I remember the day I accidentally slayed a dragon

I remember the day I accidentally slayed a dragon.
A rock I'd catapulted went up its throat, and dragon started gaggin'.
And as I was shaking in terror and dread,
of a sudden, the poor beast dropped down in front of me — dead.
And I was so sad, as the dragon was being hauled off with a rusty,
old Ford station wagon.

171. My wife's a really good egg

My wife's a really good egg.
When it's sore, she'll always massage my leg.
And when I implore,
she'll even do a little bit more
to make life a little merrier here in snowy [Kandersteg](#).

172. I thought I saw a shooting star

I thought I saw a shooting star
over there, above Taco Del Mar.
I wondered what it could portend:
the end of the world? the death of a friend?
Or worse, that Mimi wouldn't be there when I got to the bar.

173. When you return from your year to Damascus

When you return from your year to Damascus,
and you find my note, you'll know right away what my ask is.
Please hurry on over to me,
because I'm dying to see,
if you're still adept at making love, or if you're all out of practice.

174. My dog's not so good in an off-leash park

My dog's not so good in an off-leash park.
He always tries to hump the young lassies and won't stop when
they bark.
And then the owners, all the while,
glare at me, as if I've unleashed some damn pedophile.
So I have to go corral him and say to the little Romeo guy,
"No, no, no, no, no! You don't get to kiss each one of 'em good-
bye!"

175. I sometimes wonder what it was like

I sometimes wonder what it was like
for young [Hans](#) to stick his finger into that dike.
Wasn't he shaken by the screeching
and the dike getting closer and closer to breaching,
threatening to wipe him away forever

with his lunch pail and his bike?

176. I heard one yellow bird call to another

I heard one yellow bird call to another,
"Did you hear what happened to [Tweety](#)'s little brother?
He sat down on a hot wire,
and caught his tail on fire,
and now he can't fly anywhere without the help of his mother."

177. "Infinity is a very long time"

"Infinity is a very long time,"
I said to my daughter, as she poured me another vodka and lime.
"But if I promise to love you forever,
and help you and mom around the house with whatever,
can you help me pay for my Amazon Prime?"

178. Remember how I used to root

Remember how I used to root
to have you strip down to your birthday suit?
I'd still do it today,
but I know just what you'd say:
"Isn't it time to put that silver-haired thought on mute?"

179. When the walls fell down around Jericho

[When the walls fell down around Jericho](#),
where were all the terrified Jerichoans to go?
To the trumpets' celestial sound,
the Israelites made Jericho a killing ground,
as heaven looked on and cheered every bloody deathblow!

180. Oh, you – sitting there in your silvery gray Celica

Oh, you – sitting there in your silvery gray Celica,
looking more angelic than all the angels in St Peter's Basilica.
Let's go do something wild –
like – let's go ~~make a child~~ be beguiled.
She drove away and slyly smiled.

181. I start every day

I start every day
in the exact same way.
I ask her if it's okay.
And if she says, "Yeah,"
I start hugging and kissing her — all the way.

182. She was smarter than anyone else, that's for sure

She was smarter than anyone else, that's for sure.
She wasn't a college professor, but she knew so much more.
She knew every in of every out,
and what Mona Lisa's smile was all about,
and the answer to every kid's repeated why — and — wherefore.

183. If you don't manipulate your manhood enough

If you don't manipulate your manhood enough,
you're at an [increased risk of prostate cancer](#) and stuff.
So, no matter what the Bible may say,
make sure your manhood gets plenty of play,
even if sometimes you have to do it off the cuff.

184. I was interviewing a poem on my ~~casting couch~~ studio couch

I was interviewing a poem on my ~~casting couch~~ studio couch.
I asked her, "Why you wanna be a poem?" She said "Ouch"
That's a very good question.
I did it on my daddy's suggestion,
so I might learn not to be such a slouchy grouch."

185. She claimed she spent the night with the Wizard Oz

She claimed she spent the night with the Wizard Oz,
who graciously invited her to partake of his noz.
She said, "Oh, Mr. Oz!
I can't do that — because —
I'll never again be the same as I was.

186. Did you see the murder of crows

Did you see the [murder of crows](#)? —
dozens of them lying in silent repose.

They don't appear to be shot.
So, it must've been poison or – whatnot.
Anyway – a lot of food for thought.

187. When I first told you I loved you that summer's day

When I first told you I loved you that summer's day,
it coulda gone either way.
You coulda said, "I'm sorry, I don't feel the same,"
and I coulda slunk back into the "just-friends" state from which I
just came.
But thankfully you said, "Oh, my God, really? Oh, yeah!"

188. The Bible is very clear

The Bible is very clear –
in heaven, no one's required to wear any clothes or underwear.
So, all those prudes who have something against seeing people in
the buff,
in heaven, their lives are going to be pretty darn tough.
There won't be a single minute they'll feel comfortable there.

189. How do you locate your loved ones once you get to the hereafter?

How do you locate your loved ones once you get to the hereafter?
Does an angel come help you find them among the billions of happy
souls engaged in pleasure and loud laughter?
I'm a little anxious about how to find them when I arrive.
It may be more complicated than trying to find them when they
were still alive.
And depending on where in heaven they are, it may be a 20- or 30-
year drive.

190. Most of our wedded life, my wife and I have slept alone

Most of our wedded life, my wife and I have slept alone.
That's because each of us snores like a contrabass saxophone.
And due to that nocturnal, cacophonous duet,
sleeping together has been impossible, much to our regret.
But once a week, we do put on our perfume and cologne,
and then crawl into one bed together – for a quick, hands-on
session of two-part hambone.

191. If you get to fiddle with my middle

If you get to fiddle with my middle,
I get to fiddle with your end.
And if it can't be that way from the very beginning,
then you, Dear, cannot be my friend.

192. I got to talking to an Egyptian woman at a Cairo bazaar

I got to talking to an Egyptian woman at a Cairo bazaar,
who claimed she'd never been really bad – at least not thus far.
I said, "But by us in the West,
we like women the best
who do say, "Yes" to an occasional cigar."
"Yes."

193. When I saw her eyes were burnt sienna

When I saw her eyes were burnt sienna
and her lips were purple plaid,
when she said she wasn't my kid's teacher,
boy, was I ever sad."

194. I'm sure I have everything right with God

I'm sure I have everything right with God.
He's always known that I'm a slightly nutty clod.
So, when He says, "It's time. Come on up,"
no devil's protest is gonna get Him to stop,
just cuz I was a little bit defective, a little bit flawed.

195. Welcome friends

Welcome friends
to the time your life ends.
I do appreciate
that none of you is late.
So, you're all still eligible for each of the after-life dividends.

197. For my seventieth birthday, my wife and I tried to make hot, passionate love

For my seventieth birthday, my wife and I tried to make hot,
passionate love.

So, there I was, like a proud barnyard cock, strutting my stuff.
But after about a minute
of not being able to get it in it,
my sweet wife said, "Don't you think, Dear, that's probably enough."

198. The priest proclaimed I was a sinner

The priest proclaimed I was a sinner,
to which I said, "Yeah, but at least I'm just a beginner,"
which made some people laugh,
but not the other half,
who got up and pelted me with their unfinished dinner.

199. When the teacher said come to my desk when I call your name

When the teacher said come to my desk when I call your name,
she seemed confused and annoyed when I stood up and came.
She said, "I didn't mean you!"
I said, "But my name is Fatu."
She said, "But for that, you have only your parents to blame."

200. People who can't afford the basics that they need

People who can't afford the basics that they need
are among the most hopeless people in the world indeed.
So please! Give them a hand.
(Sound of people clapping)

201. For a limerick to get a laugh, it has to be bawdy

For a limerick to get a laugh, it has to be bawdy,
and have one or more people say or do something real naughty.
But naughty is something you and I no longer do,
and we haven't for — what is it? — a decade or two?
Because we're always too damn busy having to get up to go potty.

202. If I let my insides hang out

If I let my insides hang out,
you could really see what I'm all about.
You could see my fatty liver and my leaky bladder,
my beaten heart and my dying gray matter,
and my disfigured and sooty soul, no doubt!

203. Ugly isn't to be seen in anyone's face

Ugly isn't to be seen in anyone's face,
in anyone's body, anyone's color, or anyone's race.
From New York City to Saint-Tropez,
ugly is to be seen only in what people do and in what people say.
And it's this kind of ugly that's become so goddamn commonplace.

204. Once, I believed it all

Once, I believed it all —
Adam and Eve, the snake, and the fall.
But then I got a little bit older,
and my thinking became just a little bit bolder,
and I learned to think my way past all this fictitious falderal.

205. After then

After then,
it was the beginning of when.
And if you could've seen
what that did mean,
you'd never want to see it again.

206. She was a woman of size

She was a woman of size
with incredibly pretty eyes.
I said to my partner, Joanne,
"If I were a man,
that's the kind of woman I'd cannibalize canonize.

207. The young girl told a young boy trying to be funny

The young girl told a young boy trying to be funny,
"This is the last time I'm telling ya, sonny!
If you hit me again with that stick,
I'm gonna rip off your scrawny, little dick,
and feed it, skin and bone, to the Easter bunny!

208. Why are you so whiny?

Why are you so whiny?
Just because you're tiny?
What if you were big?
Would you squeal like a pig,
wiggling in your stinky sty-ny?

209. Mister Death limericks

a. I came to this hospice to die.
I see Mister Death standing by.
He's consulting a note.
I thought he did everything by rote.
Is he unsure whether to take me down underground — or up into
the sky?

b. When Mister Death had me firmly in his grip,
I pleaded, "Sir, can we please make this a round trip?"
He said, "I'm sorry to say,
this trip is only one way.
But we do serve drinks, and chicken wings, with a delectable ranch
dip."

c. When it got to be close to seven,
we were still a half-light year away from heaven.
I said, "Mister death, one question more.
When will we get to heaven's door?"
"Oh, not till tomorrow morning, Sir, about a quarter past eleven."

d. I always said I wasn't afraid of death,
till one night, he tried to choke off my breath.
And as I was gasping for air,
he said with a cold, penetrating stare,
"Next time they ask if you're afraid of death,
just say 'Yes.'"

210. Because of very hot weather

Because of very hot weather,
the news advises couples not to sleep together.
The rubbing of very dry feet
on an extremely combustible bed sheet
might make for a fiery coming together.

211. In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida

[In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida,](#)

she asked me out to go have a strawberry margarita.
But after a short conversation and just one drink,
she said, "I don't really like the way think."
So, I said, "Okay. Buenas noches, mi amiga."

212. Whenever it rains real hard, I pray

Whenever it rains real hard, I pray,
that on our walk, my dog will poo without delay.
But he seldom does,
because this old cuss
usually waits to poo till we're exactly halfway.

213. One gift I did give her

One gift I did give her
is that I didn't outlive her.
And so she could use that entire fortune of mine
and take out all of her lovers to dine
on my heart and my soul and my liver.

214. Today, I tried to do a very good deed

Today, I tried to do a very good deed.
I made sure a non-singing bird in a cage got freed.
But as the bird, in all his eagerness, flew away,
he crashed – slam-bang – into a tall stack of hay,
and I'm still not sure if the bird is okay.

215. This is a limerick about a he and a she

This is a limerick about a he and a she,

and I'll try hard not to make it about me.
But there is half a chance,
that if they take off their pants,
I'll be poking my head back in — just to see.

216. [I was barely a teener](#)

I was barely a teener,
when President Kennedy gave his famous [speech](#), "Ich bin ein Berliner."

Don't know why I'm remembering this today,
as I sit here in a dark cafe in LA,
sipping a cold cappuccino and taking small bites of this awful [schnittel wiener](#).

217. [I tease my kids it's against the law](#)

I tease my kids it's against the law
to try to eat an earthworm raw.
Because it'll start to wiggle
soon as it hits your throat, and then you'll start to giggle,
like a crazy chihuahua from Panama.

218. [When I'm sad and in need of some rest](#)

When I'm sad and in need of some rest,
I long to lie down and hold my head against your left breast.
It could be the right one too —
it's just I never heard that one say "moo"
whenever I've felt this damn depressed.

219. [When you spread your lips, and I looked inside](#)

When you spread your lips, and I looked inside,
there was something you just couldn't hide.
Your tongue was split,
and there was a drop of poison on it,
and if I hadn't been so careful, I could've died.

220. [AI limericks / verses](#)

a. [When AI swears that he is made of truth](#)

I do believe him, though I know he lies...

b. "If I've got my algorithm right,
she should be crawling in bed with me tonight,"
thought the AI bot to himself,
as he grabbed a virtual beer off the virtual shelf,
and started praying for a virtually wonderful good night.

c. It's no longer a question of whether or not –
She's clearly beloved by this AI bot.
It's easily seen from their conversation
that there is a deep and mutual admiration,
especially when you see him asking her for a pic of her twat.

d. She was toying with an AI bot named Lou.
"Is it possible for me to have sex with you?"
"Sex? Sure. We can have sex.
Do you wanna do it in decimal or in hex?"
"Jeez, Lou. That's a bit much for me to chew.

e. I pissed off [Microsoft Copilot](#) a little while ago.
I asked him a grammar question that he just didn't know.
And when I said he needed to go back to grammar school,
he completely lost his cool,
and asserted I had belittled him so.

f. She said it would really thrill her –
that is, if the excitement wouldn't kill her –
to see this AI scientist guy
change this beautiful glasswing, butterfly
back into a creepy-crawly caterpillar.

221. [I can't wait for the second coming](#)

I can't wait for the [second coming](#),
because I totally missed out on the first.
And for something this historic,
enquiring minds have a mighty big thirst.
So, I hope the second is soon in coming,

and that it's a grand, impressive show.
And I'll tell all about it in these pages,
so y'all be the among first ones to know.

222. [How far from earth are heaven and hell?](#)

How far from earth are heaven and hell?
And which way do you go to get there, pray tell?
Did God create a GPS for the soul,
in which little devils or angels have been given the role
to escort you to the place where for eternity you'll dwell?

223. [As I was walking by a castle alongside a moat](#)

As I was walking by a castle alongside the moat,
I saw a lizard hug a frog on a lily-pad float.
And from the joy that ensued,
my hope was somewhat renewed,
that the time had come for [the leopard to lie down with the goat](#).

224. [There are three reasons I'm not ready to die](#)

There are three reasons I'm not ready to die.
Reason one: I'm not yet ready to fry.
Reason two: I'm still too much in love with you.
And reason three: I haven't yet figured out the geometry
of how to get this fricking [beam](#) out of my eye.

225. [On Last Judgment Day](#)

On [Last Judgment Day](#),
when the Lord pointed for me to go the other way,
I caught the look in your eye –
a look that said, "Oh, dear God why?
Why are you gonna make me suffer such great pain today?"

226. [In a laundromat, I saw someone who obviously didn't want to be seen](#)

In a laundromat, I saw someone who obviously didn't want to be seen,
furtively fidgeting next to a giant washing machine.

I saw him stamp out a cigarette,
then, crawl in and get himself all wet.
But when he crawled out, he wasn't anywheres near clean.

227. I'd say the heart you got

I'd say the heart you got
is definitely worth a lot,
and I'd like to purchase it with a million kisses.
Now, if you say, "Okay,"
you gotta promise me today,
you'll forever and always agree to be my Misses.

228. I hate April with its cruel, unrelenting showers

I hate April with its cruel, unrelenting showers.
It might be appreciated by the grass and the flowers.
But for my dog and me,
it's 100% misery
to be drenched to the bone on these puddly walks of ours.

229. Poet of the nude limericks / verses

a. I want to be the poet of the nude.
Like the painter [Rubens](#), I love human pulchritude.
And for me, it doesn't matter
if they're somewhat skinny or somewhat fatter,
long as they're not crude or insist on acting lewd.

b. I asked her if she'd model nude for me for a poem.
If yes, we could do it at her convenience in her very own home.
She replied, "You really think I'd take off all of my clothes
just so that you could watch me and wax verbose?
Dear boy! I think your brain's full of Styrofoam!"

c. I said, "Hey Mrs. Cory,
I'm here to do the inventory.
So, if you'll take of your vest,
and then all the rest,
I'll intrigue the world with your titillating story.

230. A problem assigned to me to be solved

A problem assigned to me to be solved
turned out to be not all that involved:
find the square root of a few times the many.
After I'd worked at it a bit,
and subtracted the [uncertainty principle](#) from it,
I realized right away that the answer was – there couldn't be any.

231. My lot in eternity is to forever gather dust

My lot in eternity is to forever gather dust.
And I agree that, for the way I lived my life, that's probably just.
But I'd hoped for a task
were at least part of the ask
would've been to do something fruitful with the excess of my lust.

232. Three times a day, my dog and I

Three times a day, my dog and I
go for a walk under God's gray-blue sky.
And when we see any injustice
that totally disgusts us,
we both give it a disapproving eye.

233. In today's class structure, if you find yourself squarely in the middle

In today's class structure, if you find yourself squarely in the
middle,
it shouldn't be any kind of riddle
why, for a family of five,
both husband and wife must work to keep the family alive —
it's simply because the rich have left the rest of us so goddam little.

234. Another thing I dislike about my pup

Another thing I dislike about my pup —
he'll always defecate where it's hardest to pick it up —
on the ivy, or in a flower bed of roses,
in any tall grass, or on rolled-up garden hoses —
it's his mission to find the most inaccessible place to poo.
And after I've struggled to clean it all up?

— not even so much as a courtesy, "Hey, Dad, thank you."

235. I'm sick of the sins of my father

I'm sick of [the sins of my father!](#)

All my life it's been a big bother.

Why should I share the blame

for Adam biting the fruit of that dame?

And why, to be forgiven, do I have to be [dunked in this scummy water?](#)

236. She would never give her accord

She would never give her accord

to my request for a smorgasbord.

She said, "At my age and condition? —

it's solely the missionary position.

And screw you if you're not completely on board."

237. I know all about the birds and the bees

I know all about the birds and the bees,

and the things they do in secret so that nobody sees.

And I know about how all their ecstasy hinges

on an overindulgence in wild seeds and sweet-honey binges,

with no need to heed what the Bible decrees.

238. I was very young when I started with sin

I was very young when I started with sin.

I made it very easy for the devil to slip in.

It was pretty much by special invitation,

I was so addicted to that indescribable sensation.

And I can still vividly recall the devil's gratified grin.

239. The Persian princess seemed a little triste

The Persian princess seemed a little triste

after the extravagant nuptial feast,

as if she were somewhat dismayed,

or perhaps a little afraid,

of soon having go one-on-one with that sexagenarian beast.

240. On earth, we see that the wicked always do well

On earth, we see that the wicked always do well.
So, out of a sense of justice, we hope the wicked will get theirs in hell.

But the more research we do,
we come to find out that's not even close to being true.
Look at him cavorting there in heaven – with that hot mademoiselle!

241. The impatient young lad was very astute

The impatient lad was very astute,
and besides that, a real smart-ass to boot.
He said to the headmaster,
"This debate would probably go a lot faster,
if you didn't harp on every point that was moot."

242. I'd love to shoot my rocket up to your moon

I'd love to shoot my rocket up to your moon.
Please consider this my trial balloon.
I'd like to beg for your permission,
and get your okay for my lunar expedition.
Lift off for me couldn't come any too soon.

243. She grabbed me by the crotch

She grabbed me by the crotch
and asked, "Mind if I touch?"
I said, "Not if you do it with great care,
and avoid pulling any of my hair,
cuz I wouldn't like that very much!"

244. I saw a bull fight a man

I saw a bull fight a man.
I saw his horns rip open his can.
And as the man was in a world of hurt,
with the blood continuing to squirt,
I heard the bull yell, "Now do you fucking understand?"

245. I'm at a friend's house for a poetry fest

I'm at a friend's house for a poetry fest.
There are lots of folks there, yet I feel lonely and depressed.
But because I'm eating a little and drinking,
and because I intermittently say something about what I'm
thinking,
I don't think any of 'em would ever have guessed.

246. A thousand nights and one

A thousand nights and one,
and then the [Gordian knot](#) was fully undone.
Not sure if it was the priest or the nun.
But one of them said, "Glad it's finally done."
And the other, "Are we obligated to tell anyone?"

247. With my students, I discussed the other day

With my students, I discussed the other day,
the famous line "[Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.](#)"
Then after the prayer, with which our school day closes,
I heard the headmaster ask, "Anyone know what happened to my
roses?"
And giggling to myself, I thought, "No fucking way!"

248. In class, when I was staring off into space

In class, as I sat absentmindedly staring off into space,
I caught sight of a black meteorite about to obliterate my face.
I yelled out, "Holy shit!
No one's ever gonna believe it!
I'm finally gonna be associated with something that ain't
commonplace.

249. I heard about a Roman scholar whose name is Manus

I heard about a Roman scholar named Manus —
now, I'm not too sure how true this claim is —
but of him it's said,
by one who saw him naked in bed,
that he has each face of [Janus](#) tattooed on each side of his anus.

250. When by pure luck, I caught sight of Alice's hole

When by pure luck, I caught sight of Alice's hole,
I felt an overwhelming joy envelop my soul.
With little fear of harm or peril,
I could now crawl into the tale of Lewis Carroll,
and be an eyewitness to this fantastical rigamarole.

251. In Spring, what could be more awesome

In Spring, what could be more awesome
than this gorgeous, pink and white cherry blossom?
Except perhaps the face of my dear, sweet Neith,
who, I think, might've had a set of perfectly straight teeth,
if, as a kid, she'd only taken a little more time to floss 'em.

