

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