

## QCC poems 17 June 2012

**NickWit23**

17 June 2012 12:21AM

*Is there no-one there* quoth the crossworder  
churning the *refresh* once more.  
*Is there no-one there* called the poster  
stepping through the Cafe door.  
A chilly wind gusts through the trees  
An o'ercast sky gives no warmth or ease  
The silence causes quaking knees...  
Press the refresh once more.....

**NickWit23**

17 June 2012 12:24AM

....And lo! 'tis **civsum** from the South  
where heat of sun doth dry the mouth  
and Georgie plays...oh woe is me  
I've lost me rhyme, I'm all at sea  
Press the refresh once more....

**Crucigrama**

17 June 2012 2:04AM

Let's not get hung up on scansion -  
A good line can take some expansion,  
Can expand and be grand like a mansion  
Can get longer and stronger, more handsome.  
In the middle of June,  
It can fly to the moon,  
And get there before Richard Branson.

## StrugglingDentist

17 June 2012 6:01AM

Response to [NickWit23](#), 17 June 2012 12:21AM

### NickWit

Is there no-one there quoth the crossworder

But only a host of phantom bloggers  
That dwelt in the lone cafe then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the night  
To that voice from the world of men...  
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I did my crossword," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the stillness of the web  
From the one man left awake...

### fyodora

17 June 2012 11:20AM

An operatic reference (13 down) leads me to ponder matters musical and poetic:

#### Poem No. 1

A number of composers,  
Most notably Ludwig van Beethoven  
And Bedřich Smetana  
Suffered from defective hearing;  
Not so jazz legend George Shearing  
Whose affliction was purely visual  
ie he was blind.  
On the other hand,  
Smetana  
Had a perfectly formed retina.  
And before he died,  
Managed to write -  
Among other things -  
The Battered Bride,  
An opera based on a tale  
Of Bohemian domestic violins  
(or so I believe)  
It was to the Czech musical world  
Like a Vlast of fresh air.  
Sadly, the composer became insane,  
Was admitted to an asylum,  
Where he died,  
A Bedridden Smetana

## Poèm No. 2 En forme d'un Limerique, d'après Erik Eatie

De diddly diddly dee,  
De diddly diddly dee,  
De diddly diddly diddly diddly -  
Diddly diddly, er, dee!

## Poem No. 3 En forme d'un haggis

A wee sleekit mouse frae Pitlochry  
Once suffered consid'rabable mockery:  
Oh, how her friends mocked!  
As she ran up the clock,  
With her hickory dickory dockery

Several members of the *limerique clique* collapse, sobbing uncontrollably, smitten by the sheer beauty of the above.

**NickWit23**

17 June 2012 1:47PM

Once more to the Refresh my friends, once more  
Or fill up the gaps with repeated posts.  
Time was, a single posting did suffice  
And stay'd full fast, but now alack no more.  
Our troubled eyes are smote with Vanishings  
And Doublings cause turmoil and dismay.  
Way South our Georgie frets the Crimson silk  
And NorthWest, wellieholes doth vex Searogue.  
Stiffen thy finger, summon up thy will  
And strike Refresh direct at mayhem's heart  
Cry Here's for Brian, Melmoth and Lord Hugh  
Whose beneficent o'ersight sees us through

**peterkelly**

17 June 2012 6:27PM

Response to [fyodora](#), 17 June 2012 11:32AM

From **Fyodora**:

"A wee sleekit mouse frae Pitlochry  
Once suffered consid'rabable mockery:  
Oh, how her friends mocked!  
As she ran up the clock,  
With her hickory dickory dockery  
Several members of the limerique clique collapse, sobbing uncontrollably, smitten by the sheer beauty of the above".

### ***Ode to Fyodora, (Fellow Limericliquer)***

So here's a brand new Fyodora !  
(I must say, you just can't ignore her),  
She's joined in the clique,  
With her mousey so sleek,  
It's lovely - I think I adore her.  
So now she's a Limericliquer,  
With poems that make your knees weaker,  
We all loved that rhyming,  
(The mouse and its climbing),  
Is there more from whence came that wee squeaker ?

### **StrugglingDentist**

17 June 2012 8:02PM

Response to [NickWit23](#), 17 June 2012 1:47PM

Once more to the Refresh my friends, once more  
Or fill up the gaps with repeated posts.

Enter **King Nick**:

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers\*;  
For he to-day that posts his words with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in Norfolk now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That blogged with us upon Saint Botwulf's day."

*\*and sisters*

### **NickWit23**

17 June 2012 10:16PM

To sploth or not to sploth, that is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler at the keys to stroll,  
And soar with Scotty o'er the Golden Domes  
With video delights, or stay one's hand,  
To click the ARSE\* in sooth may just suffice,  
And nobly leave the space to those whose wit  
And genius with worms delights the page.  
To stay the hand, to brood, to sulk perchance,  
Embitter'd snarkily to troll-like go...  
Enough! We'll venture all in comment box  
And cheer on **BSB**'s enchanted socks.

*\*no giggling at the back - you know what I mean*

## Crucigrama

18 June 2012 2:51AM

The quality of splother is not strained.  
It splotheth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the caff beneath. It is twice blest:  
It blesseth him that sploths and her wot bakes.  
Tis flightiest in the hightiest; it becomes  
The struggling puzzler better than his frown.  
His answer shows the pow'r of temporal lobes,  
The attribute to school and pedantry,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of things.  
But splother is above this schooléd sway;  
It is enthronéd in the heart and sings;  
It is an attribute of CAKE itself;  
And earthy vocab doth then flow past mods,  
When splother seasons comment.