

Limericks and such – verses for the agéd by Rio Jansen

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

This PDF file contains more than 600 limericks and such, (limericks, pseudo limericks, non-limericks, etc.) that I composed over the last few 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 I'd I try to come up with short verses of my own. And in hope that you might like to read some of these very silly to somewhat serious short verses, I've decided to share them here with you.

Some of the verses 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](mailto:Rio.Jansen@gmail.com).



Prologue

*Since I'm retired and have practically nothing to do,
I thought I'd write some serious-to-silly short verses for
you,
so that when the day comes when it's my time to die,
you won't ask yourself, "Why, oh why, oh why
didn't this wiseguy wise guy take the time – to tell us a
thing or two?"*

So here we go.

1. 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 and water dishes.
But he'll never bark at me,
and he always looks with such glee
at the neighborhood women, whom he finds downright delicious.

2. 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.

3. Sometimes a poem turns on the absurd

Sometimes a poem turns on the absurd,
like that one there, with that pink elephant,
flying 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.

4. She argued with her catholic hubby, "Coitus interruptus

She argued with her catholic hubby, "Coitus interruptus
only works when the pulling out precise and abrupt is,
cuz if it is a millisecond too late,
it will be child number eight,
and that will surely bankrupt us."

5. 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?

6. I wanna go back to Michigan

I wanna go back to Michigan
and 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.

7. In a New Orleans restaurant, a mustachioed waiter

In a New Orleans restaurant, a mustachioed waiter

asked, "Sir, can I recommend some freshly caught gator?".
I snarled, "Are you for real?
Didn't you hear about that woman Lucille?"
"And what if I can assure you that this ain't the gator that ate her?"

8. When after some years, you again sat on my face

When after some 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.

9. 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?

10. 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!

11. "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.

12. 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."

13. Each of us oldies is destined to play a desperate part

Each of us oldies is destined to play a desperate part,
as each of us ages into a gray-haired, senile, old fart,
with all of our juices flowing,
and sometimes not even knowing
when we're busily creating pieces of fluid abstract art.

14. I met a man who was mining

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

15. 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?

16. 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 perpetually grows.
My caretaker says it's because I lie — but I don't know how seriously
to take her.

17. 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.

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

"I know nobody, how about you?"

"OMG, yes! – I know nobody too!"

And then suddenly our worlds became 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."](#)

19. There once was a girl with a mohawk

There once was a girl with a mohawk,
who was the queen of small-town slow talk.
To each passerby,
who gave her the eye,
she'd say, "Wwwhhhaattt iiiss
yyyooouurr fffuuuccckkkiiinnnggg
pprrroobbllleemmm?"

20. 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.

21. 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.

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

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

23. 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.

24. 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?

[* Play on song titled, "I left my heart in San Francisco."](#)

25. 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."

26. 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,
yelling, "I already told you, e equals mc squared!
Albert! How many times do I have to explain!"

27. 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.

28. 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.

29. When I first heard of your demise

When I first 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 surprise.

30. 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."

31. As a poet, I never claimed to be any good

As a poet, 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 left it up to you to guess who.

32. 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.

33. 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.

34. 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.

35. 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.

36. You don't know me, but I wrote a poem about you

You don't know me, but I wrote a poem about you,
when I saw you standing at the bus stop last Friday – about a
quarter past two.
I wrote it because what I saw in your being
is something every poet dreams about seeing –
a person's green and blue – soaking right through.

37. 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?

38. 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.

39. 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 right on blinking
even when you don't pay 'em a cent.

40. 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.

41. When babies are conceived with such alacrity around the clock

When babies are conceived with such alacrity around the clock,
how can God decide so quickly who gets a little pussy and who gets
a little cock?
Yeah, I know! — it's all about the xx and about the xy.
But what if God, perchance, adds an extra bit of y to a little girl,
or an extra bit of x to a little guy?
You say that would never happen? Can you exxplain why?

42. "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."

43. 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.

44. When he sat there watching them cremate his body

When he sat there watching them cremate his body,
he thought their work was just 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.

45. 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 journey toward 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.

46. 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.

47. 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.

48. 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 everything nice that comes by,
but — not I.

49. I wrote a poem that alleges

I wrote a poem that 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."

50. When I was still smoking two packs a day

When I was still smoking two packs a day,
struggling every morning trying 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."

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 keep 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, when we get home tonight –
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 that left me with a really sore knee.

56. Would it be okay if later today

Would it be okay if later today
I brought Bixby by to play
with Boris and Doris
and Horace and Morris
and Eddie and Ollie and Ray?

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 – but I think it's
pretty ho-hum."

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

My mother – for rhyme's sake let's call her Dot –
always gagged at any mention of that slimy word "sssnot."
Whenever any one of us kids spoke
about digging for a green, wet one, she'd just about choke,
and begged us to stop – which of course, we immediately did not.

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

I won a poetry prize 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 gotta actually let something hang loose.”

61. You know, I was never that impressed

You know, I was never that impressed
by the manner in which that puffed-up emperor dressed.
So I guess you can suppose,
that when he started traipsing around without any clothes,
that's when I actually liked him the best.

62. It's difficult to place

It's difficult to place
where I last left my 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 any part of 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. When a lady in red

When a 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!"

67. Among the seventh-grade girls, the rumor got really loud

Among the seventh-grade girls, the rumor got really loud
that Hary Long was truly 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 crazily dancing to a Disney Land tune,
till their itty-bitty 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."*

[* Play on "Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the lord."](#)

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 spam!
Call me confused,
but I'm not at all amused!
I thought this shit only happened with fried eggs and ham.

75. Porno limericks/verses

a. 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.

b. There are some scenes I'd rather not see
when I'm at home watching my pornography.
Do you have that too? —
that some scenes just make you go, "Ew!"
Or are you an aficionado of pornographic potpourri.

