the trouble with writing one’s verses in rhyme

the trouble with writing one’s verses in rhyme

is the limited resources available

with *rhyme* one rhymes *crime, time, slime, climb or lime*

available is just unassailable

there are lines of just

five syllables or six

so the poor poet must

toss an *o’er* in the mix

ballad and sonnet

a bee in the bonnet

i get it, i’m on it

don’t push me, doggonit

an often-used word with such problems is *love*

with the sole saving grace of the *of*

too corny is *dove*, too silly *above*

and I don’t think we want *glove* or *shove*

for final example the problems with *life*

and its limiting unmatchability

I don`t have a *knife*, much less a good *wife*

and there is no rhyme for unmatchability, what did you expect?