

PARODY



Wendy Cope (British)

(1945-)

Waste Land Limericks (1986)

I

In April one seldom feels cheerful;
Dry stones, sun and dust make me fearful;
Clairvoyants distress me,
Commuters depress me --
Met Stetson and gave him an earful.

II

She sat on a mighty fine chair,
Sparks flew as she untied her hair;
She asks many questions,
I make few suggestions --
Bad as Albert and Lil -- what a pair!

III

The Thames runs, bones rattle, rats creep;
Tiresias fancies a peep --
A typist is laid,
A record is played --
Wei la la. After this it gets deep.

IV

A Phoenician called Phlebas forgot
About birds and his business -- the lot,
Which is no surprise,
Since he'd met his demise
And been left in the ocean to rot.

No water. Dry rocks and dry throats,
Then thunder, a shower of quotes
From the Sanskrit and Dante.
Da. Damyata. Shantih.
I hope you'll make sense of the notes.