

The Rhyming Dilemma

I love to write poetic verse
Which ought to flow and rhyme
I try to find like-sounding words
But screw-up every try

I know that June's a rhyme for moon
It's clear in every way
The month I choose however
Will probably be March

I even tried a Limerick
With a man from old Nantucket
Who went to the well for water
Which he brought back in a pail

It really is frustrating
When you know your metre's sound
Yet when it comes to rhyming
You can't get off the floor

My verse is unacceptable
And looked upon with scorn
I feel as weak as Sampson did
When his long locks were cut

So let's suppose I stuck to prose
Where rhymes are never needed
Would I at last shake off the past
And have my efforts heeded?

Hey wait a minute that verse rhymed
A breakthrough's come at last
I've overcome the rhyming drought
That plagued me in the old days

Maybe now I'll write a poem
Like Tennyson or Keates
And people will applaud me
As they rise up from their chairs

Hooray for Drew the poet they'll call
A master of the rhyme
As good as Keats or Shelley were —
Even in their heyday

Alas I'm only dreaming
I'll never find success
Forever just a nobody
For that's my lot I suppose

A famous poet I'll never be
I'm afraid my poems are blighted
No one will ever read my work
My poems won't be performed

So I give up now, I'm moving on
It's a verse-less life for me
Already I feel less confined
Unshackled, clear and loose

So shed no tears for me my friend
It isn't in the cards
That I should be as ode-ious
As all those other poets

Drew Henderson