

An inimical child, though precocious
said, "daddy, why must you ride horses"
He rode into a branch
and fell off of its back
Which he couldn't see because of myosis

An imaginative woman named Iris
went out for a stroll through the roses
While lost in a dream
she said, "things aren't what they seem"
She was later devoured by roaches

Our love affair started with romance
but was soon taken over by purpose
despite of the sex
I often am vexed
When it seems just like plant symbiosis

A traditional novel, with story
is a form which is worn out and weary
so at the end of this poem
one would expect a new form
but of the final rhyme "please spare me

The biblical figure named Moses
was so fat he could not touch his toes
this little known fact
is so well covered up
That noone who's anyone knows it

From troubled sleep I awoke with a startle
and stared at the wall at a picture
if you haven't yet caught
what I'm writing about
It's an allusion to Gregory Samsa

Though I walk through the valley of death
I shan't feat to draw my next breath
this valley is still
but when I get past the hills
I'll yet have to skip through the next

A hypodermic stuck in my cephalic
then flows through my blood a narcotic
one might be shocked
to herein have found
a limerick wrote as by an addict