



EggMania — 20 Select Rhyming Phrases for Silly Billies – Rhyme Time

- I've looked there and here and in new frontiers.
I've searched far and near and in foreign spheres.

- I've looked above and below, and under roosts of crows.

- I've cruised through libraries and I've perused cookbooks.
I've chewed on strawberries and I've ransacked Chinooks.

- I've puzzled with Humpty Dumpty and all his pieces.
I've studied Faberge and downed umpteen quiches.

- I've spied on the sun and on the stars and the moon in all its phases.
I've hunted Easter Island. I've scoped Mars, and I've picked yellow daisies.

- I've sampled frittatas and sonatas and I've raced in regattas.
I've cracked dozens of cascarones and still found nada.

- "X," I say, "like an X-ray that reveals what's real?
Don't you mean an egg that nourishes at meals?"

- "It's not a joke and it's not a hoax. You're looking mighty pale.
But it's a fact and we'll not retract," sang the choir of Gaelles.

- "I'm skeptical. Eggs are delectable and oh so versatile," I replied.
"Oodles of folks say eggzactly, as if they're speaking correctly," I cried.

- "Where is she?" I asked on bended knee, my elbow making a vee.
"Does she reside in a coop around the loop, in the south, in the sea?"

- “Do I dare?” I asked, my hair on end and my knees knocking fearfully.
“Is she fair? Or does she fight, smite, and bite like a pecking-order bully?”
- “Whoa,” I howled. “No, I don’t! I like oats and cheese from goats.”
- The Gaelles meowed, “How now. He’s tart and not easily kowtowed.”
Ruffling their feathers, they bowed and barked, their brows full of scowl.
- “My ears are smart; they record a lot that folks impart,” I said with heart.
“I hear millions of people saying *eggzactly*, and they’re not playing parts.
And they don’t have warts,” I shouted boldly, my words sharp like darts.
- Not feeling shy, I asked directly, “Are you certain?
Maybe their tongues are tied or wearing curtains.”
- Listen mate, my purpose and that of the letters e-g-g highly rate.
It’s a different mission from an X, which never belongs in a crate.”
- “But wait,” said I. “Can an X ever *sound like* the word egg?”
I asked, casting my bait, bopping and hopping from leg to leg.
- “Cheer up, my friend. Dish the egg from exactly.
You’ll squish your wish, if you talk tackily.”
- “Forget being wary and contrary.
Seal the deal. Fill the bill. Swim like a fish and fly like a canary.
- She chuckled and clucked, in no way meek.
She winked and pecked both my cheeks.