

JABBERMOCKERY

Twas brillig and the gliding coves
Did gyre and gimble in the wave;
All whimsey were the barographs,
And the varios off scale.

Beware the cu-nim cloud my son:
The turbulence, the clutching hand:
Beware the newploughed field and shun
The frumious cabbage-patch!

He took his vorpal stick in hand:
Long time the turning point he sought -
So circled he in his Nimbus three,
And sat a while in thought.

And as in roughish lift he flew,
The Booker mob, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey blue,
And burbled as they came.

One, two! One, two! And round and round
The camera went snicker-snack!
He set his ring, and dolphining,
He went galumphing back.

And hast thou won the Nationals?
Come to the bar, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! 500 km!
He chortled in his joy.

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(? revised version by D. Stradivare
see S & G June/July 1983)