

# POETENCY PALACE GRAND OPENING

Poetency Palace opened in the retail district of Our Poem Town this morning to a crowd of celebrating poets and poetasters.

Six hundred kilograms of eclogue quatrains from the Virgilian era, shipped in from Bulk Ballads Barn, were handed out to all who entered the most recent store opening of the burgeoning Poetency franchise. The supply of quatrains ran out by noon, after poetry lovers from regional communities went the distance to exploit this once-in-a-lifetime offer.

*“I was young and easy under the maple boughs when I last saw a wealth of Latin quatrains like this,”* said fabric artist, Anita Veronica, who plans to quilt her quatrains for the guest bedroom. *“Quiltrains, I call them quiltrains.”*

*“Gather ye quiltrains while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same quiltrain that smiles today  
To-morrow may be sighing”*

Bill Haynes, a retired Poetry Lover since childe hoodlum, drove over from nearby Poet Hope to get his provisions of quatrains which he planned to distribute to his extended family. *“I was amazed by the deep discount on Elizabethan Sonnets and maxed my credit card on them,”* he gushed.

*“I bought a baker’s dozen of Edmund Spenser’s;*

*‘One day I wrote her name upon the sand,  
But came the waves and washed it away  
Again, I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.’*

*It reminded me of Poet Wally Keeler’s Wave Editing on Our Poem Town’s beach.”*

Poet Richard Dinkins, vacationing nearby at Lyric Loon Lake, drove into Our Poem Town for the day's celebrations. *"I found myself wallowing in the meme department. Bins were brimming with memes, all without context. Each meme was an orphan aching to snuggle into the arms of significance in a brief phrase or sentence, and I'm just the poet to burnish their self-esteem in poetry."*

*"The Alphabumbles table on the third floor was a charming surprise,"* exclaimed Poet Joe Rosensplatt, as he stuffed his backpack with Bumble Bs, Bumble Cs, Bumble Zs. *"The diversity is divine. Holy ZZZZZzzzzzzzs, there were flight-challenged Stumble Bs, fragile Crumble Bs, Humble Bs and a bulging barrel quarrelsome Mumble Bs and Grumble Bs harvested from the waste baskets of govern mental bureau crazy."*

*Stumble B Mumble B  
Make my poem grow  
Rumble B Tumble B  
Set it aglow*

Rosensplatt was so excited that he chlorophylled himself on the spot. A lesser poet would have been embarrassed by such an unexpected dump of green goop, but the poet who inhales morning sunbeams for breakfast was tickled lime by all the attention. Clean up in aisle five!

While staff mopped up the green surprise, downstairs in the lower case section Poet billet bliss frolicked, *"i reellee lyked th pronoun see ate shuns, espeshully th multipul accence, from lispywhispy to jawjawnaw, from greulgrowl to nottywasp. It's so accencual senshual! Makes me wanna poemulate myself"*

The Músicos de la Musa, hailing from Venezuela, entertained the crowd of poetry lovers on the street with the throbbing heat of sweet sweathyms. Their performance concluded with a deluge of pulp friction chads cast from the roof of the three-story structure. The Peoples Republic of Poetry had imported 100kg of doggerel

from Blandland for this provocative toss-off. Several random breezes swept away the doggerel debris.

The chads had been provided by the Banality Busters, enforcement agents from the Creative Intelligence Anarchy. They had located a cache of stolen first and second drafts of poetry disguised as recycled bundles in the rear yard of Clone & Cliché Corporation (C3). This was repatriated back to the glorious Imagine Nation of the Peoples Republic of Poetry.

C3 had been convicted in absentia on charges of profiting from the proceeds of rhyme and sentenced to 10 years poetsona non grata. The doggerel was brought across the border under the guise of FREE SPEECH; a trailer truck was seen unloading the kitschy stuff the day before the grand opening.

Quiltrains were quilted, the Bumble Bs buzzed,  
The doggerel fell and the poets all buzzed;  
Clean up in Aisle Five, the chlorophyll's green—  
Poetency Palace: now go get your sheen.