76. During the Jurassic period, every once and a while

During the Jurassic period, every once and a while,
you coulda seen 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 me, my sorrow was way too big

When you left me, my sorrow was way too big.
It was bigger than any 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 deeply in sheep's doo,

he met his waterloo.
And when on St Helena he died,
none of my 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. Here we are, finally at our loose ends

Here we are, finally at our loose ends,
with no more possibility for amends.
Our love's edges just got too frayed
for anyone to be able to come to our aide —
no elf or fairy — who sews up, patches, or mends.

82. Strolling by a sunny stretch of shoreline

Strolling by a sunny stretch of shoreline,
I saw a great white 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 a 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?"
They exclaimed, "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. Those around me think I'm disgusting

Those around me think I'm disgusting
because all my limbs' hinges are rusting.
And they consider me totally freaky
because all my entrances and exists are leaky,
and my toenails are covered in a brittle, yellow crusting.

90. As I watch you sleeping there

As I watch you sleeping there,
with seventy years of hard living etched into your silvery-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. 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."

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 woke up — with a sunflower pillow case wrung around my
neck.

94. In an art class about Johannes Vermeer

In an art class about Johannes Vermeer,
the professor asked a question that I found a little bit queer.
He said, "If you'd 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 than yeses

There are more nos than yeses
when my wife goes shopping for 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. We kissed in Act 1, Scene 4

We kissed in Act 1, Scene 4,
and then I didn't get to see her anymore.
The dramatist must've plum forgot to write
what she and I were supposed to be doing in the play that night,
which, with this dramatist, has happened plenty of times before.

98. When I die, my family wouldn't dare bury me in a grave

When I die, my family wouldn't dare bury me in a grave.
They know without a doubt I'd only misbehave.
I'd party with 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 dry, cozy, and warm?"

102. A working girl from windy Winnipeg

A working girl from windy Winnipeg,
had Aesop's goose tattooed high up her leg.
And for the right price,
and if you asked her real nice,
she'd let you watch her goose – lay the golden egg.

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 once saw Cupid poop behind a tree in a field

I once saw Cupid poop behind a tree in a field,
and, boy, was I surprised by the amount of his yield.
And when he was done,
I saw him strapped his quiver of arrows back on
and fly off to make another two one.

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

I said to a new love, so as to not further upset her,
"I'm still a novice 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. I'm totally intrigued by the neighborhood tranny

I'm totally intrigued by the neighborhood tranny.

Unlike some, 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.

109. Middle school limericks / verses

a. Among my worst memories of middle school
are my being smeared with snotty boogies,
and of being pants,
and of being hit by kids hocking [loogies](#).

But the worst memory of all,

is continually being chased by this bully named Paul,

who, when he caught me,

would give me the meanest titty twists,

and full-on, five-minute [noogies](#).

b. In middle 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.

110. What poetry is is *

what poetry is is
 pieces of existence
 drifting aimlessly
in the grief of now

what poetry is is
 the suffering of the moon
 in a room stinking of alcohol and cigarette smoke
 deep into the small hours of the night

what poetry is is
 the side-effects of memory
 piled up against the vicious darkness of an endless
eternity

 what poetry is is
 the vocabulary of what's missing
the agony of contending necessity
 in the peacock blue of morning

what poetry is is
 just too many of
 those tired words of fenced-in reality
 that crack under the pressure
 of orange

what poetry is is
 all just imitation
 the half-remembered mirrored in a demented
uncertainty
 of breaking everything

what poetry is is
 the business
 of an excerpt of the absurdity of life

these agonizing sideshows
banging against forever

what poetry is is
going to hurt
these darker disputes bearing witness to maddest
delusions
with the sheep standing listlessly in the field
waiting for the sun to rise

what poetry is is
(and so on, forever)

* I created a random poetry generator once. The above is an example of what I could do with it.

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

Have you ever given your pillow a big 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,
and 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.
Once, when she was undressing, an intruder snuck in,
and in a flash, she flung all her undergarments at him —
then broke his neck by fiercely 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. 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."

115. Sorry – but I do wanna go gentle into that good night!

Sorry – but I do wanna [go gentle into that good night!](#)
I'm not up for a long, unendurable, end-of-life fight.
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.

116. You know what I wish for the most?

You know what I wish for the most? –
It's that we 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.

117. One thing when you get this old

One thing when you get this old –
is that your body can get so unbearably 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.

118. 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 to 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.

119. 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!
It was just something that they couldn't forestall.

120. 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.

121. 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.

122. 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.

123. 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.

124. She said, "Oh, that just can't be!"

She said, "Oh, 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?"

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

I asked a poet, "What's your 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. 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 hose 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.

128. 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.

129. 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."

130. I sometimes wonder who was there

I sometimes wonder who was there

the day Shakespeare finished writing King Lear.
Was he at home with his [Annie](#)?
Or was he drunk off his fanny
in the [Tabard Inn](#), stroking the [dark lady's hair](#)?

131. My 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 some lines that didn't belong to you."
I said, "Shit, if you keep this up, you're gonna make me feel totally
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 wild-ass ruse.

d. I was having a hell of a time
with a poem that shouldn't ever 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 behind the church around 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 helped 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,
my girl and I sat on her parent's veranda, sipping spiked lemonade.
And we pecked each other lovingly on the nose,
then kissed our way gradually down to the 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 our only eyewitness."
I said, Yeah, but I was scared shitless,
and I was looking the other way."

139. "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."

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 pretty face betrayed an instant change in demeanor.
She thought with a frown,
"This is a big step down.
I saw much bigger dicks when I was a teener."

143. She said, "Do you think I'm still pretty?"

She said, "Do you think I'm still pretty?"
I said, "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 four decades past thirty.
Do you think I'm still pretty?"

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 did, she might just say, "Oh, wow!"

145. You know you're surrounded by inconsiderate men

You know you're surrounded by 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 get to 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 little 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!
Did that lunatic make 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 feeding him his bacon-&-egg doggy treats.

