

The colossus squelched in the oozing mud,  
The voice of thunder in an awe inspiring thud;  
The babbling brook meandered along its way,  
As I sat living out all my life long days.

The crispy breeze blew out its windy heart,  
The trunk of the trees thought thoroughly smart;  
The women of the world was found in the word,  
As all the animals on earth were silently heard.

The greatest is God and boy is he good,  
The people of the world all conforming as should;  
Lost in love living lovingly loose,  
Gratefully gaining till I've cooked this goose.

You spell and you smell what you can sell,  
And tell and tell till you're told you're in hell;  
This poem about onomatopoeia has one alteration,  
It is alliteration and I hope there is no altercation.

Signed,

Specifically whose