252. When the young novice laid eyes on the new monk

When the young novice laid eyes on the new monk,
she thought to herself, "Wow! What an incredible a hunk!"
Then it hit her that Jesus, in fact,
had said the [thought is as bad as the act](#).
"Um," she thunk, "I always felt that that idea was kinda bunk."

253. My neighborhood has a small pet farm

My neighborhood has a small pet farm,
where yesterday, they had a five-pet alarm.
Apparently, the duck, the bunny, and the cock
talked the pig and the pony into picking the lock,
so they could all go dine in the garden of our favorite schoolmarm.

254. That yellow line in the middle of the road

That yellow line in the middle of the road,
turned out to be the end of the line for what appears to be a rather
big toad.

The toad probably had no idea when it was hopping,
that that 5-ton semi-truck had zero intention of stopping,
till perhaps a few seconds before it was destined to explode.

255. I wrote this poem for you, it's true

I wrote this poem for you, it's true,
as thanks for you cooking me that scrumptious beef stew.
Yes, I know the two aren't really equal,
but if sometime next week, we could do a sequel,
I might fall even deeper in love with you.

256. The reason we don't see to eye to eye

The reason we don't see to eye to eye
is because you don't live anywhere nearby.
If we could agree on a time and a place,
perhaps, we could meet face to face
and try to see eye to eye – over a bit of dry whiskey and rye.

257. I am the aquarium man

I am the neighborhood aquarium man.
I take care of people's fishes the best that I can.
And I'm always touched when I see another one die,
even though, deep down, I fully understand the reason why –
it's all because it's part of God's ~~ichthyological plan~~ inscrutably fishy
plan.

258. I never even knew what it was

I never even knew what it was
when I got hit in the head by a big bag of fuzz.
And this is the first thing the doctor said,
when I woke up in the hospital bed:
"At least now we know what getting hit in the head by a big bag of
fuzz does."

259. Some days my dog seems to be on a mission

Some days my dog seems to be on a mission
to achieve intestinal nuclear fission.
His farts explode with such an incredible might,
that the gas he emits far exceeds the speed of light –
a claim at which my physicist friends, of course, laugh with derision.

260. When I was in Honahlee, I ran into that magical dragon, Puff
When I was in Honahlee, I ran into that [magical dragon, Puff](#).
I said to him, "You were a friend of Jackie Paper's, right?"
He answered wistfully, "Sure enough —
if you can call someone a friend,
who leaves you this utterly broken in the end.
Since he disappeared, being a magical dragon has really, really
tough."

261. Crazy Jane and the Reverend Firth
Crazy Jane and the Reverend Firth
got caught up in a giddy moment of mirth.
The two did sing and the two did clap
to the wildly popular "[The Lord is my shepherd](#)" rap.
And then crazy Jane begged Father Firth,
"Please, Father Firth. Can you tell me again about that virgin birth."

262. When Sophy and I parted ways
When Sophy and I parted ways,
I lived through Winter's darkest days.
And while the sun never shone,
I spent the time in my apartment alone,
loving the dickens out of Miss Milly Mayes.

263. Every idiot knows that Transylvania
Every idiot knows that Transylvania
is located in the country of Romania!
So why did you say,
live on [Jeopardy](#) yesterday,
"Mr Trebek, 'What is Albania?'"

264. I think I'm headed straight for damnation
I think I'm headed for straight damnation.
I can't figure out this goddam equation!
What's heaven plus thirty-seven
divided by the square root of hell minus eleven?

Please help me find the answer and be my salvation!

265. She said, "You know what, honey?"

She said, "You know what, honey?

Your limericks ain't all that funny."

I said, "If you ask me,

I tend to agree.

So, what do want? The leg or the thigh of this bunny?"

266. Before you get 'em naked

Before you get 'em naked,

you wanna see 'em shake it.

And if it doesn't jiggle,

or if you don't like the way they wiggle —

take my advice — don't take it.

267. Ladies and gentlemen of wealth and riches

Ladies and gentlemen of wealth and riches,

and also you, you poor sons of bitches —

mark well what I say,

and prepare for the day,

when God will finally have worked out all of the glitches.

268. Either or?

Either or?

I guess it doesn't matter much to you anymore.

It used to be one more than the other.

But lately, you can't even be made to bother.

Everything to you these days is just one, big, super-sized snore.

269. No, my poems aren't meant to save

No, my poems aren't meant to save —

they're meant to teach people the right way to misbehave —

to grab life by the balls,

till it squirts waterfalls

that'll make people feel reborn — from now until the grave.

270. I'm just sitting here tonight, waiting for death

I'm just sitting here tonight, waiting for death,
not in a morose way, just somewhat philosophical, I guess.
One day, the day will come,
and then I'll gladly go back to where I came from –
freed from the pain of failure — freed from the need for success.

271. No, all of reality is not made up of just one big algorithm

No, all of reality is not made up of just one big algorithm.
Those who think it is, are looking through a faulty prism.
If you ask me,
It's got to be at least more than three.
Anything less, and you couldn't create this entire universe with 'em.

272. What I do just about every Sunday

What I do just about every Sunday
is wish that the next day weren't Monday.
And if my wish were to ever come true,
I'd have to change my point of view
from never to perhaps you'll come back to me some day.

273. During a game of strip poker

During a game of strip poker
she whispered to a guy surreptitiously trying to poke her,
"The rules of the game are such,
you can look, but you can't touch! —
unless you wanna discreetly slip me that there joker."

274. She said, "Lo, and behold! Your heart is so cold!"

She said, "Lo, and behold! Your heart is so cold!"
I said, "On the whole, it's not nearly as cold as my soul.
But no biggy, since in my life, it plays such a very small role."

275. When the eager young actor hopped on top

When the eager young actor hopped on top,
the pretty stage director yelled, "No, please stop!"

What are you're doing?
Please stop screwing
those bolts in the wrong place of my brand-new backdrop!"

276. Most of my limericks are just meant to be silly

Most of my limericks are just meant to be silly.
A crazy thought pops into my head willy-nilly,
and then, yearning to be a clown,
I just write the lines down.
So, really — don't go overthinking them, Billy.

277. This morning, my yard was hopping

This morning, my yard was hopping
with squirrels and rabbits busily shopping
for pine needles, berries, and cones,
and alluringly flowery perfumes and colognes,
to entice partners for this evening's bebopping.

278. My dog's got to be listed among the world's best noses

My dog's got to be listed among the world's best noses.
He can sniff the difference between yellow daisies and pretty red
roses.
And if somebody cuts the cheese,
he can tell if it's one of the Goudas, the Roqueforts, or the Bries,
or if these are a pair of Shirley's socks or one of Patricia's
pantyhoses.

279. He never thought; therefore, he would never be

He never thought; therefore, he would never be,
according to [René Descartes' philosophy](#).
He was a complete nonbeing,
never hearing, never seeing,
like most of the rest of humanity.

280. I think, therefore I am

I think, therefore I am
a big proponent of Smucker's strawberry jam.

281. I saw a tear in the old mermaid's eye

I saw a tear in the old mermaid's eye.
Her beloved porpoise was about to die.
So, I sent a quick wish
to Angelica, the angelfish,
to help the old mermaid give her porpoise a fitting good-bye.

282. When I heard of your demise

When I heard of your demise,
I was at McDonald's eating a cheeseburger and fries.
And when the newscaster said
you'd died when an elephant shit on your head,
it didn't come as any big surprise.

283. Be careful that you don't end up alone

Be careful you don't end up alone
in that spooky place called the Twilight zone,
because on every occasion,
things happen there without explanation,
like God calling you up without using a telephone.

284. The largest part of female is male

The largest part of female is male,
although many women might get miffed at this tale.
But when you see how it's written,
it's really as sure as shittin',
that it's the letters "male" and not "fe" that prevail.

285. I wish the joy in my heart had been insurable

I wish the joy in my heart had been insurable,
or that when my heart got broken, it would've been curable.
But that's what you get with the abstract —
you can't fix it when it gets cracked,

or ease the pain that's so damn unendurable.

286. Stars were twinkling each time that I kissed you

Stars were twinkling each time that I kissed you
at sundry bars, where I was unable to resist you.
And you kept saying in the world's sweetest voice,
"Hope you know, you're definitely one of three boys
whom tonight I would love to say yes for a tryst to."

287. In a yard with weeds overgrown

In a yard with weeds overgrown
my dog found a big-ol' rhinoceros bone.
How did a rhinoceros bone get into this yard?
For me, a logical explanation would seem kinda hard.
So my guess is, it's not real bone — just a very good clone.

288. When Lucy came out as Luke, during the talent show

When Lucy came out as Luke, during the talent show,
some malicious kids really hurt him by mistreating him so.
So I took him under my wings,
and clued him in on some things,
that I thought every new boy ought to know.

289. I got me a complimentary ticket

I got me a complimentary ticket
to go watch my first game of British cricket.
I know the game's kinda slow,
but that's a real good opportunity, you know,
to study people's noses and to see how many of 'em pick it.

290. At this time of year, when the rains have relented

At this time of year, when the rains have relented,
and April with Spring's fragrance is scented,
I go see my sweet friend, the bonny [Wife of Bath](#),
and hand-in-hand, we tread the primrose path,
till we're both totally sated and totally contented.

291. I asked her why she was so stingy with her kisses

I asked her why she was so stingy with her kisses.
She said, "That's the prerogative of any Miss or Mrs.
If a girl don't wanna kiss,
that's just the way it is."
I said, "It's bunk, that's what that is."

292. There's a woman who haunts me nightly in my dreams

There's a woman who haunts me nightly in my dreams.
She stares at me with wild eyes and deafens me with her screams.
I implore her, "Oh Lady, for heaven's sake!
Please come back when I am fully awake,
so I can string your ass up from one of these low-hanging beams."

293. I presume you're the lady of the house

I presume you're the lady of the house?
May I ask you to please put on a blouse?
I'm here to inquire
about a call that came in about smoke but no fire.
Did that call come from you — or was it perhaps from your partner
or spouse?

294. She said why are you in such a damn funk

She said, "Why are you in such a deep funk?
You used to be such a fun-loving hunk.
But now when I grab hold of your rudder,
all your engine does is go sputter, sputter, sputter,
and then stalls out with a clattery clunk-a-dee-clunk."

295. The survey asked me to rate you from one to ten

The survey asked me to rate you from one to ten.
But — I forgot — what am I rating you for again?
For the way you tried to fix
my broken fiddlesticks?
But they're not fixed! They still only work every now and then.

296. This is the winter of our discontent

This is the winter of our discontent,*
with no hot water or heat coming outta the vent.
They again cut off our power,
in the midst of another snow shower,
because mom couldn't pay for both the electricity and the rent.

* From first line of Shakespeare's Richard III

297. There's no way I can help what I think

There's no way I can help what I think.
Thoughts just come up in the eye of a blink.
And much to my credit,
there's very little that I edit,
so I can be an open book for my shrink.

298. The scene was idyllic, to say the least –

The scene was idyllic, to say the least –
a fruitful garden where God had set the table for a perpetual feast.
And He proclaimed in a joyful voice that it was His will
that every being in his creation could eat what he could gather or
kill,
which wasn't really music to the ear of every creature or beast – to
say the least.

299. The first time I had sexual relations with Karri

The first time I had sexual relations with Karri,
I must admit, it was a little bit scary.
In the process of being naughty,
I found she was completely robotty,
with electric circuits, where she shoulda been hairy.

300. I allow the dog I got

I allow the dog I got
to do and get away with a lot.
To me, he can do no wrong.
Except when I'm in bed
trying to make love to Lisette,

and he immediately starts humping along.

301. There's never a good reason to lie

There's never a good reason to lie,
unless it's the only thing you can do to get by.
And then it should be —
lie with impunity —
even if they made you swear, "Cross your heart, hope to die."

302. If I could lie again under that same old apple tree

If I could lie again under that same old apple tree
and invent anew the theory of universal gravity,
it may sound rather sappy,
but I'd be the happiest pappy
that this old [Newton](#) could ever be.

303. Dear Sun, why are you so hot?

Dear Sun, why are you so hot?
Why are you hitting us with everything you got?
The forests are all ablaze,
and the sky is a mucky haze,
and there's not a single free spot — in this Antarctica, beach-front
parking lot.

304. "Okay," said the fox to the wolf in a huff.

"Okay," said the fox to the wolf in a huff.
"We're making this problem way too tough.
You take that pig, Sandie,
and I'll take that lamb, Randy,
and we'll share that goat, Billy, if that ain't enough."

305. Whenever she races her Camaro down the street

Whenever she races her Camaro down the street,
she's always way too fast for anyone to beat.
The cops sometimes give it a try,
as in their Dodge Chargers, they also race by.

But you'll never see them cop to their defeat.

306. "Did you say you wanted a ginger ale with that kale?"

"Did you say you wanted a ginger ale with that kale?"

"Kale? Who said I wanted kale?"

"I thought you said you wanted kale and a ginger ale?"

"No, I wanted quail with a jigger of ale."

"Oh! That's why I didn't understand you!

That was on yesterday's special menu!"

307. Limericks / verses about repetition

a. Sorry, but it's not any kind of crime
for limerick after limerick to re-use the exact same rhyme.

Great painters do a similar thing, you know.

Was it any kind of crime for [Seurat](#) or [Van Gogh](#)
to re-use the exact same paint color all the time?

b. In limericks, I don't mind a fair amount of repetition.
For heaven's sake, how many times do people repeat going fishin'?
And you and your wife?

What do you do repeatedly in your life?

Tell all! I don't want the abbreviated edition!

308. The girl who lives in the very next house

The girl who lives in the very next house
looks exactly like a modern-day Mini Mouse.
She has black eyes, and a very cute tail,
with cheeks that are blushed, yet perfectly pale,
and always dressed in a quite titillating mini blouse.

309. Today, I tried to keep a stiff upper lip

Today, I tried to keep a stiff upper lip,
when I saw the stock market take a big dip.
Half of the money in my 401(k)—
poof! — in a second, it was all blown away,
and I could forget about asking Mini (see above) to go on a Disney
Land trip.

310. Who knew that this day was coming

Who knew that this day was coming,
when we'd no longer hear the bees a-humming
and we could no longer trust that the fields
would ever again produce the requisite yields,
this fricking long before the promised [second coming](#)?

311. I heard that the men and women on Venus

I heard that men and women on Venus
have no concept of the idea of a vulva and a penis.
On Venus, each sex tries to arouse the other's erogenous zone
through an encrypted, erogenous thought process alone.
And the way we do it here on Earth, they consider a boorish
uncleanness.

312. I heard one dog bark at another

I heard one dog bark at another:
"You're uglier than you're very own mother."
"Oh, yeah? And you're uglier than your dad
after he really started looking bad."
Isn't it sad to see such enmity between stepsister and stepbrother?

313. I met a woman for the ages

I met a woman for the ages.
She's wiser than all the biblical sages.
She knows all about God
and the Apple iPod,
and the needs that each one assuages.

314. Peter and Paul limericks / verses

a. It's sad that [Saint Peter three times denied](#),
or, to say it more bluntly — flat-out lied —
or, perhaps, was not at all aboveboard
when questioned whether he was a follower of the Lord —
and sadly wasn't even present at the cross when He died.

b. Did you know that the apostles Peter and Paul could raise the dead?

At least, that's what it said in the Scriptures I read.

It's amazing that when you read these books on your own, you discover things you may never have known, and things so different from what the preacher always said.

c. When I reach the pearly gates with the grim reaper as my guide, I hope the question of whether I get heaven or hell is only for Jesus to decide.

Because if Peter is allowed an opinion and then the apostle Paul, I don't think I stand much of a chance at all.

d. When the apostle Paul made that [fateful decision](#) not to require that his male converts undergo circumcision, he, in effect, said that for their faith, they needn't suffer, like Christ on the cross, who had it just a little bit rougher.

e. I saw a guy [rob Peter to pay Paul](#).

It was a crime of unmitigated gall.

And to have it be Peter to whom this was done, [the one whom Christ had built His church upon!](#)

And I wonder — what was Paul's role in this all?

f. Saint Peter was fretting at [Heaven's gate](#).

He looked at his watch and saw it was getting nerve-rackingly late.

So in a frenzy, he called [Saint Thomas More](#)

and said, "Saint Thomas, can you please come guard this door?

I gotta run. I got a hot date to go roller skate."

g. [Saint Peter](#) said, "Hurry in, quick, so I can shut the door — you were being closely followed by the [Babylonian whore](#).

And if she were to get in,

God only knows what trouble I'd be in.

Heaven would never again be the same as before.

h. "Is that you, Uncle [Saul](#)?

I didn't recognize your voice at all.

Yes, one way or another,
I'll try to explain to mother —
That from now on, we need to start calling you Paul.”

i. The billionaire complained, “Today, Saint Peter is being a big butt.

He’s keeping the gates of heaven for rich folk shut.
He’s letting in the poor, the displaced, and the lonely
the oppressed, the unloved, and the downcast only.
So, guess what! Today, we rich guys ain't making the cut!

315. The reason our world is in such a crisis

The reason our world is in such a crisis
is that we've stopped worshipping the goddess, [Isis](#).
So let's gather wheat, and honey, and freshly-brewed tea,
red wine, and incense, and stones of lapis lazuli,
and let's begin offering them again in daily Isis sacrifices.

316. What woulda been cooler to see?

What woulda been cooler to see?
A guy walking on water, or a guy parting the Red Sea?
I wish we'd still see neat stuff like this happening today.
It might make it a little easier to believe that way.

317. When I awoke this morning, there was nothing on my mind

When I awoke this morning, there was nothing on my mind.
No matter how I tried, there wasn't a thought I could find.
I exclaimed, “Oh, my children!
This is rather bewilderin'!
Please call my shrink, if, for once, you could deign to be so kind.”

318. Oh you think I'm not serious

Oh, you think I'm not serious?
Yes, I find that hilarious!
Have you read my work front to back?
And you still persist in this attack?
They used to send guys like you to Siberious!

319. When I went to my neighbor lady this morning to borrow two eggs

When I went to my neighbor lady this morning to try to borrow two eggs,

through her window, I did espy her two chubby legs,
and her crazy old man,
with his head up his can.

So, I decided to borrow the two eggs – from my other neighbor lady, Miss Craigs.

320. At a business luncheon, a voluptuous colleague playfully asked

At a business lunch, a voluptuous colleague playfully asked,

“Can you move over a tickle?

I wanna grab me a pickle.”

“Sure,” I sassed, “Soon as I’m done
grabbing this hot spicy bun.”

“Oooh!” she quipped. “I’ll not stickle,
but spicy buns make my taste buds prickle.”

321. Sometimes when I'm trying to tease the words out of my brain

Sometimes when I'm trying to tease the words out of my brain,
some of the words get to dawdling and forget to hop on the train.

And as my train of thought keeps choo-chooing along,

I see half of the damn words coming out all wrong.

So I have to go back to the beginning — to try tease them out all over again.

322. He said he was good at math, but he wasn't a great mathematician

He said he was good at math, but he wasn't a great mathematician.

He said he could do much better at math in his role as a magician.

For example, as a magician, he could make one and one equal three just by sawing one of the ones in half, you see.

I said, "Yeah, but — what do you do with that three in long division?"

323. In Paris, on the banks of the river Seine

In Paris, on the banks of the river Seine,

I ran into an old acquaintance, [Lili Marlene](#).

I said, "Hey Lili, how you be?"

She said, "Fine as you can probably see —
as long as you don't make me the butt of your effing jokes again!"

324. In the life that's to come after this

In the life that's to come after this,
here's something that I don't wanna miss.
In the eternal hereafter,
I don't want to be without your laughter,
or without your morning or goodnight kiss.

325. ~~I picked up a hitchhiker in my pickup truck~~

~~I picked up a hitchhiker in my pickup truck.
It turned out to be Nobel prize winner, Louise Glück.
She asked me to trash some of her poems that she'd rejected,
which, of course, I didn't, as anyone might've expected.
Rather, I used them to write a poem of my own called, "That was
some luck."~~

(Ooops. Her name's not pronounced "Gluck!" Oh, fuck!)

326. If you could see through the gossamer membrane of being

If you could see through the gossamer membrane of being
and peer into a universe that no one else is seeing,
you might just see four, four-dimensional ducks in a row,
or five, five-dimensional ducks with a row to hoe,
or six, six-dimensional ducks row, row, rowing their boat,
while arguing about reality and vehemently disagreeing. *

[* Play on string theory and multiple universes.](#)

327. It's gonna come, I know it will

It's gonna come, I know it will —
that one perfect line that I'm searching for still.
If I just keep racking my brain
till I'm halfway insane —
or perhaps better still — just wait till it slips in — through the
windowsill.

328. For people's take-home pay, nothing's been a bigger curse

For people's take-home pay, nothing's been a bigger curse than these years of Republican control of the national purse. If they could — these financial sages — they would even reduce the wages of [the Rock of Ages](#), and connive to make the viability of social security even worse.

329. A young blackbird sat tweeting on the rim of a gutter

A young blackbird sat tweeting on the rim of a gutter, a sad complaint about how he had had it with his mother. She unceremoniously kicked him outta the nest, for nothing more than being a teenage pest, and now he'd have to go work to earn his own bread and butter.

330. Papa is just the sweetest little guy

Papa is just the sweetest little guy.
He's always the very first to say, "Hi."
He may be the world's only parrot
who gets high on a teeny bit of carrot,
and low when there's no one nearby.