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

The tattoos all over the body of that young lady —
what will they look like when she's seventy or eighty?
I'm afraid the ass of that sweet young lass
smelling flowers above her reclining lover in the grass
will slowly start squatting down on 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 walks of life or from any professions,
leaving 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 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 there? – definitely not.
So, whoever said you were totally rotten
doubtlessly, it wrong has gotten –
because totally rotten? – you're certainly 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,
my dog and I wouldn't've been there
when that surly she-bear
was searching for something edible to eat.

163. Angel limericks / verses

a. Between pink, wispy clouds in a low, gray-blue sky,
I had a vision of an angel passionately waving "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 as I exclaimed, being totally impressed,
"Little Angel, you're the absolute best,"
she replied, "No biggy. For an angel – anything is as easily done –
as it is said."

164. I'm the least in heaven, but I'm greater than that baptizer, John
I'm the least in heaven, but I'm greater than that baptizer, John.

At least [that's what Jesus said](#), and He knows what's going on.
Even in my lowly spot in heaven, I'm enjoying the afterlife,
even though I'm here alone without the kids and without the wife.
But hey – that's the afterlife.

165. You didn't stop at the stop

You didn't stop at the stop,
you didn't yield at the yield.
And that's how I ended up with my face
in this cow pie in this field.

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 soiled with a bird dropping or two.

167. These days, she often forgets

These days, she often forgets
the many sorrows and the many regrets
in which I played an outsized part
by more than once breaking her precious heart.
As the party band plays while the sun sets,
I ask her, "Do you wanna dance?"
She smiles and whispers, "Sure – let's."

168. My dog knows what he should and what he shouldn't

My dog knows what he should and what he shouldn't
My dog knows what he can and what he can't.
But that doesn't mean he'll always remember –
no – remember it always? – he certainly shan't.

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, tiny little green hoses
that hook up to their alimentary tract.

170. I remember the day I accidentally slayed that dragon

I remember the day I accidentally slayed a dragon.
A rock I'd catapulted went up its throat, and the 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 they dragged that dragon — away 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 dark, snowy [Kandersteg](#).

172 As my life is coming to a close

As my life is coming to a close,
what can I do but — pick my nose,
digging deep inside
to where the lethal boogies hide
and flick them at my foes.

173. When you return from your year in Damascus

When you return from your year in Damascus,
and you find my note, you'll know right away what my ask is.
Please hurry on over to me,
because I'm just 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 degenerate 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 in 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, "Yay,"
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 three-year-old 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 – right off the cuff.

184. As a teen, I was taught by a schoolmarm from Lille

As a teen, I was taught by a schoolmarm from Lille
who knew exactly how to make me feel
like a dirty, wet rag
stuffed into her sweaty, old gym bag

between her worn-out sneakers and her butt plug of steel.

185. 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.

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 could 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 a 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 our cologne,
then crawl into one bed 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,
then I get to fiddle with your end.
And if you can't agree to that from the very beginning,
well, then you, my dear, cannot be my bosom 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 teased she'd never been "really, 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 wouldn't be 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'll say, "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.

196. If you find your happiness slipping away

If you find your happiness slipping away
trying to survive another unendurable day,
try screaming at the gods
for being the frauds
who promised you everything would be okay.

197. I'm the kind who'd never hurt a flea

I'm the kind who'd never hurt a flea —
unless, of course, the flea hurt me.
And then I'd gather up all my wit
and catch and kill the fucking, little shit —
and never even feel sorry for it.

198. When the priest proclaimed I was a sinner

When the priest proclaimed I was a sinner,
I said, "Yeah, but at least I'm only a beginner!"
Which made some people laugh,
but not the other half,
who almost choked on their bread-and-wine 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 very annoyed when I stood up and came.
She said, "I didn't mean you!"
I said, "But my name is Charu."
She said, "But for that, you only have 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. To get laughs, limericks must be bawdy

To get laughs, limericks must be bawdy,
and have people do things that are pretty damn 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 so 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'd 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. 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 thought my way out of all — this fictitious falderal.

204. After then

After then,
it was the beginning of when.
And if you coulda seen
what that did mean,
you'd never wanna see it again.

205. When God orchestrated that late goal for Japan

When God orchestrated that late goal for Japan,
it broke the heart of every American soccer fan.

Somehow, it just doesn't seem fair
that God heard every Japanese prayer,
but ignored prayers from every American child, woman, and man.

206. 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!

207. 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?

208. 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.
What's with that quizzical look in his eye?

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 rob me of 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 'Yesth.'"

209. 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.

210. 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."

211. Whenever it rains real hard, I pray

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

212. 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.

213. 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.

214. This is a poem about a he and a she

This is a poem 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 might poke my head back in — just to see.

215. I taught my kids it's against the law

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

216. 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.

217. 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?

218. 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 so greatly today?"

219. 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 stomp out a cigarette,
then, crawl in and get himself all wet.
But when he crawled out, he wasn't anywheres near clean.

220. 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.

221. 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.

222. 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.

223. 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.

224. 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."

225. 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.

226. 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 [Scarface](#) cavorting there in heaven — with that hot
mademoiselle!

227. 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."

228. 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.

229. She unexpectedly grabbed me by the crotch

She unexpectedly 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!"

230. 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?"

231. 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?"

232. 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!"

233. 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.

234. 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.

235. 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 totally bunk."

236. 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.

237. 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.

238. 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.

239. 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 sorry 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.

240. 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."

241. 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?'"

242. 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!

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

She said, "You know what, honey?
Your verses 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?"

244. 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.

245. 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
and make people feel reborn — from now till the grave.

246. 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.

247. 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.

248. 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.

249. During a game of strip poker

During a game of strip poker
she whispered to the 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."

250. 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, neither plays a very big role."

251. Most of my verses are just meant to be silly

Most of my verses 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 loony lines down.
So, really — don't go overthinking them, Billy.

252. 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.

253. 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.

254. 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.

