

“Yolk”

Humpty Dumpty stood on a wall  
No one cares for just one egg  
So with a long face and cracked sadness in his eyes  
He jumped  
And on the pavement ended  
Sunny side up

“Diddle”

You are NOT the father!

The dish ran away

A little salad fork cried on screen

The little dog laughed

The cow jumped up

And the spoon left to find the cat

“Karen Muffett”

The spider went to the restaurant  
The Spout was the place she frequented  
Midday on a Friday as was the spider's custom  
She wanted an omelet with mushrooms, with peppers, and a dash of onion  
Vegetarian, but not quite vegan  
The spider loved her eggs too much  
Arrival, busy but not too busy  
The host picks a table for two in the back  
Busboys hurriedly rush to clear the table  
And clean the speck from the area  
Our story's heroine Miss Muffett  
Removes herself from her seat at the booth  
And stands in authority next to the spider  
And her table for two  
Cottage cheese dots the corner of her mouth  
Yet venom is the substance that strikes the air  
She specifically spits that the spider does not belong  
Simultaneously as she is screaming for the manager  
The web that is woven for the spider woman  
Keeps her stuck in a rut  
As the mumbling manager fails to aid her  
Uncomfortable eyes flit, glance, and stare  
And the embarrassed spider washed out  
The Spout that day