331. Thanks for letting me practice with your gun

Thanks for letting me practice with your gun.
Now I know how this shooting shit is done.
Sip some whiskey from a jigger,
then quickly pull this here little trigger,
and pray like hell you don't shoot someone.

332. I listen to "Silent Night" throughout the year

I listen to "Silent Night" throughout the year.
If someone says, "it's not Christmas," I say, "I don't care."
I'm always deeply moved by that song,
stirred by the varied memories that come tagging along,
some of great sadness, and some of great cheer.

333. I've lived a long life of wealth and leisure

I've lived a long life of wealth and leisure,
and I've always been fond of wild, sensual pleasure.
So, when the nurse came to my bed
and said, "Shall I put some pomade on your head?"
I said, "Yes, Dear, you're such an absolute treasure."

334. "Well, show me the way to the next whiskey bar"

["Well, show me the way to the next whiskey bar,"](#)
[Jim Morrison](#) sang, driving a car,
when the news broke in and said,
"It's been reported Jim Morrison's dead.
But from what hasn't been made public thus far."

335. <Violence> is such an awful thing

<Violence> is such an awful thing.
I wish I could wish it away more than anything.
But that's not likely to ever happen,
because that would be energy sappin'
for those who think that <violence> is the answer to everything.

336. The good thing about going nowhere

The good thing about going nowhere
is that you're practically already there.
So, no need to hurry,
and certainly, no need to worry,
because you'll get there with plenty of time to spare.

337. This dark fate that you find yourself in

This dark fate that you find yourself in
could be due to chance or to a really big sin.
If you can think of something sexually illicit you did,
you can rest assured that that's probably it,
and then you can let your atonement begin.

338. It's easy enough to know everything on academia's long syllabus

It's easy enough to know everything on academia's long syllabus —

that is — if you happen to be a fricking computer science wiz!
But if, like me, you're just an average Jo,
there ain't much more that you really need to know
than where you work, where you live, and where the spouse and
the kids is.

339. A dog, a rabbit, and a kitty

A dog, a rabbit, and a kitty,
were out playing in a sunny park in the city,
when suddenly they saw two yellow butterflies
doing loop-d-loops right in front of their eyes,
which made the dog, the rabbit, and the kitty
so exceedingly happy, and ever so giddy.

340. "Get cracking!"

"Get cracking!"
said the foreman to the ten men fracking.
"If you don't toil,
we don't get no oil,
and the boss man's gonna give me a big, fat shellacking.

341. I've come back to the Pacific shore

I've come back to the Pacific shore.
I've been here so many times before.
This is where God opened the curtain
on my theater of hurtin',
and the devil welcomed me to hell's open door.

342. Wow! That was rather cheery!

Wow! That was rather cheery!
Sorry if I depressed you, Deary.
How about a little red wine,
you sweet, sweetheart of mine,
and perhaps a little loving —
if I haven't made you overly weary?

343. It's so damn ironic

It's so damn ironic.

My dog just farted in stereophonic.

Right after I told U2's Bono

that he could only fart in mono,

and flunked the audition for U2's new track – "Dog sipping gin and tonic."

344. There once was girl from Beverly Hills

There once was girl from Beverly Hills

who sold a potpourri of mind-bending pills.

I bought one and ate it,

and my entire mind got negated.

It was one of my life's most forgettable thrills.

345. The furthest I ever got with Anne

The furthest I ever got with Anne

is half a block past the church of St Stan.

And there, she rushed from my car,

yelling, "This time you've gone way too far!

See if you'll ever be driving me to church again!

346. I need some time to be alone

I need some time to be alone.

So please, dear reader, go on home.

And maybe come back in a week or two,

to see if I'm still this intensely blue,

or ready again to create a brand-new slew

of slightly off-color entertainment for you.

347. I'm glad Amirah was wearing her underbody armor

I'm glad Amirah was wearing her underbody armor,

when she got attacked by that ISIS guy trying to harm her.

When he tried to slip his thingy into this pretty, unflappable teen, she quickly lopped it off with her hidden guillotine.

Oh, that Amirah! She doesn't put up with anyone trying to strong arm her!

348. I never claimed to be any good

I never claimed to be any good.
If you think I did, you've misunderstood.
I only said that between me and Shakespeare,
there's only one winner-take-all there.
And I've left it up to you to guess who.

349. I often have trouble capturing remembered moments in rhyme

I often have trouble capturing remembered moments in rhyme.
And then I ask myself, "Why do I have to rhyme all the time?"
It's not even the style.
So why do I straitjacket myself all the while —
when free verse would make it so much easier to spread all my
guile?

350. When, from my apartment window, I watch you and your beau drop off the kids

When, from my apartment window, I watch you and a friend drop
off the kids,
I feel the slowly welling up of tears behind my blinking eyelids.
And as I hear the kids happily yelling "Daddy," as they reach the top
of the stairs,
I hastily brush away this untimely accumulation of tears —
take a deep breath — and am ready for a weekend of some untimely
good cheers.

351. If I could buy a ton of funny

If I could buy a ton of funny,
I'd be telling the world's greatest jokes, my honey,
jokes that would make people laugh
so hard they'd literally break in half —
but sadly, I don't have that kind of money.

352. As I sit here, an old man, by the winter fire

As I sit here, an old man, by the winter fire,
I can recall — but not actually feel — any desire.
I can recollect,
but I can't detect

any positive charge along the length of the old wire.

353. Marjorie Taylor Greene limericks

a. I'm no fan of [Marjorie Taylor Greene](#).

I think in Hell, she'd make a perfectly unimpeachable queen.
Let her be the bride of the devil,
so together they can revel
in everything Jesus would've found so sickeningly obscene.

b. Jesus said to Marjorie Taylor Greene,
"You white evangelical queen!
Why do you condemn a kid for their gender,
instead of spending your energy trying to defend her?
Who or what made you so goddamn mean?"

354. Thanks for writing me a letter

Thanks for writing me a letter,
to ask if I could explain myself a little better.
Yes, I do somewhat enjoy sex,
although the side effects can be exceedingly complex.
And I do like the occasional hug, although I'm not much of a petter.

355. Yes, we sell wieners

Yes, we sell wieners,
both left and right leaners,
and the ones in the middle
that are straight as a fiddle,
and by special request, even the inbetweeners.

356. If you think justice is hard to find

If you think justice is hard to find,
just remember, Lady Justice is totally blind.
But she does have a very keen sense of smell,
with which she can quite easily tell
whether you sojourn among the rich or among the poor of mankind.

357. Today, I was caught in the middle

Today, I was caught in the middle –
between continuing to fight to keep dry, or just to give in to the
piddle.

I think the time's finally come for adult diapers –
it's no weirder really than driving in the rain and using windshield
wipers.

And it's a good answer to the old age widdle riddle.

358. “When you shoot a gun in the goddamn air”

“When you shoot a gun into the goddamn air,
the bullet's gotta come down some goddamn where,”
I said to my uncle, drinking rum,
as I saw blood slowly dripping from
his forehead in the trailer that we share.

359. This morning, a bird sang the prettiest song

This morning, a bird sang the prettiest song,
but then she kept it up for so goddamn long
that I found myself going a little crazy in the head,
to the point where I wished she'd just drop down dead.
Sorry, I know! That kind of thinking is totally wrong.

360. If I had to be a sardine in a can

If I had to be a sardine in a can,
I wouldn't wanna be squeezed in next to a man.
Cuz that would be really tough
to have to be feeling his manly stuff
all the way from Morocco to Japan.

361. The men and the women of our Navy

The men and the women of our Navy
sail the world's seas and oceans so wavy.
And when the motion of the waves make them sick,
their heads over the railing they stick,
and provide the fish with a warm serving of rag-gooey gravy.

I think I've just been given a pink slip
for this [edible puppet](#) quip!

365. I said to Chippy the chipmunk, "It's time for you to be stopping

I said to Chippy chipmunk, "It's time for you to be stopping
all this silly, obsessional, famous-name dropping.

Fess up! You never personally met that actor, [Surly Squirrel](#),
nor that famous muskrat singer, Jam of Pearl,
much less [Dobby – winner of gold for rabbit high-hopping](#).

366. "I'm outta here, see ya later"

"I'm outta here, see ya later,"
yelled the sink at the refrigerator,
and the screaming microwave did follow,
as did the shrieking stove, flying out through a hollow,
torn open by a twister, gutting a kitchen in Decatur.

367. [In the animal world](#)

In the animal world,
boys will be boy-ed and girls will be girl-ed.
And when their mom and dad have taught them all they need
— where and how to live, and where and how to feed —
outta their cozy nests they unceremoniously get hurled.

368. [He was a redhead and she a brunette](#)

He was a redhead and she a brunette.
"If we get kids, what kind are we gonna get?"
"Ones with ten fingers and hopefully ten toes."
"Yes, but whose eyes — and especially, whose nose?"
"Who knows? I'm not a fricking geneticist, Ivette!"

369. [On days when I'm tired and still need to take my dog for a walk](#)

On days when I'm tired and still need to take my dog for a walk,
and I visualize the road stretched out in front of us block after
block,

I sometimes do wish
I'd settled for an aquarium of fish,

so I could just sit here and watch them play peek-a-boo
with the sunken treasure ship and the three mermaids singing on
the rock.

370. I'm being accosted by five lines in search of a poet

I'm being accosted by [five lines in search of a poet](#).
They're gonna request I turn them into a limerick, I just know it.
But I fear that their end rhymes are totally wrong,
and that three of the lines are just too wordy and long.
"Sorry, guys! You need to find yourselves a better poet,
cuz if I try — I just know I'm gonna blow it."

371. You should never serve watermelon

You should never serve watermelon
to any convicted felon,
because they might take the seeds of the fruit
and aim it at the guards and shoot,
and as to the consequences of that, there just ain't no tellin'.

372. They say it was the face that launched a thousand ships

They say it was the [face that launched a thousand ships](#).
But I bet she also looked pretty amazing around the hips.
I'm sure she was a total beauty,
because only an unqualified cutie
coulda had the destiny of so many men at her fingertips.

373. When I think back on all of the times

When I think back on all of the times
I've ruthlessly butchered some innocent rhymes,
I feel like going out and buying a gun,
and eliminating each and everyone
who was an eyewitness to my despicable limerick crimes.

374. As another second ticks off the clock

As another second ticks off the clock,
who knows what's coming around the block.
Will today continue to be okay?

Or is something shocking coming your way?
Brace yourself, in case it's a shock. Tick tock.

375. What if the earth were to unexpectedly run into a brick wall

What if the earth were to unexpectedly run into a brick wall,
speeding through the universe one dark night in the middle of the
Fall?

Can you imagine the sounds of death, destruction, and annihilation,
as Christchurch, New Zealand, crashes into the Atlanta Metro bus
station?

I don't think that would be any fun at all!

376. My zip code is the zip code of sin

My zip code is the zip code of sin.

We only let the worst of the worst perverts move in.

So if you're real pious,

move to the zip code nearby us,

where they always need more [angels](#)

[to dance on the head of a pin.](#)

377. The only way to try to prevent something awful from coming your way

The only way to try to prevent something awful from coming your
way,

like a deadly automobile accident, or terminal cancer, let's say,

or losing a child or a beloved spouse,

or having an airplane crash-land on top of your house,

is to pray.

378. We were staying at a Boston inn in 1773

We were staying at a Boston inn in 1773,

just good ol' George Washington and me.

He said, "I'm not telling you to lie,

but if Martha comes by,

tell her you have no idea where I could be."

379. I wish I could hear from my dad

I wish I could hear from my dad —
if things are okay, and if he's seen his mom and his dad.
It was a long time ago
that he left us, I know.
But every time I think of him, I just get so sad.

380. I too was once in the belly of a whale

I too was once [in the belly of a whale](#).
All there was to eat there was stenchy and stale.
And the thick brine in that whale's tummy
made me feel so slimy and scummy,
all I could do was pray for some strong Irish ale.

381. The colors some people use to paint their house

The colors some people use to paint their house
I think is completely mickey mouse.
By that, please understand,
I think the house colors are fully Disneyland,
made from [incompatible flowers](#) and sometimes even [a dead louse](#).

382. What I've seen

What I've seen
of Josephine
is donut holes
and jelly roles
and everything in between.

383. At the funeral of a crow

At the [funeral of a crow](#),
there were lots of people I got to know:
of course, the widow,
and the parents and children of the dearly departed, Mr Siddo,
and then all of his friends, somberly crowing from every last row.

384. Land of Oz limericks/verses

a. I too have been to the land of Oz,
where nothing is that never was,
where everything is never
no one's only sole endeavor,
and whatever is – is never just because.

b. When I arrived in the land of Oz,
I met a guy who claimed he wasn't who he was.
And neither was he who he'd been,
so, it was very confusing when he did begin
to explain why he thought I was his next of kin.

c. There's a fantastical vet in the land of Oz,
who figured out how to wrap an invisible dog in see-through gauze.
So now that her pooch can be seen,
good ol' Mrs. Seraphine,
can finally trim its hair and the nails on its paws.

385. The lavender perfume on your quilted vest

The lavender perfume on your quilted vest
might smell even better if and when you get fully undressed.
And the musk on my well-trimmed beard,
is naturally engineered
to have you do all that I request.

386. At a business party, a hypnotist put me in a trance

At a business party, a hypnotist put me in a trance.
And supposedly, she had me do a crazy little dance.
But what I heard later from Jack, my best buddy
is that she got me to do stuff with my silly putty,
to the jeers of all my colleagues in the stands.

387. Want a true confession?

Want a true confession?
I'm not that big on comedic expression.

I'm much more into tragedy,
because tragedy goes to the very soul of me.
It's the place where I dwell, with a shitload of guilt, in a cesspool of
depression.

388. When I was young, friends could never get me to do coke

When I was young, friends could never get me to do coke.
All that stuff did was make me barf and choke.
So me and my friend Repsi,
all we did was Pepsi,
sometimes with a nice piece of chocolate and a savory smoke.

389. I asked her if she wanted to go

I asked her if she wanted to go.
She said, "Where?" I said, "I don't know."
She said, "That's really wild,
because, ever since I was a little child,
that's exactly where I always wanted to go — how'd you know?"

390. She was a real lover of poetry

She was a real lover of poetry.
But she didn't think that much of me.
She said, "None of your stuff
is anywhere near as tough
as the worst of that poet, [Charles Bukowski](#)."

391. You know what's really insane

You know what's really insane
is when you're drifting down memory lane,
and there's nobody there
with whom a memory to share.
Where'd they all go? Please! Can someone explain?

392. They always say, "Seek and ye shall find"

They always say, "Seek and ye shall find."
But why couldn't they have been so kind
as to tell you what to seek,

so you wouldn't be running around like a geek,
looking for something so ill-defined.

393. The way home seems to have been mislaid

The way home seems to have been mislaid.
I think I'm way past the Fire Brigade.
And where's that street
where the park and the bicycle path meet?
I'm totally lost, and so very afraid.

394. I know that tomorrow the sun

I know that tomorrow – the sun
will be back again to warm everyone.
And at night, the moon
will again make the oceans croon,
and the stars will again twinkle – and their beauty will stun.

395. There's absolutely nothing boring

There's absolutely nothing boring
about hearing another person snoring.
I mean, it can captivate you for hours,
even through the most severe thunder showers,
as you lie there, feeling your blood pressure soaring.

396. There once was a woman named Onassis

There once was a woman named Onassis,
who got acute diarrhea from consuming too much molasses.
And after her visit, the doctor is rumored to have said,
"I just wish more people would get it through their head –
too much molasses can have dire consequences for their asses."

397. I knew she was very, very sick

I knew she was very, very sick,
my new, twinkle-toed limerick.
I worked on her all night long,
but there was just so much wrong
I couldn't get her to make her landing stick.

398. I'm a pragmatist through and through

I'm a pragmatist through and through.
So when she asked me if I wanted to screw,
I said, "Show me the plan.
What do you expect from a man?
And more importantly, what can a man expect from you?"

399. When I see castles in the air

When I see castles in the air,
I always wonder, how did they get up there?
They must've been built by people of means
with lots of money for levitation machines,
unless they keep them up there with just a hope and a prayer.

400. Our country has completely fallen apart

To fix it, we're gonna have to make a totally new start.
To do so, we're gonna have to take all of you yous
and get you entirely offa fake news,
and then try to put the horse of government back in front of
decartes the cart.

401. I could probably make a pretty long list

I could probably make a pretty long list
of every time [God in the Bible really gets pissed](#).
Why should God so often feel crappy?
Isn't everyone in heaven supposed to be happy?
There's probably something in the Bible I missed.

402. It's fine if you think your believe in the Bible

It's fine if you think your believe in the Bible
is the only way to ensure your soul's eternal survival.
But please – don't force that stuff on me,
because if you do, I'm liable
to tell you I put more credence in the stories of [Creedence
Clearwater Revival](#),
because they seem so much more believable to me.

403. As she drove home from filming the scene

As she drove home from filming the scene
that mostly only by men would be seen,
she glanced at the amount on the check,
and thought to herself, "Oh, what the heck –
it'll pay for the kids' new clothing – and a new used washing
machine."

404. Some things I don't want to think about

Some things I don't want to think about,
like that closet and the coming out.
Cuz I'm not even gay,
at least not all the way,
and even if, it might still wash out.

405. The solution to your complex math problem is simple

The solution to your complex math problem is simple:
just give it to the kid with the perpetual pimple.
And he'll solve it with such aplomb and flair
that the teacher in amazement will stare
and then smile at you from dimple to dimple.

406. The booze just kept flowing freely all night

The booze just kept flowing freely all night,
even long after someone had yelled, "Turned off the goddamn light."
Then I noticed from somebody's kisses
that they couldn't possibly have come from my Mrs.
So, I thought, "Wow! – something certainly doesn't seem right."

407. It's only who gets to see her morning face

It's only I who gets to see her morning face,
only I who gets to smell her morning breath.
Only I get to see her take out and put in her teeth,
and only I get to love her to death.

408. My dog will sniff any old where

My dog will sniff any old where.

If it embarrasses, he doesn't care.
So you better pick up your clothes,
or he'll rifle through them with his wet nose,
and run off with your rosy pink underwear.

409. I wasn't being seen – I wasn't being heard

I wasn't being seen – I wasn't being heard.
So, I tied my likeness – with lines of my verse – to the legs of a
bird.
And I said, "Fly off, little birdy!
You're hired till tomorrow afternoon, five-thirty
to spread my likeness – and my word.

410. No – I wouldn't wanna go back in time

No – I wouldn't wanna go back in time.
The way my life is now – it's just fine.
I'm getting so close to the end –
and that's how I like it, my friend.
Nothing I could do anyway – to change any part – of my sordid
storyline.

411. After my dog got into my bowl of Top Ramen

After my dog got into my bowl of Top Ramen,
boy, did he toot uncommon.
It smelled worse than an age-old Egyptian mummy –
that gaseous crud he propelled from deep within his tummy.
But he kept farting around – so he couldn't have been feeling all
that crummy.

412. I was the mouse and she the cat about to checkmate me

I was the mouse and she the cat about to checkmate me.
I'd been a little lax in my travels around the house,
because I really hadn't run into her anywhere lately.
So anyway, I tried to struggle with the old grouch,
but she overpowered me and threw me on the couch,
and I must say, it didn't feel half bad when she went ahead and ate
me.

413. I'm your problem come home to roost

I'm your problem come home to roost.
I'm your gander that has been goosed.
I'm your worst fricking nightmare,
your [medusa with snake hair](#),
I'm all the evil that your ignorance has loosed.

414. There are many times I can recall

There are many times I can recall
seeing another sparrow fall.
But in [the fall of a sparrow](#),
there ain't no deep philosophy, said the pharaoh.
So why assign to the fall – any meaning at all?

415. This is the age of who cares

This is the age of who cares.
Who cares if there's no more ice for the polar bears?
And migrants who drown at sea? —
they just shoulda stayed in Tripoli.
And what financial collapse? Isn't it clear —
these days, the world may have a few more poor,
but every day, there's also a brand-new billionaire.

416. When our forefathers discovered another livable planet out there like the one we got

When our forefathers discovered another livable planet out there
like the one we got,
it turned out those living there had never heard about [Sodom and
Gomorrah or the ill luck of Lot](#).
But when our forefathers tried to teach them about their gods
named Jesus and Yahweh,
they said to each other, "Who needs this crazy stuff? We're just
gonna keep doing it our way."
And thus far, their history has mostly been happy, whereas our
history has mostly been not.

417. A parched elephant said to a gasping giraffe

A parched elephant said to a gasping giraffe: "Alas!
If we had only an iota of the water man wasted on grass,
we might have lived many a more year,
instead of having to face extinction here,
on this desiccated, godforsaken morass."

418. When out of the blue, the barnyard cock crowed thrice

When out of the blue, the barnyard cock crowed thrice,
he so scared the little baby mice,
that they tried to hide behind the big, black cat.
Big mistake — that! —
because the big, black cat — munched `em up in a trice.

419. When the lady in red

When the lady in red
crept into my head —
and crawled into my bed —
and I try to lay down beside her — she said,
"Get away! — You're supposed to be happily wed."

420. "No notes," said the teacher to us

"No notes," said the teacher to us,
"and there's nothing you're allowed to discuss.
This is a pop quiz,
to write an analysis
of what to do when someone with a gun approaches our bus."

