Rhetoric:

Despise is direst due to literary lies,

To similes, who like the dreams, most often fail to please,

And metaphor, the prose’s paint, you oft’ chose to ignore,

But who am I to judge a sore, metonymic

Pen, when hyperbaton, mind’s acrylic,

O’er the roar of hyperbole brushes well,

To dispel the euphemistic shell

With holistic you can’t tell,

Who needn’t pry,

Who needn’t dwell,

O’er the anaphora of

Enjambment bent, for a, lie, as a fox is, sly,

That docks you with its talks,

Until you can’t recall,

What is true at all,

In the masqueraded paradox,

Whose victim’s been persuaded.