Conversational Nuisance

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my odds are mustard
vaulted in
a
tussie-mussie
with a bell I left my party
in shoals of peachy peepers
did
she paint yellow her locks
by the tutorious breeze
the lostness of
a white glove calling upon
the trunk
of a clock half born

my ends they
flutter
bye laced napkins!
fluted fruit dishes
strung
between
promenading
nights rolling slipperous and
whistling mouse-filled
I dip
my pickle
in a tea-stained jar

Tell me, please, is the enchantment of
finishing off a stroll in the dark worth
the combustlement of dandying
out and filching the oysters?'

32 chewsdays eggsactly
before swallowing
ovally eggscited
if any thin
when rolling
my toasty soldiers
into tasty morsels.
Take this please with a pinch of salt
I had hoped to find a seat still warm
or is that a jam tomorrow rule?

The haddock eyes me
and as he 'I's me sings
and the song is tender peaches
it is called a design for a corset with an expansible bust
and its name is the muffin mistress
and it does nuffin but
extended thoughts and other comfits
secreted in its *monosyllable*
ah
me
I have a lapidary
a reticule for fallen rabbits.

In what
quaint
container
do you
concealebrate
your odds

My cockles
a-warming
my kaleidoscope
smile ALL
in the briny pleats
the
wink-a-ling Umber (no
doctor a-climbs him) is
low catered
a-cutting iz
teeth
on my best breadly butter
and maidenly jams
to bonnet a-hunting
a-
hunting a-hunting
to bonnet all frumious
we will
to
happy-ish
go!

I
must re-count
my places
before you feint
away at what rising
do you

breakfast
during the Egg seasoning?

No strings attached!'
he waxes
and shoos me out the room
so fast the ceiling spins
and I laugh at the carpet
I don't call that regal.

A so and so
and so I
acquired
address
a manifold
with many folds
non-native to our echo-system.

If you hold it to your shell-like
what do you hear?

Says Mr. Wilde
'the world
was my oyster
but I used the wrong fork.'

Would you agree the globular world
he is a toothsome catch –
until you have tried a peach!
Or would you prefer a pear
or a pineapple?"

In the nursery all desserts are maided by scaling trees
Rooted knees
are a dessert
Herefore rooted knees are robin
(red-faced) pie.

If you
danced the same
necklace
would it be square
to walk
a year
to double
your cake
and wine?

Then 'tis no wonder
the onion
is pickled clearly
at the 'mere old Madeira'
in a queer mood
since she licked the wallpaper.

Talking of parties
I note your reception is large
have you darkened your windows
and employed musicians?

Away to the left I is
the only belong
she barked after
half-baked as I
is
very like a quarrel
in waiting
a steamed pudding
stroked
entirely of
cat-skin
nuffin but a walk
pencilled in
upside down
upon a tiny
mushroom

Boo'tiful oo are
sum fin flew 'id
waited 'pon
curi-uzly
what
thinks oo please ov carpet-
dinners? of shoos and strings?
of ceiling
wax and kings?

A pine apple is a
proposition
too calamitous for a
chews day, too dextrous for
the rod on
a Furs day.

Curd you say, did
you ever seed
sush a thin
as the
growling
of a pipped kin squared in
the locks of a bluesiness?

I foresee a storm
in a teacup
if *n* is the base
by which this wise duck
multiplies his tables.
See the butter fly!
(For it is but a fly that spoils
the syllabub)

If the conclusion of the syllabub is
an ordinary diving suit with the small
but essential modification
of a bath plug on a chain at crotch level
what are its major and minor premises?

Twas art
squeezed by
candlelight giving lips
to pearls in nan nunc

chew-ated
bee-petalled
gardenings
drew us, teeny tinies, to treble
a
working
in shyness!

If there is
but one
grinning
to soup, and you

are going to
lift
your
hat, where
is your left
foot, where is
your
right?

For his life
not his soup
was meant to be
so
beee-
oooo-
tiiiiii-
full
and the arrer
should of never not of
never got him
for he said as much.

O
wordy world
and worldy word
a feast of fartleberries
huffling
bagpiping
a dimpled finger in one ear
a cacophochorus of get yer hair cut
we have already had your greens.

Fruitcake I may be
but you definitively are well-bred.
Could you rise to the occasion?
Did everybody loaf you?

A little more than pipped kin
and less than thin rind
might square your circle.

If you could
like Euclid
compute the fruits of your labour
Would they be a very much?
Could you fit them in a rabbit hutch?
Might you lose your sense of touch?
Are we talking double dutch?

Nonsense is
a base
to render a rainbow over
a cup of tea' quacked the
sage to
the pickled onion.

Would you agree in order
for a sphere
to
swell
the innertum of
a triangle
must your eyes
fathom a wave?

You're right
one once lifted left
which one
I ask myself
is it meaning or direction?

Exotic sphere
if I advance
the fig comes fickle in its moves
but not nuff nanas
for this dance.

Packing their portmanteaus
with nottles of gintuition
words are taking a holiday.

Going anywhere nice?

I swallowed
1/2 a rabbit
hole 3/4
downed by
the sea moving
reversed
all fingers to
a pretty villa
where Zeno made up our party
playing
chess
with her
and me

Calling cards or
cross tempers
my will
would you
weep
for the hare
unlived
beneath the tree?