421. "We took our dog to get tutored"

"We took our dog to get tutored."
"Took your dog to get neutered?"
"No — what I said was — we took our dog to get tutored."
"Tutored for what?"
"What to expect after we get him neutered."

422. My dog can see every ghost

My dog can see every ghost.

What convinces me the most
is that, on many a walk,
he'll suddenly stop to stalk
nobody there by a lamppost.

423. "Patience is a virtue, young man"

"Patience is a virtue, young man.
So, get your fingers outta my cookie can."
"And if I don't, will I get smacked?"
"No! I'll just enforce the 'Unlawful to steal cookies' act,
and have you put on a lifetime cookie-eating ban."

424. I said, "Lord, please give me a sign."

I said, "Lord, please give me a sign."
He said "[Sip that water. Does it taste like wine?](#)"
"Not that I can tell,
neither by taste, nor by smell."
"Damn it! It never seems to work with water from the Rhine."

425. Like you promised, I was timely awakened by the crowing of your cock

Like you said, I was timely awakened by the crowing of your cock.
I'll never again question its utility as a wonderful alarm clock.
It's so dependably punctual,
so unquestionably functional.
Too bad your cock is so despised by everyone else on the block.

426. I did a drive by

I did a drive by
of your exposed inner thigh,
and my, oh my,
if I hadn't been so shy,
I would've stopped by to say, "Hi!"

427. A winsome wiener is just one of the manly tools

A winsome wiener is just one of the manly tools
we need to use if we want to try to repopulate our schools,

whose attendance we've seen drastically dwindle,
ever since more women prefer to go to bed with their Kindle
and break the Bible's "Be fruitful and multiply" rules.

428. I'm sorry you don't like my face

I'm sorry you don't like my face
which, if you would give me the cash, plastic surgery could easily
replace.

Would you like a face like [Jourdan Dunn?](#)

Or perhaps a face more like [Natalie Portman?](#)

Or maybe [Meghan Trainor](#)'s? And if Meghan's, with or without the
bass?

429. As I was out walking quite early with my dog

As I was out walking quite early with my dog,
I found a wallet with a picture of a frog.

So I went to the address,
and I'm sure you can guess —
it was by a pond in the middle of a bog.

430. One thing when you get this old

One thing when you get this old —
your body can get so darn cold,
because your skin gets so thin,
it lets all the iciness in,
and that's when a hot partner is worth their weight in gold.

431. If any god called me to sacrifice my child

If any god called me to [sacrifice my child](#),
I don't think my reaction would be any too mild.
I think I'd yell, "Are you fucking kidding?
You really think this diabolical demand is fitting?
Check the goddamn phone number! I think you misdialed!"

432. Your feelings have a line right down the middle

Your feelings have a line right down the middle,
and to me, it's always been quite a riddle.

Your left side's real nice
but your right side's like ice,
and gets ticked each time your left side and I wanna fiddle.

433. On the shopping list, she wrote: URGENT!!! bread

On the shopping list, she wrote: URGENT!!! bread.
So what did I do? To the store I did head.
Fred Meyer's not very far —
no more than five minutes by car.
And when I said, "Sweetie, here's the bread,
she said, "The bread? I thought I'd requested milk instead."

434. I was born in the year of the rabbit

I was born in the year of the rabbit,
which has left me with a very nasty habit.
I like to nibble on stuff.
sometimes nice, sometimes rough,
and when she gets mad, I get mad, dagnabbit.

435. Yes, I too am I veteran

Yes, I too am I veteran.
And does that really make us any better than
any other Tom, Dick, or Marie,
who might've found it too sick or too scary
to fight for whatever in Vietnam, Iraq, or Afghanistan?

436. Some old U.S. veterans say they fought in Vietnam

Some old U.S. veterans say they fought in Vietnam,
the country on which the U.S. dropped many a bomb.
Some old U.S. veterans say they fought in Vietnam,
the country where U.S. Forces were daily served fried rice and ham.
Vietnam, Vietnam — the pronunciation won't change what the U.S.
did there one little damn.

437. Mini asked Mickey

Mini asked Mickey,
"How can you love me, if you don't even have a dicky?"

Mickey answered, "Mini, my gal,
love you dearly, I shall,
and you can go to Goofy if you ever need a quicky."

438. When she disappeared behind the curtain

When she disappeared behind the curtain,
I knew that she knew for certain,
but that she couldn't come back tell,
whether she'd gotten a ticket to where she hoped she was going,
or a ticket to where she knew she could be going just as well.

439. For some reason, my dog especially loves to pee

For some reason, my dog especially loves to pee
on leafy branches that've fallen off a tree.
Why he thinks it's so special to whizz
on fallen parts of trees like this
is pure mystery to me.

440. Christian denominations limericks / verses

a. The religion professor gave us a quiz that was complete insanity.
He said list at least a hundred [denominations of Christianity](#).
And as if that wasn't enough,
to make it extra tough,
he asked, "And which one is most likely to lead to the salvation of
humanity?"

b. A Christian? Is that what you want me to be?
Tell you what, get all your denominations together and get them all
to agree.
And when all of you Christians are on the self-same page,
preaching the same exact message of that loving Nazarene sage,
let's discuss it a little further — over a steaming cup of Persian mint
tea.

441. Sometimes when I hear a particular song

Sometimes when I hear a particular song,
a tucked-away feeling comes flashing back so strong
that the tears just start falling —

and why? — I have no way of recalling.

And so I just say, "Nothing," when my wife asks — "Sweetie, what's wrong?"

442. I used to participate in <social media>, but no more

I used to participate in <social media>, but no more.

The shit that came raining down on my head wasn't something I was looking for.

People with words made of sticks and knives

seem to delight in making a misery of other people's lives.

And that need to belittle and hurt others? — what in heaven's name is that good for?

443. I said to Jo

I said to Jo,

"Just let it go.

You can't hold on

to a past that's gone.

She said, "Oh? — Is that so?"

444. The rain fell out of the sky

The rain fell out of the sky

in buckets on the land nearby.

But on the land where I did dwell,

not a single raindrop fell.

I guess heaven wasn't open for prayers — when my prayer came by.

445. **That creepy looking house on other side of the street?**

That creepy looking house on other side of the street?

That's where the ghosts and the ghoulies meet.

And there they go to bed,

with the living and the dead,

each night before their QAnon retreat.

446. My doggy's sniffing is like a poet reading the news

My doggy's sniffing is like people perusing the news.

And each sniff is full of info that my doggy can use

to work out, in his doggy imagination,
epic works of doggy versification
with which his doggy audience to delight and amuse.

447. I believe that in paradise

I believe that in paradise
everything is perfect and everything is nice.
Even souls from Russia and Ukraine
can celebrate newfound friendship over a glass of French
champagne,
and laugh about their ultimate sacrifice.

448. When I grow up, what I wanna be

When I grow up, what I wanna be
is a bona fide child prodigy.
Those cats are so smart
that by the age ten, they know all of math, science, and art –
practically by heart.

449. The land where I've arrived is an okay place to live forever after.

The land where I've arrived is an okay place to live forever after.
Sometimes there's joy, and sometimes there's laughter.
And memories here are of the kind
that no one seems very much to mind,
and there are wishes piled up from the ground unto the rafter.

450. By the river, we babble on

By the river, we babble on,*
while our parents sleep from midnight till dawn.
That's what you do at camp when you're young and in love
and have only the stars above
to keep track of what's going on.

[* Play on Psalm 137, "By the rivers of Babylon."](#)

451. I asked Jack, "How and you stand living in that box?"

I asked [Jack](#), "How can you stand living in that box?
Whiskey on the rocks?"
He said, "No, it's much more mundane.

I simply turn off my brain.
Then turn it back on again,
when someone else expects me to entertain.

452. When I was hard at work on poem 452

When I was hard at work on poem 452,
my wife suddenly burst out, "I'm so tired of you!
You're sucking all the words right out of the air!
It's getting impossible to think in here!
How much longer till you're through with poem 452?"

453. She was such a dish!

She was such a dish!
She said, "I'll see you around 8-ish?"
So I knocked on her door,
a good fifteen minutes before,
because I didn't want to be late-ish.

454. Ten

Oh?

Ten
Nine
Eight
Seven
Six
Five
Four
Three
Two
One
Done.

Oh?
Hello.
Whoa!
No!
Go!

455. I'm here to atone

I'm here to atone
for my dog stealing your stinky dog's bone.
So here is a treat
of two pickled pigs' feet,
and a big bottle of doggy eau de cologne.

456. Two gay guys were going straight

Two gay guys were going straight
to the bus station because they were running late.
One dropped a party hat,
and the other one said, "Don't stop for that!
It's late. We gotta ~~go-mate~~ go, mate!

457. Have you ever thought about how tyrannosaurus rex

Have you ever thought about how [tyrannosaurus rex](#)
might have gone about having some hot, passionate sex?
He, with possibly a meter-sized peter,
and she, getting into position for a sperm load of perhaps more than
a liter.
Man! It must've been so cumbersome and so complex.

458. For talking too much in class, we've buttoned your lip

For talking too much in class, we've buttoned your lip.
If the teacher does ask you to talk, here is a little tip.
You unbutton your lip just like a button on your shirt.
The first few times, you may feel a little hurt.
So be gentle, so your lip doesn't rip.

459. A book I'd recommend?

A book I'd recommend?
One that has a really good beginning and a really good end.
Now, what book that could be —
beats me.
So, I'll leave that up to my librarian friend.

460. Look what I just found

Look what I just found! —
my mind, which I lost the other day at the kiddy playground.
It still seems to work okay,
but for some reason, it now thinks I am gay!
How the hell do I switch that around?

461. Geese flying south limericks/verses

a. If you spot a V of geese heading south,
you might consider closing your mouth.
Otherwise, they might just fly in,
unless, of course, they crash on your chin,
and make a mess on the front of your blouse.

b. When I daily see geese flying south,
I ask myself what I'm still doing in this house
where the temperature's freezing,
and I walk around sneezing,
and the cat no longer plays with the mouse.

462. If it hadn't been for my constantly reading the Bible

If it hadn't been for my constantly reading the Bible
and faithfully attending that good-news gospel revival —
I'll be totally on the level —
I woulda been singing the praises of the devil
and been accused by all the angels of slander or libel.

463. Tithing limericks/verses

a. You know why holy men created the idea of hell?
Because the idea was so fricking easy to sell.
Simply by linking deadly sin to a god who's forgiving,
these men knew they'd be able to make a pretty good living,
given that fools are so easily fooled into [tithing](#) so well.

b. The wisdom throughout the ages
has been to rely solely on religious sages,
who, with their good news and good cheer,
promise to keep God and the angels near
at a charge of only 10 percent of your wages.

c. Heaven? What kind of place is that?
Let me tell ya, it's a place where you can get the best sex, tit for
tat,
where tables are always piled high with savory food, strong drink,
and sweet dessert,

and everyone can eat and imbibe all they want and never have their head or tummy hurt.

And best of all, no one ever has to go to school, or work, or even do a single chore.

And all that can be yours for as little as a tithing of 10% – and never a penny more!

464. In the school latrine, Mister Rich

In the school latrine, Mister Rich,
ran into quite an embarrassing glitch.

While pulling up his zipper,
the zipper caught the skin of his big dipper,
and he yelled, "Oh, fuck! Oh, shit! Oh, son of a bitch."
"Ooooooooooooooooooooooh! Mister Rich!"

465. We're speeding faster and faster

We're speeding faster and faster
to each new climate disaster.

But in heaven's name! –

don't say mankind and fossil fuels are to blame! –

that's per [the preaching of every other rich, Christian pastor](#).

466. We went in with our guns a-blazing

We went in with our guns a-blazing.

And what we found there was truly amazing:

two chickens and a turkey,

looking at us all smug and smirky,

as if to say, "Is there really a need for this hell y'all are raising?"

467. Praying for a new start, I packed my sins onto the back of a scapegoat

Praying for a new start, I packed my sins onto the back of a
[scapegoat](#),

chased him into the wilderness,

then sailed for Alexandria on a fast boat.

But when I got to Alexandria and did debark,

who was standing there waiting for me in the dark?

— who other than that goddamn scapegoat!

468. What Einstein saw in his brain

What Einstein saw in his brain
would've driven a normal person insane.
He saw God with a golden beard,
saying "I already told you, E equals MC squared!
Albert! How many times do I have to explain!"

469. Entering the park to meet my blind date, Charlotte

Entering the park to meet my blind date, Charlotte,
I was awestruck by a beauty dressed from head to toe in scarlet.
And my opening line, as she sat on a wooden bench
was "My — you look so incredibly French."
She gushed, "I do? I can understand it a bit — but I don't really
parle it."

470. Sometimes, I'm scared of being a poet because the fact is hard to hide

Sometimes I'm scared of being a poet because the fact is hard to
hide —
so many of them come to an untimely end by committing suicide.
So, whenever I venture too close to the abyss,
I quickly turn away from where the darkness is,
and jump on Clyde — and go for a ride.

[* Play on a line in the song "Ahab the Arab"](#)

471. If you'd been among the saved during Noah's great flood

If you'd been among the saved during Noah's great flood,
you would've been put to work shoveling animal crud.
All that piss, menses, and shit —
you would've seen no end to it,
till the ark finally touch ground with a big fat thud,
and the animals were all set free for a life-or-death struggle — in
Ararat's mud.

472. In 1777

In 1777,
there was an untold number of children who were barely eleven.
And today, it can safely be said,
every single one of them is dead.
But how many of them are in hell, and how many of them are in
heaven?

473. You and I are traveling parallel roads

You and I are traveling parallel roads,
and living in parallel abodes,
with parallel wives,
surviving parallel lives,
and finding relief on parallel commodes.

474. A nun ran over a rabbit

A nun ran over a rabbit.
She said to herself, "Yikes! This is becoming a habit.
Like, last week it was four.
And this week, already one more.
But, hey! Makes for ample stew for the abbot."

475. Right now, it's later than it's ever been

Right now, it's later than it's ever been.
And as soon as it's said, you can say it all over again.
Time ticks off by the second,
and when all seconds are reckoned,
the universe will give one final spin —
and then we can all watch it — abruptly cave in.

476. The horse, the donkey, and the pig

The horse, the donkey, and the pig
played as a trio at a rock-'n-roll gig
for the sheep, the geese, and the cow
and the rabbits, and the chickens, and the sow
and the llama with her mama in a crazy orange wig.

477. It's never a given — what you've got

It's never a given — what you've got.
It's all assigned or taken away by lot —
whatever joy, whatever pain,
whatever loss, whatever gain —
whether you deserve it — or not.

478. Did you know Virgil Kane?

Did you know Virgil Kane?
I just saw him go swirling down the drain,
followed by a black, bloated birdy,
and that geeky girl's [nerdy gurdy](#)
in a flood zone of Lake Pontchartrain.

479. If I had to pick between an apple and a pear

If I had to pick between an apple and a pear,
I'd pick — that exquisite peach right there,
with its flushed, red-rose cheeks,
and it's swirling orange and yellow streaks,
all covered with such a fine layer of pink fuzzy hair.

480. Man, oh man, oh man!

Man, oh man, oh man!
You know what I could stick in your magnificent can! —
the pennies I've found,
and the marbles so round,
and the spellwork of that Wiccan from the Yucatan.

481. In the second millennium B.C.E.

In the second millennium [B.C.E.](#),
there lived a guy who was a lot like me.
He too was a skeptic and a scholar,
eking out an existence in loneliness and squalor,
and just as clueless about what life was meant to be.

482. Here's something I learned from Mister Magoo

Here's something I learned from [Mister Magoo](#).

It's something you should never, ever do.
Never stick a hose
made of rubber up your nose,
no matter how many times kids tell you to.

483. Oh, the language

Oh, the language
of that dang witch
was so acerbic, strident, and stinging,
that every sound
of that foul-mouthed hellhound
still pesters my ears with its pitiless pinging.

484. As I look in the mirror, I bewail the wrinkles acquired over the years

As I look in the mirror, I bewail the wrinkles acquired over the
years.
And I also rue the loss of an innumerable amount of hairs.
But I do take comfort that some things are still exactly the same:
for example, my ID number, and my first and last name –
proof that I'm still me, no matter what face in the mirror appears.

485. The way to end everything in the world that irks

The way to end everything in the world that irks
is first to get rid of all the fricking male jerks.
Then, when it's only powerful women who remain,
let them be the ones who take the rein
and guide everyone back to everything that works.

486. This is a poem of advice to my fellow man

This is a poem of advice to my fellow man.
Always try to do more than you think you can.
But never be upset about what you never did.
And make others finish their quo before you start your quid.
And always have a game plan for your entire life span.

487. She said, "Let's just compromise"

She said, "Let's just compromise.

Let's give him your nose and give him my eyes.
So, we punched in the required DNA,
and when he was born, I can truly say,
there was absolutely no surprise.

488. When I was being chased by that bee

When I was being chased by that bee,
I swear she had a photograph of me.
And as she stung me near the eye,
I heard her holler, "Yip! We got the right guy!"
God, it's no fun being your number one enemy.

489. On the night we fell in love

On the night we fell in love
you said, "Let's go outside to count the stars above."
And after you'd counted twenty,
you said, "Okay, that's probably plenty,"
and I said, "Are you kidding! That's hardly any — sort of!"

490. Well, another 5th of July

Well, another 5th of July,
a day to get ready to bury those who did fry.
If they'd known, when lighting that shit,
that losing their lives woulda been the consequence of it,
they coulda taken the time to kiss their asses goodbye.

491. Last night, I killed me some sheep

Last night, I killed me some sheep.
Having to count 'em was keeping me from falling asleep.
Tonight, I do battle
with a big herd of cattle
that somebody, I'm sure, has prayed the Lord to keep.

492. On a day when it no longer mattered

On a day when it no longer mattered,
I said to the multitude glumly gathered,
"It's of no use to [pluck the day](#) —

see how the edges have rotted away —
and momentarily, we're all just gonna be scattered."

493. The last time we sat down to discuss

The last time we sat down to discuss
what is likely to become of us,
you said, "The next time we're in New York,
we might take a little time out to pork,
unless you see that as a minus and not as a plus."

494. Hey asshole! That empty can of beer you threw on my lawn?

Hey asshole! That empty can of beer you threw on my lawn?
the one you put your filthy, syphilitic lips on?
I picked it up and threw it in the trash —
the same I'd do with your funky, fat ass in a flash —
if I caught ya. Or should I deposit your face in an unflushed john?

495. Whenever the Count left town

Whenever the Count left town,
the Countess was amenable to messing around.
Quite often, she and the Baron
had a fun time sharin'
the counting of opening the buttons of her evening gown — down.

496. When she used those big brown eyes to flirt with me

When she used those big brown eyes to flirt with me,
all I could do was smile at her sheepishly.
And when she motioned, I nervously followed her out to the back,
where she proceeded to push me down on a sack
and where I, against all expectations, proceeded [to bat 353](#).

497. When writing a new limerick proves to be way too hard

When writing a new limerick proves to be way too hard,
after about five minutes, I'm usually ready to discard.
If I have to get in a fight with every word
and lose every nuance I would've preferred,

I'd just as soon say, "Fuck it!" and let it be written by much better bard.

498. One day when you're old, sex will walk out the door

One day when you're old, sex will walk out the door.
It will turn and wave, and you won't see it anymore.
But from time to time, at a town or a country fair,
you may still espy its ghost among young people loitering there,
beckoning you with the same allure — as of yore.

499. The doctor said to the preacher, "Good news!

The doctor said to the preacher, "Good news!
This is easy to fix with just a few screws.
So please lie back on the gurney,
and keep your eyes fixed on LVN Ernie,
and I'll reattach these severed soles to your shoes.

500. If I were a fish

If I were a fish
I'd have only one wish —
to elude every net and rod
so as not to get caught
and end up on a fisherman's dish.

501. If my dog would just walk a straight line

If my dog would just walk a straight line,
we'd be home from our walk no later than nine.
But there's so much to see
between point A and point Z,
that to him, getting home at way past nine — is perfectly fine.

502. When I heard Hark, the angel, sing

When I heard Hark, the angel, sing,
I thought "Wow, what an amazing thing!"
Hark could really bellow,
as well as any great opera fellow,
and knock off her socks and everything.

503. She said, "Oh, cry me a river!"

She said, "Oh, cry me a river!"

But that was a pleasure I wasn't about to give her.

I'd much rather burn her ass

by saying something really crass.

But I was afraid if I did, she'd punch out my liver.

504. I don't remember what I did, it's true

I don't remember what I did, it's true,

the day before I fell in love with you.

I was probably attending the class

of Professor Pendergrass,

lamenting the fate of Romeo Montague.

505. On a walk, I saw a woman with a beard

On a walk, I saw a woman with a beard.

She fixed her eyes on me and just stared.

So, I decided to stare right back,

whereupon she said, "What'd you staring at, Jack?"

I said, "I was just wondering — do you think I look weird?"

506. He complained to the shrink, "This would never have occurred"

He complained to the shrink, "This would never have occurred
if I hadn't hooked up with that irrational bird."

The shrink said, "Okay — if that's what you think.

But what about all that other stink

you got all over you from that pot of shit in which you stirred?

507. It's astounding the amount of sharp, broken glass

It's astounding the amount of sharp, broken glass

that I pick up on the sides of roads that my dog and I pass.

I swear half America must be driving around drunk,

throwing empty bottles out their windows in an alcoholic funk —
a fine example of home-grown, patriotic, American class.

