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Alliterations All Over the Place

Raucous Rabble

Rambunctious, ramshackle and rampant are we,
Rapacious and ribald, ridiculously
Regardless of all regulations and rules,
Though we reach a rapprochement with red reticules
Because we revere the refinements retained
By resolute regnants whose rights have remained
Reciprocal to our receptors of rare
Ripe righteousness, real, and in perfect repair.

Rascality

That rapid rabbit Rupert runs and rollicks right apace,
though he requires but rarely rest—despite his rosy face
and rampant racing 'round, his rayed and ruffled wriggling nose,
his rife ripostes, his reeling roll—well, really, you'd suppose
he'd relish full retirement, retreat into some room,
reposing long, but wrong! He longs to ramp up and re-zoom.

Pardon My Parsnips

Parkinson's particular
pet pudding's par-cooked parkin;
his partner's partial to parfait,
that paragon; yet hearken:
those sub-par parabolic parts
of almonds, partly parted—
not fully sliced, *par excellence*—
make Parkinson hard-hearted,
for those same partial nonpareils
leave his poor partner parched
for parsley tea to the degree
you'd pardon if he marched,
parade-like, past, departed hence
to parsley gardens, fast,
in search of same to quench the flame,
—apparently aghast—

and Parkinson in repartee
imparted their remorse:
"Though sparse, the parcels of our thanks
are thus par for the course."
Then Parsons, partner to the man,
now almond-paroxysed,
creaks out a tea-tinged parable
of why he's paralyzed;
and both the partners no parfait
or parkin now partake,
but parsnips parsimonious,
and pears, for safety's sake.

Violently Verbose Vapidity

Voluminous in velveteen and vivid in velour,
That Venus eating Vindaloo, in the vernacular,
Was very villainous, it's said, vermilion in her faults,
But veiled in verisimilitude, her vices hid in vaults,
Vile vortices of vermin, varmints, vipers, vexing pains,
And vigorously vinegary vapors in her veins,
Yet always, these vituperative and vast, voracious ills
Veered, voicelessly averted, by her villa's windowsills;
So virtuous seemed all in view from vane to vestibule,
From valance to verandah, I'd avow that, as a rule,
Veracity had lost its vim, a victim to her vibe
Of viscous, vain verbosity in every diatribe,
And via Violet's vertiginous, vindictive lies,
Her vow of victory o'er all, valid and otherwise,
Would void the verve of every nerve, veritable or vexed,
And vanquish, make it valueless, in this vale and the next.
Her viands—vermicelli and Vidalias and veal
And vegetables with Vegemite were her most vogueish meal—
At last revealed her venomously covert, vile inside,
When Vi's vast vessel of vermouth rendered her vitrified,
Made vitreous her venal guts, visiting visibly
Those virulent and vengeful, vulgar bits, for all to see.
Vast vanity and venom may vouchsafe the dark crevasse,
But even vampires are revealed, converted into glass.

Verily, I Say

When various volumes on vellum were writ,
Vertiginous verses were vastly unfit
For virginal minds and ventricular ease,
So veer off from viewing such verbiage, please!

