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Limericks

Some Cleavage is Best Appreciated in Retrospect

There can't be a midnight so stygian,
No tune so aggressively Phrygian,
That they can't be improved,
And decidedly moved,
When graced with true callipygian.

Even the Great are Only Mortal

There was a hot-stuff electrician
Who fancied himself a magician
But like less-learned dolts,
Took in too many volts,
And it sent him off to the mortician.

Always Someone *Else's* Problem

'Twas the pirate Rumbustious Rudy
Who felt it his life's work and duty
To divest someone's self
Of his piffling pelf
And retain the remainder as booty.

Don't Ask Help from Anyone Who Already Needs It More than You Do

Once, lost in a high desert blizzard,
A woodpecker inquired of a lizard
A route of escape
From so bitter a scrape,
But was bitten, instead, in the gizzard.

The Note He Left Behind

Once upon a song-sheet
I met a balladeer
Who sang out loud
To a restless crowd

And was answered with a jeer;

The singer lost his patience
And heaved his rounded heft
To leave the stage,
And in his rage,
He mooned them as he left.

Really Knocked Me Off My Feet

Racine was a radiant rover
Who fell from the white cliffs of Dover
And said, "That was nice!
I've been here before twice,
But it's something I never
Got over."

Snow Crone

A skier who wasn't too graceful
Fell into a drift for a face-full;
As she slurped at the snow,
She said, "Oh, well—although
I'm not stylish, I surely am tasteful."

Numismatic Nuptial? Not So Fast!

Nannette was a nymph of some note
Who married a hoary old goat;
Yet *she* didn't win—he
Made Nanny a ninny:
His death was extremely remote!

Itch

Irv was an ill-met iguana
Irritating indigenous fauna
'Til he drove them to drink,
Though the truth is, I think,
That the ibex preferred marijuana.

Quick & the Dead

Quast was a quarrelsome quacker
Who fended off every attacker
'Til one with an axe
Made successful attacks.
Have a bit more
Foie gras on that cracker.

Loss of Loafing Limb

Lou, the lascivious lemur,
Was a lush and a lout and a dreamer
Who at last, with a cough,
From his hammock fell off
And destroyed both his liver and femur.

The Faithful Gardener Spouts Off

While taking a stroll and a peek
In a congregant's garden last week,
The priest was dismayed
To hear, "Well, you prayed,
But don't leave without taking a leek!"

Fallen from High Office

The Reverend Ichabod Dingle,
Uncomfortably rich and single,
Too witless to woo,
Fell out of a pew
When assaying with laymen to mingle.

On Closer Examination

A fella whose flaws were prolific
And both manners and taste quite horrific
Filled my soul with alarm
But still had one great charm—
His inheritance, to be specific.

Small Pond, Small Fry

Some clown came to town from the city
But he didn't know *everything*, did he?
The result was so bad
That, alas, the poor lad
Was the first course we had, out of pity.

Delicious Deviation

A scurrilous, scandalous sinner
Invited him one night for dinner;
He learned that her wish
Was, he'd be the main dish,
Though before he knew that,
He was in her.

Portrait of a Man with Golf Balls

A gent who was rather obsessive
About his looks found it expressive
(Though perhaps somewhat rude)
To golf in the nude;
It is said that his swing was impressive.

Expedition Down the Tube

A fellow, exceedingly thin,
Got his auto prepared for a spin;
When he checked the exhaust,
He was sucked in and lost,
Since when nobody knows
Where he's been.