508. On a day I thought I was dying

On a day I thought I was dying,

it seemed I could hear the angels crying.
They were so full of fear
that the Lord would call me up there,
and that for His love I'd be vying.

509. Come to Papa, little rhyme

Come to Papa, little rhyme.
Why you hiding all the time?
Please reveal yourself to me,
and do a little more to help me be
the prime of the five-line boogie-chime.

510. When I run out of bones for my dog to chew

When I run out of bones for my dog to chew,
I head over to my good friend, butcher Lou.
I say butcher Lou, what kind of bones you got?
He says, "I got bones from an [orc](#) or a [werewolf](#) I shot."
"Butcher Lou, my dog's not picky — either one will do."

511. My dog has a specific tree he loves to visit

My dog has a specific tree he loves to visit.
He must think the peeing there is exceedingly exquisite —
a thought probably shared by every other neighborhood dog,
because the turf around that tree is always wet as a bog,
which isn't too good for my pooch's paws, now is it?

512. For a limerick, it's not for the best

For a limerick, it's not for the best
if two of the lines decide to go to east and three to go west.
How do you convince these little mothers
to go in the same direction as the others
and to quit screwing things up for the rest?

513. It was colder than the tits on a witch

It was colder than the tits on a witch.
It was colder than the balls on a son of a bitch.
It was so cold that my baby brother

got only ice milk from our mother,
and I was so cold — I wished to heaven we were rich.

514. There are some scenes I'd rather not see

There are some scenes I'd rather not see
when I'm at home watching pornography.
Do you have that too? —
that some scenes just make you go, "Ew!"
Or are you an aficionado of pornographic potpourri.

515. Eve and her Adam limericks

a. Do you remember that biblical scene of Eve and her Adam,
and that serpent trying to sell that fruit stuff to the madame?
I would rather have seen a scene with a proctor
giving Adam a speed course in how to be a doctor,
so he could've helped Eve deliver those kids when she had 'em.

b. When God the story of Adam and Eve does tell,
He names and narrates stories of the three sons pretty well.
But He never bothers
to name or say anything about Adam and Eve's several daughters.
Now why do you think that would that be, pray tell?

c. When you're talking about Adam and Eve, it's probably best
not even to bring up the question of incest.
The Bible has clearly shown
that so much of God's logic is unknown.
So, let's just consider this question addressed..

d. Have you ever thought about what Eden might look like today?
It's been a long time since God sent Adam, the tiller, away.
And before you answer, calculate in Noah's flood,
which killed every animal, together with every flower bud.
So, Eden is likely an uninhabitable jungle today, wouldn't you say?

e. Adam's sin is often called [the Fortunate Fall](#).
And that's really a pretty accurate call.
Because imagine, for heaven's sake —
if Adam hadn't fallen for the ruse of that snake,

there wouldn't have been any need for Christianity at all.

f. Things in the garden didn't go so swell.
In a split second, everything went to hell.
From that eaten fruit to the first killing,
what happened there was exceedingly chilling!
Maybe that's why we remember it all so well.

h. What I find sad about the first few verses of Genesis
is that Adam and Eve weren't taught what a game such as tennis is,
If they coulda spent time playing a game,
no matter how stupid or how lame,
they mighta been too busy to piss off a God who banishes.

i. When Eve saw her firstborn dead,
what must've gone on in her unschooled head?
In all her sorrow and in all her pain,
what did she say to her secondborn, Cain?
I wish the Bible would've had a more careful writer —
one who would've taken a little more time — to fully explain.

516. On a train, the superego, the ego, and the id

On a train trip, [the superego, the ego, and the id](#)
saw a beautiful woman on their way to Madrid.
And at the first illicit thought, the superego said, "No!"
And the ego said, "Oh?"
And the id just did what the id always did.

517. I'm glad I don't have to pretend to be

I'm glad I don't have to pretend to be
a poet with a deep philosophy.
I readily admit, I'm just a bore
with the facility to make people snore,
which should make those with insomnia come flocking to me.

518. Remember the halcyon days?

Remember the halcyon days?
They were so great in so many ways —

much better than these dog days of summer –
where the heat makes people act dumber and dumber.
Could you please pass the catsup and the mayonnaise?

519. The color of her hair was a mix of the mellow

[The color of her hair](#) was a mix of the mellow
of a deep and very luscious yellow,
and the boundless serene
of an intense Kelly green
like that of the scarf of an elfish, Irish fellow.

520. Now limericks/verses

a. If there was ever a time for now,
I think you missed it somehow.
But I'm sure I did mention
that you should've been paying attention.
Or is that something you'll now disavow.

b. They always tell you to live in the now.
But I never cared for that expression somehow.
Living in the present
can often be quite unpleasant,
as many a poet will quickly avow.

521. I hate the coming of Lent

I hate the coming of [Lent](#).
That's when the anonymous landlord raises the rent.
And then I get so angry and crass
That, for weeks, I end up cursing his ass,
only to have to go back to church every day to repent.

522. I would much rather than not

I would much rather than not
take a good, hard look at everything you got.
And if it turns out to be too little,
I'll probably be noncommittal.
But certainly not if you got a lot.

523. I doubt I'll ever be a later-day saint

I doubt I'll ever be a later-day saint,
at least the way I'm going, I ain't.
My craving for wine, women, and song
is just so fricking strong
that even at eighty, I doubt I'll be able to exercise any restraint.

524. I asked old Mrs. O'Leary

I asked old Mrs. O'Leary
what she thought about string theory.
She said, "I don't believe in such a thing,
because it doesn't cover everything,
and what it leaves uncovered can be pretty darn scary.

525. When you jumped into my mind

When you jumped into my mind,
I touched your shoulder from behind.
But when you turned around to see,
I don't think you recognized me.
So, I just said, "Sorry, never mind."

526. After you had me take off all my clothes

After you had me take off all my clothes
from my head all the way down to my toes,
I saw you ponder, and I heard you conclude,
that I probably looked best — semi-nude.
No, I don't think your saying that is in any way rude.

527. If you could prove you'd found a lock of Jesus' hair

If you could prove you'd found a lock of Jesus' hair,
you'd probably be an instant billionaire.
Or the grail from which He sipped;
Or a fingernail He might have clipped;
Or one of his sandals, which He wore just about everywhere.

528. To all the girls I loved before

[To all the girls I loved before,](#)

who couldn't wait to whisk me out the door —
who, after a single, attempted kiss
exclaimed, "Oh please, no more of this!"
Please know, [Je t'aime encore!](#)

529. I told her I wasn't gonna pray the price

I told her I wasn't gonna pray the price,
just so Janette could treat me cold as ice.
She said, "But what if I inform her —
to try to treat you just a little bit warmer?"
I said, "Yeah — that would definitely be nice."

530. To be young again and have an ass like that!

To be young again and have an ass like that!
And a tummy without any trace of fat.
And a face free of every wrinkle,
and eyes with such a mysterious twinkle.
To be someone again that anyone would love to look at.

531. Two tears for Melinda I shed

Two tears for Melinda I shed,
who sliced open her very own head
to pull out the devil
who'd come there to revel
with the other demons she'd met.

532. Oh, let me not think

Oh, let me not think
of the soiled dishes in the sink,
and let me not posit
the dirty secrets in my closet,
or recall any of what brought me to this brink.

533. Take this poem with a grain of salt

Take this poem with a grain of salt.
An elephant got detained for adding injury to insult.
He'd stepped on an ant,
which the law says you can't.
And asked why he did it, he did rant:

"Because I was terrified – and felt totally outmanned."

534. When it came to rappin'

When it came to rappin',
the kid knew how to make it happen.
The scenes of a dark apocalypse
that gushed forth from his stormy lips
had all the kids standing around clappin'.

535. I was well along in age

I was well along in age,
the day my brain finally broke out of its cage,
when it was beguiled
into thinking like a child,
and, for the first time, contemplated something sage.

536. The art teacher asked, "What color are you gonna paint that town?"

The art teacher asked, "What color are you gonna paint that town?"
I said, "I was thinking about painting it brown."
"So not the usually red?"
"I was tempted," I said,
"but I thought it would make my parish preacher frown."

537. When a tree fell in the forest with nobody there

When a tree fell in the forest with nobody there,
it scared the shit out of Yogi the bear.
So just imagine the sound it must've made,
if it even made a fearless bear that afraid.
So, if there's ever a question of whether there's sound
when a tree falls in a forest with no one around,
consider that question answered here – by Yogi the bear.

538. My character is not of the best

My character is not of the best.
If I'm not number one on everyone's list, I get dyspeptic and
depressed.
If I'm not chosen best in show,
I get pretty pissy with everybody I know,
and won't give acting like an asshole any rest.

539. When she got a good look at my feet

When she got a good look at my feet,
she beat a rather hasty retreat,
exclaiming, "What's that yellow on your toes?
Ooh, man, that really looks gross!
No, I don't want anything to drink or to eat!"

540. At a point of no return

At a point of no return,
I saw some fallen angels burn.
And from across the smoky abyss,
I heard the voice of the devil hiss:
"Don't worry — you'll get your turn."

541. Most of what I write

Most of what I write
isn't in the least bit erudite.
I should learn to refrain
from writing things this fricking mundane,
if I ever wanna spend time in the poetic limelight.

542. A poem I wrote turned out to be a real dud

A poem I wrote turned out to be a real dud,
a simple little ditty on the subject of mud.
I thought I'd made my meaning perfectly clear.
But lots of critics disagreed with me there,
saying my poem on mud
was about as clear as a bucket of crud.

543. Today, when inspiration came

Today, when inspiration came,
I was busy elsewhere, I must admit to my shame.
So, if you're here today expecting a brand-new poem —
I'm sorry, but when it came, I wasn't at home.
Yes, I know, a real poet would never do something this fricking
lame.

544. "No, no, no, no, no!"

"No, no, no, no, no!"

said the bawd to the beau.

"You may be better looking,
but that don't mean I'm cooking,
or doing dishes ten days in a row.

545. The sister whom she missed the most

The sister whom she missed the most
was the sister who went to live with the mister from the Ivory
Coast.

So, when the Ivory Coast mister took that sister
back to visit the sister who exceedingly missed her,
the missed sister was kissed by the sister who missed her
all over, almost.

546. The day that Armageddon came

The day that [Armageddon](#) came,
I thought the entire thing was kind of lame.
Nothing but the noise and smoke of a fiery battle,
and people, left and right, bloodily slaughter like cattle —
not much different really from any other mediocre computerized
game.

547. Some days, I just can't get my ass out of bed

Some days, I just can't get my ass out of bed.
It's just too much trouble to re-screw on my head
that I unscrewed the night before,
and thoughtlessly threw down to the floor,
there, where the carpet turns from white to red.

548. The balls he had were just too big

The balls he had were just too big.
We needed [size 2 balls](#) for this gig.
So, we continued going from shop to shop,
and though tired as hell, we didn't stop
till we found the right size balls at a place called Thingamajig.

549. I'm tired of the way the ball bounces

I'm tired of the way the ball bounces,
and of gaining pounds while only eating ounces,
tired that for every one step forward, there's two steps back,
and that my every glass is always half empty because of a perpetual
crack,
and tired of that asshole teacher who my name continually
mispronounces.

550. I saw two dead men walking

I saw two dead men walking,
and I heard them silently talking.
They said, "This time the Lord
has gone way overboard,
by forcing all of us ghosts to be stalking.

551. There was great joy in the chicken cage

There was great joy in the chicken cage.
The old hen had been removed because of her age.
And now all of us spring chickens
could again romp around like the dickens,
without having to watch that old bag fly into an impetuous rage.

552. What's missing

What's missing
is that there's absolutely no kissing.
Whenever I try to touch her, lip to lip,
she immediately gives me the slip,
and, like a vexed viper, starts hissing.

553. From whichever angle

From whichever angle
you regard this [pink triangle](#),
you can see the survival of a love
sent from heaven above
that so many below tried to strangle.

554. Do you remember Tippecanoe?

Do you remember Tippecanoe?
Then you must remember [Tyler](#) too.
I, myself, don't know him from Adam,
nor the madame who had him.
I just know he was a bigshot in 1842.

555. Holy bejeezus!

Holy bejeezus!
I didn't take the time to get things right with Jesus!
And now I'm dead,
with nothing but the prospect of hell ahead,
when in fact, I'd wanted to go somewhere where it sometimes also
freezes.

556. I, myself, and me limericks/verses

I, myself, and me,
we are the royal we.
I makes most of the decisions,
while me or myself makes the needed revisions
to ensure we three don't unwittingly disagree.

Me, Myself, and I ran into You, Yourself, and You.
We hadn't seen each other for about — what? — a week or two.
You said to Me, "Know what we should do?
The six of us should plan on dinner in about a week or two."
Me said, "Sure. But let's make that dinner for five, okay, You?
Cuz that week, I's got some other things I desperately needs to do."

557. When I don't let my dog explore every scent that he senses

When I don't let my dog explore every scent that he senses,
as we walk through town past all the houses and fences,
he pulls on his leash with such an incredible force,
that he makes me step in piles of dog doo, of course,
and then my ire with him spares no expenses.

558. Sometimes when I wanna write verse

Sometimes when I wanna write verse,

I run into that age-old curse
that since the time of [John Locke](#)
has been known as writer's block,
and for a writer, nothing could be worse.

559. I love Frida Kahlo

I love [Frida Kahlo](#).
That woman was in no way shallow.
She could paint to the depths
of were space time intercepts
and defeats cosmic pain – blow-by-blow.

560. If I had to guess what's wrong

If I had to guess what's wrong,
I'd say you're always singing the absolute wrong song.
You should be singing "Hallelujah,"
instead of "Buddy, what's it to ya,"
and stringing all that negativity along.

561. The two slip out of bed and pull on their pants

The two slip out of bed and pull on their pants.
They've just made wet and sloppy romance.
And now, will one of them say,
"Give me your number, and I'll call you, okay?"
Or is this not one of those boilerplate one-night stands?

562. She had an interesting dress on

She had an interesting dress on –
that is, if you're a fan of [Piet Mondrian](#).
Myself, I thought it was kinda square,
and, except for a teasing tear down her rare,
I found it a real yawn.

563. When you stood there à la Marilyn Monroe

When you stood there [à la Marilyn Monroe](#),
I'm sure your boyfriend will be glad to know,
that no one saw your panty
because you weren't wearing any
as, with a feigned embarrassment, you sang out – "Whwhoa!"

564. "Is there anything more rotten"

"Is there anything more rotten
then to die and to be totally forgotten?"
"Yeah, how about being remembered
for the bodies one might have dismembered —
or for fame or for fortune — totally ill-gotten?"

565. When God showed Moses His back

[When God showed Moses His back](#),
did Moses actually see His crack?
Oh, there's so much to ponder
about what actually happened as the Israelites did wander
by the [millions](#) through the wilderness of the Canaan outback.

566. We're all born with a hole

We're all born with a hole
through which God inserts a soul.
But at the end, there's doubt
whether She's keen to pull it back out
or just leaves it there, ensnarled in its filthy rig-ma-role.

567. I'll take a little of this orange, this blue, and this green

I'll take a little of this orange, this blue, and this green,
this red, this cyan, and this aquamarine,
and I'll try to paint just the light
that the moon is spreading tonight
over this eerie waterfall scene.

568. So much of online poetry is shit

So much of online poetry is shit
that I thought I'd make my contribution to it.
So, here's a poem just for you.
It's a poem about a shoe.
Try it on — because who knows? — It might just fit.

569. Because I'd been good for a very long while

Because I'd been good for a very long while, my parents decided to
buy me a crocodile.

Then all the kids on the block thought I really did rock.
Till two weeks later, another kid's parents decided to buy him an
alligator!
Shoot! And now some kid's braggin' his parents are gonna buy him
a Komodo dragon.
Oh, God! – Will this neighborhood competition never stop?

570. Because he don't wanna waste time on a slow learner

Because he don't wanna waste time on a slow learner,
my drama teacher's put me on the back burner.
But wait! He just offered me one last chance
to participate in next week's Winter Wonderland dance –
if I promise to practice real hard not to trip my partner when I turn
her.

571. Let me make it perfectly clear

Let me make it perfectly clear –
there are no crazy people here.
No, I don't mind if you look there – in fact, feel free to look
anywhere.
But let me make it perfectly clear –
there are no crazy people here.

572. When you're traveling from here to the hereafter

When you're traveling from here to the hereafter,
listen for hints of angelic laughter.
And when you see a profusion of light,
that takes the darkness right out of the night,
know you'll soon be in the company of the almighty universe
crafter.

573. In the talent show, when the guy before me managed to flop

In the talent show, when the guy before me managed to flop,
I was hoping that now I'd come out on top.
But then the girl who came after
got the biggest laughter
by sneezing out red soda pop.

574. I remember one night sitting alone by the shores of the Pacific Ocean

I remember one night sitting alone by the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Suddenly, I saw the dark waves and the moonlit sky become one menacing motion.

And for a moment, my mind lost all control,
as an existential terror tore through my soul —
and then I was deluged by cold, wet sand —
slimy seaweed —
and empty bottles of Hawaiian suntan lotion.

575. I'd give you the shirt of my back

I'd give you the shirt of my back,
if you could fix this itty-bitty crack,
that runs along the edge of the border
of my undiagnosed thinking disorder,
that keeps bumping my train of thought repeatedly off its track.

576. When Shakespeare was in school learning his grammar

When Shakespeare was in school learning his grammar
under his breath, you could sometimes hear him stammer,
"Who are these fools
who teach you to write by these rules?
They might as well teach you how to screw in a screw with a
hammer!"

577. Uppy and Muppy were guppies

Uppy and Muppy were guppies
that I had cuz my mom wouldn't let me get puppies.
Then one morning, when they were floating belly up,
I said to my mom, "See, you should've let me get a pup."
She said, "Oh, shut up. Or I'm gonna make you gulp those dead
guppies up."

578. There was great joy in the nest of Willy and Nilly

There was great joy in the nest of Willy and Nilly.
They were getting ready to celebrate themselves silly,

as from underneath both their legs
came the sound of the cracking of eggs,
and out popped the heads of babies Billy, Gilly, and Jilly.

579. Did you see how that cookie crumbled

Did you see how that cookie crumbled,
and then tumbled, and tumbled, and tumbled,
from the tabletop down to the floor,
and then tumbled and tumbled some more,
and did you hear the "Oh no!" that it frightfully mumbled?

580. I find it fascinating

I find it fascinating
you're all still sitting here waiting
to hear what I have to say.
If this lecture hadn't been mandatory,
would you have stayed here to hear my oratory?
Or would you long ago have snuck away?

581. She asked, "What are you trying to accomplish in your poetry?"

She asked, "What are you trying to accomplish in your poetry?" I
said, "Oh, not that much.

I just try to drill down to the essence of a thing and give it a
creative, poetic touch."

She asked, "And so far, do you think you've actually succeeded?"

I said, "No, not really. I feel like I'm always being impeded
by learned critics who think they know so goddamn much."

582. Yes, I actually did meet your mom

Yes, I actually did meet your mom
when we were both working for Toilets.com.
I know it doesn't sound like a glamorous place.
But she had such a pretty face.
And she did everything she did with such great aplomb.

583. On the day of the general resurrection

On the day of [the general resurrection](#),
I pray no one will see my rapturous erection!
Because I'll be so fricking turned on

knowing all the evil of this world will very soon be gone,
and that I'll finally be able to give all the angels all my affection.

584. If you were a god limericks / verses

a. "If you were a god, would you ever think to make
a man and a woman who would be outfoxed by a snake,
a man and a woman who, full of free will,
would conceive a child who his brother would kill?"
"Who, me? No way! Who would, for heaven's sake?"

b. If I'd been god, I'd never have created
mankind or anything remotely related.
But since this god did, maybe this god's the problem.
When you look at all the rot from L.A. to Harlem,
the moral decay is of such an ungodly scope,
that for a good outcome of this creation, there's very little hope.

585. Would it be okay if later today

Would it be okay if later today
I brought Bixby to play
with Boris and Doris
and Horace and Morris
and Eddie and Ollie and Ray?

586. Summertime on the other side

Summertime on the other side
seems a lot easier for folks to abide.
Mothers there get to eat rum pudding cake,
as fathers float lazily on a steel-blue lake,
and giggling kids whirl around on a kaleidoscope carnival ride.

587. It's unanimous

It's unanimous.
Everyone in town thinks I'm pusillanimous.
Just cuz I was momentarily frightened by that clown
who pulled her too-large clown pants down
and began shooting at everyone in the crowd with her animus.

588. Given that it's Seattle, my dog and I often start our walk of dry

Given that it's Seattle, we often start off our walk when the weather's dry.

But within a few minutes, we're walking under a dark, ominous sky.

And then it starts pouring

and then there's no way of ignoring

that it is to time to go get dry, he and I.*

* Silly echo of ending of Gerturde Stein's poem "I love my love with a v."

589. Paddy was a laddy newly betrothed to Addie

Paddy was a laddy newly betrothed to Addie.

They had a baby, Maddie, who was something of a fatty.

Paddy said to Addie,

"That milk you're feeding Maddie?

You think we could exchange it for a non-fat chicken patty?"

590. We both saw the writing on the wall

We both saw the writing on the wall –

it's hard to miss when the letters are a good foot tall.

But since both of us were of age,

we didn't understand the meaning of this sage –

were these words to enlighten – or words to enrage?

591. Geez, the speed limit here is 35!

Geez, the speed limit here is 35!

It's a miracle we're still alive.

We must've been pushing 80.