255. When I accidentally walked in on a friend I'd never seen naked before

When I accidentally walked in on a friend I'd never seen naked before,
she smiled slyly 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."

256. 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."

257. 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."

258. 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 your spouse?

259. 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.

260. 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.

261. 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.

262. I allow the dog that I got

I allow the dog I that 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 my new girl, Ivette,
and he immediately starts humping along.

263. On the night we fell in love

On the night we fell in love
you said, "Let's go outside and 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!"

264. As a final word, I'll say goodbye

As a final word, I'll say goodbye,
and hope I can see you after I die.

And if yes, I promise I'll visit only
when you're in your bedroom sad and lonely,
and not when you're in the arms of my replacement guy.

265. Famed guitarist, Carlos Santana

Famed guitarist, [Carlos Santana](#)
never wrote a song about a yellow banana.
But the rumors are rife
he never made love to his wife
without wearing a big, bright, yellow bandana.

Famed writer, [George Santayana](#)
never wrote anything about a yellow banana.
But the rumors are rife
he never made love to his wife
without wearing a big, bright, yellow bandana.

266. Why do so many old folks no longer french?

Why do so many old folks no longer french?
Is it because of bad breath — is it the stench?
Or is it because the tools of lust
in them have gone completely bust:
the hammer, the screwdriver, and the monkey wrench.

267. 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.

268. You know what's really insane?

You know what's really insane?
It's when you're drifting down memory lane,
and there's nobody there
with whom a memory to share,
and you wonder — am I even in the right brain?

269. 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.

270. 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.

271. 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.

272. So, yeah, hi – I'm the girl from Peru

So, yeah, hi – I'm the girl from Peru.
And I've written a limerick too.
Here's to all of you jerks
who made fun of my quirks:
a deeply sincere and heartfelt "fuck you!"

273. 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 ever so glad –
cuz I was so enjoying – finally being dead.

274. 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.

275. I can now wholly admit that Santa doesn't exist

I can now wholly admit that Santa does not 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?

276. 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.

277. 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.

278. 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 most intimate sins.

279. 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.

280. Brooding at the 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?"

281. When you stood on the street à la Marilyn Monroe

When you stood on the street [à la Marilyn Monroe](#),

I'm sure your boyfriend will be glad to know,

that no one saw your panty —

cuz you weren't wearing any —

as, with a feigned embarrassment, you sang out — "Hwhoa!"

282. 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.

283. 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."

284. 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!"

285. Whenever I think I'm getting sick, the best ointment

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

286. 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.

287. Sinners in the hands of an angry God

[Sinners in the hands of an angry God](#),
giving the body, not the spirit, the nod –
always surrendering to undeniable urges
that through each of their bodies surges –
willingly doing – what God so roundly outlawed.

288. It was to no avail

It was to no avail.
No one bought anything at my recent yard sale –
not the wife, not the kids
(did everyone know they were little shits?
And was my wife's face just too pale?)

289. Her body was big and so attractive

Her body was big and so attractive.
And the best part of all – it was totally interactive.
No matter with which part you played,
you got free lemonade –
homemade.

290. When I see you in heaven

When I see you in heaven,
will you still be eleven?

Or will you have grown into a man — dark, handsome, and tall?
And when we converse,
will you be able to expound on the universe?
Or will your thinking still be eleven years small?

291. Tweedledee and Tweedledum

Tweedledee and Tweedledum
two, cool cats from the town I'm from.
One went into business, the other into law —
Two, fine, upright fellows, according to my ma,
who hates me — for having followed in the footsteps of my pa.

292. 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!

293. 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 sumptuous 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.

294. Beware of a bear with no hair

Beware of a bear with no hair —
like the one you see over there.
You may think she's smiling to charm you,
but she's here only looking to harm you,
by trying to steal your warm coat to wear.

295. I felt an excruciating itch that I just couldn't scratch

I felt an excruciating itch that I just couldn't scratch,
starting up in the middle of my snatch,
just as I began a lucrative livestream
for a company selling a new anti-itch cream.

And the critique was — I gave my presentation with too much dispatch.

296. The challenged 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 bosom 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.

297. 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?

298. 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 end up feeling stupid and bad

by getting so thoroughly beat by those know-it-alls — Jill, Beth, and Margriet.

299. 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 cellphone, hoping and praying for a message that arouses?

300. Nearly the end of May, and it's still colder than shit

Nearly the end of May, and it's still colder than shit

Every warm-blooded person I know is getting 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?

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. 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.

303. "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."

304. Whenever Jnai races her Camaro down the street

Whenever Jnai 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 give chase to Jnai.
But you'll never see them cop to their defeat.

305. Oh wait!

Oh, wait!
I just caught a glimpse of God looking irate.

He must've seen us trying to do what
the Bible explicitly says, "Do not!"
Let's refrain — before it is too late!

306. 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 soon before the promised [second coming](#)?

307. I heard that 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 find a boorish
uncleanness.

308. 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?

309. 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 all of us 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 have no chance of making the cut!

310. 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.

311. 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!

312. We can debate the what if

We can debate the what if —
we can debate the what then —
as long as we're fully prepared
for when it all happens again.

313. 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?"

314. 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.

315. ~~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 the scribblings of some poems 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!).~~

316. After I built her a stately, glass house

After I built her a stately, glass house,
I said to my easily angered, 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."

317. 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.

318. 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.

319. 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
and stirred by the varied memories that come tagging along –
some of great sadness – and some of great cheer.

320. 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."

321. "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."

322. 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.

323. 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.

324. 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.

325. "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.

326. 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.

327. 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.

328. 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!"

329. 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.

330. 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!

331. When I have trouble capturing a thought in rhyme

When I have trouble capturing a thought in rhyme,
I wonder why do I try 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?

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

When, from my apartment window, I stealthily watch you and your
beau drop off the kids,
I feel the slow, welling up of tears behind my burning eyelids.
And as I hear the kids happily yelling "Daddy, daddy!" as they run
to the top of the stairs,
I hastily brush away this untimely accumulation of tears —
open the door — and am ready for a weekend of some untimely
good cheers.

