

Shorter, Sweeter

by Harry Dunn
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You win, Thornton -
I'll stop tauntin',
Let you live,
Forget, forgive,
I'm tellin' you, I quit -
Your stuff's so high-blown,
Mine looks fly-blown
By comparison -
Most embarrassin'

Re Beatles songs
And singalongs,
Only Poms
Could love such bombs
As that dreary dirge 'Michelle'
Give me Abba,
Barleycorn or Ali Babba,
Anyone but Paul and John;
So I won't weep
When Paul moves on,
With all that Beatles clabber.

Sorry to hear
You found no cheer
In my little ode to Louie -
Well, never mind,
He's more my kind,
So phooey, Thornton
Phooey.

One thing I've learned
From this stuff we've churned
Is how to use less lines and words -
In my little litr'y gems
I'll write shorter words, the poets' turds,
No more glittering dia-dems.

I laboured hard,
On poems worthy of a bard
But I have learned
And longish lines will now be spurned,
Replaced by pithy quips -
And they're so easy to produce
I can spit 'em out like pips.

So, thank you Brother John
For quickly catching on
With your wisdom, words and wit -
Enough's been said,
I'm off to bed,
Let's put an end to all this