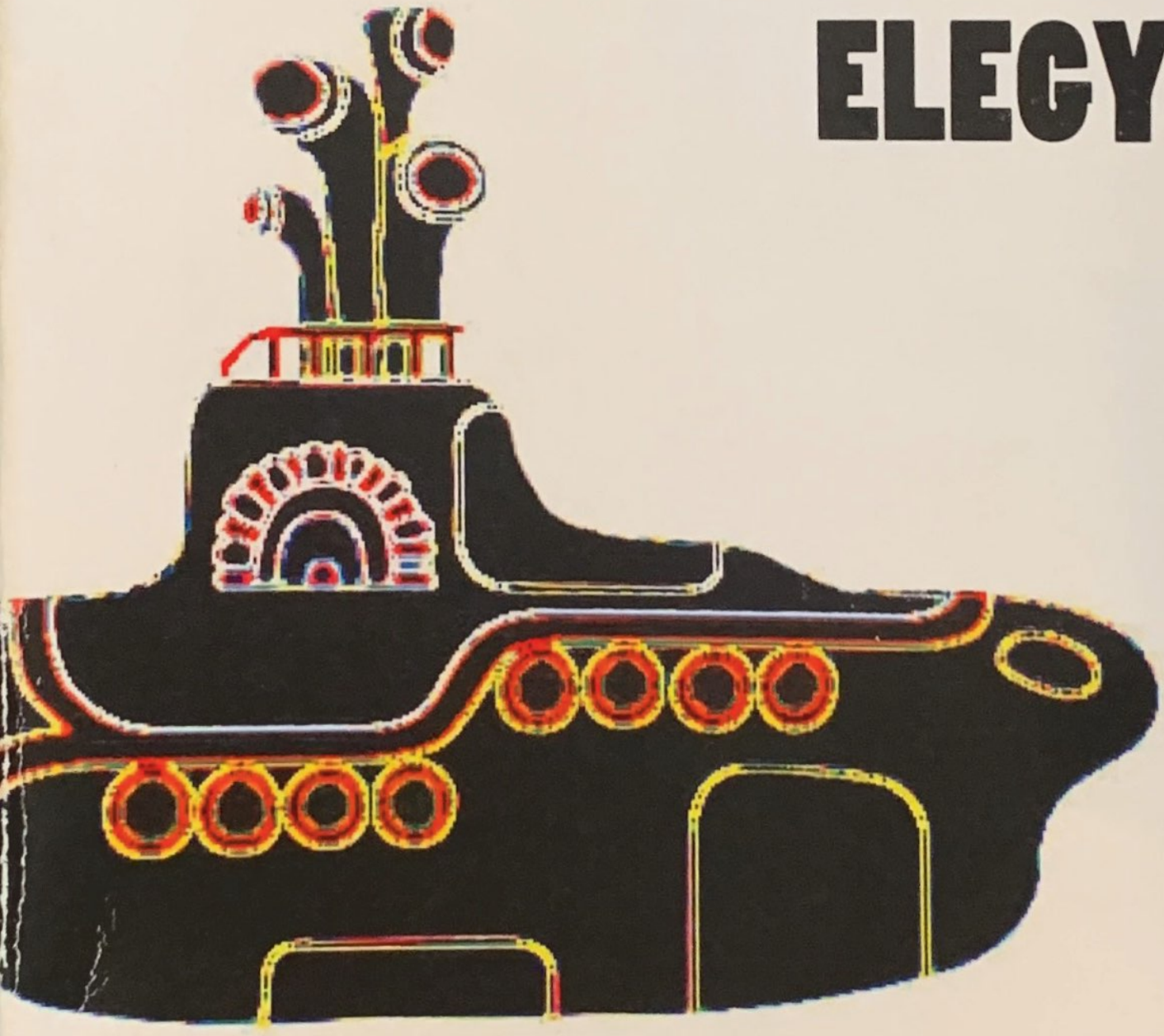
WE ALL LIVE IN A LITTLE ELEGY



Trumblematch & Gilespelay

Gimbling through his twarny patch
Was the infamous fleery—Trumblematch—
Who was known for his falumples, falumps, and filets,
But none more delicious than his miffilets.
Morgaling and mumbling everyday
Was his nosey neighbor—Gilespelay —
Who occasionally chomped on Trumble's filets,
Tasting the swells of stolen miffilets.

"Hay tak may falumpl's, falumps, and filays!
Hay tak may xpansav' miffilays!
Hay tank hay smarta than may, hay say—
May tank not Gil-s-play!
Hay tank hay smarta than Trumbl'match!
Hay tank may dumb and no match!
Hay tak may falumpl's, falumps, and filays
N'ar again may miffilays!"

So Trumblematch hid in the quims of the quays
Waiting to quibble and quarrel Gilespelay —
Maloofing, maffooning in invisible place—
Gileseplay came carrackling with pace.
Thrustling and brustling, the swilicts splonched—
Whistling and thristling leaves to swonch
As Gilespelay's pawls pat twarny patch
To the disgusted disgrunt of Trumblematch.
Trumble's eyes arrayed a ray—
A fiery aggrapt gaze at Gilespelay—
Causing a grievilous, grevious grumbling gratch
Within the heart of Trumblematch.
Pawling from hiding behind a quiet quim quay
Trumblematch yelled to Gilespelay,

"Tam to day Gil-s-play!
Yay fumious, flatrulous, frumious faray!
Yay stol' and carrack'd may fain twarny miffilays
From may patch of falumpl's, falumps, and filays."

They gribbled and grabbled, rolled and trolled
'Til both their breath's warm huffs grizzled cold
In the war they waged, no victor was vied…
Gilespelay and Trumblematch lay there—died.
Their tombstones and pawl bears neighbor one another,
Reading "Ere Trumblematch", "Ere Gilespelay" together—
forever.