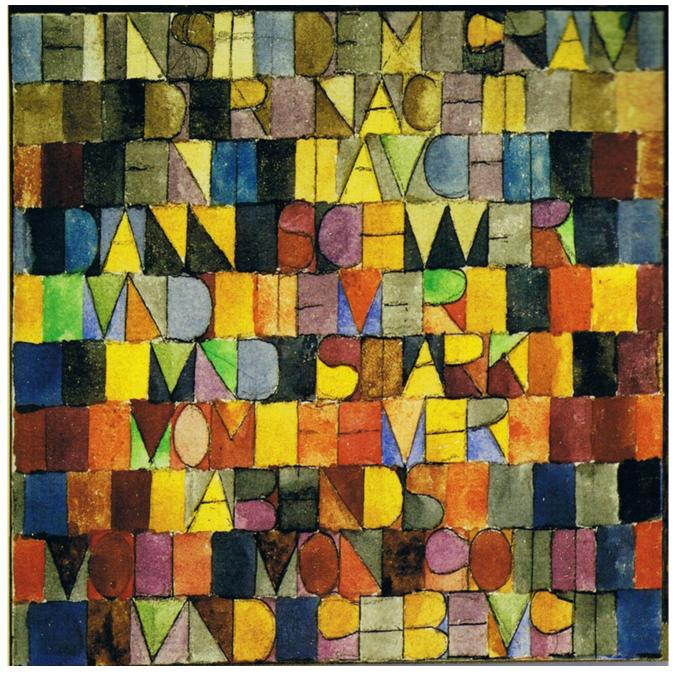
## Curse of Cain and other alphabet poems

by <u>Paul Martin Freeman</u> (June 2022)



Einst dem grau der nacht enttaucht, Paul Klee, 1918

The q: Curse of Cain The q was punished by a visitation And torment other letters never knew. Alone among the alphabetic nation Behind him always stood a watching u.

No matter where he went the u would follow— This curse would haunt him everywhere he'd go! The u was there, a cause of constant sorrow, That only he, the q, would ever know.

The c and d: A Chat over the Garden Fence

The d peered down upon the c, his neighbour: "Old chap," he said, "you've lost your vertical." "Although the point I wouldn't wish to labour," "My own I've found is indispensable."

The c replied he'd never really liked his: "It got," he muttered crossly, "in the way." "And so, although it's really not your business," "I tossed it in the rubbish yesterday!"

How the b became the h

The p awoke and found himself the b, But that was not the end of all this woe. For no one can escape their destiny, And fate was poised to strike a further blow.

The order of the letters quickly changed And into outer darkness b was hurled. And from the q eternally estranged, The bottom fell forever from his world.

The a and the o: Disappointing Conversationalists

The a, the others know, is hard of hearing: Addressing her, she always answers "Eh?" They try a little more but end up swearing, Then can't remember what they had to say.

The o, alas, is hardly an improvement: No matter what they say, he answers "Oh!" And as this neither long provides amusement, They shake their heads and find they have to go!

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Paul Freeman is an art dealer in London. The poems are from a series about letters of the alphabet.

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