

Nonsense!

I believe in nonsense,
unabashed balderdash,
extravagant exaggeration.
Spare me the serious rubbish
and inundate me with muddle,
drive me mad with drivel,
paddle into twaddle, knee deep,
riffle my piffle, just don't de-bunk
me or try to make sense, Silly.
I gobble up gobbledygook and
blarney-stone baloney. I am the
original cocky jabberwocky, the
tower of babble, the claptrap
mousetrap, Princess Poppycock.
Auntie Silly. Uncle Fun.

Then, heard through the grapevine
you'd taken the last Quatrain to Clarkesville.
What was a broken-hearted blank verse to do?
I haikued it out of town myself.
And while getting tanked at the local pub,
I could hardly refrain myself
as I watched you trope over,
wrap your figure around me,
and apostrophe my hyperbole.
And, as we lay together in personified bliss,
I tried to imitate your accent
and stuck my foot into my mouth,
again.

It was clear you were well versed.
I idylized you and
longed to be a couplet.
But then, you suggested a caesura,
blamed my assonance, my fib, my free verse,
sending me into eternal elegy.
I dragged my feet for lines,
consonanced, totally
enjambed.
I showered you with Iimericks, ballads, and
odes.

It was love at first poem.
You batted your sonnets at me.
I flirted my internal rhyme.
We exchanged the syntax of our stories,
narrating them with
alliteration, onomatopoeia, and conceit.

Iamb No More

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Origami Poetry Project

FUN WITH WORDS
by Kim M. Baker
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Balderdash!

Word unabashedly brash.
Extravagant exaggeration.
Busting teeth apart
with brazen enunciation.
Boldfaced eruption of
erumpent exclamation.
Forcing brows to scowl
And lips to spit.
Outdated discourse?
Nonsense!