A Limerick A-Z Jigsaw Sequence

*(Fix the limericks. Each line 1 must stay a line 1; each line 2 be a line 2; lines 3-4 remain 3-4;*

*the line 5s continue as line 5s. I’ve solved the D stanza, to get you started.)*

I: A-F

A Decadent poet named Algy

In tones professorially showy,

Soul-kissed the Devil,

Then ditched him,mid-revel!

She got handed a Bible to plead with.

An underwear model called Bruce,

Was subject to fits of *nostalgie*—

“Is arcane heuristics!

Azoic phlogistics

He’d a yen for pre-eucharist burgers.

“The root of the problem,” said Chloe,

Who once, on the night of Walpurgis,

So fought the good fight—

Took the stand for what’s right—

A gander is good. But don’t goose.”

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,

Being proud of his well-toned caboose,

Beachcombing the shore

Of his Oceans of Yore,

Are condign but moot!” Good to knowy.

Oh who is as fickle as Fergus,

Whose vow was to go where He leadeth,

Had a “shoot the moon” rule:

“You can swoon. You can drool.

In search of laced foam, and lost algae.

II. G-K

A charter boat newbie named Gideon,

Dreamed dreams of unlived lives more haremy—

Declared her intention

To—pardon her French—

Like diseased bees seized by a hyena.

A grumpy French student named Hortense,

Supposing the ploy might enliven

Interweaves hairball wheezes,

Squeezed squeals, and yowled sneezes

Till his skin turned less bronze than viridian.

A pair of twins, Evan and Ivan,

Like some bare-torsoed native Floridian,

As the girl, once, he wed

Surfed Netflix in bed,

“Anatomically love word” that poor tense.

A horny old codger named Jeremy

In *Partita for Spayed Concertina*,

Steered into the whitecaps,

Swigging drinks meant as nightcaps,

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

A composer for cats, called Katrina,

Required to acquire "just one more tense,"

Their dull nine-to-fives,

Switched names, and switched lives.

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

III. L-P

Said the prof to the student named Liz,

Whose log cabin wasn’t a warm un,

Just loved this café!

He could eavesdrop all day,

And his socks, while I doused him in talcum.

My roommate in college, called Malcolm,

I found this unlikely. I said so.

Regretted, he said,

Being dogless, unwed,

Till we gagged him with force-fed risotto.

A Newfoundland nudist named Norman,

Had odors profusely unwelcome.

What *was* ‘it’?—or *weren’t*?—

Define your referent! “—

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

A gossipy fellow named Otto,

“If you posit ‘It is what it is’—

“I killed, grilled, and ate her,

But puked her up later.

And preferably a sheik, or a Mormon.

“I landed a mermaid!” said Pedro.

Whose voce was never quite sotto,

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

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

IV. Q-U

Who doesn’t love “Crazy Man” Quincy?

Fell hard for a cannibal youth.

Demon Lord Black loomed—

She swiveled—she vacuumed—

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

As a wizard’s apprentice named Sidonie

The pride of Ohio and Cincy!

The were-dragon roared.

Were-fire lit the hoard.

Between Ruthless and Toothlessly Couth.

A globe-trotting dentist called Ruth

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

What a pro the man is!

Is it all show and biz?

Terry fled. I admire his forbearance.

A lowly foot soldier named Terence

Was hoovering the spell room, unbidden, the

*On te parle désormais*

*Uniquement en français.*

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

Said her host to exchange student Ursula,

Aspired to join the knight-errants.

They hungered; they clung;

The auguries swung

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

V. V-Z

If you fawn at the feet of Victoria,

How she snuffled and purred as they held her!

Her sons’? She was hesitant.

Who are you? Who’s the President?

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

A prizefighter nicknamed “Whacks” Wayne,

She will be unamused, and ignore ya.

She slept like a kitten!

They wept! They were smitten!

Downrated from triple to ex.

She still had a brain, *tante* Yvonne!

To mete out the maximum pain,

George wrote, “There’s a yacht?

With a parrot?” George got

Until she woke up. Then they belled her.

“Wanna rock tonight,” texted Miss X,

It was mostly just names that were gone.

Would snarl as he smote ’em,

“Yo ma has no scrotum!”

Bear daughters? Your sick transit’s gorier.

What a cute baby girl was their Zelda!

“On a tide of below the decks pecks?”

But marry King Harry—

Be barren—miscarry—

“*Incroyable!* ’e ran? And Yvonne?”