

Ballad of the Greatest Evil

Come round, my peers, come near, my friends,
A warning I must share,
Avoid the worst of all the trends,
Torment you must beware.

I hate this evil, wicked thing,
You ought to hate it too,
An ill curse on you, it will bring,
And trouble it will brew.

Cen'tur'ies old, it will not die,
Haunting the library,
Its very name will horrify,
They call it ... Poetry!

Stay away from this medium,
Suf'fer'ing will ensue,
And boredom from its tedium,
Will make you go cuckoo.

It comes in many ugly forms,
Diff'rent shapes and sizes,
Steer clear of its disastrous storms,
See through false disguises.

It does nothing but waste your time,
For hours in English Lit,
Trying to think of words to rhyme,
Will make you want to spit.

Or counting syllables or feet,
To write a word or line,
Will take forever to complete,
You'll first meet the divine.

Unless to students books you sell,
Money you cannot make,
Time and effort spent in that hell,
Is not worth the headache.

If its hearts and minds you desire,
Poetry won't help you,
A bearskin rug beside a fire,
Will do more in your woo.

Don't attempt to read this vile 'art,'
With it, everything goes,

Praised beauty of a fart,
Or what comes out your nose.

There are other boring, flat themes,
Sans practical uses,
Like love or hate to their extremes,
And trash that confuses.

They never sustain attention,
With a fresh ide'a,
A method of pain prevention,
Like my gonorrhe'a!

Buried may be some veins of gold,
Dig deep and you might find,
But many dull books you must hold,
The search will make you blind.

Poems may seem pretty clever,
But that's how they bait you,
Wrapped in its tendrils forever,
A tight'ning of the screw.

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning I must preach!

Can't leave, it would be rude to split,
You thought it won't be bad,
You're des'per'ate, you want to quit,
You're stuck in a ballad!

This poem will go on and on,
Can't blame me be'ing long,
The teacher's to blame for your yawn,
The task, I thought, was wrong!

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning I must preach!

You've brought this on yourself, my friend,
Don't say I did not warn,
To walk out now, I do commend,
A lie you need not yarn.

Is he finishing? you wonder,

He's flipped to a third page,
If he goes on, I'll go under,
He's building up my rage!

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning, I must preach!

Fear not, I shall not re-refrain,
To hold you in suspense,
I can't make it any more plain,
I hope you're not so dense.

You think I feel ambivalent,
'Twixt me and poetry,
My hatred I am confident,
To love, I disagree.

Why would I drown myself in words,
If I did not like them?
Is a plumber in love with turds,
Or a doctor with phlegm?

How else am I to reach the poor,
Unsuspecting victim,
Strain and push myself, once I swore,
To save, like cherubim.

Forced to keep a rhythm and rhyme,
It was hard to express,
The great evil of this pastime,
Harder than winning chess!

I hope my message was not lost,
My ballad very clear,
I hope my quatrains were not glossed,
You now know what to fear.

So stay away, I beg of you,
And if you're still awake,
You cannot say you never knew,
Mercy, you cannot take.

You are nearly no longer bound,
I'm unturning the screw.
This ends my song, I hope you found,
Poetry evil too.