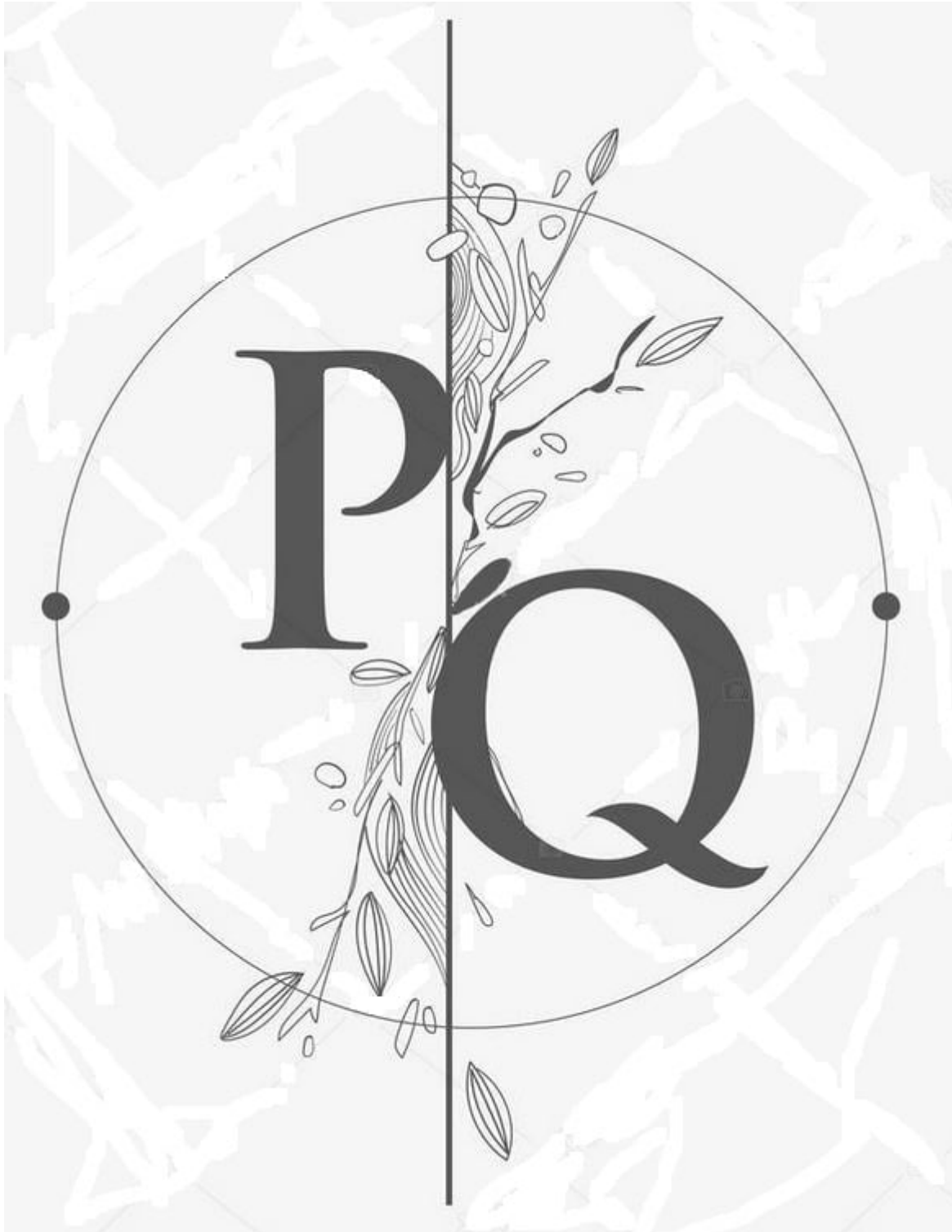


Four Poems about Letters of the Alphabet

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



The p and the q: Lovers in eternity

The **p** and **q** are two eternal lovers
Who face each other in the alphabet.
To all else lost, oblivious of others,
The ideal Romeo and Juliet.

But though united in their gaze forever
Yet in the world of words they cannot meet.
And thus is love denied that fleshly pleasure
Without which is it ever incomplete.

The m: The mother goddess

The **m**'s the mother goddess of the letters:
Her shape exemplifies the female form.
A bosom there for some, a bottom others;
For warmth and comfort is the **m** the norm.

Indeed, no woman could exist without her;
Of matriarchy is she head and sum.
The **m** holds all of womanhood around her,
And sometimes also doubles as your mum.

How the p became the b

Consider if you will that chap the **b**
Who of his shape is suitably ashamed.
Yet once he was a young and powerful **p**
Whose looks throughout the alphabet were famed.

But then one day he woke to find a belly
Where previously he'd had a bulging chest.
His mighty pecs, alas, had turned to jelly
And heartless gravity had done the rest.

The u: Most deserving

Of all the letters is the **u** the one
That's most deserving of a little verse.
Without her there'd be neither **sun** nor **fun**;
No **us**, no **ours**, no glorious **universe**.

And everywhere the **u** is garbed in beauty;
In everything that's wondrous, **pure** and **true**.
No **u** and all is empty, sad and gloomy—
Whatever would we do without the **u**?

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