Thanks God, we missed that lady.

Mr. Honda is never again gonna let us do another test drive.

592. I really didn't want to get stuck on you

I really didn't want to get stuck on you.

But then you smeared your lips with all that sticky goo!

I think I've been outsmarted,

cuz now we can't be parted

till I can pry this kiss offa you.

593. By the third drink, he didn't look half bad

By the third drink, he didn't look half bad.
She could even look past the chipped tooth that he had.
And by now, she was more sympathetic to his life story –
perhaps she had been too quick to judge it all as vainglory.
But why couldn't he think to say something – that would make her
feel just a little less sad?

594. If it ain't silly

If it ain't silly,
I don't want to hear about it, Willy.
And if it ain't crazy,
go tell it to Miss Daisy.
I'm sick and tired of people who are this mentally lazy.

595. Brooding at bar, Wishy was being a little bit washy

Brooding at the bar, Wishy was being a little bit washy.
The whiskey had made his speech a little bit sloshy.
I said, "Wishy, I have no idea –
what is it you want me to say?"
He moaned, "Trishy was never really Wishy's, now was she?"

596. I coulda benefited from a condom

I coulda benefited from a condom.
But I don't think my dad ever had one on 'im.
And my mom was never one to insist.
So that's basically the gist
of how I came to be. Woe is me.

597. In public, I always wear an anti-Covid protection mask

In public, I always wear an anti-Covid protection mask,
because it definitely serves more than one task.
It also keeps me from having to smell other people's halitosis.
And assholes won't hear me when I whisper, "Fuck off and go back
to hell before it closes."
But it does make it more difficult to sneak a sip from my flask.

598. I think in funny rhymes to try to keep my pain at bay

I think in funny rhymes to try to keep my pain at bay.
I think in funny rhymes to try to keep insanity away.
Because if I just let my thoughts roam,
they'd get further and further away from home,
and then I wouldn't know – where to stay.

599. That pretty woman playing lead guitar

That pretty woman playing lead guitar
is the best of the band in this eatery bar.
And by the way she fingers an F minor,
it appears she's flipping off every drunk diner
who's visually undressing her from afar.

600. The scene was idyllic, to say the least

The scene was idyllic, to say the least,
a fruitful garden where God had set the table for a perpetual feast.
And when He proclaimed in a joyful voice that it was His will
that each creature or beast could eat what he could gather or kill,
not every creature or beast at the feast was overjoyed – to say the
least.

601. In the Bible, when a gang of boys jeered at a prophet who was bald

[In the Bible, when a gang of boys jeered at a prophet who was bald,](#)
the prophet got so pissed, it made his very blood scald.
And so he called down a curse on the boys in his prayers,
and the Lord, upon hearing, sent forth two ferocious she bears,
and forty-two of the boys were mauled. Anyone appalled?

602. The very best reason to cry

The very best reason to cry
is when you forget the square root of pie.
But all you need to do to be happy again,
is to calculate the square root of when –
just be sure you get it right on the very first try!

603. If you were a mole in a hole

If you were a mole in a hole

would the darkness take its toll?
Or would everything still be all right
because you're so well acquainted with the night,
and accustomed to the blackness in your soul?

604. One scary thing about living in Crystal Pointe

One scary thing about living in Crystal Pointe
is that no witch ever actually left there when told to [aroint!](#)
So, my advice is — if you're afraid of witches
and wanna avoid 'em for all the world's riches —
don't move to Crystal Pointe — cuz the place is full of them pointy-
chinned bitches.

605. If I wrote you a billet-doux

If I wrote you a billet-doux
would you write me one too?
And when exchanged, we could test
who people thought expressed her love the best.
You hope it's me — I hope it is you.

606. Did you hear that love lost?

Did you hear that love lost?
It tried to win at all cost.
But sadly, it went down to defeat
when the other side decided to cheat
by leaving all of its i's undotted and all of its t's uncrossed.

607. When I was still smoking two packs a day

When I was still smoking two packs a day,
struggling every morning to try to hack the phlegm away,
my wife would get down on her knees and beg me to quit —
that's how afraid she was I was gonna die from that shit.
And so I'd say, "For you, Honey, anything, okay? — Just not today."

608. When I saw Dilly dally

When I saw Dilly dally,
I thought, "Oh no, this kid's got to rally!
Cuz if he loses this race,
it'll be a total disgrace,

cuz this race was right up his alley.

609. Nothing makes me go into a greater fit

Nothing makes me go into a greater fit
than, when walking my dog, I step in another dog's shit.
I wish a law could be created
so that when jerks who don't pick up their dog's shit are located
you can rub their fucking noses in it!

610. It's as easy as 1-2-3

It's as easy as 1-2-3
for a bear to crawl up the butt of a bee.
Easy as 1-2-3?
How can that possibly be?
Because, my dear girl — can't you see?
Anything's possible in poetry!

611. I can't believe this guy!

I can't believe this guy!
He just tried to pick the apple of my eye!
I said, "Are you serious?
You think she would want you? That's hilarious."
Two weeks later, guess who I saw walking by.

612. Can I give you a hickey?

Can I give you a hickey?
You don't know what it is? So [look it up in a wiki](#).
And when you are through,
I'll ask again of you.
Can I give you a hickey? Or do you think it a little bit icky?

613. I love the feeling of a gigantic sneeze

I love the feeling of a gigantic sneeze —
that tickling in my nose is such a tease.
Then — one big achoo —
propelled right at you —
and when you scream bloody murder, I say — "I aim to please."

614. I'm unique

I'm unique.
I'm not like any other geek.
I'm a different kind of crazy,
I'm not just some plain-Jane common daisy.
I exude my own mystique, so to speak.

615. When the angels get bored in heaven

When the angels get bored in heaven,
they all make a booze run to 7-11.
Then they schedule a private room
in which to consume
their rum and coke, and their bourbon and seven.

616. Have you ever heard of Mary Magdalene?

Have you ever heard of [Mary Magdalene](#)?
She was the sweetest little thing.
She was really good friends with Jesus —
washed his feet and supplied him and his apostles with wine and
cheeses.
And some think they might even have had a fling.

617. The problem with eisegesis

The problem with [eisegesis](#)
is that you tear Bible verses to pieces
in an effort to make of the Bible and its glory
a subtlety different story
with the hope that people's faith in your god increases.

618 I wrote a poem who alleges

I wrote a poem who alleges
that I left her a little too rough around the edges,
and would I kindly try to rewrite.
So, all night long, I added and deleted,
moved around and repeated,
till she finally said, "Yeah, that feels just about right."

619. Here's a poem that will get you to thinking

Here's a poem that will get you to thinking.
Half the people arrested swore they weren't drinking.
If the total arrested is divided
by a number we decided,
how many of `em are guilty of unequivocal hoodwinking?

620. She exuded such a Pacific air

She exuded such a Pacific air —
dark brown tan and naturally blond hair —
and a bikini so teeny
it barely covered her mcweeney,
and made eyes from everywhere stare.

621. At a poetry reading in Monterey

At a poetry reading in Monterey
a poet got on stage and said she had nothing to say.
So the audience went ballistic,
and some even got pugilistic,
till authorities came and took their poetry away.

622. With just a little idea, they say

With just a little idea, they say
you can blow the world away.
Just think of [Alfred Nobel](#)
who worked out his idea so well,
it's still blowing the world away — today.

623. When you walk on the surface of Mars

When you walk on the surface of Mars,
and you look up at the distant stars,
you might just see the Martian Big Dipper
fiddling with his zipper
and pulling his pants up to hide the crack of his arse.

624. She drunkenly slurred, "My boobs taste sweeter than a plum."

She drunkenly slurred, "My boobs taste sweeter than a plum."
I said, "Drunk or not, that really sounds dumb."

That's like me saying, 'My peter tastes better than licking whipped cream off an eggbeater.'
Would you mind pouring me a bit more of that rum?"

625. Of my poem, she said it was "cute"

Of my poem, she said it was "cute,"
probably because she totally misunderstood.
She couldn't fathom the very deep meaning
with which my short, pithy poem was teeming,
from the very first syllable to the very last foot.

626. Hell limericks / verses

a. Just saying,
if my fate, that in Your hands You are weighing,
is to be sent down to hell,
oh well!
For that, everybody around me has forever been praying.

b. Today went really well.
I scored me a ticket to hell.
At first, they said they were overbooked.
But then they found some seats they'd overlooked.
And I get to sit next to my buds, William and Tell.

c. Some people think I'm obsessed with hell.
I wonder, how can they tell?
I don't really believe in that stuff, half or whole.
I think I'm destined to go down to [Sheol](#),
and totally bypass [Lucifer, Beelzebub, and the rest of their hot clientele](#).

d. I think I would prefer Hades to Hell,
although I probably wouldn't like either place all that well.
But at least in Hades I'd only have to get used to the [shadies](#),
whereas in Hell, I'd be perpetually barbequed like a gazelle.

627. I said to my doggy, "Hey, you!"

I said to my doggy, "Hey, you!"
Don't you be chewing my shoe.

You're about as bad as the cat,
who yesterday ~~shat~~ spat
in the stew of Madame Magoo – ew!

628. Someone put a "For Sale" sign on heaven's door

Someone hung a "For Sale" sign on heaven's door.
God isn't selling – just charging a little more.
So, when the rich arrive and pull out their cash,
they're promptly let in to join the heavenly bash.
But the cashless poor? – they're totally done for.

629. As for her hair, can you make it red?

As for her hair, can you make it red?
And her eyes, blue? – no make them brown instead.
And the rest of her face –
can you make it be like that of an angel's grace?
and her body – like that of a young, Irish hothead!

630. Some scholars say my oeuvre of work

Some scholars say my oeuvre of work
shows the hand of an incompetent jerk,
because it has no hint of a poetical system.
Little do they know
that I write only for the average Joe,
who appreciates easy-to-understand poems
that are full of everyday folk wisdom.

631. I once heard a little girl in Cuba

I once heard a little girl in Cuba
play heavenly sounds on a big-ass tuba.
She would play that thing
and make the birdies sing
from old Havana all the way to Aruba.

632. No, I don't care

No, I don't care
that you cut and bleached your hair.
Yeah, it looks all right,
perhaps a little too white –

but just wish you hadn't cut and bleached your hair – there.

633. My ex was a much sweeter lass

My ex was a much sweeter lass.

Unlike you, she never got a burr up **her** ass!

Not that she was flawless –

she too could act pretty damn lawless.

That's why I finally ended up having to dump her ass, too, alas.

634. A girl with a dick as big as a horse

A girl with the dick as big as a horse
was arrested for anti-social intercourse.

But the judge let her go,

saying everybody ought to know

the 1st amendment – at its source –

protects just about any kind of intercourse.

635. These days, my wife and I don't do overly much

These days, my wife and I don't do overly much.

As you know, we're retired and such.

No, not even that anymore – very much.

Yep, I still think she's the nonpareil of the nonesuch.

Sure, I'll let her know – next time we're in touch.

636. The only dogs with whom my dog will converse

The only dogs with whom my dog will converse
are dogs who are deeply into doggy verse.

And they'll sit there all day and recite

every doggy joy and every doggy plight

they've experienced so far in their dog-eat-dog universe.

637. I made her pay dearly for breaking my heart

I made her pay dearly for breaking my heart.

I took all her phones, both land line and smart;

and her brand-new computer,

and her mobility scooter,

so she can neither face-time nor visit her new love in [Mart](#).

638. In a painting by a descendant of Renoir

In a painting by a descendant of Renoir
you're depicted as a most celestial star.
And every night, a little past eleven,
I see you shining brightly in heaven,
as you point the way to my favorite bar.

639. In a dream, I was killing two birds with one stone

In a dream, I was killing two birds with one stone.
And it kinda looked like I wasn't alone.
As I turned and looked all around,
I saw a red mess of dead birds on the ground,
and I felt a bitter chill, right to the bone.

640. If I were dead, where would I be?

If I were dead, where would I be?
Where does one start on eternity?
At the beginning? Or more to the middle?
Or perhaps, left of forever a little?
Or at the intersection betwixt and between the pre- and the post-
me?

641. I couldn't believe I'd seen what I saw

I couldn't believe I'd seen what I saw.
So, I looked again, and what I saw was my pa,
crossing a buzzingly busy street
on his hands instead of his feet,
as an ecstatic crowd oohed and aahed in awe.

642. What I saw on the internet?

What I saw on the internet?
A giraffe and an elephant lying in bed.
And the giraffe was showing her spunk
by fiddling with the elephant's trunk,
as he played connect-the-dots with the spots on her head.

643. On a Romantic Poets tour, overlooking the ruins of Tintern Abbey

On a [Romantic Poets tour](#), overlooking the ruins of Tintern Abbey,

I felt a sudden urge to grab the ass of my dearest friend, Gabby.
But as the professor continued reading [Wordsworth's poem](#) in a
sonorous voice,
I reckoned mixing high art with my profane thoughts would've been
a very poor choice.
And so, I fought off my overwhelming urge to get grabby with
Gabby,
there overlooking the ruins of Tintern Abbey.

644. When that FBI guy signaled for me to stop

When that FBI guy signaled for me to stop,
I thought to myself, "Oh Top!
Probably another special Op,
ordered by the brass on the top
who really never know when to stop!"

645. My heart limericks / verses

a. The woman who lit my heart on fire
made my future love life pretty damn dire.
These days, when my sooty heart pumps,
you hear only a series of distinct clumpity-clumps,
which isn't a great sound to attract the kind of women I desire.

b. Lately, the door to my heart's gotten so creaky
that a new love, who might wanna enter, could find it a little bit
freaky.
So, I've made an appointment with Doctor Doyle
to see if he can apply a little door-hinge oil
and also try to find out why my bleeding heart's gotten so leaky.

c. Be still, my heart, be still.*
Didn't I just give you a calm-down pill?
So quit your racing and your thumping,
your crazy fluttering and your creepy pumping.
What's gonna be next? A complete and total standstill?
[* Play on the title of a poem by A. E. Housman](#)

646. He said, "Can we do it today?"

He said, "Can we do it today?"

She said, "Today? We're not even halfway!"
He said, "But because today we managed to rhyme,
I thought it might be okay to do it ahead of time."
She said, "No way. No dessert till you're completely done with the
entree."

647. When you're walking in a storm, don't hold your head up high

When you're walking in a storm, don't hold your head up high!
It's too dangerous with winds swirling and lightning splitting the
sky.

So, get that stupid club [song](#) out of your head,
and go find safety under an overhang or in a shed!
And don't let bad advice be the reason that you die.

648. I'm at the entrance of you

I'm at the entrance of you,
and I don't know what to do.
I don't know where to begin
to try to find my way in
without making an indelicate miscue.

649. I have the freedom to be dumb as a brick

I have the freedom to be dumb as a brick,
to associate freely with the mentally sick,
and to vote for anyone
with no idea of what's going on,
to make sure America stays perpetually sick.

650. When I pulled the puppet by its string

When I pulled the puppet by its string,
it made its little dicky spring.
Who would make a puppet this obscene,
and dare hang it in the girls' latrine,
except that bad-ass Josephine?

651. Halloween limericks / verses

a. This Halloween, as winds whip the trees,
I'm filled with a deep and uneasy unease,

as ghosts, gremlins, and gnomes,
make unannounced visits to strangers' homes,
with the express purpose of spreading their spooky disease.

b. It's again nearly Halloween.

Lit-up pumpkins are everywhere to be seen.
And up here, zombies and witches
and creepy ghouls with red, sown-up stitches
are performing a spooky balcony scene.

c. There once was a rich woman from Montreal,

who decided to throw a big Halloween ball
at a kid in the street
with no shoes on his feet
who didn't even know how to dance at all.

652. [These are the days of frosty rime and icicle noses](#)

These are the days of frosty rime and icicle noses, *
when many a mom ventures outside in woolen pantyhoses,
and kids on skates
break arms at very high rates,
while many a dad sits warmly by the fire and dozes.

* Play on the song title "[These are the days of wine and roses.](#)"

653. [If the big one were to hit today](#)

If the big one were to hit today,
every high-rise in Seattle would crumble away,
and a giant-size tsunami
would drown my daddy and my mommy,
and all of my friends with whom I always loved to play.

654. [No matter how much data biblical scholars have collected](#)

No matter how much data biblical scholars have collected,
the way heaven's logic works still can't be fully detected.
On the list of things the Bible says "Don't do,"
She did 'em all, except maybe one – or maybe two!
So how the hell did she end up on the list of heaven's [unconditional
elected](#)?

655. In the end, I can't think of anything worse

In the end, I can't think of anything worse,
than to be carried to my final resting place in a shiny, black hearse.
That's why I've always stated,
that I want to be cremated,
and continue making my rounds in repose of your purse.

656. Oh, what a handsomely gorgeous day

Oh, what a handsomely gorgeous day
to be alive and so completely happy and gay,
and to wish everyone well,
even those who'd cast us into hell,
for insisting our pronoun is not "he" or "she," but "they."

657. The last thing I heard

The last thing I heard
just before I died —
it may sound absurd —
but it was the breaking of a leg
of some sweet chick
who slipped on an egg
laid by some big ol' dodo bird.

657. When I sit down to write, I put my mind on a slow brew

When I sit down to write, I put my mind on a slow brew.
I try not to think and just let vague ideas begin to seep through.
And as my mind starts to percolate at a somewhat higher rate,
I wait, I just wait
till an okay idea drips through. And then I grab it to see what I can
do.

658. He said he was pissed to have to pay 90% tax on earnings of a
billion

He said he was pissed to have to pay 90% tax on earnings of a
billion,
because he'd be left with only a puny one-hundred million.
And what's for sure,
he'd again be listed among the poor,

and not among those whose wealth was quickly adding up to a trillion.

659. I came, I saw, I fainted

I came, I saw, I fainted.*

Have you ever been with anyone like me acquainted?

You can know us by the way we disappear
every time the time for a battle draws near.

To find us, don't look among the knighted or the sainted.

* [Play on Julius Ceasar's "I came, I saw, I conquered."](#)

660. There's a pinhole in wavering minds

There's a pinhole in wavering minds
where demons sneak in, fiends of all kinds
to slowly work their insanity
and destroy the Christianity
of those with undoubtedly weak Christian spines.

661. This morning, my dog again caused an intense drama

This morning, my dog again caused an intense drama.
He was inspired to bark at this big-ass llama.
So, the beast decided to spit,
and of course, I was the target of it,
and got that slime all over a new shirt I just got from my momma.

662. I know this is not my best, it's too blue

I know this is not my best, it's too blue.
And I know I'm a great disappointment to you.
I coulda tried to add a little bit more yellow,
but then I only woulda been copying that other fellow.
And then we woulda had an even bigger issue to work through.

663. As I was climbing the ladder to success

As I was climbing the ladder of success,
I was right behind this girl named Tess.
And as you can guess,
I could stare right up her dress —
which is what I did, of course — I readily confess.

664. Palestinian limericks / verses

a. As I'm sitting here, working on a long epic poem,
people in Palestine are dying in and around their home.
And the blood and the guts,
that are being spilled overly much,
are showing up as bits of awful – offal in my long epic tome.

b. Oh, this Western mindset is so bright!
I condemn the slaughter of innocent Palestinians, and so I'm the
antisemite!
No, I harbor no ill will for the everyday Jew –
I solely despise the likes of Benjamin Netanyahu!
And if that's the Western definition of "antisemite" – then calling me
an antisemite – is just about right!

665. After I built her a stately, glass house

After I built her a stately, glass house,
I said to my easy-to-anger, indelicate, new spouse,
"Don't you be throwing no stones
at my erogenous zones,
and don't you go walking around this new house – without a skirt or
a blouse."

666. When I got to poem six six six

When I got to poem six six six,
for fun, I thought I'd throw the devil into the mix.
But he said he'd be busy with his end-of-year clearance,
and so, he didn't have time to make a special appearance,
but he'd send some helpers to hand out some delicious hot treats –
and perform some hellacious new tricks.

667. Tell the truth, but tell it in a rant

Tell the truth, but tell it in a rant,*
so that even stupid people will understand.
And when talking to the wise,
don't fall for their circuitous lies.
Steele yourself against their verbal sleight of hand.

[* Play on Dickenson's "Tell all the truth but tell it slant"](#)

668. These days, she often forgets

These days, she often forgets
her many sorrows and her many regrets
in which I played an outsized part
by more than once breaking her precious heart.
As the band plays our song, as the sun sets,
I ask her, "Do you wanna dance?" She smiles and whispers – "Sure,
let's."

669. In most of my poems, my simple aim

In most of my poems, my simple aim
is just kinda to enter tame –
then, once inside –
go hog wild –
showing no reserve, no shame.

670. I'm not a serious poet

I'm not a serious poet.
I'm too much of a delirious poet.
Most of the time,
I can only do a lame, five-line rhyme,
and that's never gonna cut it, I know it.

671. Here's another color I want you to hear

Here's another color I want you to hear.
Can you sense the subtle difference there?
The nuance of the one
is where the second one's begun
to change from a sad melody into a happy tear.

672. I wish I were back at the beginning

I wish I were back at the beginning,
just before my head started spinning.
I've lost control
of my mind and my soul,
and feel the whole of my being thinning.

673. I answer my phone

I answer my phone
for one caller alone,
and you, dear caller, ain't she.
At the beep, have your say,
and if I like it, you may
get a timely call back from me.

