

PARODY



Wendy Cope

(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.

V

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.