333. 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.

334. 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 sexual desire.
I can recollect —
but I can't detect —
any positive charge along the length of the old wire.

335. 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?"

336. Thanks for asking me in a letter

Thanks for asking me in a letter,
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.

337. 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.

338. 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.

339. The moment I died, the world didn't stand still,

The moment I died, the world didn't stand still,
even though I had requested it in my will.

But I guess that's because my will wasn't read
till a few days after I was dead.

340. 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.

341. 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.

342. We all have a part of our body

We all have a part of our body
we don't want to expose to anybody:
a mole, a breast, or a belly,
or some of the places that are just too smelly,
or features that God made way too shoddy.

343. To folks staring at a screen in a brightly lit room

To folks staring at a screen in a brightly lit room,
I said, "I have arrived in heaven, right, I presume?"
"Yes, yes," they replied, my soon-to-be heavenly friends.
"But until this gosh darn epidemic ends,
there's no other way to do heaven but by Zoom."

344. Heaven is not at all what I expected

Heaven is not at all what I expected.
It's hell to be stuck in a room with the boring [elected](#).
They do nothing but this goody-goody-two-shoe shit!
Believe me, after half an eon, you get pretty tired of it.
Oh, where's the escape button? I wanna be ejected.

345. This morning, the early bird caught my worm

This morning, the early bird caught my worm.
Need I tell you how I did squirm?
You should've seen me freak
when I couldn't get my worm's skin out of her beak –
her hold on me was just so vice-like firm!

346. Don't give in to Rigga Mortes

Don't give in to Rigga Mortes.
Don't give that bully your warm embrace.
Don't give in to Rigga Mortes,
or you'll soon end up as a very cold case.
At every moment, he'll try stiff you
and suck all the color from your face.
So don't open your doors to Rigga Mortes,
or he'll make rag-and-bone shop of your place.

347. "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.

348. 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."

349. 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'.

350. Remember that day your mother unexpectedly came home

Remember that day your mother unexpectedly came home,
when I was under your covers trying to write you a new poem?
You shushed me and told me to be quiet as a mouse
because if your mother caught us like that in your house —
her eyes would shoot fire, and her lips would foam.

351. 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.

352. 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.

353. 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 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!

354. 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](#).

355. 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.

356. 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."

357. 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.

358. What I've seen

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

359. 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.

360. 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.

d. She claimed she spent the night with the Wizard of Oz,

who graciously invited her to partake of his noz.
But she said, "Oh, Mr. Oz!
I can't do that – because –
I'll never again be the same as I was.

e. The way it is it never was
in that funky land we know as Oz,
where girls are girls and boys and boys,
and girls play with their dinky toys
to condemnation or applause.

361. The lavender perfume on your quilted vest

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

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

At a business party, a hypnotist put me in a trance,
and, supposedly, 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.

363. 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.

364. 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 gag, 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.

365. 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, "Wow, 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?"

366. 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?

367. In the medieval city of York

In the medieval city of York,
I saw a baby deliver a stork,
and the son of a wizard
chomp off the head of a lizard,
and feed it to the baby stork – with a spork.

368. 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.

369. 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.

370. 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.

371. The only dogs with whom my dog will converse

The only dogs with whom my dog will converse
are dogs who are deeply steeped in true-to-life 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.

372. A girl who said she had a dick as big as a horse

A girl who said she had a dick as big as a horse
was arrested the other day 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.

373. 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.

374. 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.

375. 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?"

376. I could probably make a pretty long list

I could probably make a pretty long list
of every time [God in the Bible 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.

377. What also constitutes pictorial art

What also constitutes pictorial art
is the capturing of a moving object,
like, for example, an exploding fart,
and to give it a shape and an essence
that it didn't have at its start.

378. 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' school clothing — and a new, used washing
machine."

379. "I'm so bitchen, I am so the best!"

"I'm so bitchen, I am so the best!"
I got a leg up on all the rest!"
That's how my dog thinks — I know he does.
He's so cocksure he's the greatest dog that ever was.
And it may just be true — it must be confessed.

380. 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.

381. 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 damn 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."

382. It's only I 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.
It's only I who gets to watch her insert her sparkling white teeth,
and only I who gets to love her to death.

383. 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.

384. 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.

385. 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 we also hear — of a brand-new billionaire.

386. 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.

387. Each night, so I can go right to sleep

Each night, so 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.

388. “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.”

389. On our walk, my dog and I found a severed head

On our walk, my dog and I found a severed head,
sure sign that the doll it belonged to was long since dead.
But a little further on, we found her bodice with a long, white string
that, when I pulled it, still made her sing
a garbled swan song of unquenchable regret.

390. My dog can see every ghost

My dog can see every ghost.
What convinces me of this the most
is that, on many a walk,
he'll suddenly stop to stalk

nobody there by a lamppost.

391. "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 my fingers get smacked?"

"No! I'll just enforce the 'Unlawful to steal cookies' act,
and have you put on a lifetime cookie-eating ban."

392. 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."

393. My cock limericks / verses

a. This county gives me the freedom to own my own cock,
even if its crowing bothers everyone else on the block.

Freedom is such a precious thing —
it's something to which all real Americans cling.

And to those who complain about my cock, I say — "Go take a
walk."

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

I'll never again question its utility as a remarkable alarm clock.

It's so dependably punctual,
and so unquestionably functional.

Too bad your cock — is so despised by everyone else on your block.

394. 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 certainly woulda stopped by — to say, "Hi!"

395. 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.

396. 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 an unsolvable 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.

397. 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.

398. Veteran limericks / verses

a. Yes, I too am a 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?

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

399. 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."

400. It's not like the angels will always be 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.

401. 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.

402. 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,
I may just bent my knee — and give real consideration to your plea.

403. 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?"

