

There's a Word For It
Curt Vevang

When I was young, I had a sense,
as I'd go in some strange new door.
I've seen this place, I know it well,
I know I've been here once before.
I was surprised there was a word
for such a sense, could it be true?
Some Frenchman said, long years ago,
I think I'll call it *déjà vu*.

And if I eat so much I'm stuffed,
a two pound roast, four plates of stew.
When all I want is my soft couch,
I've found out now, they've named that too.
I'm so amazed I'm not the first
whose excess food caused so much pain.
Sur-feit became a word before,
the glory days of Charlemagne.

Well I'll show them, I'll coin a word,
an ideal word that's just for me.
I like to write, I like to rhyme,
a rhyme-ster then is what I'll be.
At last a word that's mine all mine.
A perfect word, for me today.
This word I know describes me well.
I'll add it to my resume.

But then one day I looked it up,
dictionaries are so perverse,
a *rhyme-ster* is, I now find out,
a writer of inferior verse