

# 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!