404. 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 my ass 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 — finally just ran out of gas.

405. 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?"

406. 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.

407. 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.

408. My doggy's sniffing is like people reading the news

My doggy's sniffing is like people perusing the news.
And each sniff gives him 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.

409. 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 champagne,
and laugh about their ultimate sacrifice.

410. 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.

411. 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.

412. 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
keeping track of what's going on.

* [Play on the title of Psalm 137, "By the rivers of Babylon."](#)

413. The doctor said to the preacher, "Good news!"

The doctor said to the preacher, "Good news!"

This seems to be only a superficial bruise.
So just lie back on the gurney,
and let that shot work that you got from LVN Ernie,
and then I'll reattach your severed soul while you snooze."

414. The girl I met was such a dish!

The girl I met 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.

415. Hi, I'm here to atone

Hi, 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.

416. Two gay guys were going straight

Two gay guys were going straight
to the bus station because they were running late.
One dropped his party hat,
and the other one said, "Don't stop for that!
It's late. We gotta ~~go~~-mate go, mate!"

417. Have you ever thought about how tyrannosaurus rex

Have you ever thought about how [tyrannosaurus rex](#)
might have gone about having a tender moment of 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 darn cumbersome — and so darn complex.

418. 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.

419. 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.

420. 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!"

421. 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!

422. In the school latrine, Mister Rich

In the school latrine, Mister Rich,
ran into quite an embarrassing little 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!"

423. 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](#).

424. 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?"

425. 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 a bunch of sparrows, Jenny,
would you get more if Matthew or if Luke bought them for you?

426. 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.

427. 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."
At which she gushed, "I do?
I can understand it a bit — but I don't really parle it."

428. 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 my camel, Clyde — and go for a ride.

[* Play on a line in the song "Ahab the Arab"](#)

429. If you'd been there during Noah's great flood

If you'd been there 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.

430. Worldwide, in 1777

Worldwide 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?

431. The horse, the donkey, and the pig

The horse, the donkey, and the pig
played as a trio at a rebel-rousing 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.

432. 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.

433. Did you know Virgil Kane?

Did you know Virgil Kane?
I just saw him go swirling down a drainage drain,
followed by a black, bloated birdy,
and that geeky girl's [nerdy gurdy](#)
in a flood zone of Lake Pontchartrain.

434. “Well! Come!”

“Well! Come!”

“Okay.”

“You know, you're always welcome.”

“Thanks.”

“You're welcome.”

435. Man, oh man, oh man!

Man, oh man, oh man!
What I couldn't stuff into your magnificent can! —
the pennies I've found,
and the marbles so round,
and the spellwork of that Wiccan from the Yucatan.

436. 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 as me — about what life was meant to be.

437. 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 dare you to.

438. 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.

439. 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.

440. 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 fucking 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.

441. 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 don't be upset about what you never did.
And be sure to make others finish their quo before you start your
quid.
And have a bold game plan – for your entire life span.

442. She said, "Let's just compromise"

She said, "Let's just compromise.
Let's give her your nose and give her my eyes.
So, we punched in the required DNA,
and when she was born, I can truly say,
there was absolutely no surprise.

443. 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.

444. The nurse's words couldn't've been any sweeter

The nurse's words couldn't've been any sweeter,
as she gently grabbed me by the peeter,
and eased the catheter in.
She said, "See – no big deal –
and any sec now, you should feel
the release of the painful pressure begin.

445. 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."

446. 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 both in New York,
we might take a little time out to pork —
unless you see that as a minus — and not as a plus."

447. 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 wonderful time sharin'
the counting of opening the buttons of her evening gown — down.

448. 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 back,
where she proceeded to push me down on her sack
and where I, against all expectations, proceeded [to bat 353](#).

449. When writing a new poem proves to be way too hard

When writing a new poem 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.

450. 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.

451. I asked Jack, "How can you stand to live in that box?"

I asked [Jack](#), "How can you stand to live 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 before you're through — with poem 452?

453. If I were a fish

If I were a fish
I'd have only one wish —
to elude every net and rod
so as to not to get caught
and end up on a fish lover's dish.

454. 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 sniff and see
between point A and point Z,
that to him, getting home way past nine — is perfectly fine.

455. 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 other great opera fellow,
and knock off her socks and everything.

456. 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.

457. 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.

458. On a dog walk, I saw a woman with a beard

On a dog walk, I saw a woman with a beard.
She fixed her eyes on me and intensely stared.
So, I decided to stare right back,
whereupon she snarled, "What'd you staring at, Jack?"
I said, "I was just wondering — do you think I look weird?"

459. Some guy complained to his shrink, "This would never have occurred"

Some guy complained to his shrink, "This would never have occurred
if I hadn't hooked up with that irrational bird."
His 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?"

460. 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 —
another fine example of home-grown, patriotic, American class.

461. 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.

462. 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.

463. 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."

464. 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?

465. It was colder than the tits of a witch

It was colder than the tits of a witch.

It was colder than the shoulder of a son of a bitch.
It was so cold that my baby brother
could only suck ice milk from our mother,
and I was so cold – I wished to heaven I was rich.

466. He had a cobra tattooed on his arm

He had a cobra tattooed on his arm
that he convinced her he could magically charm.
If she were to kiss him just a little bit stronger,
she would feel his snake get longer and longer.
But not to worry – it would do her no harm.

467. 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 continually being impeded
by learned critics who think they know so goddamn much."

468. 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.

469. 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?

470. 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?

471. Billy, Bop, and Betty

Billy, Bop, and Betty
sat down to three big bowls of delectable spaghetti.
Then there was a knock on the door,
and in walked four more.
So, Billy, Bop, and Betty
got three more bowls of delectable spaghetti ready?

472. If there was ever a time for now

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.

473. 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.

474. 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 unbelievably strong
that even at eighty, I doubt I'll be able to exercise any restraint.

475. 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?

476. After you had me take off all my clothes

After you had me take off all my clothes
and examined me from my head 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.

