



FLIBBAWOCKIE

By Wayne Visser

I'm loofed upon my slumpfry chair
And snugful phrapped without a care
My mind's awhim with pluffly clouds
And wurvly willows floom like shrouds

And there beslind the zub-zib shore
I flond an open majling door
Inverpling me to shwelp into
A wurp-hole that wawoosks me through

To my surprang I chinz to meet
A flibbawockie with floq feet
She prurls into my whyful eyes
And squeebz to lerk me hypnotised

I flonk beneath her quirly gaze
And flerb into the mergly haze
I'm swooked with dreams of virv delight
And flummed with luzzness at first sight!

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