

Kynik; or, Doggerel I

by Jackelope Random

Can't you go faster
Said the disciple to the master
Won't you speed up the car
I know that you're loaded
And I've already goaded
You into crashing through the star
But we need
To pick up more speed
As we break past all the flames
So we might soon demise
In this the problem lies
And break out of our games

Said the master to the young
It cannot be done
For I broke the gear shift just now
The young one cried why
The monk said "to live is to die"
Be more like that cow

And they flailed and the failed
Right into the dung
Everything changed
As they hadn't yet begun
To sing the songs of sixpence
Or other scurrilous verse
But they knew a ribald roundelay
That couldn't be worse
About a woman and a jaunty lad
That was all about the Dik-Dik he had
Running through the African planes

Now I'm not cynic--

It's rather a pain--

But this doggerel done

Is no kind of fun--

And it sends one right off the train!

