



CRD

Chronic Rhyme Disease

By Wayne Visser

I swear I will not bow to rhyme
(this time)

For I must learn to let words flow
(let go)

And not to drum with sonic beat
(like feet)

Or try to net the perfect match
(to catch)

But now I see I've failed once more
(my flaw)

To scatter words like falling leaves
(from trees)

Instead like hiccups in my chest
(no rest)

I search for words that sound the same
(this game)

They call it Chronic Rhyme Disease
(don't tease!)

Or CRD in doctor-speak
(I'm weak!)

The illness isn't hard to spot
(it's not!)

And leaves the victim quite distraught
(in short)

I guess I'm one such hapless bard
(it's hard)

Still trapped within a cage of words
(like birds)

A lover of the lilt of lines
(like chimes)





An addict of the rhyming mode
(this ode)

copyright 2007

