A Limerick A-Z Sequence

*(Read just as an A-Z sequence, or as solutions to the A-Z limericks jigsaw posted in the Puzzle Palace.)*

I: A-F

A Decadent poet named Algy

Was subject to fits of *nostalgie*—

Beachcombing the shore

Of his Oceans of Yore,

In search of laced foam, and lost algae.

An underwear model called Bruce,

Being proud of his well-toned caboose,

Had a “shoot the moon” rule:

“You can swoon. You can drool.

A gander is good. But don’t goose.”

“The root of the problem,” said Chloe,

In tones professorially showy,

“Is arcane heuristics!

Azoic phlogistics

Are condign but moot!” Good to knowy.

So biliously soul-dead is Don

He buys his own every con.

Downvote the whole ticket,

Tell his whole mob to stick it,

And the mob boss will *still* whine he won.

An admirer of Jesus called Edith,

Whose vow was to go where He leadeth,

So fought the good fight—

Took the stand for what’s right—

She got handed a Bible to plead with.

Oh who is as fickle as Fergus,

Who once, on the night of Walpurgis,

Soul-kissed the Devil,

Then ditched him,mid-revel!

He’d a yen for pre-eucharist burgers.

II. G-K

A charter boat newbie named Gideon,

Like some bare-torsoed native Floridian,

Steered into the whitecaps,

Swigging drinks meant as nightcaps,

Till his skin turned less bronze than viridian.

A grumpy French student named Hortense,

Required to acquire "just one more tense,"

Declared her intention

To—pardon her French—

“Anatomically love word” that poor tense.

A pair of twins, Evan and Ivan,

Supposing the ploy might enliven

Their dull nine-to-fives,

Switched names, and switched lives.

And *tried* to switch wives. *One*’s surviving.

A horny old codger named Jeremy

Dreamed dreams of unlived lives more haremy—

As the girl, once, he wed

Surfed Netflix in bed,

To ogle Brad Pitt, and sigh, “Marry me.”

A composer for cats, called Katrina,

In *Partita for Spayed Concertina*,

Interweaves hairball wheezes,

Squeezed squeals, and yowled sneezes

Like diseased bees seized by a hyena.

III. L-P

Said the prof to the student named Liz,

“If you posit ‘It is what it is’—

What *was* ‘it’?—or *weren’t*?—

Define your referent! “—

“Will this,” she asked, “be on the quiz?”

My roommate in college, called Malcolm,

Had odors profusely unwelcome.

How he snored! Like an ox!
Passed out in his jocks

And his socks, while I doused him in talcum.

A Newfoundland nudist named Norman,

Whose log cabin wasn’t a warm un,

Regretted, he said,

Being dogless, unwed,

And preferably a sheik, or a Mormon.

A gossipy fellow named Otto,

Whose voce was never quite sotto,

Just loved this café!

He could eavesdrop all day,

Till we gagged him with force-fed risotto.

“I landed a mermaid!” said Pedro.

I found this unlikely. I said so.

“I killed, grilled, and ate her,

But puked her up later.

Take a look, dude! She’s all in my head, bro!”

IV. Q-U

Who doesn’t love “Crazy Man” Quincy?

The pride of Ohio and Cincy!

What a pro the man is!

Is it all show and biz?

Dish the dirt! Where it hurts, and gets chintzy!

A globe-trotting dentist called Ruth

Fell hard for a cannibal youth.

They hungered; they clung;

The auguries swung

Between Ruthless and Toothlessly Couth.

As a wizard’s apprentice named Sidonie

Was hoovering the spell room, unbidden, the

Demon Lord Black loomed—

She swiveled—she vacuumed—

He got more than he bargained for, didn’t he!

A lowly foot soldier named Terence

Aspired to join the knight-errants.

The were-dragon roared.

Were-fire lit the hoard.

Terry fled. I admire his forbearance.

Said her host to exchange student Ursula,

“Since the program’s designed to immerse you *là*,

*On te parle désormais*

*Uniquement en français.*

*Ça va, mademoiselle?* My, how terse you are!”

V. V-Z

If you fawn at the feet of Victoria,

She will be unamused, and ignore ya.

But marry King Harry—

Be barren—miscarry—

Bear daughters? Your sick transit’s gorier.

A prizefighter nicknamed “Whacks” Wayne,

To mete out the maximum pain,

Would snarl as he smote ’em,

“Yo ma has no scrotum!”

And they’d scowl, and trade smacks to the brain.

 “Wanna rock tonight,” texted Miss X,

 “On a tide of below the decks pecks?”

George wrote, “There’s a yacht?

With a parrot?” George got

Downrated from triple to ex.

She still had a brain, *tante* Yvonne!

It was mostly just names that were gone.

Her sons’? She was hesitant.

Who are you? Who’s the President?

“*Incroyable!* ’e ran? And Yvonne?”

What a cute baby girl was their Zelda!

How she snuffled and purred as they held her!

She slept like a kitten!

They wept! They were smitten!

Until she woke up. Then they belled her.