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!