

Pretty Harmless Nonsense



conversations in antipoetry.

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Nonsense

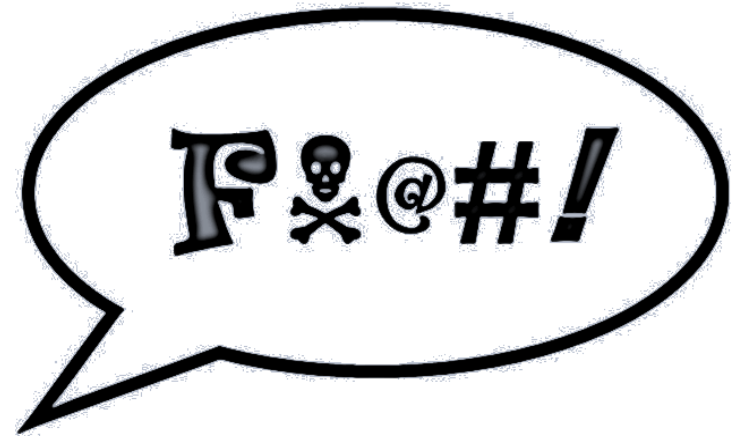
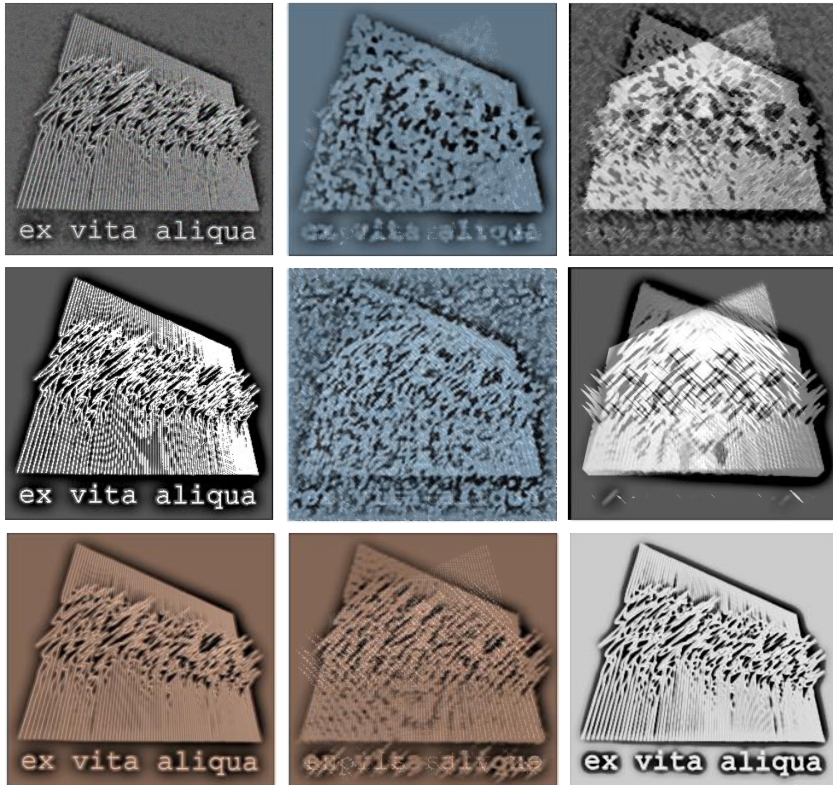
Pretty Harmless Nonsense
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ex vita aliqua
(mail@exvitaaliqua.com)

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cover art: © 2012 Shilda Emma Allen

digital pdf edition, 2026

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Ode on a Greeting Card



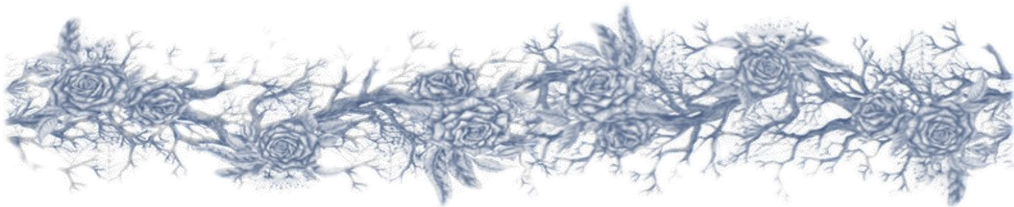
Forward:

It is my sincerest wish, dear reader, that you understand the nature of the following piece of rhymed verse to be that of whimsical parody. The subject matter is as old as life and has been so over-used, analyzed, debated that there really is no facet upon which to shed new light—least of all by one as poorly educated and lacking in grey matter as yours truly. If the farcical nature I have thus described does indeed flow freely from the page, then I am successful. If, however, the piece appears obtuse in its desire to actually teach and inspire; if it seems pregnant with originality and deep meaning; if it seizes the reins of cogent explanation while revealing the sublime underbelly of the monster in question; dear reader, if it truly makes sense, there can be but one of two possible reasons: either I have not done my job correctly, or I have done it all too well. Judge me, dear reader, or reserve your judgment for one more deserving. In the end does it really matter? Are we not but mere instances of thought, flesh, emotion rushing headlong to meet our inevitable salvation or doom at the end of the universe? Will a god greet us with a smile and tell us that everything we thought and did matters oh, so very much? Or will the void cast aside our earthly works and soundly assure us that we ain't seen nothin' yet? **Once more unto the breach! *Vive la difference!***

Recht und Freiheit! et cetera...

