

The Grammarian

In his cheek he placed his tongue
And penned a giddy little song
About a girl whose step was wrong
When she took a dip without her thong.
Or when we get the same vowels together
That often makes us wonder whether
It makes the novice foreigner hate us
Because it's an exemplar of hiatus.
The single vowel is just a monothong
As you might find hiding in one 'gong'
It's like a swimsuit without a vital part
That takes a monokini to its heart.
But when different words start the same
We ken we're playing a different game
This may result in much ill-irritation
But we know it's really called alliteration.
As we gamely search for a moral here
We may 'bang' and 'crack', and 'crouch' in fear
All in the course of onomatopoeia
But like a simile that's crystal clear
Let's be 'all square' and 'four-by-four'
And embrace the mystical metaphor.

Ken Franklin - 23rd March 2020