



**Providing Service
in Yale for a
Quarter-Century**

**Pizza + Pasta
Casseroles + Subs
Cyros + Souvlaki
Sandwiches
Seafood + Chicken
Steak + Salads
Daily Special
Hot and Cold Platters
Burgers + Wings
Beer + Wine
Desserts and more!**

HOURS
SUN-THURS 11AM-11PM
FRI-SAT 11AM-12AM

**288 York Street
New Haven, CT 06511
787-7471 / 787-7472**

**Located next to
Yard's Place and
behind Sterling
Memorial Library**

AN INCORRECT POEM

By Chris Peckover

They think I can't write (out of envy and spite)
So I've decided to come out and show 'em
That they're right and I can't! So I'll rave and I'll rant
In this entirely incorrect poem.

I wish I could see where to put simile
But my brain's like a limitless void.
So I play the dumb game, metaphysical shame,
In the mind of a frustrated Freud.

So why introduce consonance or produce
A page I deduce is all lies?
I corrupt my whole ode with redundance forebode.
Personification personifies.

Synecdoche's gone from the line it was on
Without nice and smooth hendiadys.
Can I not then compose some rhetorical prose?
Or end an aposiopesis...

Parallel structure plagues with corrupture,
I'm told so in all combinations.
I avoid hypermetrics, through death or obstetrics
And elude all lame a-lliteration.

My attempts at iambic pentameter can't
Be more laughable next to the best.
I can never inject a chiasmal aspect.
My poem dies here; here I'll rest.

And so, my comrade, I pray you're not mad
That I have so wasted your time.
Only now at the end do I see the grave trend
I could not even write a word that sounds like another word.