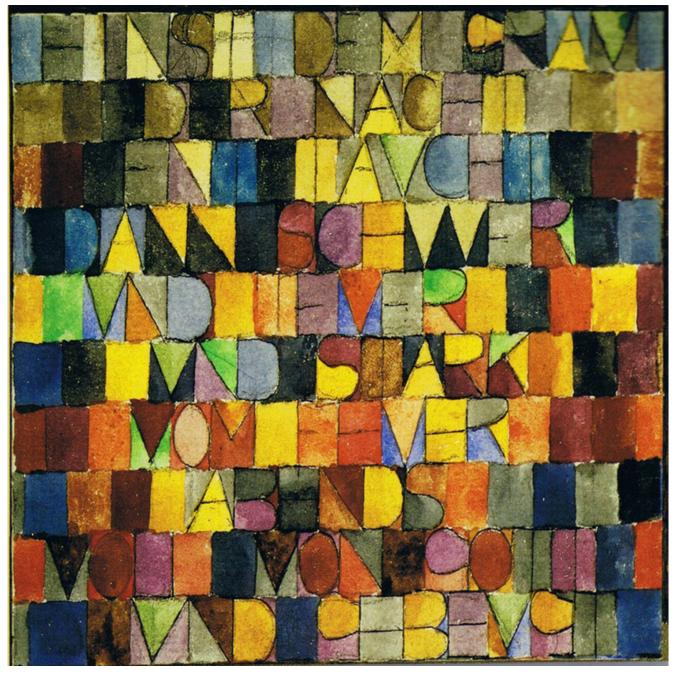
Curse of Cain and other alphabet poems

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!

Table of Contents

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

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