

Set

Chet abetted the brunette
Anette in vetting the letter of
nettlesome offensive Tet references.
Both regretted, felt battered by
and indebted to the embattled & bitter,
scarlet letter bearing Babette.

Yet, beat up by that barrette wearing
bachelorette for being fecklessly unfettered,
they feted her with stealthily steeped Tetley and
butter plastered baguettes for
having prevented that meddling fetid bedwetting
peddler from tumescently gesticulating
about their chrome dinette.

The tea, served in Jeannette and Bette's
best set, hit the spot, though
the ladies fretted lest letting the trivetless pot
get so hot it might tend to taint or tatter
the place-setting serviette placed on the kitchenette's settee.

Then, that haughty coquette Claudette,
completely sans etiquette,
meddled in this matter, when
neatly sitting on the banquette,
beating the batch of batter for her tarts, she titteringly
tattled on her friends for splattering on the aforementioned kettle.

But Kettering, that flattering go-getting gill-netter,
admittedly C's particular intimate,
utterly set her heart aflutter, atwitter and anutter
did articulate, not merely utter, mutter, stutter nor splutter,
by admitting unremittedly he
felt romantically attracted to
Yea, totally besotted with
her tincture tinted tottering
crepitatingly flatulescent
senescent slattern of a mother.

*Dixon Elder
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