

Can you write your own “Backwards Poem,” inspired by this famous one?

Ladies and jelly spoons, hobos and tramps,
Cross-eyed mosquitoes and bow-legged ants,
I stand before you to sit behind you
To tell you something I know nothing about.

Next Thursday, which is Good Friday,
There's a Mother's Day meeting for fathers only.
Wear your best clothes if you haven't any.
Please come if you can't; if you can, stay at home.

Admission is free; pay at the door.
Pull up a chair and sit on the floor.
It makes no difference where you sit;
The man in the gallery's sure to spit.

The show is over, but before you go,
Let me tell you a story I don't really know:

One fine day in the middle of the night,
Two dead boys got up to fight.
Back to back, they faced each other,
Drew their swords and shot each other.

One was blind and the other couldn't see,
So they chose a dummy for a referee.
A blind man went to see fair play.
A dumb man went to shout "hooray!"

A paralyzed donkey passing by
Kicked the blind man in the eye,
Knocked him through a nine inch wall,
Into a dry ditch and drowned them all.

A deaf policeman heard the noise
And came to arrest the two dead boys.
If you don't believe this story's true,
Go ask the blind man. He saw it too.