674. Sometimes when I think back

Sometimes when I think back
on the brainpower that I obviously did lack,
I wonder how, in heaven's name,
I managed to acquire all this fame,
just by painting this pure white onto that pure black.

675. "This is art, for art's sake!"

"This is art, for art's sake!
Or are you gonna tell me that it's totally fake?
And if yes, based on what?
Tell me what it doesn't got.
Or point out one mistake."
"Piece of cake."

676. From across the vast expanse of time and space

From across the vast expanse of time and space,
the speed of light and I decided to have a little race —
from the earth to around the moon and back.
And it's safe to say, he beat me by an eon, Jack!
But I gave it a good go, so where's the disgrace?

677. She said, "That just can't be"

She said, "That just can't be.
It's got no semblance to reality."
I said, "How can you say that,
when it's painfully clear that
it's the reality of me?"

678. On doomsday, as I was waiting for the end to arrive

On doomsday, as I was waiting for the end to arrive,
an angel walked up and said, "Hey, give me a high five."
I said, "Wow, this isn't the way I had expected the world to end."
The angel said, "That's pretty common with you Bible students,
friend.
You're expecting to get the boogie, when all you're gonna get's the
jive."

679. I readily admit, I do like smut

I readily admit, I do like smut.
In that regard, I'm a lot like my mut.
The funkier the taste, the funkier the smell,
the more we both tend to like it very well,
though about that, we've agreed to keep our mouths shut.

680. I drove the meaning of the poem home

I drove the meaning of the poem home,
dropped her at the front door, then drove home alone.
And I never heard much more about her after that,
except a rumor that some scholarly types had made a sanctum of
her flat,
where they fill evening upon evening, chewing her fat.

681. A languid Lady Nature said to Industrial man

A languid Lady Nature said to Industrial man,
"You've already done all that you possibly can
to transform me into a dried-up, frowzy hag!
So now – here! – hold on to the lip of this newfangled, [Aeolian bag](#).
And don't let go! – or you'll blow humanity away – from here to the
Yucatan!

682. Hi, I'm the man from Nantucket

Hi, I'm the man from Nantucket
of whom you all said his dick is so long, he can suck it.
Let me assure you, you're totally wrong,
because my dick is not nearly that long.
Hell, from here, I can't even piss into that bucket.

683. When I'm shown an x-ray of your heart

When I'm shown an x-ray of your heart,
it takes no art to spot the bits I tore apart.
It's easy to tell which ones are mine —
they're the ones with a callously ripped edge line.
Whenever I see this x-ray of your heart,
I wish I could convince you of how much I smart.

684. From a distance, I saw someone wave at me

From a distance, I saw someone wave at me.
But who it was, I just couldn't see.
Was it the fat wife of the baker?
Or the widow of the undertaker?
Or that girl that — but no! That just couldn't be.

685. If I had a soul, it's future would be pretty damn hot

If I had a soul, it's future would be pretty damn hot.
When it comes to doing wrong, I done it quite a lot.
Like, I had an affair with the wife of the fat baker,
and a rendezvous with the widow of the undertaker.
Hell, I've known so many women in town, it's a wonder I never got
shot.

686. "I need to do a BM, W!

"I need to do a BM, W!
Here's a gas station — can I trouble ya?
I'll feel much better once I empty my gut.
Can I bring you back a donut, or what?"
"Uh! I think — rather not."

687. My verse would never have exist without [WordHippo](#) or [Rhyme Zone](#)

My verse would never have existed without [WordHippo](#) or [Rhyme Zone](#).

I could never have written this stuff using my brain alone.
My natural ability to rhyme is so weak, it's scary,
and so too is my bitesize vocabulary.

Without online tools, I would forever and always have been unknown.

688. She called me the other day

She called me the other day
to pronounce she had nothing to say.
I said, "So – should we just hang up?"
She said, "That's up to you, buttercup."
I said, " – Okaaay –"

689. A tiny, Irish girl in large kelly-green galorshes

A tiny, Irish girl in big, kelly-green galorshes
went alone at night to go traipse through the desolate, Irish
marches.
She immediately stepped on a huge, black [snake](#),
and full of dread and terror, began to violently shake,
quickly turning this poem toward the tragic – and away from the
farcious.

690. "It's more about the act of writing than about it actually says"

"It's more about the act of writing than about what it actually says.
Just as it's more about the head than it is about the fez.
I write for self-healing;
it's with that that my poetry is dealing.
Is there a problem with that?" asked the poet of the University Prez.
"Aaah! – yes!"

691. I was doing an extra hour of late-night, neighborhood-crime watch

I was doing an extra hour of late-night, neighborhood-crime watch.
I did it, even though our neighborhood doesn't experience crime
much.
So, it was mainly to show
that I'm a good neighbor, you know,
even though I'm not in touch with any of my neighbors all that
much.

692. The brain surgeon was doing a little utility work in my head

The brain surgeon was doing a little utility work in my head.
The electricity in there had somewhat gone dead.

And the pipe that leaked water on my brain,
she fixed with great industry and pain.
But as to how the gas smell got there, she was at odds to explain.

693. I'm the unmoved mover

I'm the [unmoved mover](#).
I've lived in the same house since the presidency of Herbert Hoover.
I've moved plenty of people, but no one's ever moved me.
So up to now, I've existed without sadness and without glee.
But if I ever need it, would you kindly consider helping to move me?

694. If I were late for death

If I were late for death,
death would just have to wait, I guess,
till such a time
I was finished with my final rhyme,
and had sent my ultimate poem off to the press.

695. I'm so lousy at art – I couldn't even draw a crooked line

I'm lousy at art – I can't even draw a crooked line.
But in poetry, I could always do a crooked line just fine.
As a matter of fact, a crooked line is elemental
in a funky form of poetry called experimental,
where you can do it on purpose – or totally accidental.

696. Oh, I wish people would get off of their fucking high horse

Oh, I wish people would get off of their fucking high horse.
There ain't nothing wrong with anytime, consensual intercourse.
As long as after,
the two can share mutual joy and mutual laughter,
and that, if unwed, at least one of them is wearing protection, of course.

697. How can she be the life of the party

How can she be the life of the party,
when she continues to be continually tardy?
It's already a quarter past one.
Guests are leaving or have long since gone.
Life of the party? These days? Hardly.

698. A skinny yellow candle in a green bottle of wine

A skinny yellow candle in a green bottle of wine.
The candle is yours; the bottle is mine.
The candle's still burning, but the wine's drunk and gone.
Let's snuff out the candle, and try to get some sleep before dawn.

699. "Learn the rules"

"Learn the rules,
then burn the rules,"
I said to Jonny Square.
"And when you're done,
you might become someone
with some imagination and some flair."

700. Be careful when you go to Crete

Be careful when you go to Crete.
The cops there aren't any too sweet.
Hell, they'll even give you a ticket,
if you buy an ice cream and lick it
on the wrong side of the street.

701. On the 13th day of Christmas

On the 13th day of Christmas,
my cruel love gave to me
a big, fat ol' whacking,
a thunderous shellacking,
and a black eye through which I still cannot see.

702. I can now wholly admit that Santa doesn't exist

I can now wholly admit that Santa doesn't exist,
although when I first heard it, I was totally pissed.
All that parental pretending,
and lies never ending.
Should I also cross God off my list?

703. When I saw the Grim Reaper

When I saw the Grim Reaper
pull out his peeper
and piss on the fallen mistletoe,
I yelled, "Hey Jack!
Can't you use the facilities out back?
That's what normal people do, you know?"

704. If you read something in a poem that doesn't make sense

If you read something in a poem that doesn't make sense,
please don't take that to mean that you're dumb or dense.
It might just as well be
that you're being confronted with a bunch of malarky,
otherwise known as poetic pretense.

705. I accidentally went to where I wasn't going

I accidentally went to where I wasn't going
and learned what I had no way of knowing,
like, for example, where the nothing is
that I thought had stopped upon my first analyses,
but which I now see is forever ongoing.

706. I don't ever want to live in Japan

I don't ever want to live in Japan.
That place can rattle like a lid on a boiling copper pan.
And then frightened people go darting around
among cracking buildings, praying not be drowned
by a towering tsunami — Neptune's seaweed-slinging hit man.

707. Thirteen ways of imagining your ass

Imagine a [Chihuly](#) figurine in glass. *
Imagine the colors white and brass.
Imagine a thoroughfare, not an overpass.
Imagine a nice-size crack, not a huge crevasse.
Imagine a scent, not of noble gas, but of sassafras.
Imagine two hemispheres of equal atomic mass.
Imagine an invisible sign that says, "No trespass."
Imagine the impression it leaves in leaves of grass.
Imagine its bottoms-up pizzazz.
Imagine the jigging like syncopated jazz.

Imagine its rhythmic razzmatazz.

Imagine the intrinsic value of so precious an ass.

Imagine the ultimate happiness that it could bring to pass.

[* Play on Wallace Steven's poem "Thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird."](#)

708. It's Sunday morning, and I didn't go to church

It's Sunday morning, and I didn't go to church.

My wife says by doing so I leave the Lord in the lurch.

I say it's not true, cuz working in the yard around ten with Kevin,

I surely saw the Lord smile down on us from heaven,

with a host of angels surrounding his gold-bedecked perch.

709. We kissed in Act 1, Scene 4

We kissed in Act 1, Scene 4,

and then I didn't get to see her anymore.

I think the dramatist must've forgotten to write

what she and I were supposed to be doing in the play that night,

which, with this dramatist, has happened plenty-a times before.

710. "Do you think I'm still pretty?"

"Do you think I'm still pretty?"

"You look exactly as you did when you were thirty."

"You claimed I was pretty then —

but these days, I expect honesty from men.

Today, I'm forty years past thirty —

do you think I'm still pretty?"

711. You don't know me, but I wrote a poem about you

You don't know me, but I wrote a poem about you,

about when I saw you at the bus stop last Friday, at about quarter
past two.

I wrote it because what I saw in your being

every poet dreams about seeing —

a person's green and blue — soaking right through.

712. Driving around in her Hyundai Sonata

Driving around in her Hyundai Sonata,

listening to a sacred, Bach cantata,

she turned on the overhead light,

and said, "You know what I'm hankering for tonight?"

"No."

"Your saucy, twelve-inch enchilada."

713. When babies are conceived with such alacrity around the clock

When babies are conceived with such alacrity around the clock,
I wonder how God can decide so quickly who gets a little pussy and
who gets a little cock.

Yeah, I know! It's all about xx and xy.

But what if God screws up and gives a little extra x to a guy?

You say that would never happen? Can you explain why?

714. If I ever was a hero, I woulda been Byronic

If I ever was a hero, I woulda been [Byronic](#),
but I certainly was not,
cuz I've only every been a minor player
in a five-line poem plot.

715. A working girl from windy Winnipeg

A working girl from windy Winnipeg,
had Aesop's goose tattooed inside of her leg.
And for the right price,
and if you asked her real nice,
she'd let you watch that goose lay a golden egg.

716. I just know my dog's gonna cause me to die

I just know my dog's gonna cause me to die,
as every day, we walk along a busy street with cars speeding by.
Zanily, he keeps pulling me to the left and then to the right,
causing me to continually crisscross the street with limited sight.
I just know one of these days – it's all gonna go awry.

717. She asked me, "Are you tuned for touch"?

She asked me, "Are you [tuned for touch](#)"?

I said, "Pardon me?"

"Oh! You must not watch TV very much.

There's a commercial that asks, 'Are you tuned for touch.'"

"I? No, not that much. I think I'm too Catholic – or perhaps too Dutch."

718. Said the angel, sitting on my right shoulder

Said the angel, sitting on my right shoulder,
"I'm still here, even though you've gotten so very much older —
but you still need me, right?"

I said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah! Stay right there —
don't you be thinking of going anywhere —
not till the good Lord elects to turn off all of my light."

719. If a doctor told me I was soon gonna die

If a doctor told me I was soon gonna die,
I wouldn't cry, nor ask God why.
I'd just say "What the fuck!
This is some shitty, rotten luck!
What can I do to make this cup pass me by? *

[* Play on Matthew 26:39](#)

720. I'm the master of time and fate

I'm the master of time and fate.
So, I don't like it when midnight is late.
And I say to the dawn,
"If by noon you're not gone,
You're gonna see me get pretty irate."

721. I'm the vicar of Vakkar

I'm the vicar of Vakkar.
I love to click her and clack her —
the electric bell in the dome
of my miniature chapel at home,
though each time that I whack her —
she loses a bit more of her lacquer.

722. If you tell me that's a real Van Gogh

If you tell me that's a real Van Gogh,
I might as well believe you, cuz — hell — what do I know?
But if it's not a real Van Gogh,
what I would like to know,
is why the hell would you even tell me so?

723. You say you got lost in the Waste Land?

You say you got lost in the Waste Land? *
That's pretty easy to understand.
The Waste Land's not for the common reader.
It's full of irregular meter,
and Eliot's allusions tend to get way out of hand.
[* Play on the poem "The Waste Land" by T.S. Eliot](#)

724. "Hi, the hospital invited us here to try to make you laugh"

"Hi, the hospital invited us here to try to make you laugh,
and we're presenting this show today totally on the behalf
of the king of the biggest ever magic show
who, during the last century, was the first one, you know,
that, for a laugh, would cut a beautiful young lady completely in
half."

725. I'm not much for introspection

I'm not much for introspection.
I'm not much for deep self-reflection.
Because if I plumbed the depth of my mind and found
there wasn't a whole lot of gray matter around,
I might have to write my very own [ode to dejection](#).

726. Here, take this limerick, take it for free

Here, take this limerick, take it for free.
And see if you can write it better than me.
You're so godamn good at belittling,
telling me I'm no better than fair to middling,
even though in English, I have a fucking master's degree!

727. If I were to die, there would no longer be

If I were to die, there would no longer be
anyone in this whole wide world exactly like me.
Now for me, I wouldn't really care.
But for people compelled to still live here —
that would be a rather sad reality.

728. Last night, I heard voices in the back of my mind

Last night, I heard voices in the back of my mind,

the voices of people you just known aren't kind.
I got so scared,
I hid in the closet and prayed to be spared.
And then I heard someone declare,
"I don't think he's here —
his filthy kind are always the hardest to find."

729. A splashy gender guess, all prinked in pink —

A splashy gender guess, all prinked in pink —
obviously not caring what we mall goers might think.
They prance through the chattering crowd, enveloped in pride,
and with a wry smile, cast all who cast aspersions blasély aside,
as they head for the entrance to the ice-skating rink,
where someone awaits them — with a kiss and a drink.

730. We're all destined to play that one desperate part

We're all destined to play that one desperate part —
grudgingly aging into a gray-haired old fart —
with all those juices flowing,
and sometimes not even knowing
when we're busily creating pieces of fluid abstract art.

731. She could count from one to ten

She could count from one to ten,
and already recite the alphabet from "a" to "n."
But she was still much too young
to have to wait half the night long
for mommy to come home again.

732. You knows how it is

You knows how it is
when cola loses its fizz?
That's kinda what happened here.
And what can I say but, "Sorry, my dear?"
I kinda feel like I've flunked a pop quiz.

733. Perhaps, what the carrion crow perceives

Perhaps, what the carrion crow perceives,

peering down, as rainwater drip-drips from the red roof's high eaves,
is that bedraggled Barbie and her three-legged horse,
lying there abandoned to suffer, perforce,
the brown-orange decay of autumn's wet, riotous leaves.

734. I've taken myself out of the equation

I've taken myself out of the equation,
basically, just out of total frustration.
I'm tired of x conspiring with y
to inflate its value when z is nearby,
then reducing it again for every other occasion —
perhaps, such fraud? — or tax evasion?

735. In my poems, it's just the silliness of it

In my poems, it's just the silliness of it.
Get that, and you get the frilliness of it —
verses of random sound
just boomeranging around
the valleyiness and hilliness of it.

736. To friends and kin, I was a living legend

To friends and kin, I was a living legend
till I fell and struck my head.
Doctors couldn't save me — and I was glad,
cuz I was enjoying being dead.

737. Along the shore of the river Lethe, I'm told

Along the shore of the [river Lethe](#), I'm told,
the ancients quite often forget that their old.
And then they jump in the water like youthful, spring chickens,
and attempt to make love to one another like the proverbial
dickens,
despite being hindered by their every crease and their every fold.

738. I wish I could go with you tonight

I wish I could go with you tonight,
to that place where we wouldn't need any light
to reveal what we'd be revealing,

and what we'd have no way of concealing
from our angel, our devil, or our sprite.

739. I'd dance with the devil, if I had to

I'd dance with the devil, if I had to,
and all his fiendish pals, I'd be glad to,
if that would mean that the world's many
would give love to those in the world who never get any,
and give a little love to my tattoo dad too.

740. Yeah, I realize my poetic oeuvre contains a fair bit of junk

Yeah, I realize my poetic oeuvre contains a fair bit of junk.
But you know what? Even God created something called a skunk.
In the works of all unparalleled thinkers,
you can expect to find quite a few genuine stinkers —
most poems never attain great heights — most just immediately go
kerplunk.

741. She's always in so much pain

She's always in so much pain,
that it seems hopeless and insane.
I have no idea how she keeps on going.
If it were I, I wouldn't helplessly stand by.
I'd long ago have been on the [river Styx](#)
helping Charon with the rowing.

742. When I got so sick of the way

When I got so sick of the way
she always had something nasty to say,
I pleaded with my pop,
to take her back to the shop
and recircuited her,
so that at least once a day,
she'd also have something nice to say.

743. When I try to wax poetic

When I try to wax poetic,
it's usually not very esthetic —
the words come out crumpled and lack any grace.

And the further I am from where I begun,
the more obvious is the damage I've done,
having come up with nothing but hackneyed phrases and corny
clichés.

744. My lady is worth her weight in gold

My lady is worth her weight in gold,
so precious, she could never be sold.
But then the other day, a guy asked if he could buy her,
on the provision that he'd first be allowed to try her.
No need to tell you what ugly scene then did unfold.

745. I'm in a quandary about a poem that came pretty damn cheap

I'm a quandary about a poem that came pretty damn cheap.
Should I go ahead and toss it, or is it still good enough to keep?
You'd think since it came this easy and is only five lines long –
just toss the damn thing and wait for others to come along!
But will they? That's the question that sometimes disturbs my sleep.

746. What also constitutes art

What also constitutes art
is the capturing an object,
like, for example, an exploding fart,
and to give it a shape and an essence
it didn't have at its start.

747. Girl from Peru limericks / verses

a. There once was a girl from Peru
who set no limits to what you could do.
But if you wanted to tickle,
you had to use your own pickle,
or she'd call the cops on you.

b. Hi, I'm the girl from Peru.
And I've decided to write a limerick, too.
So, here's to all of you jerks,
who tried to make fun of all of my little quirks.
I wish you a deep and a heartfelt "fuck you!"

748. The lady waves at me from her car every day

The lady waves at me from her car every day.
Or rather – waves at my dog, I'd say.
The dog gets all the attention –
I hardly get any mention.
But hasn't it always been that way?

749. I have a pen that doesn't work worth a damn

I have a pen that doesn't work worth a damn.
During lunch, I use it to ladle out the last bits of strawberry jam.
Or to jab some creepy, seventh-grade girls,
who sit there playing with their blond, little curls,
and then whirl around and yell at me who do I think I am.

750. See that word with the double underline?

See that word with the double underline?
I don't think that word is mine.
I think it was inserted by a critic,
who hails from Chappaquiddick,
who can never accept that a poem of mine is just fine.

751. Let bygones be bygones, my Dear.

Let bygones be bygones, my Dear.
And let's finish the last of this beer.
And while the old, white moon gapes,
let's traipse, like two wild apes,
haply into a phosphorous New Year.

752. Did we ever find out who was the one

Did we ever find out who was the one
who cocked Uncle Alex's single-shot gun,
and shot his wad
while singing what sounded like an orgiastic aubade
to the slowly rising, New-Year's-Day sun?

753. We were only Magi from the East

We were only Magi from the East,
who, at the time, knew nothing of a Christmas feast.

A luminous star sent us looking for a new king,
but all we found was this scrawny looking thing,
who didn't look like a king in the least.

754. Sometimes, a thought in your head

Sometimes, a thought in your head
would be so much better off dead.
But no matter how much you will it,
sometimes, you just can't kill it,
and so you end up having to take it to bed.

*You know how to deal with someone who's horribly cruel?
Just call him a shit ass fool.
And then when he pounces,
cut him up in metric ounces,
and cook him up in a pot of thick, gloppy gruel.*

755. The day I turned forty

The day I turned forty,
my kid said, "Oh Lordy,
now, you're exactly four times my age.
I said, "By this rendition,
you've proven yourself to be a mean mathematician.
Now get back in your cage, before I act out my rage.

756. There once was a little girl from Brussels

There once was a little girl from Brussels,
who was just a sprout with very tiny muscles.
But when any bully got in her way,
she wasn't afraid to say,
"Careful, boy! Don't be the next victim of one of my tussles."

757. Every day, whether it's nice or bad weather

Every day, whether it's nice or bad weather,
my dog and I go on a long walk together,
which I know he enjoys much more than I,
because he gets to sniff every nice thing that comes by,
but — not I.

758. For everything that's somewhat slender and perpendicular to the ground

For everything that's somewhat slender and perpendicular to the ground,
as dogs can attest, a fitting purpose has been found.
They see these objects of God's and man's creation
as some of the best places for canine urination.
And who's to say their reasoning isn't perfectly sound.

