

By Weld Champneys

SICK AS A DOGGEREL

Doctor, doctor, hurry quick!

I wrote a poem and my poem is sick.

Its meter's erratic.

The rhyme scheme's a curse,

With similes as static

As a glove in a purse.

It's tone is too bitter.

It's wit is too terse.

So, call me a litterer,

I'm tossing this verse!