

I try not to laugh as you give  
Credence to so many irreputably  
Poor souls, at least he or she  
Was well meaning or spent the  
Last seven years writing to a  
Masabatorial monk at Cambridge,  
And I don't laugh but praise  
My blessing as master of insanity  
Knowing I need not buy, I scream  
My blessing in a corner, marble  
Meeting marble in total silence.

Gertrude at last was married  
To an elderly near sighted English  
Noble and she too approaching th  
Midlife, it was a charming castle  
Lots of gray you know, and we  
All assumed she was happy then  
And fulfilled her vision; he  
Deninately was happy the raucous  
Cacaphony if her voice stimulating  
His filing hearing.  
By the time she had the clout  
To establish license as the norm,  
Unfortunate her, her tickle went out.  
Fulfilling the vision perfectly like  
Jean Paul hopped up and strung out unhappy