

Curse of Cain and other alphabet poems

by [Paul Martin Freeman](#) (June 2022)



Einst dem grau der nacht enttaucht, Paul Klee, 1918

The q: Curse of Cain

The q was punished by a visitation

And torment other letters never knew.
Alone among the alphabetic nation
Behind him always stood a watching **u**.

No matter where he went the **u** would follow—
This curse would haunt him everywhere he'd go!
The **u** was there, a cause of constant sorrow,
That only he, the **q**, would ever know.

The c and d: A Chat over the Garden Fence

The **d** peered down upon the **c**, his neighbour:
“Old chap,” he said, “you’ve lost your vertical.”
“Although the point I wouldn’t wish to labour,”
“My own I’ve found is indispensable.”

The **c** replied he’d never really liked his:
“It got,” he muttered crossly, “in the way.”
“And so, although it’s really not your business,”
“I tossed it in the rubbish yesterday!”

How the b became the h

The **p** awoke and found himself the **b**,
But that was not the end of all this woe.
For no one can escape their destiny,
And fate was poised to strike a further blow.

The order of the letters quickly changed
And into outer darkness **b** was hurled.
And from the **q** eternally estranged,
The bottom fell forever from his world.

The a and the o: Disappointing Conversationalists

The **a**, the others know, is hard of hearing:
Addressing her, she always answers "Eh?"
They try a little more but end up swearing,
Then can't remember what they had to say.

The **o**, alas, is hardly an improvement:
No matter what they say, he answers "Oh!"
And as this neither long provides amusement,
They shake their heads and find they have to go!

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