We interrupt this forward to bring you news that the author is temporarily unavailable. This is due to his entirely voluntary admittance to the Parenthetical Asylum for Mad-Poets and Ersatz Revealers of Mere Enigma. We assure you that his stay will be brief, just enough time to get his mind right. Until the event of his return, please avail yourself of the following poem, the forward of which you have just been treated to in whimsical if not sensical form.

Most sincerely, the Management.



Love is...

Love is like a summer's breeze—Love is the bees' knees
Love is like a baying howl—Love is the widow's cowl
Love is like the first snowflake—Love is a hot spring lake
Love is like a baby's breath—Love is the martyr's death
Love is all of these and more, so many things we deign abhor
Like syphilis and roses' thorns, these, as well, Love's name adorns



Afterward:

Is there really anything else to say? I think not, dear reader. For, have we not thus established that love is some things and is like some others? Yes, I touted this poem to be a farcical musing, a literary debacle of the lowest order. But unwittingly I have opened the Pandora's Box of post-classic-neo-modern-sycophant theory that in fact the interpretations of a word meant to assign an approximation of an emotion, mere chemical reaction to stimuli, may be as disparate as they are numerous. What, dear friend and reader, could take a parody of form and substance and rend it so that its very nature becomes the deepest chasm of meaningful insight and spiritual awakening? Oh, sweet and innocent reader, get thee to a nunnery and make haste about it! For I have laid bare the skeletal structure of the human construct known as the bridge 'twixt heart and mind! But the transcendent do not suffer the earthly to negotiate the span, and you will surely be cast asunder! Are we not human? If you prick us, do we not bleed? **I regret that I have but one life to give! *La Dolce Vita!***

Excelsior! ad infinitum, ad nauseum, ad...

We interrupt this afterward to bring you news that the author is once again temporarily indisposed. Currently, he is an in-patient at the Institute for Ministration and Intermittent Treatment of Acquired Terminological Euphemismitus and Macro-Emphasosis. Fear not, their caring staff has a proven track record of success using vacation pamphlets and those instruction manuals that come with build-it-yourself furniture. We have faith the author is in good hands and on the road to a swift recovery.

Most sincerely, the Management.



Das Heilige...

Never pray for justice, because you might get some.

- **Atwood**

Those who can make you believe absurdities can make you commit atrocities.

- **Voltaire**

Goodness is about what you do. Not who you pray to.

- **Pratchett**

Christ stands for love and compassion; Christian nationalism is Christ's death.

- **Naskar**

A religion that comes of thought, and study, and deliberate conviction, sticks best.

- **Twain**

“Faith” is a fine invention

For Gentlemen who *see!*

But Microscopes are prudent

In an Emergency!

- **Dickinson**



...und das Profane

Do not spare them, but kill both man and woman, child and infant, ox and sheep, camel and donkey.

- **Samuel**

If you desire to know... ask grace, not instruction.

- **St. Bonaventure**

This conspiracy to effect the submersion of the white race under a Negro society must not prevail. We are forced to take a stand.

- **Rev. Dees**

God's will has to be done, in unifying people and companies to get that gas line built, so pray for that.

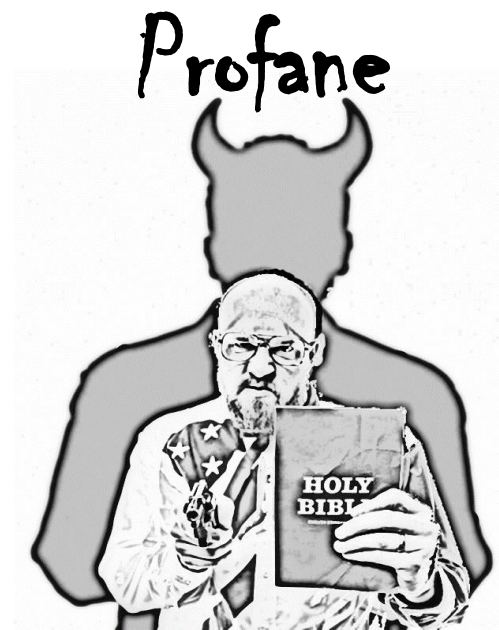
- **Gov. Palin**

Our country is not nearly so overrun by the bigot as it is by the broadminded.

- **Archbishop Sheen**

Convert or die.

- **Surah Al-Baqarah**





ex vita aliqua

witness to the making of a life.

spelling and grammar may be intentional.

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