

Style Invitational Week 1193: Poedtry II

Returning to a form that the Invite (or anyone else?) hasn't done since 1996. Plus the winning 'ge-' limericks of our annual Limerixcon.



(Bob Staake for The Washington Post)

By Pat Myers • Entertainment September 15 

(Click [here to skip down](#) to the winning “ge-” limericks from Week 1189)

**Mom, a Jew. Pop, a WASP.
Easter, Pesach, Christmas.
Communion, tallises,
Psychoanalysis.**

(Roger L. Browdy, winner of Week 172, June 1996)

Just over 20 years ago, this humble space introduced “an entire poetic form, making its global debut in the Style Invitational.” It was dubbed the Poed, as in Poems by Ed, as in one Ed Hopkins of Davidsonville, Md., who’d suggested it.

Since then, the form hasn’t exactly found its way onto the syllabuses of collegiate English departments everywhere; in fact, Google showed the Empress exactly zero other Poeds besides the collection of inking entries from Week 172. That may be because it’s a tall order, but we *are* talking about the Loser Community here. So let’s give Mr. Hopkins’s form a new lease on life:

This week: Write a Poed, which consists of four lines:

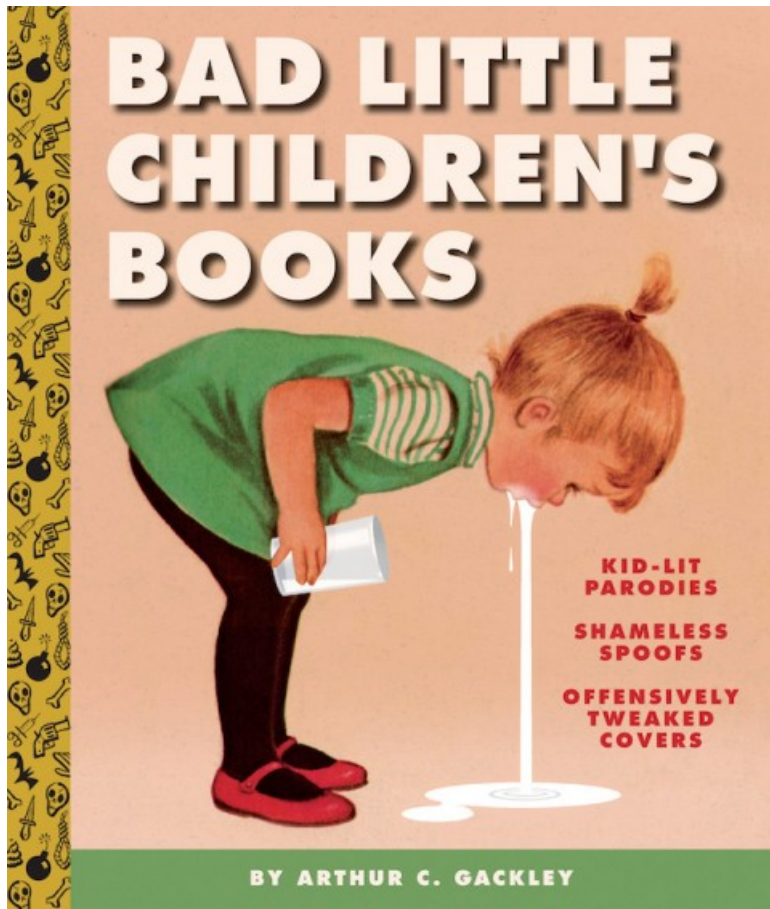
The first line contains six one-syllable words.

The second line contains three two-syllable words.

The third line contains two three-syllable words.

The fourth line contains one six-syllable word (or a name totaling six syllables; that's the Empress's one amendment to the original.

And at least two of the lines must rhyme.



This week's second prize, which is not exactly a children's book. Much as the Invite is not exactly a children's feature.

This contest is no doubt challenging, but the original did produce some pretty good results; see them in this week's [Style Conversational column](#), published late Thursday afternoon).

Submit entries at the website bit.ly/enter-invite-1193 (all lowercase).

