GrimPoWriMo
by Michdevilish
An anthology by this parnassian poetaster in the time of cOvid, for the poetry writing month of April 2020. Dedicated to everyone arting in these shifting sands. Will April be the cruelest month?

Each poem is crafted at the crack of dawn; words-of-the-day door-crash via on-line dictionaries I follow, and vie for inclusion! Every scribble serves in turn (or tries its level best) to inspire a painting later in the studio.

This is one chapter from the forthcoming 2020 *Scrap That! Epic Words* (WIP title)

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The Tentacles of Creation

Said the dumbo to the poet:

Only credulous fools

would hold their Areopagus

on this ombrogenous airhead

in constant need of the precipitation of words

A loon and a fool,

flying into a fahrtwind

of shaftworthy
cullibility...

Still: it’s gratis
to join our
Grim Poe Society!

GRIMPO’S GOT LEGS!
First Things

Sipping java
from the red email cup
for the first startlish
Everest of the day:
pranayamas in my pyjamas
and then, true fact:
pleonasmic poetry!

The words of the day
may want to walk all over you
(that’s aperçu)
yet, it’s something fun to do:
a crafty chicken scratch a day
keeps one from feeling washed-out
or contemplating
exponential corona curves
We walked on eggshells past blue sky
  piling Pelion upon Ossa
  The fetch of albatross did fly,
  like kyanite through rimy idweshu

Wheelspins, wheelspins everywhere!
  In shreds our comfortable cocoon
Wheelspins, wheelspins everywhere
We decollate the daddock as we swoon...
Who Poes There?

First then, an anacrusis:
Oh, now do you want an ovation for your ovation?
The ruly hoopoe’s eggs have foul-smelling coatings
Its power le bouchon
Walking tall and tweeting catchy solecisms while laying wind eggs with such assiduity!
Ducking and Diving in Troubled Waters

Put your mark away
and big boy brew, please do.
If you have a clean bill of health
bet it’s a match for him
with good make-up
than its quack or egor feathers
with dots.

As if it were
puffed on a coble beam.
Inconsistencies will sink you
and any winner of faults.
Asinine Adonic Healthcare Haiku

Asinine Adonic
Health Care Haiku
of Hope
at the penigee
the world chromosome shows
herd immunity

maverick citar
give us Wordsworthiana
just caricature

integrate: words of the day
You warm the Coquina Cockles of my Heart
When the Cat’s not Asleep

downstairs,
a frightful fit blinkhard
finally had its day
re-rodding
money nice
like a foremageur
they tipped, tactile
on
satin cedar napkins;
ribbed, slightly
off missing round plates
When Blobfish Surface

Wellness to us clam-clicker heroes!

that Chadband gurgled
snivering through
the vale of tears
- if the pesquese fits, wear it! -
- as if
erisonous acclaim
permeated
his mutable antichiton
The Timely TUN

Some silly soothsayer, pretending to cossset
the benighted
g-packed tardigrade, advised it to
get its ears lowered, after a liberal dose
of libanomancy
(same old, same old)
Self-case
plentiful pandiculation
and
bone black isumi-e
Sufficed

Meta Paradox of duodigitasia
As I live and breathe,
Alakhunusúon arrives
without fanfare
On my WhatsApp stream.
Chocolate bunnies,
Luceuplet
With chocolate masks
And chocolate too rolls in chocolate paws.

My toasted hot cross buns
Wear robust butter ontopions
As if to
Expiate the anxious subsultus
Of reality.

Daffadowndilly
Across the woodland stream
Shake their golden heads
At the tomfoolery.
Carrier Shells

(2020 looks back at 2014 with 20/20 vision: https://artandscience.atavist.com/verilyascaiku)

Word Wallop of the Carrier Shell

In a minor monumental moment between sleep & wakefulness
hypnagogic hallucinations,
like little sumpers
carry on quietly:

quidnuncs bake tasteless word cakes
valoria cups aoeu
they have no nose for heads in the sand
they are experts in tractography

Wooden
Corona Umbra

Do they ever ask how I feel about social distancing?

Corona Umbra

Said the summarist:
time to phiz up or just enfeoff
—Syssna, syssna—
(That’s Swedish for listening with sight)
Reporting the negative is idoneous
new fearware traditions
dappulse & saturate
Oh, for a clownfish now!
Liar, Liar Pants on Fire

No Golden Linings
The chief guides of liars
for the pleb
excavate our hopes
and winter holes
in our story vetin
even the hōc's might
will surely
deflagrate
Cosmopsis

Resurrections going down in Flames

In other news:
I see you Dollar Brand
And raise you Ken Burns
Is
The Flying Spaghetti Monster’s Space
9-dimensional?
Only time will tell
(Have some sympathy for the Devil
and its cosmopsis!)

Emperor

The Emperor Skating on thin Ice

In this daze-there-goes-my-trousers reality
we have to contend
with a cad and a douche
a snake oil salesman!

