

# **A Compendium of Vagon Poetry: Bureaucratic Edition**

**Compiled by the Galactic Bureau of Literary Enforcement**

Galactic Standard Year 42-69-B, Certified by the  
Department of Poetry Compliance

## **Official Galactic Bureaucratic Notice**

Attention, sentient beings: Your participation in this poetic recitation is **\*\*MANDATORY\*\***. Any attempts to evade, ignore, or otherwise *\*resist\** exposure to the contents herein shall be met with **\*\*immediate bureaucratic consequences\*\***, including but not limited to excessive paperwork, poetry-based rehabilitation, and involuntary registration for additional Vogon literature appreciation courses.

Please note: This collection has been **\*\*triple-stamped, notarized, and approved\*\*** under section 42-B of the Galactic Arts & Culture Directive. Any complaints must be submitted in **\*\*six (6) copies\*\***, signed in triplicate, and approved by a Vogon Poetry Commissioner within **\*\*30 days of exposure\*\***.

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## **1 The Gurgling Maw of Bureaucracy**

Behold the glorpulous sputtle of fate,  
Squelching through thine interstellar gate!  
A quiver, a slurp, a belch so grand,  
All lost within forms unfiled by hand!  
Tick! A stamp upon thy dreams,  
Tock! A folder of bureaucratic schemes,  
Oh, lament, ye hopeful, for nothing shall budge,  
Under the dribblesome wrath of a Vogon judge.

## **2 The Moon Wept in Gorgleblat**

Spit-flung crinkles of gelatinous light,  
Slather upon thee in dubious might,  
Quivvel and thwomp, and don't even try,  
For stars will pucker and slop from the sky.  
A grobthwack, a blorple, a twisted mirage,  
O speckled-browed zogworms of cosmic barrage!  
This is your fate, most dreadfully terse!  
A sonnet of suffering, deliciously worse!

### **3 An Elegy to Unsigned Forms**

Alas, the file was left unstamped,  
In shadows dark and vaguely damp.  
It lingered in the void of space,  
Ignored, forgotten, quite disgraced.  
The clerk did sigh, his drool did drip,  
His hands were clammy, his nose did snip.  
And so, thy fate, a tragic plight!  
Denied, declined, and lost in blight!

#### **4 Ode to a Gargleplax's Toes**

Wiggle, squiggle, crunch and bend,  
A gargleplax's toes transcend!  
Nobbled, knotted, greebly-wrought,  
A foot more hideous ne'er was sought.  
O curling nubs of eldritch woe,  
They stub, they chafe, they weirdly glow.  
Should one behold them? I say "Nay!"  
Yet here I scrawl this poem today.

## **5 The Melancholy of a Disgruntled Space-Slug**

Oh blathering fompulous, greeb-tinted spew,  
What morose globulence dribbles from you?  
So wrinkled, so pulsing, so gasping with dread,  
Your essence is slime, and your hopes are all dead.  
The stars weep not for your mucus-laced doom,  
They scoff as you wallow in thickest of gloom.  
For none shall admire your slug-ridden plight,  
Yet here I describe it, with joy and delight.



## **6 The Tragic Tale of Zogzog the Unfortunate**

Zogzog awoke with a sneeze most profound,  
Which echoed through space with a deafening sound.  
Alas! The sneeze tore a hole in his ship,  
And into the cosmos did Zogzog then slip.  
He flailed, he spun, he gargled in woe,  
Yet no one shall mourn him, nor care where he go.  
For life is absurd, a sneeze most unkind,  
And Zogzog is gone, out of sight, out of mind.

## **7 The Lament of the Last Doughnut**

Oh doughnut! Oh pastry! Thy beauty was grand,  
Yet now thou art smothered in bureaucracy's hand!  
For I filled out the forms, in triplicate true,  
Yet still they refuse, and bid me adieu.  
Alas, the doughnut is lost to the void,  
A casualty cruel, a treat now destroyed.  
And so, I shall wail, my hunger so vast,  
Forever denied by red tape unsurpassed.

## **Official Disclaimer**

This collection of Vagon poetry is certified by the Galactic Poetry Bureau to be of **absolutely no artistic merit whatsoever**. Any enjoyment derived from its recitation is purely coincidental and may result in a fine of up to 42 intergalactic credits. You have been warned.

To submit a formal complaint about this poetry, please complete **Form 42-B** (available only in handwritten Old Vagonese) and deliver it in-person to the \*\*Department of Aesthetic Compliance\*\* on the planet **Grobmar IV**. Expect processing delays of no less than **12,000 years**.