

Conventional Musings

Paranobitantribellum.
I think he spoke of that.
Paranobitantribellum —
That's what it was, from where I sat.
Relationships of Haustopausits.
Dialogues of Foustumcausits.
Poetic license, or a thing more wondrous,
All was quite parnabitriboundrous.
Evident testimony of cuantitantrous,
The character waxed philandipantrous.

“Crumbioulius, witcomtantri,”
Said the cat from a shelf in the pantry.

“Titi biti y cambriclorange,”
Answered the walloby, “Iantomborange.”

Oh, les belles choses, les belles choses!
Marvellous souls in second-hand clothes.
¡Señor, Señor, lo que inventa la gente!
(It's fair close to Latin, like “probablemente.”)

The conclusion has merit, and never doubt it.
He pounded the pulpit and commenced to shout it.
“Paranobitantribellum.”
That's right, neophyte, you bet! You tell 'em!

— Harold K. Moon