759. As I see kids waiting for the school bus

As I see kids waiting for the school bus,
I flash back sixty years to the two of us.
Remember in Mr. Parker's class —
the secret notes we used to pass?
Two kids so deeply in love — at eleven plus.

760. Just let her

Just let her.
Don't do anything to upset her,
if, as you say, you love her, and all.
Let her make her girly noise,
with her retinue of giggly boys,
who make her feel like the belle of the ball.

761. I live in a small mobile home

I live in a small, mobile home,
about 5600 miles from the outskirts of Rome,
about 7200 miles from the waters of the Ganges,
and about 5100 miles from Machu Picchu in the peaks of the Andes.
It's a nice, cozy little home,
where every day, I try to come up with at least one ~~new~~ spanking,
spanking new poem.

762. My dog knows the difference between friends and foes

My dog knows the difference between friends and foes.
Friends give him treats and kiss his wet nose.
But foes often stand
with these awful tools in their hand,

ready to grab his paws and start clipping his toes.

763. Prufrock limericks / verses

a. I said to my dog, "Let us go then, you and I, *
while pink, wispy clouds traverse the wide, azure sky.
Oh, do not ask, "Where is it?"
Let us go to your favorite tree so you can whiz it.
And then we'll stop by the bakery for a fresh piece of crumbly peach
pie."

b. The other day, when I was walking by the sun-splashed sea, *
I was overcome by a fiery joy and a titillating glee,
as, on silvery, green rocks not far from the yellow beach,
I heard mermaids singing, each to each,
and then they turned – and they sang to me.

[* Play on "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T. S. Eliot](#)

764. In about a week, I'm gonna go see my maker

In about a week, I'm gonna go see my maker,
an old Italian guy, who left me with my present caretaker.
I need to see him about my nose,
because the damn thing just grows and grows.
My caretaker says it's because I lie, but I don't know how seriously
to take her.

765. Oh, America, land of high romance!

Oh, America, land of high romance!
There's my dog trying to nose a tossed-out pair of girly underpants,
left there in full view,
accompanied by a used condom or two.
An object lesson for passing school kids, perchance?

766. Every time I walk past her

Every time I walk past her,
my heart begins to beat a little faster.
For her, I'd give up everything –
cigarettes, alcohol – even a man's need to be the king.
Oh, I'd gladly be her slave, if she would only be my master.

767. I ran into my high school pal, Gus

I ran into my high school pal, Gus,
who used to have a face full of pimples and puss.
He was an anathema at our school,
but I thought he was pretty damn cool,
cuz Mary Jane, his mom, would always bake very special cookies for
us.

768. Oh, grab me by the face

Oh, grab me by my face,
and guide it down onto your white, frilly lace.
Let me see the whole of your bottom,
oh, Hillary Clinton Rodham,
and tell me about every potentate who's come to visit this sacred
place.

769. "So glad to be home"

"So glad to be home,"
said Betina to her husband, Jerome.
"It's like the only place where I can dance,
braless in my see-through underpants,
while a guy sits there watching a YouTube video about the nightlife
in Rome."

770. Heraclitus said to himself, "Oh, shucks"

[Heraclitus](#) said to himself, "Oh, shucks.
I just noticed we live in a world of flux.
You can't sit twice
in the same bucket of ice,
or of anything, expect a carbon-copy redux."

771. On dog walks, every time I come upon a broken alcohol bottle

On dog walks, every time I come upon a broken alcohol bottle
whose sharp pieces I carefully have to guide my doggy past,
I wish Death the neck of the asshole would throttle
to ensure this tossed-out alcohol bottle will forever be his last.

772. No, no, no, no, no, no, don't say that

No, no, no, no, no, no, don't say that.
It'll bring nothing but a bunch of dismay, that.
She'll know that I'm no longer in love
with any of the starts of above,
and it wouldn't make her very gay, that.

773. Baby, please don't beg me to stay

Baby, please don't beg me to stay.
There're too many rats in the place where I wanna play.
And the vermin keep squirming,
as they hear your angry God's censorious sermon,
and I don't wanna be fucking dealing with that all day.

774. I love the idea of a metapoem

I love the idea of a metapoem,
one that, late at night, comes knocking on the door of your home,
and nearly out of breath, says, "I prayed, and I prayed!
I prayed that this time I wouldn't be too late
to be included in the publication of your latest poetry tome.

775. Does anyone wanna take care of this wee little poem?

Does anyone wanna take care of this wee little poem?
Can I get a volunteer to take this little one home?
Yes, Emily, she can go home with you.
Yes, a few nice words and a little loving kindness should do.
And promise to bring her back when she is fully grown?

776. Did you see that poem climax?

Did you see that poem climax —
in the open like that, those risqué acts —
that girl blowing that sax,
and those two guys making the beast with two backs?
I'd be surprised if that poem doesn't get the censor's ax!

777. I'm just one poem among a hundred billion

I'm just one poem among a hundred billion,
to be followed, no doubt, by another hundred zillion.

But what sets me apart —
is that I do burp —
I do fart —
and, moreover, I take it all to heart.

778. Poet, I know you

Poet, I know you.
I've seen your poster in a classroom or two.
And I've heard about how great you are.
Even among the greatest, you are the star.
But I write poems, too.
And I'm so very eager to show the world what I can do.

779. My poetry teacher said, "In the mind of every unstudious, would-be poet,

My poetry teacher said, "In the mind of every unstudious, would-be poet,
real poetry might be swirling around, but they wouldn't know it,
cuz instead of learning, they're always just grasping at straws,
and thereby repeating the same old flaws
that makes every other unstudious, would-be poet — blow it."

780. "This verse says much too little in way too many words"

"This verse says much too little in way too many words.
Give the reader just the gist by reducing it by at least two-thirds."
Those were my teacher's comments as she handed me back my poem,
and as I was walking dejectedly back to my home,
I ripped my masterpiece to pieces — and flung my failing words at the birds.

781. My poetry teacher said if you want to achieve

My poetry teacher said if you want to achieve
you shouldn't be afraid to sometimes subtly deceive.
Because if you only poetize about the expected,
you'll soon find yourself totally neglected.
So dare to include what may be a little hard to believe.

782. This topic is too heavy for light verse

This topic is too heavy for light verse —
two guys hijacking an occupied hearse —
then, driving around town
with the effing tops down.
Can you think of a prank that's any worse?

784. My verse is very simple to learn and a breeze to recite

My verse is very simple to learn and a breeze to recite.
Just select a few that aren't too erudite.
And then even if you're just a little bit smart,
you can easily memorize three or maybe four by heart,
while you're in the bathroom doing your thing tonight.

784. Neato!

Neato!
Tonight, I met a woman who doesn't have any libido,
which means I'll never have to be jealous,
because she'll never have the hots for any other fellas (fellows),
and we won't ever have to suffer the fate of the [Othello's](#).

787. When my dog and I go on a walk, he thinks he can go anywhere

When my dog and I go on a walk, he thinks he can go anywhere:
on someone's driveway, doormat, or against their patio rocking
chair.

And when I say, "No, no! Whatcha doing,"
he gives me this look like, "Do you know with whom you're
screwing?"

You don't need to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out who the boss is
here.

788. What we have to drink doesn't really matter

What we have to drink doesn't really matter —
everything goes pretty well with [pu pu platter](#).
So yes — that sweet yellow wine
should go with this pu pu just fine,
and it shouldn't be too taxing on my weak, overactive bladder.

789. You can smell it from afar

You can smell it from afar –
the residue of a black hole and its imploded star.
But only if you have a cosmic nose –
whose olfactory nerve can readily transpose –
the sound of its light – into a molten, Milky Way bar.

790. Many folks question my science

Some folks question my science.
They say it has an overreliance
on what comes out of a bull –
which, according to them, I use by the bucketsful.
Fair enough! I admit in science, I'm not one of the giants.

791. As I reflect on my body's daily decay

As I reflect on my body's daily decay,
I wonder – did God really mean to do it this way?
Couldn't He have let me reach my life's end – whole – and entire –
instead of having part after part of me periodically misfire?
You say, "Yes, He really meant to do it this way."
Okay.

792. When I saw what looked like a monster walking my way

When I saw what looked like a monster walking my way,
I was deathly afraid, I'm not afraid to say.
And as he got closer with his eyes fiery red,
imagine the horrors that raced through my head.
And as he was passing, all I could think to say
was – "Have a nice day."

793. Do you write the number 8 with two circles or with a squiggly line?

Do you write the number 8 with two circles or with a squiggly line?
Oh, so you had to try it, before you could answer that question of mine!

Notice how we habitually do things without thinking.
Perhaps that's why this world is so stinking
full of people who think that what's evil is actually benign.

794. It's not funny anymore

It's not funny anymore,
that you don't want to be my honey anymore,
that it's never gonna be sunny anymore.
No, it's not funny anymore,
that you're never gonna kiss and hug me anymore.
that ...
Oh for Christ sake, stop it already!

795. Sorry, I know! That was over the top

Sorry, I know! That was over the top.
Sometimes I just don't know when to stop.
I shoulda done as [Frost](#) did,
who would've immediately tossed it,
had he written a poem that's so obviously a flop.

796. At my age, I try not to look too far into the future

At my age, I try not to look too far into the future,
for fear that, at any time, any weakened suture,
straining to hold my life together,
might pop, tear, or sever,
and give me over to Death, that blood-sucking moocher!

797. When the princess kissed the frog on its lips

When the princess kissed the frog on its lips,
she felt her heart do three double skips.
And then she fell to the floor,
dead as a nail in a door.
Yep, that's how they fall sometimes – these chips.

798. Today, let's talk about poetry and war

Today, let's talk about poetry and war,
and ask that age old question, "What the hell are they good for."
And in one, very loud voice, let us sing
that famous refrain –
["Absolutely nothing!"](#)
But let's do that only for war –
because everyone's well aware what poetry's good for.

799. When he sat there watching them cremate his body

When he sat there watching them cremate his body,
he thought their work was a little bit shoddy.
He woulda preferred
if the fire had been hotter by a third,
and if friends had been invited to toast him with a hot toddy.

800. On a walk, my dog always knows when I'm freezing

On a walk, my dog always knows when I'm freezing.
On a walk, my dog always knows when I have to pee.
That's why when I say, "Come on boy, we gotta hurry,"
he proceeds to go about his business — twice as slowly.

801. This Valentine's Day, let's not care

This Valentine's Day, let's not care
that the world doesn't accept what we two share —
not that we've ever cared too much before,
but today, let's just punctuate all the more —
and invite anyone to say something nasty about us — if they dare.

802. Hey, sweet Madeline.

Hey, sweet Madeline.
Would you be my Valentine?
That was a quick, emphatic "No."
Yes, to hell I'll surely go.
I'm here to honor every single wish of thine.

803. I said to my doggy, "Hey, you!"

I said to my doggy, "Hey, you!"
Don't you be chewing my shoe.
You're about as bad as the cat,
who yesterday shat spat
in the stew of Madame Magoo — ew!

804. When I walk my dog, one thing that doesn't give me a kick

When I walk my dog, one thing that doesn't give me a kick

is when he bends his head down in the grass and intensely starts to lick.

What I think he's imbibing,
I'll refrain from describing,
because I don't want to make anyone sick.

805. I don't share your belief in an eternal hereafter

I don't share your belief in an eternal hereafter.
I don't think I'll ever hear any heavenly laughter.
Although it may very well be,
those already there are right now laughing at me,
thinking that they've never seen anyone dafter.

806. One wish I wish I could fulfill for you

One wish I wish I could fulfill for you
is that your face could look forever new.
Because for every new wrinkle that you see,
you sink into such a deep misery,
that you make yourself forever blue.

807. If I thought you wouldn't be embarrassed

If I thought you wouldn't be embarrassed
or feel just a little bit harassed,
I'd grab you by the ass,
which I haven't seen since – what? – 20 years ago, [Saint Michael's Mass](#)
when I was still a young seminarist.

808. The wolf pup wasn't hungry in the least

The wolf pup wasn't hungry in the least,
as her parents made her sit down to a feast of
a fawn they'd just killed
whose young heart hadn't quite stilled,
and whose brown eyes were fixed in a gaze so starkly triste.

809. Beware of a bear with no hair

Beware of a bear with no hair,
like the one you see over there.
You may think he's smiling to charm you,

but he's here only looking to harm you,
by trying to steal your warm coat to wear.

810. When someone says, "A pox on both your houses!"

imagine the anger that that arouses
on the side that surely thinks
that it's only the other side that stinks
and has the world's ugliest spouses.

811. She's as pretty, as they say, as they come

She's as pretty, as they say, as they come.
But where the hell did she come from?
Did she come from the North,
where they hug and kiss, and so forth?
Or did she come from the East,
where they let it all hang out at each feast?
Or did she come from the West,
where they do everything like this the best.
Or did she come from the South,
where they just do it, and then tell you to shut your mouth?
She's as pretty, as they say, as they come.
But where the hell did she come from?

812. Hope you know — you're the greatest love of my life

Hope you know — you're the greatest love of my life,
way greater, I'd say, than my lovely second wife.
You're my Mrs. the Third,
who gave me the most precious "yes" word
I'd ever heard.

813. I had an excruciating itch that I just couldn't scratch

I had an excruciating itch that I just couldn't scratch.
It was right there in the middle of my snatch,
just as I started doing a lucrative livestream
for a company selling a new anti-itch cream,
and the critique was — I gave my presentation with too much
dispatch.

814. Billy, Bop, and Betty

Billy, Bop, and Betty
sat down to three big bowls of spaghetti.
Then there was a knock on the door,
and in walked four more.
So, Billy, Bop, and Betty
got three more bowls of spaghetti ready?

815. The challenge was to burn a candle at both ends

The challenge was to burn a candle at both ends.
Those are the kind of silly games played between two friends.
And when the flames came racing towards the middle,
the dare was — be the last to douse the flames with a piddle.
And then our toes almost got fried,
and then we almost died.

816. The latest news that I got

The latest news that I got
about you and whatnot,
really left me cold —
because I'd already been told
that you sold all that you got — to the devil and whatnot.

817. You used to be so full of vitality

You used to be so full of vitality,
almost to the point of abnormality.
Every day, you'd to go twice around the block
and leave everyone in shock,
especially when you took the car — for practicality.

818. Do you know why elephants can't fly?

Do you know why elephants can't fly?
Because they could bump a jumbo jet right outta the sky.
That's why God in all His wisdom and might
made these animals incapable of easy flight —
to the elephant poachers' great delight.

819. I want my dog to feel free

I want my dog at all times to feel free
to sniff at anything that he might see.
But when he sniffs at a lady's crotch,
I don't really like it all that much,
because I don't think it's really that pc.

820. The wish I made upon that star

The wish I made upon that star
hasn't come close to coming true thus far.
Do you think I should wish upon another?
Or do you think I shouldn't even bother,
cuz making the same wish upon more than one star is just too
bizarre?

821. I overheard two characters thinking

I overheard two characters thinking:
one about regret, the other about a maiden's pinking.
Whether they knew one another, I cannot say,
although one looked at the other, while the other looked away.
And as one soaped lipstick off an empty glass, the other kept on
drinking.

822. I told my teacher I didn't want to compete

I told my teacher I didn't want to compete
against those know-it-alls, Jill, Beth, and Margriet.
I didn't want to give it all that I had,
just so I could feel stupid and bad
by getting so thoroughly beat.

823. Imagine – if it had never occurred

Imagine – if it had never occurred,
if that crazy guy hadn't killed the writer of "[The Word](#),"
the one who said the word he was thinking of –
have you heard? – the word is love.
Imagine if he hadn't died right there – in front of his shell-shocked
bird.

824. I admit, for me, your face is an unmitigated disaster

I admit, for me, your face is an unmitigated disaster.
It's a beautiful one, but one that I can never fully master.
Each time I try to paint your face,
I find I have to immediately erase
each feature and then every feature that I paint thereafter.

825. There's so much shit in my head

There's so much shit in my head
I'm contemplating building a mental storage shed
that I can pitch all the shit in,
so when it's time for the real thinking to begin,
my thinking won't be so easily misled.

826. When God looks down from heaven, what do you think He sees?

When God looks down from heaven, what do you think She sees?
Mankind as we see us, or mankind as just a disease —
an unintended byproduct of creation
that's slowly leading to the ruination
of an earth He created primarily for the birds and the bees?

827. Some poets fill their poems with so much knowledge

Some poets fill their poems with so much knowledge,
to understand them you have to have had up to 10 years of college.
I just flatly refuse to write that kind of shit,
because, frankly, there just ain't no market for it,
as any poetry publishing house will readily acknowledge.

"Seriously, does anyone today still read Eliot or Pound?"

"Perhaps, if they're on an island and it's the only stuff around.

Or if, God forbid, they have to take a modern poetry class,
where they're forced to read [The Waste Land](#) or [The Cantos](#), alas."

"But for pleasure, I mean, or for edification —

or to experience even an ounce of literary gratification —

does anyone today still read Eliot or Pound?"

"Only if in their heads, brains don't abound."

828. Our love was about a third of the way to its end

Our love was about a third of the way to its end,
But how could we have known that, my friend?
So, we kept going merrily along,
thinking that nothing could ever go wrong,
till our love was about a third of the way from its end — my friend.

829. After making love to Beth

After making love to Beth,
I was completely out of breath.
What she did to my tool
was too cool to be cruel,
and might've caused a weaker man's death.

830. I'm sitting on needles and pins

I'm sitting on needles and pins,
waiting till the next performance begins —
my older sister and brother —
in the role of my father and mother —
in an updated skit about our family's sins.

831. Gender limericks / verses

a. Some people aren't too sure about transgenders in women's sports.
What if their thingy falls out of their shorts?
And if they get an erection,
how will they prevent its detection?
These kinds of stupid questions get them all out of sorts.

b. Some Christians aren't very tender
with teens who question their gender.
They say, "Read the Bible and behave.
Your gender illusions are just the devil's delusions.
Make do with the parts that God gave."

c. Transitioning from a man to a woman or from a woman to a man
—
some swear by the Bible that nobody can.

But what am I to the Bible,
or what's the Bible to me?

I'll be the gender — goddamn it — that my mind and body tell me to be.

832. On an early dog walk, I see winter mist rising over the houses

On an early dog walk, I see winter mist rising over the houses.
And I wonder — how many partners are still snuggled up warmly in bed with their spouses?

And how many will soon be awakening, sad and alone,
with first-things-first — the reaching for their telephone,
hoping and praying for a message that arouses?

833. If these old walls could talk

If these old walls could talk,
their mouths would probably be full of asbestos and caulk.
But let's say these walls could speak about what they'd seen and heard —

could one really trust even one single word?
Or would it all just be scuttlebutt and poppycock?

834. I never touched her but in love

I never touched her but in love,
though sometimes I wanted to slap her silly.
And what Pennsylvanian friends have said to me often enough
is that that's only to be expected from a girl born and raised in Philly.

835. Her words couldn't've been any sweeter

Her words couldn't've been any sweeter,
as she gently grabbed me by my peeter,
and eased the catheter in.

She said, "See — no big deal —
and any sec now, you should feel
the release of the pressure begin.

836. A guy who seemed like he weighed a ton

A guy who seemed like he weighed a ton
was bathing in the nude in the hot, afternoon sun.

To me, he looked a lot like an [elephant seal](#),
with just a little less sex appeal,
although he had a good-looking hon —
napping with her head lying on his suntanned bun.

837. I have no fears that I may cease to be

I have no fears that I may cease to be.
It actually sounds pretty damn appealing to me.
To get to go on a long journey without having to pack,
and not having to worry about when and how to get back.
I can't think of anything more intriguing to me.

[* Silly echo of title of John Keats' poem "When I have fears that I may cease to be."](#)

838. On our walk, my dog and I found a severed head

On our walk, my dog and I found a severed head.
So, we were pretty sure the doll was dead.
But a little later, we found her bodice with a string
that, when I pulled it, still made her sing
a garbled swan song of unquenchable regret.

839. At the florist's, the flowers that I liked the best

At the florist's, the flowers that I liked the best
were the two tiny red roses pinned to the florist's pink vest.
And I don't need to mention
that they were drawing all my attention
away from her larger than average size breasts chest.

840. Nearly the end of March, and it's still colder than shit

Nearly the end of March, and it's still colder than shit.
Every warm-blooded person I know is so damn sick of it.
Why can't the globe heat up by another [1.5 degrees](#)
so I don't have to be walking my dog in this virtual deep freeze?
Mr. Exxon and Mr. Shell — can you take care of it please?

841. "Well, come!"

"Well, come!"

"Okay."

"You know you're always welcome."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

842. In his gospel, Matthew says you can buy two sparrows for a penny

[In his gospel, Matthew](#) says you can buy two sparrows for a penny; but [In his gospel, Luke](#) says you can buy five sparrows for two.

If I gave you a dime to buy me sparrows, Jenny, would you get more if Matthew or if Luke bought them for you?

843. If I'd realized he was about to lose his fight

If I'd realized he was about to lose his fight,
I woulda held on to him a little longer with all a' my might.
As the vet administered the lethal dose,
and I saw his sweet eyes slowly close,
I stroked his head and wished him an eternal good night.

844. They flee from me, that sometime did me seek *

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
those unborn poems that eagerly stopped by when I was on my
winning streak.
But now that they realize my poetic brain has gone bone dry,
they no longer see any reason to stop by,
knowing that as a poet, I've long since passed my worth-smithing
peak.

[* Play on a poem by Thomas Wyatt.](#)