Winner gets the [Inkin' Memorial](#), the Lincoln statue bobblehead that is the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a signed copy of a brand-new collection called "[Bad Little Children's Books](#)," by one "Arthur C. Gackley." The handsome, art-quality volume is filled with more than 100 old-time children's-book covers that have been "offensively tweaked" with Photoshop skills. So a 1950s-ish cover featuring a little boy and girl examining a treasure chest becomes "Can You Still Breathe, Grandma?: Taffy and Tuffy Learn About Oxygen." And that's one of the less tasteless ones. The prize was donated by "a longtime supporter of bad taste, cheap parody and The Style Invitational who, for obvious reasons, prefers to remain anonymous."

Other runners-up win their choice of a yearned-for [Loser Mug](#), the older-model “[This Is Your Brain on Mugs](#)” mug or our new Grossery Bag, “[I Got a B in Punmanship.](#)” Honorable mentions get one of our lusted-after Loser magnets, “[Magnet Dum Laude](#)” or “[Falling Jest Short.](#)” First Offenders receive a smelly tree-shaped air “freshener” ([FirStink](#) for their first ink). Deadline is Monday night, Sept. 26; results published Oct. 16 (online Oct. 13). You may submit up to 25 entries per contest. See general contest rules and guidelines at [wapo.st/InvRules](#). The headline for this week’s results is Tom Witte; the honorable-mentions subhead is by Beverley Sharp. Join the lively Style Invitational Devotees group on Facebook at [on.fb.me/invdev](#). “Like” the Style Invitational Ink of the Day on Facebook at [bit.ly/inkofday](#); follow [@StyleInvite](#) on Twitter.

The Style Conversational The Empress’s weekly online column discusses each new contest and set of results. Especially if you plan to enter, check it out at [wapo.st/styleconv](#).

[And from The Style Invitational four weeks ago . . .](#)

DogGereL: The winning ‘ge-’ limericks of Week 1189

Week 1189 was our annual Limerixicon, the contest for limericks featuring words from some sliver of the alphabet, this time “ge-” words. The Invite has been Limerixiconning every year since 2004 in conjunction with [OEDILF.com](#), an eternal project to create a full dictionary in which each word is described by a limerick; Week 1189 entrants, inking or not, are welcome to submit their entries there among the close to 100,000 limericks already included.

4th place

I committed a social monstrosity
When toasting my host’s **generosity**.
“Thanks for sharing your house,
Your fine liquor, your spouse . . .”
Cue my exit at rapid velocity.
(Matt Monitto, Bristol, Conn.)

3rd place

“I know all about countries and stuff —
I’m a **geopolitical** buff!”
Touted Trump’s latest boast,
Though it should be, for most,
That he left off the “-oon,” clear enough.
(Jesse Frankovich, Lansing, Mich.)

2nd place and the antique copy of “The Last Days of Pompeii” by Edward Bulwer-Lytton:

The **gecko**, when stalked, can prevent
His assailant’s malicious intent:
His tail can detach!
That’s all that they catch.
He saves more than 15 percent. (Joe Neff, Warrington, Pa.)

And the winner of the Inkin' Memorial:

Shirley lied, "I'm just fat. I got stressed, ate
More dining hall food than the rest ate."
Her mom jerked a thumb
At the freshman's huge tum
Before bellowing, "Shirley, you **gestate!**" (Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

Out on a limb: honorable mentions

To the joys of the flesh let's surrender!
To my eager caresses please tender
Your breasts — or your pecs!
(I'm addicted to sex,
But I'm simply indifferent to **gender.**)
(Hugh Thirlway, The Hague)

If you can't find your phone and your keys or
Your dentures fall out when you sneeze or
Your best conversations
Concern medications,
It's a pretty good bet you're a **geezer.**
(Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

In **Genesis**, all things began:
Day and Night, Sea and Sky, Beast and Man.
God then tried to create
An obedient mate —
And that's when His plan hit the fan. (Jesse Frankovich)

A **generalizer's** a fool.
Making sweeping pronouncements ain't cool.
And before you complain
That I've failed to abstain,
The exception, I'm told, proves the rule. (Madeleine Begun Kane, New York)