477. 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!](#)

478. 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 probably be nice."

479. 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.

480. 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.

481. 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.

482. 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."

483. 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'.

484. 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.

485. 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."

486. 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.

487. 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?

488. "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.

489. 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.

490. 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.

491. I'm tired of the way the ball always bounces

I'm tired of the way the ball always 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 my boss — who my name continually mispronounces.

492. I saw two dead men walking

I saw two dead men walking,
and I heard them silently talking.
They said, "This time our Lord
has gone way overboard,
by asking all of us ghosts to be stalking.

493. 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 continually fly into an
impetuous rage.

494. 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.

495. 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.

496. "Do you remember Tippecanoe?"

"Do you remember Tippecanoe?
Then you must remember [Tyler](#) too."
"No, I don't know Tyler from Adam,
nor do I know the madame who had him.
I just know he was a bigshot in 1842.

497. 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.

498. I, myself, and me limericks/verses

a. 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.

b. 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."

499. 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.

500. 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.

501. 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?

502. "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 fortune — totally ill-gotten?"

503. 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.

504. 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.

505. So much of online poetry is shit

So much of online poetry is shit,
and I've made a big contribution to it.

Here's another poem – one just for you.
It's a poem about a shoe.
Try it on – because who knows? – It may just fit.

506. At our middle school talent show, when the kid before me managed to flop

At our middle school talent show, when the kid before me did flop,
I was hoping that now I'd come out on top.
But then this girl who came after
got the biggest laughter
by sneezing out red soda pop.

507. Uppy and Muppy were guppies

Uppy and Muppy were guppies
that I got 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."

508. 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.

509. 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.

510. 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.

511. 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?"

512. 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 teeth 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 a little less sad?

513. 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.

514. 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?

515. During a math quiz, the very best reason to cry

During a math quiz, 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!

516. 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?

517. 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.

518. 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 their love the best.
You hope it's me — I hope it is you.

519. 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.

520. 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!

521. 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.

522. Yes, I'm unique!

Yes, 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.

523. 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 rums and coke, and their bourbons and seven.

524. Have you ever heard of Mary Magdalene?

Have you ever heard of [Mary Magdalene](#)?
She was just the sweetest little thing.
She was really good pals with Jesus —
supplied his clan with bread, wine, and cheeses.
And some think they might've even had a fling.

525. The problem with biblical eisegesis

The problem with biblical [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.

526. 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?

527. 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?"

528. 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, little poem was teeming,
from the very first syllable to the very last foot.

529. 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 quickly shown the door.

530. 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!

531. 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 filled with everyday folk wisdom.

532. 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.

533. I made my ex pay dearly for breaking my heart

I made my ex 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](#).

534. In a painting by a descendant of Renoir's

In a painting by a descendant of Renoir's
you're depicted as the most celestial of stars.
And every night, a little past eleven,
I see you shining brightly in heaven,
as you point the way to my favorite bars.

535. 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 down to the bone.

536. 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.

537. 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!"

538. My heart limericks / verses

a. The woman who once 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 damn
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](#)

539. 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 happen to question their gender.

They say, "Read the Bible and behave.
Your gender illusions are just the devil's delusions.
So just 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.

540. 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.

541. 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.

542. He said he was pissed having to pay 90% tax on earnings of a billion

He said he was pissed having 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 be listed again among the poor,
and not among those whose wealth was quickly adding up to a trillion.

543. 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."](#)

544. This morning, my dog again caused an intense drama

This morning, my dog again caused an intense drama.
At the vet's, 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.

545. 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.

546. 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 somewhat happy tear.

547. 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.

548. "This is art, for art's sake!"

"This is art, for art's sake!
Or are you gonna tell me that this is totally fake?
And if yes, based on what?
Tell me what this art hasn't got.

Or point out one mistake!"
"Piece of cake."

549. 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 is the disgrace?

550. 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."

551. 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."

552. 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!

553. 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'd be hard pressed to piss into that there bucket.

554. Whenever I see that x-ray of your heart

Whenever I see that the 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 that x-ray of your heart,
I wish you could see how much I smart.

555. "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."

556. My verse would never have existed 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 own 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 an unknown.

557. 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.

558. 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.](#)"

559. When my wife and I were pulling weeds around our culvert

When my wife and I were pulling weeds by our culvert,
I said, "Honey, cover up! I can see your vulvert."
She said, "You can see my what?"
I said, "Pink peeping outta your culotte!"
She said, "OMG! Why'd you always have to be such a pulvert?"

560. 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 I've existed without sadness and without glee.
But if I ever needed it, would you kindly consider – helping to move me?

561. 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 finished with my final rhyme,
and had sent my ultimate poem off to the press.

562. 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 all on purpose – or totally accidental.

563. 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.

564. How can you say she's the life of the party

How can you say shes' the life of the party,
when she continues to be continually tardy?
It's already a quarter past one.
Guests are leaving or have already gone.
Life of the party? These days? Hardly!

565. 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.

566. 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.

567. 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.

568. 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."

569. Piggies Pinky, Poinky, and Puck

Piggies Pinky, Poinky, and Puck
were sloshing in the summery farmyard's 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.

570. If I coulda been a hero, I woulda been Byronic

If I coulda been a hero, I woulda been [Byronic](#),
but a Byronic hero I certainly am not,
cuz I've only every been a two-bit player
in a five-line poetry plot.

571. 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.

572. 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.

573. 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 valleyness and hilliness of it.

574. “Hi, the hospital invited us here to try to make you sick people laugh”

"Hi, the hospital invited us here to try to make you sick people 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,
who, for a laugh, would cut a beautiful young lady — completely in half."

575. Here, take the words of this poem, take them for free

Here, take the words of this poem, take them for free,
and see if you can write them 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!

576. 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 if she reacted,
nothing serious could've been impacted,
and fixing the wire could get her to produce more juice.

577. “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.