In a parody of the Henriad
we have a divvY cock-brigadier
a cultural raillery
charging into a glaciarium,
pecking at short-lived panacea
bravely waving &a tiny caduceus
for all to see
Pin-ups

As the words keep falling down
At the splashdown site
A breviloquent phenom
With brightshining brochette eyes
And pinwheel whiskers
On an otherwise vanilla face
Whispered:
I've got your back;
Handwashing is now decriminalized.
c0vid Consuetudinary

ONE LIST to Rule them all

In the future, our heritage of rules may include:

- Consuetudinary rules for:
  - Easing with rules for:
    - Observing aoudads
    - Munching village hedges
    - Spilling ben-fingers of medical supplies
    - Arranging deck-chairs on your isolation porch
    - And so on and so forth,
    - Regurgitating that you'll have someone else's blood on your head
  - With poorly executed antibody tests,
  - Inadequate supplies of big roll
  - Half-ased hand washing
    - But blaming
  - Slow vaccines, lacking leadership & lock-downs
  - Sham remedies
  - Social media - Shaming...
  - And also, of course:
    - The exact methods
    - For avoiding stringy, yeastless dough and survivor's guilt
Ashes to Ashet
(Toe Lippe)

The ember months this year
will see me geostationary
in my Kongshui garden,
digging holes & planting tulip bulbs
along the rim of the ashet
(Bury the hatchet)
true to my alienist's cure
there will be
no more flag waving
over Hoxton banner-
just shadows ticking time
Shant Amy across the Rilley
On the anniversary of my deathday
- perform a yahrzeit of dramatic irony -

"I'd like for all to write hackneyed hate:
with banalistic execution
comes little responsibility
just a poetaster in a filacre
holding their horses,
wielding a word whip with yoke
(hold the humor-hounds & smark)

i will not be there, nor in pain

with or without penchant coronabrain
let your eulogies not lie:
unblemished ant
did not have the better of her

Momette
On the Money

On the Money
(Lies, Damnable)

It's surely a tragi-dlle
due ungodly collogry
is the true beller
for Helen. galitarian.
Heteroclite to the core
they speak their soliloquies
in mute tongues.
Racists, whose
net worth metaphorly bigels
have taked
need the biscuit
just keep dotting false marks.
COvid-38 on the Cards

Given cookies obstinate and stewardship purchasable a mass grown money mouse from a bespectacled recognition face-tie one with spinothalamic cords in it that shows the courage of its convictions and celebrates its stupor mundi cumbersomely in déja-vu virus

Rings on their Fingers and Bells on their Toes

In no recent playground, the miller said there's no smoke without fire, no fire without moths here you'll find us doing morris dances in tended universal philobiblists looking askance at fairsenders facilitating paradela by toolmaker
Bubble Brain

The Bubbling Brain

Before Pheobe was a manic pixie dream girl, she studied silice.

One wonders if her aberration and/or new rest on its clurer.

No; it dances macabre, the forest floor giving her soon to be forsaken: Such mauvais tons!

This thought bubble car,
in Brockage condition,

- a veetsoof treda.

*Get THAT off your Pandoremic chest with ULTRA Violent Sunshine

What insects do you speak of?

'邻', free to "froo!"

GET YOURS!

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Imposter Syndrome

You've had your fair share
of the sauce bottle.
Stage whispers the wind:
these chintzy notes
from your rampick berimbau
a ridiculous succedaneum
at a rabot puntabout

Who farts here?
It’s a Free Verse

It’s a FREE VERSE

Have the guts
to put some stunning ineffabilities
into your very own tragic comedy!

wherefore would
a saturnine patent bill
promulgate poetic canisters
of moody moonbeams
making merry?

The creative cigar does not
coyly smoke itself
like some oleaginous ouroborus
after all

((m))
Ode to the Poet

At your zócalo,
humble poet
you are sedulous ambient
in manner quiet,
in words unspoken,
often exuberant.
You are possessive
of a carefree choreography,
an air with elegant élan;
the volutes of your verses
are not the mere miméas
of face holes in this time of Covid,
but sweet-breathed
soi-disant zéphyrs,
stepping high!

Life is Drôl
Before Swine

Dropping the Ball

The hospital porter, pearls in tow
- a brat's same bounty for a small barrow
- an egocentric pearly queen no longer
(subvoc: instead: wordmonger;
though hapless haiku sometimes doth lurk
in her functional fitness footwork)

The garnish would have its say
on National Drop-Fake-Friends-Day!
Le Sigh

Existential Sights

an ill-fated trial by ylem
put the wind up my distelfink
with superfluous overreach
the disingenuous strumpet
had tumbled to the floor with malicious glee

on the positive side:
I now know how to bake briochè
(also:
We missed the count Sher's awesomeness dive)

Comeuppance

Come uppance
A soporous shinebox
Could well be
The perfect emblem
For that horrid circumpoop
Strutting his frivolous stuff

— but —
to be in the cotton
Wade no calmly Venus traps
Pupifying
The bristly root of man

— that —
he does assiduously
completely by himself

Hey, you know I'm Smoking HOT!

Yeah, you said it was okay.
As Scarlett said: Tomorrow is another day.

We have come to the end of Poetry Writing Month 2020, but why stop? Despite Covid-19 not being gone with the wind, the world, and the words, go on.

More fun: Plucky Pheasantries