Are you **geared up** for shootin' and lootin'?
Then you might like to know we're recruitin'
To maintain our campaign
For domain in Ukraine.
Yours, in jugular vein, (Signed) V. Putin.
(Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

As I stood on the stage, in the spot,
They threw flowers; I wish they had not.
The handsome **geranium**
That bounced off my cranium

(You guessed it) was still in a pot. (Hugh Thirlway)

Get, *n.*, a traditional Jewish divorce, and also the success in booking someone for a TV interview

The Tel Aviv talk show was set —

Its most coveted on-air guest yet!

The PM would discourse

On Israeli divorce —

Oh, the viewers that get-get will get! (Perry Beider, Silver Spring, Md.)

From old China, a tale you should know

Of an army done in by its foe:

Seems they took a big lickin’

’Cause their leader was chicken —

Which is why we still know **General Tso**.

(Craig Dykstra, Centreville, Va.)

“I’m a **genius!**” declared my dear mate.

“I can program this thing, ain’t that great?

You can call me the czar

Of this here VCR.”

I won’t tell him he’s 20 years late.

(Hildy Zampella, Falls Church, Va.)

As a **general** rule, avoid lyin’.

Down in Rio, the cops find it tryin’.

When in guile you dive deep,

The descent is so steep

Even gold will look cheap, trust me. — Ryan (Stephen Gold)

There’s the swindled and penniless Huey Duck,

And a brother more destitute, Louie Duck.

But one bypassed the scams

And kept all of his clams,

So he’s known by the alias “**Geoduck**.” (Kevin Dopart, Washington) ([Yes, it rhymes.](#))

Geriatrics

Playing hockey was Gerald’s forte,*

As a youth, on the ice night and day.

Now at age 84,

Thrice a game he’ll still score:

Gerry Hat Trick’s his nickname today. (Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.)

(*The standard pronunciation of “forte,” for its meaning of someone’s strong suit, is “fort,” as it is in French. But [dictionaries](#) also list the Italian pronunciation “fortay” even outside musical contexts.)

For my little girl's birthday I built her
A fish tank that went out of kilter:
The pump up and died
The day that she tried
To breed a whole school of **gefilte**. (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

Most spaniels are black, white or umber,
But Kew Gardens produced a new number:
Using chlorophyll **genes**
Extracted from beans,
They created a dark green [Kew Clumber](#).
(Bob Turvey, Bristol, England)

A **genius** has wisdom to spare,
Pulls great insights out of the air,
Discerns hidden truths
When no more than a youth,
And fully understands limerick rhyme and meter.
(Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.)

At the **germaphobes'** ball, she could tell
He was smart and good-looking as hell;
Better yet, he could dance,
And she felt, through his pants,
The extent of his jumbo Purell. (Melissa Balmain)

I've been taken for granite," I hissed.
"That **geologist's** now off my list.
What he sold wasn't gneiss
At his 'rock-bottom price,'
Just a typical lode of pure schist. (Kevin Dopart)

Entertainment Alerts

Big stories in the entertainment world as they break.

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"My wish," the old man told the **genie**,
Is that you would just lengthen my weenie."
"I don't think so," she said,
"But I'll do this instead:"
And, poof, made the rest of him teeny. (Rob Cohen, Potomac)

Revelations caused Huma to scoff,
"Not again will you drink from that trough.
You're still up to your tricks
Texting **genital** pix?
Mister Weiner, I'm cutting you off." (Nan Reiner, Boca Raton, Fla.)

I've not seen it in writing, it's verbal,
But a friend of a friend heard a **gerbil**
Was once bought in a cage
By a star of the stage,
But then transferred to somewhere quite terbil. (Frank Osen)

The Style Invitational's real;
It's never refined or **genteel**.
It's often called sassy
But never called classy.
And that, folks, describes its appeal.
(Mae Scanlan, Washington)

Still running — deadline Monday night, Sept. 19: our Ask Backwards contest, in which we give the answers and you give the funny questions. See bit.ly/invite1192.

 0 Comments

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