

THE COMEDIE OF THE CHIMERA

In deep and dreary a dungeon
the CHIMERA, of man and lion, lived.

He patrolled the subterra's floors,
as vigilant as the centurions.

Yet he was a wistful beast,
who dreamed of the OVERWORLDS green.

In a forbidden step, he ventured
above, in defiance of unsaid laws.

In his unaccustomed eyes he saw,
the bold, beautiful blue lands.

Two spirits, CHRISSY and CLYDE,
trembled at the sight of the MONSTER.

"O please, spare our mortal forms!" said they,
"I reject my role as opponent." assured he.

Yet a wretched WIZAR manifested and dragged
the betrayer back to the blocky bowels below.

"MONSTER are you, and MONSTER you shall stay,
slay all those who are not your kin." imposed they.

The PRINCE of PLUM drew his blade towards
the breast of the CHIMERA, with genuine intent.

"No longer, no longer shall I fight another!"
yelled the beast, tears in cheek and paws.

"So thou seek to break the system?" inquired
the pink PRINCE, all daintily and flowered.

"All too much," CHIMERA wept boldly. To confront
the dread mother of MONSTERS he must.

TIAMAT, of octopine visage, stared down
at the small man lion, his spawn.

"Let me determine my own self!" protested he.
The mother drooled indifferently.

"If that is so, then take it up with
the men of HELL," advised she.

"Then we must venture to an abyss ever deep,"
stated PRINCE of PLUM, shyly.

"Aye, ye MONSTER!" the DEMON spoke
"Aye, that I am," replied he.

"What BUSINESS have ye here?"
"I will to live in the OVERWORLD blue."

"Preposterous a will have ye," DEMON sneered.
"Nay, for I am repulsed by fighting."

"Then so be it, reject all who ye were,
Not even DEMONs deep can stop ye."

"Oh glad oh glad" rejoiced PRINCE of PLUM.
"Nevermore am I haunted." CHIMERA sighed.

"Farewell dungeon, dark and dank were thee!"
the man lion said, paws on cold floors.

"Farewell dungeon, brut and bland you were!"
the royalty said, boots rustling.

Upon the OVERWORLD, they greeted the fellow
two spirits CHRISSY and CLYDE.

"Cheer O cheer, the lovers have returned!"
the poltergeists yelled.

"We be not lovers, are we?" PRINCE asked.
"Then what that rose be for?" LION laughed.

So strange, so strange is such a work...
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THE END...
that is, until the killer snowmen!