

Professors of Poetry

(to Dan Jaffe)

A toddle of turtles opined in the pines.
Tut-tutting turtles in tweed with fine wine.
They just couldn't get over our cumbersome rhymes.
So we ran 'round the block to tighten our lines!
 Yes, we ran 'round the block to tighten our lines!

We tightened our tenses and tensed up our lines.
We junked all the jussive, Jurassic quinine.
"To better!"
 "Too bitter!"

We cried on our rhymes.
We just couldn't get over our cucumber vines.
 No, we couldn't get over our cucumber vines.

We tightened our drawbacks right over the moat,
Lest the mote in our eyes be speck spectacles broke.
Spectators spectacular speciously wrote.
So we ran 'round the block to get a new cloak.
 Yes, we ran 'round the block to get a new cloak!

How we tried so! Seeming similar thimbles:
Oracular symbol or ocular cymbal.
Wrestling clause after clause, pause paucity caused.
So in limbo, we limboed to the drop of their jaws!
 Yes, in limbo, we limboed to the drop of their jaws!

Let them joust with their spouse over goblets of dribble!
What do we care whether drizzle or swizzle?
Whatever it is, it's a stick in the middle!
So lift up your cheese, and give us a nibble!!
 Yes, lift up your cheese, and give us a nibble!!

I tell you, young poets:
Class up and go far!
Though it smarts to get smarts in the skill of your art,
always cherish the treasure
 in the chest of your heart—
And recognize this for cliché that it arrh!
 And recognize this for cliché that it arrh!

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