

## Ode to Ogden

Dear Ogden,

My husband tells me  
That my poems and rhymes oft times  
Remind him of you.  
I can't tell you how much this has meant -  
After all, it's quite a compliment.  
But then, he has a biased view...husbands often do.

For sure, I strive for humor and dash -  
But come on - No one can write  
Like Ogden Nash.  
No, there is no one around like you!

And Ogden,

All of your poems  
Are little jewels.  
Who cares if you break  
Those silly ol' rules.

For instance, we simply love  
How you turn a word  
Into something  
No one's ever heard.

Words like *wearance* and *tearance*  
Are in your lexicon.  
They're not British or French  
And certainly not Mexican.

And then, some of your poems  
Are so outlandish,  
I often wonder how  
They would sound in Spanish.

In addition,  
I want to mention.  
It's your two-line verses  
That get my attention.

*Candy is dandy  
But liquor is quicker.*

Nowadays, blank verse  
Is all the rage.  
Words seem to flow freely  
Across the page.  
There is little need  
For meter or rhyme.  
It's restricting they say -  
A waste of time.

But, it's your whimsical rhymes  
I love to quote,  
The one 'bout the fly  
I wish I had wrote.

*The Lord in his wisdom made the fly.  
But then forgot to tell us why.*

There are times your phrases  
Are ever so sparsely.  
Who would say -  
*Parsley is gharsley.*

And who can forget  
Your ode to a tree  
That you write about  
So poignantly.

*I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree.  
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall  
I'll never see a tree at all.*

Moreover, the things you say  
'Bout the frailties of men  
Come back to haunt us  
Time and again.

*Professional men, they have no cares  
Whatever happens, they get theirs.*

From you, I've learned  
And really savor,  
All your poems about  
Animal behavior.

*Take the oyster—  
A confusing suitor  
It's masc. and feminine  
And EVEN NEUTER!*

*The camel has a single hump;  
The dromedary, two;  
Or else the other way around.  
I'm never sure. Are you?*

Ogden, no one comes close  
To your whimsical style,  
So I hope you don't mind if I try  
Once in awhile.  
Anyway, if imitation is  
A form of flattery,  
Copying your style  
Shouldn't matter!

At any rate, I want to give it a whirl--  
Who knows, inside my oyster  
There may be a pearl.

And Ogden, we now know you've  
Entered those Pearly Gates  
Where a whole new audience  
Eagerly awaits  
To hear more of your verses--  
Oft times outrageous,  
That keep us in stitches  
Page after pages!

And we have this feeling

But please do not quote us,  
That you are perched on a cloud,  
In position Lotus.

In fact, we can see you  
On this very same cloud  
Reciting your gems  
To this appreciate crowd.

And on a cloud still higher  
Hidden from view,  
Sits a smiling St. Peter  
Listening, too.

Somehow we feel  
The heavens are blessed  
To have you there  
As their permanent guest.

We miss you, dear Ogden,  
And your irrepressible wit.  
We hope that you're happy  
Wherever you sit.

Dear Ogden,  
There is one more thing  
I have to say,  
Then I'll put down my pen  
And fade away.

Though I write in your style  
Most unabashedly  
I still wish I could  
express myself  
More Ogden *Nashedly*.

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