578. You know how it is

You know 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.

579. 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.

580. 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 as fraud? — or tax evasion?

581. 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?

582. 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.

583. 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.

584. 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.

585. She's always in so much pain

She's always in so much pain,
that continuing 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.

586. 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.

587. 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.

588. 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.

589. 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?

590. I have an iPad pen that doesn't work worth a damn

I have an iPad 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.

591. 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.

592. I hate it when a flea

I hate it when a flea
takes a liking to me
and keeps darting in front of my eyes.
I try to swat it away,
but she thinks it's play,
and insists on keeping it up till — she dies.

593. 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, "What 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

594. If, when reading my verse,

If, when reading my verse,
you think life sucks, your life is a curse,
I hope you know,
it may not always be so.
In an instant, things might just get a whole lot worse.

595. 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.

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

I was interviewing a potential 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."

597. 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.

598. 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 share her with us again – when she' full grown?

599. 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.

600. 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."

601. "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.

602. My poetry teacher said, "If it's greatness you want to achieve

My poetry teacher said, "If it's greatness you want to achieve,
you shouldn't be afraid sometimes to 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.

603. This topic is way too heavy for light verse

This topic is way too heavy for light verse —
two, young guys hijacking an occupied hearse —
then, racing around town —
with both effing tops down!
Can you think of a teenage prank that was ever any worse?

604. 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 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.

605. What we have to drink for dinner doesn't really matter

What we have to drink for the dinner 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.

606. 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 do what's evil, while believing that what they do is actually benign.

607. 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!

608. 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 so obviously a flop.

609. 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 – even more ploddingly.

610. 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.

611. We were only Magi from the East

We were only [Magi](#) from the East,
who, at the time, knew nothing about 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.

612. 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.

613. I'm so bitchen, I'm so the best

I'm so bitchen, I'm so the best.
I got a leg up on all the rest.
That's what my dog thinks of himself, I know he does.
And I agree that he's the best there ever was —
cuz if I didn't — he'd be so goddamned depressed.

614. Only two o'clock — still an hour till it's three

Only two o'clock — still an hour till it's three.
Time's passing slower than eternity.
Now it's four, and as anyone can see —
I'm having trouble with this end-of-life monotony.
How much longer till it's five o'clock —
and I can put my head upon the chopping block?

615. When I got back to writing the poem, the main character was gone

When I got back to writing the poem, the main character was gone.
I thought, "Holy shit! What the hell is going on!
How can a lead character just disappear?
Especially when the end of the poem was so near?
And now — how the hell am I gonna write the denouement?"

616. On a dog walk, soon as my dog's taken his dump and a piss

On a dog walk, soon as my dog's taken his dump and a piss,
I'm always in a state of minor heavenly bliss.
It may seem silly to say,
but with this requisite doggy stuff outta the way,
there won't be another doggy achievement today
any greater than this.

617. If not for this fence, there'd be no shade

If not for this fence, there'd be no shade,
and we'd be burning up watching this parade
of hellhounds and lizards —
and three-headed wizards —
and griffins with gross gizzards —
making the little kiddies afraid.

618. I couldn't see her forest for her trees

I couldn't see her forest for her trees.
I couldn't see her knickers for her knees.
I couldn't see the lightening of her thunder,
No! Nothing of her top and nothing of her under —
though I repeatedly asked her to show it to me — please!

619. I once knew a child of the devil

I once knew a child of the devil,
who in her father's fame did revel.
And boy, did she ever get mad,
if anyone said anything bad about her dad.
Then, she'd take her rage at them — to the very next level.

620. Now that I'm old, I got a new perspective

Now that I'm old, I got a new perspective
on that age-old biblical directive —
to sell all you got and give it to the poor.
I don't really see anybody doing that anymore.
But then again, was it ever a command? — or only an elective?

621. She said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

She said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere?"
I said, "I don't think so. I've never been there."
She said, "No, I'm sure. I've seen you somewhere."
I said, "I swear. I've never even been there."
She sighed, "Okay, well then — fine!
That's the last time I use this for a pick-up line."

622. It's a perfect day for bananafish

It's a perfect day for bananafish.*
But I know – it's not your favorite dish.
So, I can make you a plate
of deepfried orangeprimate,
and an appleoyster salad if you wish.

[* Play on J.D Salinger story title](#)

623. Remember that time

Remember that time
we found a dime
and bought two ice cream cones at [Thrifty](#)?
That may very well be
the only time you and me
shared anything fifty-fifty.

624. The birch trees that lined the Tennessee river

The birch trees that lined the Tennessee river
in the crispness of the morning air did shiver,
as on a dank, muddy bank,
an old man smoked his pipe and drank,
waiting for a big-ass bass
to bite his bait of bacon and chicken liver.

625. "Emma Blue? Emma Blue?"

"Emma Blue? Emma Blue?"
"Not a bit. Are you?"

626. Me and the team I was on

Me and the team I was on
managed to cross the [Rubicon](#).
Then from midnight till dawn,
we continued to march on and on
till we reached the nearest unisex john.

627. I coulda written that song, "Purple Rain"

I coulda written that song, "[Purple Rain](#)."
It didn't take **that** big of a brain.
And I coulda written "[Hotel California](#)."

But girl – I do wanna warn ya!
I've always been considered halfway insane.

628. I wrote an ode to the moon

I wrote an ode to the moon
and a paean to the sun,
even though I knew they'd be pissed on
by nearly everyone.

629. 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 of 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.

630. This year's not been of the best

This year's not been of the best.
God's being a real pest.
He made the dog die,
and the wife say goodbye,
and then He joked it was all done in jest.

631. They flee from me, that sometime did me seek

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,*
those unborn poems that used to visit when I was on my winning
streak.
But now that they realize my poetic brain's gone dry,
they no longer see any reason to stop by,
knowing full well I've long since passed my erstwhile word-smithing
peak.

[* Play on a poem by Thomas Wyatt.](#)