

The Rumor

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Once upon a jaded story, from one acting quite poor sporty,
Over many a snubbed and slighted anthology of abhorrent prose-
Rufus cast, combed, chased after tabloids most sought after
As of some jealous scribing scripter at any mortals forfeiture
“‘Tis some credit,” Rufus called for, “to exhaust baneful forfeiture.”

Only this and slightly more

Ah, lucidly he remembered it was in an act of splendor,
How Poe heartlessly wrote a chapter sparking discommoding lore.
Eagerly he wished reprisal; -disconcerted seeking aisle
In his anger sparking equal- equal for a pen and prose
For the unappreciated and creative artwork created by a pen and prose

Abundant here after more

And then the dewy deluge of each chalice refill
Thrilled him- filled him with fantastic fevers faithful to;
So that now dependance immortalized as longing
To this poison often calling in which you chronicle as faulty
He substantiate Poe lay faulty

Just one drink more

Subsequential to the drinking; started much post mortem thinking
“Sir” said he, “Or madam, your assistance I implore;
My ideas they get fleshy, and there’s no hope of finding freshly,
A dismembered body filled with guts and gore,
That I don’t have the words to affirm” - just envision guts and gore

Just one death more

Integrity is swiftly slipping, into badness he was skipping, dipping,
Tripping, over ethicality that creates society’s flow;
But the damage was unsettling, and the graphics discomforting,
And the topics disclosed were dwindling, “Oh the woe!”
This he triggered, and the world lamented, “Oh the woe!”

Who gives a **** they want more

So the snided author churning, all the scandal started burning,
History started turning, the truth was louder than before.
“Surely,” said we, “surely that is why Rufus was gladdest
To pay homage toward the inventor of mystery
Who’s exiting existence left a realm of mystery

To his readers evermore