

Three Limericks and a Point

by H. Schwartz



There was a young fellow named Jack
Who went round on a circular track.
Said he in despair,
“I’m getting nowhere,”
So he turned around and went back



There was a young lady named Alice,
Who said, “I must drink of the chalice.
O, how lovely is pain
In the form of champagne.
Let others consider their malice.”



A premature dotard was Jack
With a premature kink in his back
Said he in dismay,
“I know I should pray,
If only I knew what I lack.”



This is a poem about our times,
When poems have no reason as well as no rhymes.
And if you wonder why this should be
You don’t understand integrity.

