

Nashcan

*The Crosswordsperson's poems got sent straight to the ashcan,
'Cause the editors didn't think they could write like Ogden Nash can.*



The artist uncovered her art stand in a hurry,
Revealing a stoat portrait, lifelike and furry.

My seat was flung out of the car with aplomb,
That's when I knew I was uninvited to Prom.

I'm mystical! I'm magical! I'm wizened and sage!
For ten bucks I'll draw any picture on this page!

The boiler and pipeworks got audience cheers
When they thawed out the house for a read of Shakespeare's.

The formal proposal submitted that day
Drew sentimental feeling into the fray.

Your gift of a fur coat, dark brown and warm,
Is not really functional, I work on a farm.

Since I'm boring, born with no magical powers,
Gotta sneak in bouquets to conjure up flowers.

Though infirm, afflicted as I am by this pox,
I'm chasing my target like dogs to a fox.

Four score and no additional years hence,
Something happened of great consequence.

They assigned me the task of fetching a flagon,
With a minor oversight, of the interceding dragon.

Fly-fishing usually isn't something that appalling,
Unless a bear grabs you and gives you a mauling.

Hero's partner, whose fate was watery doom,
Grew in his garden a poisonous bloom.

She wanted to go on a backcountry romp.
But her poor pathing led her straight to a swamp.

Suddenly, a Sith lord in helmet and cape!
He vowed to catch every one who'd escape.

A pastime of chutes and beasts serpentine,
Involves rungs of ascent, and slides of decline.

Your lies put in print, your audacity and gall,
Besmirch the name of all who come from our atoll!

In "projectile" skill points, the rogue went all in,
So they could hit any target no matter how thin.

At first online poker made me a winner with ease,
Until my landlord arrived, demanding my keys.

But attend to my stories lest ye make the same error,
The cautionary tale of that tornado-bound terror!